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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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for

VOLUME 242

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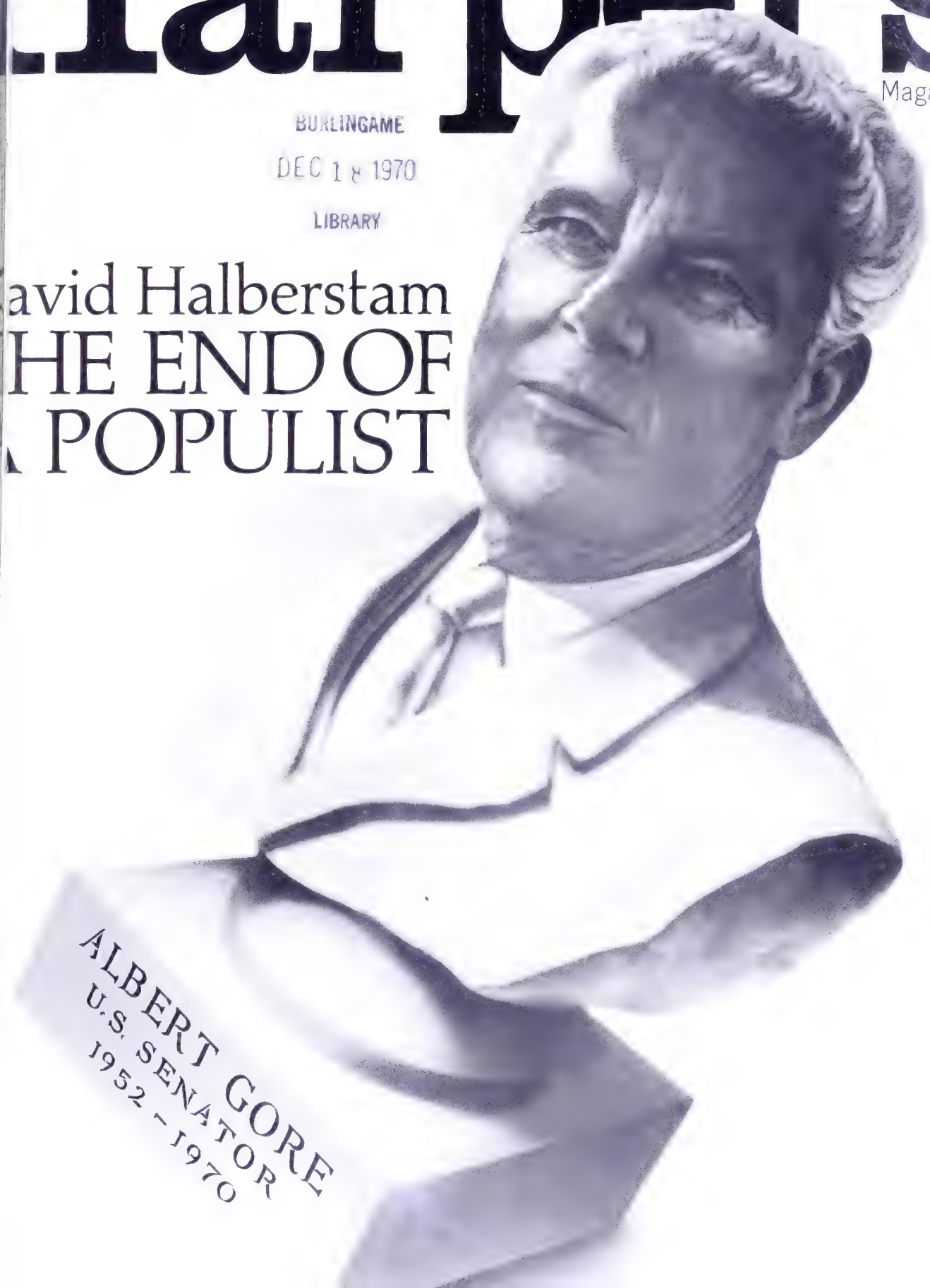
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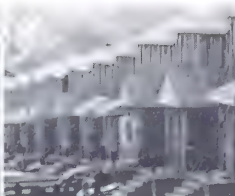
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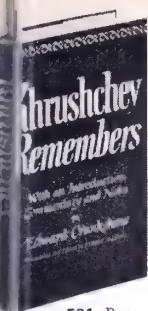
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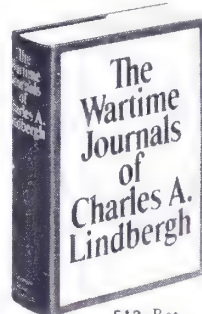
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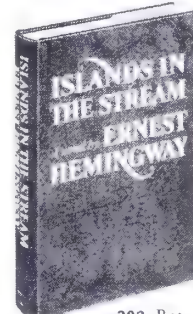
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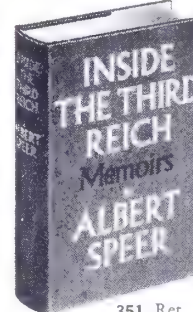
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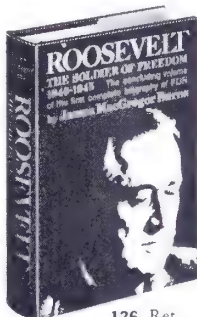
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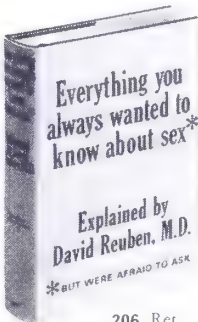
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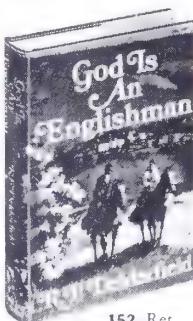
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ABOUT THIS ISSUE

With part III of "An American Innocent in the Middle East"—see page 65—*Harper's* contributing editor Marshall Frady concludes his extended report in this magazine on Egypt, Jordan, and Israel. An expanded version of all three articles will be published in book form by Harper's Magazine Press in March.

Frady, who grew up in the South as the son of a Baptist preacher, still makes his home there, near Atlanta. It is, he writes, "not a bad place for a writer to be. The South is the one part of this country that has its own interior romantic mythology." But there are other reasons, as well. "I'm still not too sure it's benign for a writer to spend any great length of time in the company of New York's estate of assessors, appraisers, traffickers in reactions and responses, because maybe you start, after a while, writing from those secondary vibrations instead of the primary pulses and voltages that you can't afford to lose."

Once back from the Middle East, he instantly headed for home, where the entire series of articles was written. "I think maybe writers ought to be scattered out over the land," he says, "one here and another one way over there, isolated from each other and more or less lost in the whole life of the country—not special aesthetic creatures apart from most men, but only another suburbanite, another townsman, another farmer—who just have this secret eccentricity to write. This way you're always writing out of what you're living in, there's that heat and immediacy and very shimmer of life in your work. And all the time, covertly, you're actually a kind of undercover agent stranded out in the cold, sending dispatches from the dark, brawling outback of life to Shakespeare, Cervantes, Dickens, all the others, letting them know what's going on now. . . ."



Style

John Corry is a good writer. He is entitled to lapses such as his "Politics of Style" [November] which committed precisely those excesses of uninformed "impressionistic" opinion which he was, I think, trying to attack.

But Mr. Corry is not entitled to the inaccuracies and distortions he presented in his rambling, occasionally incoherent assaults. If Mr. Corry believes that Nixon is doing pretty much what Kennedy or McCarthy proposed doing about Vietnam, he proves himself highly vulnerable on his political knowledge. If he believes that the Panthers and the Young Lords are *solely* creatures of style, he does not understand what ghetto life has done, for example, to the children of the streets: and why they respond as they do to a self-image different from resignation or accommodation.

It is in his savage outbursts at Jack Newfield, however, that Mr. Corry oversteps the bounds of honesty and decency. A few items:

1. Mr. Newfield was an admirer of Robert Kennedy. But he pointed out clearly—both before and after Kennedy's death—when he thought Kennedy was turning away from his instincts, when he was retreating into conventional politics, and the limits, as he saw them, of what electoral politics could do.

2. His admiration for Ramsey Clark was not based on style. It was based on Mr. Clark's courage in confronting the law-and-order rhetoric head on, and on Clark's insistence that the American people still care about such matters as the preservation of the Constitution. Right or wrong, that judgment is substantive and not stylistic.

3. Similarly, Mr. Newfield's reservations about Senator Muskie come from the same concerns—and from Muskie's apparent unwillingness to ask the hard questions about Vietnam and the very real danger of repressive policies.

Finally, it was because of Jack Newfield's persistent, factual journalism that New York City has a program to test

for lead poisoning—a disease that cripples thousands of poor children every year. That is not a jet-set or beautiful-people concern—but a simple matter of life and death for the children of poverty. Not much there to scoff at, I don't think—but perhaps I have underestimated Mr. Corry.

JEFF GREENFIELD
New York, N.Y.

Perfectly clear

After reading "Mr. Nixon's Sense of History" in the November *Harper's* . . . I read the *Washington Post* of October 25. In the news story about the White House dinner for leaders of 31 governments, reporter Dorothy McCardle wrote: "He [President Nixon] said it was the first time in the 170-year history of the United States that so many heads of state and chiefs of government had dinner together in the White House."

C. MASON McALLISTER
Washington, D.C.

The statement made by Mr. Nixon in Manila on July 26, 1969, represents another historical first. It was surely the first time in history that an American President incorrectly identified the capital of the nation he visited (and in two successive sentences at that). Since Quezon City is the capital of the Philippines, perhaps the President needs a sense of geography to go with his sense of history.

IVOR B. THOMAS
Lynchburg, Va.

Fantasy

The fact that Frank Conroy labeled his article "a fantasy" is no excuse for reporting Linda Kasabian as the one who broke the story while in prison (it was Susan Atkins, a current defendant in the trial who told her cell mate).

Moreover, Mr. Conroy misses the whole point of the "furry fear" that gripped America after the murders. While it's true that the jet-set may have

felt vulnerable for the first time, the rest of the country, and certainly the urban dweller, has been in the grip of that fear for at least ten years. The Janice W. murders in New York, the stabbing of eight nurses (in Chicago, I believe) and two other highly publicized "senseless" murders. . . .

What makes the Manson case unique and indeed of such importance is that "anybody" can be the victim (travelers in New York's Central Park have always known they could get hurt any time) but the horrible realization that "anybody" can be the murderer that has so profoundly shocked the country. . . .

The individual murderer needs a motive—insane or not—a hate-filled drive, a blow on the head, something. But what do group murderers need? A slight push? The thin skin of civilization seems to shed more easily if you're in a group and your leader says "Yes." What were those excuses they kept giving at the Nuremberg trials? Maybe they should have been listening. . . .

BARBARA HUDGINS
Madison, N.J.

American innocence

After reading Marshall Frady's report on Egypt ["An American Innocence in the Middle East, Part I," October], I am puzzled . . . Having lived in Egypt, I was disappointed to find that the article suffers from the parochialism and superficiality of which the title boasted. The combination of travel reporting in the style of the *National Geographic*, of narcissistic reflection of the Thomas Wolfe genre, and (to a lesser degree) of sensitive and perceptive analysis of the Egyptian character seems to me, in sum, as fragmentary, and therefore as meaningless, as the opening vignette of *Suez*. . . .

I do not mean to suggest that there is not a great deal of validity in the unflattering portrait of the Egyptian that he draws. But it is superficial and inaccurate to try to explain away Egyptian

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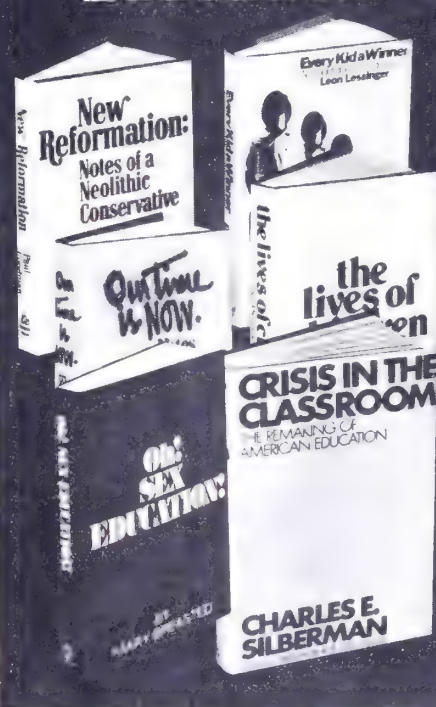
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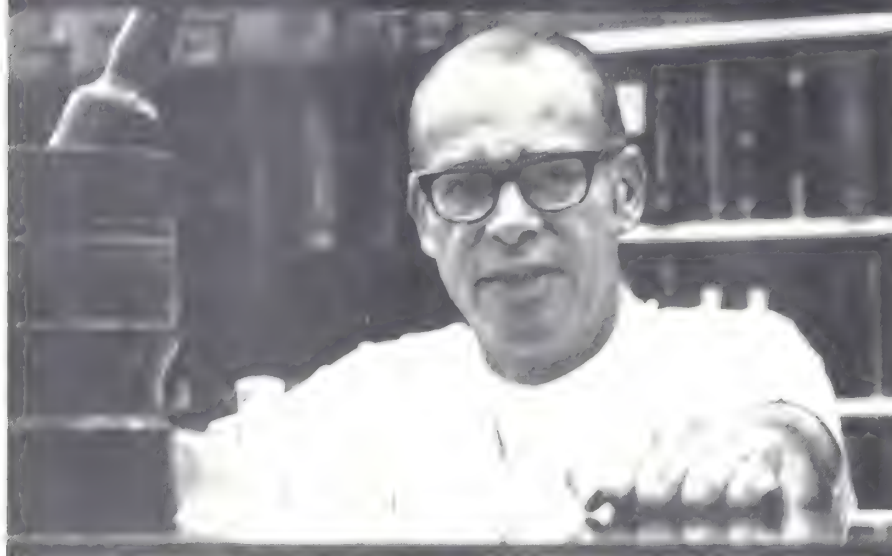
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*Another point of view ...
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*American Druggist Survey, 1969

LETTERS

attitudes toward America in terms of attitudes induced by their own leaders. This kind of reporting can help to comfort the unfortunate in the Arab-Israeli Middle Eastern area that are prevalent in this country, and encourage the reader to view the Arab-Israeli conflict in terms not of issues but of racial prejudices.

Finally, I should like to point out about errors of fact and interpretation in the article. Mr. Frady refers to the "Arab Ambassador in London" who broke an American Ambassador in Egypt broke diplomatic relations in 1967. He calls the "worry beads" worn by many Arabs, Greeks, and for the matter, Israelis, "Islamic prayer beads." He refers to the Egyptian singer Kalsoum as Omar Kalsoum. And in the case of the shoeshine boy, he mistakes traditional Arabic manners toward a stranger as a sign of revolution-spirit.

HERBERT F. MOORE
Washington, D.C.

Marshall Frady shows empathy and fairness in his article, "On Jordan Banks" ["An American Innocent in the Middle East, Part II," November]. The coming article on Israel will give a more complete perspective of the Arab-Israeli confrontation. Yet, because the author quotes extensively guerrilla assertions without evaluation, it is necessary to look at the facts.

Guerrilla leaders claim that their people were driven from their homes, that Israel was and continues to be an aggressor, and that they seek to establish a democratic state, where Arab and Jew would live in peace. In 1947 the U.N. voted partition of Palestine, which allotted only 8,000 square miles to Israel. Had the Arabs accepted the U.N. plan, Israel would have been, in effect, an Arab-Israeli state. But the Arabs made war on Israel, which led not only to Israel's victory but also to the Arab refugee problem. If the Arab hate and jealousy-saturated quest of Israel's destruction had not been as overwhelming and blinding as it was, the original 600,000 to 700,000 refugees could have been resettled, many also in Israel. Did not India and Pakistan, Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, East and West Germany, etc. exchange more than 25 million displaced persons? ...

The plight of the Palestinian exile is sad, but they can be helped without destroying Israel. If they were allowed to return, the two million Jews in Israel would receive the treatment that ad-



Photo by Karsh of Ottawa



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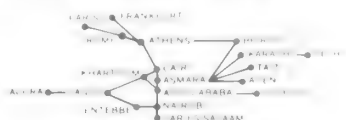
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LETTERS

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guerrillas dealt each other recently

NATHAN A. BAI

Sheboygan,

Although I enjoyed the article: Messrs. King and Frady in the Oct issue, might they not have been titled "North Toward Harvard" "North Toward the Nile," respectively. Is it my imagination or have there been a superabundance of *Harper's* articles involving Southern country boys who are at once becomingly naïf, somewhat athletic, intellectually inferior, uniformly successful, and during the course of the article set to, and by its conclusion do, discomfit (and possibly conquer) new world boys. May be that it is the natural tendency of a classic to beget reflections of itself, but there remains the question as to how many reflections are sustainable.

STUART M. LEVY

North Tarrytown, N

Carni

Several of our more literary and intellectual friends informed us recently Edward Hoagland's "Americana by Acre" in your October issue, and comments regarding the stage-show performers at the Barton, Vermont, Fair August of 1969. After due deliberation as to whether or not to give Mr. Hoagland the satisfaction of a defense reply, my wife and I felt that at least we could write a few words, if only to continue my general "crusade" to prove the commonly accepted "image" of the American circus performer as (and she) appears to the general public....

What really concerns us (and particularly, me) is that I appeared “struck” Mr. Hoagland) as “light-headed and rather dumb.” The audience had earlier mentioned that we had hurried in from Milwaukee, and that I had a fever of (actually over) 102 degrees. In addition, I had a virus of some sort with a headache that would not stop. However, we did manage to make a matinee of opening day, before I had to return to a local doctor, who administered a shot, which made it impossible for me to perform that evening, for the first and only time in my entire career that I had ever missed a performance due to illness. This sickness might account for my “fluty voice” (did Abraham Lincoln have a similar voice? I’m in good company anyhow, but



The painting that made a marriage legal

Not one person in a thousand suspects the real meaning of this famous double portrait by Jan van Eyck. Actually, it portrays a wedding, and all the fascinating details are symbolic references to the sacrament of marriage.

As John Canaday points out in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum Seminars in Art, the little dog symbolizes faithfulness; the discarded sandals, humility; and the single candle, the presence of God. Above the mirror, which signifies purity, is an inscription meaning, "Jan van Eyck was here, 1434."

If you had come across this painting in a museum, would you have understood what the artist was trying to tell you? Or would you have missed the hidden meanings?

A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot so far as painting is concerned.

Visiting a museum, they stand before a respected work of art and see nothing but its surface aspects. It was to help such persons that New York's Metropolitan Museum and John Canaday, art critic of *The New York Times*, created the Seminars in Art, a unique program of assisted self-education in art appreciation.

Each seminar comes in the form of a handsome portfolio, the core of which is a lecture devoted to one aspect of painting. Each is illustrated with many black-and-white pictures and contains twelve large separate full-color reproductions of notable paintings. As you compare these masterpieces side by side, Mr. Canaday's lectures clarify their basic differences and similarities, and so reveal what to look for in any painting.

Soon paintings will be more than just "good" or "bad" to you. You will be able to talk knowledgeably and form your own educated opinion when you visit a gallery or museum. And parents will find themselves sharing their understanding with their children, there-

by providing a foundation for a lifelong interest in art.

Examine the first portfolio without charge

You can study the first seminar by mailing the card facing this page to the Book-of-the-Month Club, which administers the program for the Museum. You will receive the first of the twelve portfolios, *What Is a Painting?*, for a two-week trial examination. Subsequent portfolios, sent at the rate of one a month, are devoted to realism, expressionism, abstraction, composition, painting techniques, and the role of the artist as social critic and visionary.

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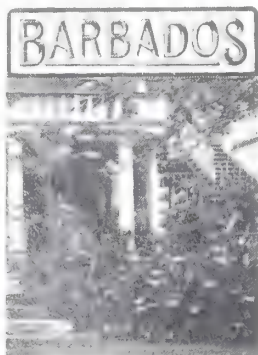
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LETTERS

way I felt that week, I was lucky it wasn't more like a piccolo). Just for the record, I am a *cum laude* graduate of Florida State University, with a degree in physical education. I am sorry I didn't give the best of impressions that week, but under the circumstances, perhaps your readers will understand. . . .

LEIGH HEISINGER
Tallahassee, Fla.

Edward Hoagland's article was exceptionally well-written and interesting. However, parts could possibly have misled readers not informed on contemporary circuses and carnivals. . . .

First: he indicated the "circus hasn't fared well since when I knew it" and described some of its problems. However, there is a positive side. Presently, there are at least fifteen U.S. tented circuses and more than thirty indoor shows. Most of the indoor circuses are quite impressive; several of the tent circuses are large, feature quality acts and still carry a good bit of the Big Top mystique that once captured author Hoagland. True, there are several small "mud shows," but the kids continue to love them.

As for Ringling Bros. Barnum & Bailey (Hoagland's old home): it's no longer under canvas, but it's more alive than ever. Gross earnings for the first six months of 1970 were at the \$11-million mark—greater than earnings for any one entire season of its one hundred-year history. Granted the worth of a circus can't be totally assessed by its gross revenue, and it still might not be the spangled wonderland of nostalgia and fantasy it was while under tents. But it's still going strong.

Second: while some clear distinctions were made between circuses and carnivals, the article often had a tendency to imply they were almost the same. Obviously, they are not. At best, it's a tricky route that takes a writer to a carnival via his old circus memories.

Third: the performers hired by the fair suffered "guilt by association" when reviewed along with the carnival's girlie shows, rides, gambling units, and old equipment. . . . It's a pity Hoagland didn't get better acquainted with some of the performers. None fit the provincial mold into which he threw them. Van Buskirk, for example, is a unique man—a musician, a witty, skilled writer, quite a thinker. We've discussed—hot and heavy—Kierkegaard, Sartre, Vietnam, and Constitutional law. . . .

[THE REV.] L. DAVID HARRIS
Dover, Pa.

Class

Harold Schonberg makes some extremely cogent and distressing points in his article on the decline of classic record sales ["Where the Classics Have Gone," *Music*, October]. Actually the plight of classical recordings is part and parcel of the present sorry state of classical music in America. Most of our music-making organizations are in serious financial trouble. . . . Moreover, many local FM radio stations, which once were oases of good music, have been forced to switch to a pallid proliferation of "background" music in an effort to hold audience and sponsors. . . .

If local backers of music events in hundreds of towns throughout the country do manage to overcome financial and attendance problems and preserve a music season, the programming frequently is kept as "inoffensive" as possible. Broadcast Music, Inc., in cooperation with the American Symphony Orchestra League, has determined that a large number of the four hundred or so American orchestras they surveyed played only twenty or so works by fourteen composers in a given year. As local music programming declines. . . the musical purview of the listening public shrinks. . . .

Compounding the plight of the recording industry is the fact that the comparatively few potential record buyers who exist have difficulty even learning about new releases. Very few general magazines, and almost no newspapers, publicize and review records as they do books, films, television, and stage shows. And it is almost never that serious recording musicians appear on radio or TV talk shows. . . .

Even at the local record store, the classical record industry is rebuffed. . . . Recently when I went into the Record Hunter on Fifth Avenue in New York in search of a classical record, I was directed to the rear, well past the bright displays of pop records, to a drastically reduced classical department.

The already minuscule classical record-buying public seems doomed to shrink further. A large portion of the younger generation which has been exposed to a few perfunctory "music appreciation" courses, or which has played in school orchestras whose sole interest is presenting a "pleasing and inoffensive" concert to friends and relatives, is ill-prepared to keep either the music or the record industry going. . . .

Indeed, if present trends continue

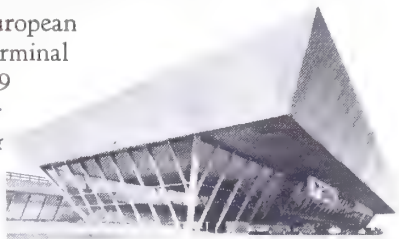
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with numerous flaws. Not only is this quartz expensive, but a lot of it is lost in making the perfect slices we need.

So a few years ago a group of Western Electric people, working with colleagues at Bell Laboratories, developed a method of growing quartz crystals artificially.

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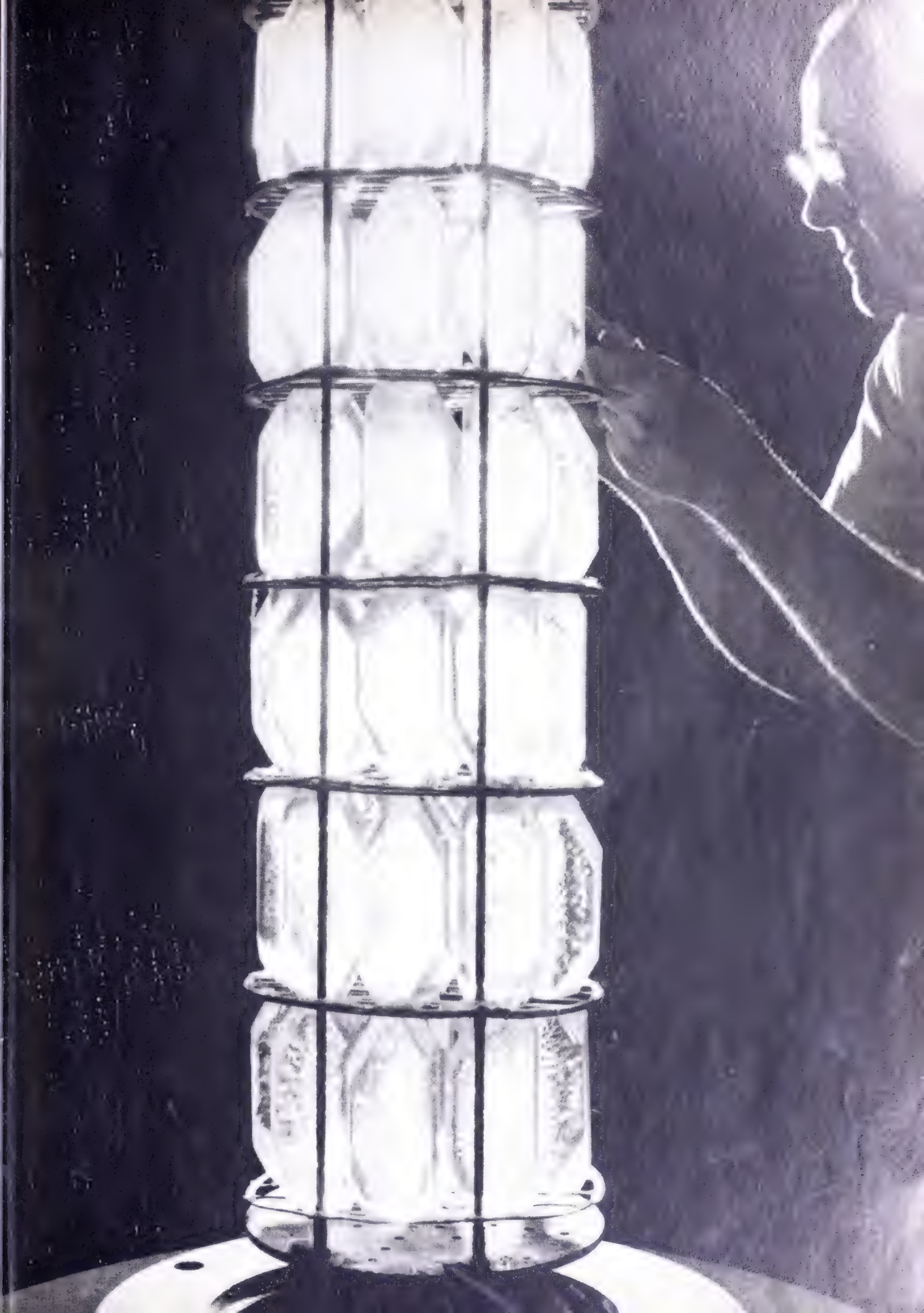
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LITERS

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VINCENT R. TORTORA

Spoleto Recording

Port Washington, N.Y.

Like many of the major media critics and columnists who have written about rising costs and dwindling sales for classical recordings, Mr. Schonberg overlooks one major source for these problems: the failure on the part of almost every recording company to attract the large college market. The amount of advertising money poured into college newspapers to hype rock and pop discs would almost balance the national debt, but seldom do the same companies deign to plug a new classical release. Promotion men and college representatives are hired in major cities and campus towns to coordinate live rock concerts with follow-up advertising, but no effort is expended toward such coordination when a classical musician appears in a college auditorium. It is easy and no doubt partially correct to point the accusing finger at the entropy in the education of taste and sensibility, but, again, record companies fail to assume their responsibility in this process of education.

Let me cite a specific example. For slightly over three years I wrote a classical-record review column in the *Michigan Daily*, the excellent student newspaper of the University of Michigan. For college students with tentative interests in classical music—i.e., for those who would never think of purchasing any of the major record magazines—my column seemed to have served a definite function. Repeatedly, recordings which I very favorably reviewed sold out in the local record shops... Despite such "successes," and despite the fact that the University of Michigan has the second-largest music school in the country, RCA, London, DGG, Vox, and Everest never deemed our paper worth support in terms of review copies of new releases. Those companies which did appreciate such an outlet seemed in turn pleased with the results.

To be sure, this is a limited case and there are not many established college reviewers of classical recordings, but since the arts editors of college newspapers are flooded with promotional copies of pop records (most of it offal) can they not be given a similar chance to find qualified reviewers for incoming classical releases? The market for classical music is not dead; its potential is simply untapped.

R. A. PERRY

Blue Mounds, Wis.



Agra-Oct.14

Hard to believe I have actually seen the Taj Mahal.

The marble changes with every trick of light.

The woman who inspired the Taj lies in an exquisite tomb.

And the Taj rises above her, encrusted with gems, glowing:

I wonder if her husband was comforted by the beauty he raised over his lost love.

Close by another tomb. Almost as lovely.

Marble lattice work like lace...

Fatehpur Sikri, a city deserted for lack of water.

Peopled only by ghosts. An eerie feeling.

The air conditioned Taj Express to Delhi.

Delhi-Oct.18

He invites me in.

There is silver, bronze, the glow of copper.

Ivory. Precious gems.

Leopard fur hats \$10. Raw silk \$2 a yard.

A dress made up for \$3. A suit tailored for \$15.

Earrings, dripping pearls and turquoise, \$30.

I am sold.

The Ashoka Hotel. Another world.

Of gourmet food, a sunlit pool, an intimate bar.

See India.
It's another world.

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THE EASY CHAIR

The babble of American place-names

IN "WEST-RUNNING BROOK," Robert Frost reminds us, among other things, of the self-conscious ceremoniousness attending the naming of places. An awful burden of naming natural configurations, and cultural ones as well, has devolved upon the American language. In retrospect that burden appears to have been additionally weighted with its analogy to one of the great tasks of all of American culture—to redeem the eclectic, to seed the new with the old, to cultivate, rather than merely to use, the wild. The results of three centuries or so of place-naming have been, like those of the naming of American women in the past seventy years in particular, fascinating, and by turns moving and hilarious. In the foreshortened chronicle of the Western frontier, the element of instant history is a native tradition, and the trivial event or person becomes immortalized: "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments / Of princes shall outlive this powerful name of county, river, or peak. On the East Coast, the old-world type becomes fulfilled in the New Testament of the American soil, whether in the cycle of classical, upper-New York State names, or the "New ——" formula, or the versions of the names of European cities. Any linguistic sensibility, any sense of history, will respond in complex ways to these patches in the fabric of naming draped over the land.

But Americans have a unique problem. Most British schoolchildren will be taught that, for example, of the names surrounding their lives, those ending in "—chester" derive from designations of Roman army camps: some few who go on to university and do languages may realize that the rather marine final syllable of names like *Chelsea* and *Battersea* is a fiction of folk-etymology in the spelling, that the "ea" or "ey" is an Old English word for "island," and that the "s" is a genitive ending preceding it—thus *Anglesey*, still an island, and no semantic mystery. But no American schoolchildren are taught even a few basic roots of, say, the stock of the Algonquian languages whose traces are

so ubiquitous. We all grow up in America surrounded by states and counties, not to mention rivers and lakes whose names are an impenetrable babble or, at best, significant only as clearly belonging to that sub-vocabulary of American English whose words mean "some place-name or other." Algonquian is most important in the Northeast and Middle West; further West and South, other aboriginal languages and groups have left shadows of their phonetic footprints. And upon these shadows lie other imprintings—even if one knows nothing of Indian languages, for example, there are clearly English, French, and Spanish spelling conventions, ways of filtering untranscribable linguistic sounds through a settler's own tongue and its writing system.

GEORGE R. STEWART, SCHOLAR, novelist (the format of his famous *Storm* may have influenced a whole raft of post World War II "procedural" or quasi-documentary novels), and author of the continually important *Names on the Land*, has compiled a 550-page dictionary* which makes no claims to be complete. With what he calculates to be about three and a half million named places (many, of course, designated with the same word) in the U. S., and about a million more obsolete ones (already!), a comprehensive listing and glossing would take many volumes. In addition to selectivity, his study is limited by a perhaps necessarily brief discussion of the derivations of most Indian names: only the reader with some experience of thinking about language will be able to extract even a few common roots (such as Algonquian *mass~miss~mish~mash*, in initial position in so many words, to mean "big"). All this is only to say that we have here a truly manageable book, for all but the specialist, that must surely constitute more than a reference work. In a way, it is a book almost Scriptural—so much postromantic mythology lurks in the unavowed resonances of

**American Place-names*. A Concise and Selective Dictionary for the Continental United States of America, by George R. Stewart. Oxford University Press, \$12.50.

the words and names we use to designate places. And on the other hand holds an accumulation of comic minor lore—ludicrously trivial commemorations escalated to the state, actually *naming* (as opposed to *mislabeling*) some true natural wonders, for example.* There is more than a vision of America's essence accorded to which the following would be the most emblematic act of American place-naming that Professor Stewart records: a splendid mountain of rock eventually to become a very monument to arrogance—is observed by a New York attorney named C. E. Rushmore visiting South Dakota; he inquired about its name. Some local wag then said dude that the mountain is called "Rushmore." It is encouraging to think that the whole ludicrous enterprise was a put-on from the beginning.

TRUE INNOVATION RESULTS, alas, from some degree of imagination. While countless generations' worth of folk-tradition seems to compensate for the artlessness of some otherwise rather ordinary verbal acts, in so many American place names we see rather tawdry mechanisms at work. Venerable forces in the growth and development of languages, such as folk-etymology, have what look to be their poor relations—clerkly semi-literacies, pseudo-classical pomposities, general linguistic ignorance, and that great vulgar (and to be confused with "popular") linguistic impulse in America to resort to fake X rather than a real Y. This is one of the diseases of the American language—along with its circumlocution, outbreaks of abstraction, syntactic slithering—from which the best of us suffer.

These linguistic forces look tackier, perhaps, than they really are, especially when viewed in a foreshortened perspective; we loathe the public utterances which are rapidly authenticated by the replacement of "as" by "like," the confusion of "dis-" with "unintended." But we feel, if anything, a historic fondness for our unlettered and

*It is perhaps with an awareness of this that the federal government will not allow natural conformations (as opposed to cities, towns, etc.) to be named after living persons.

who centuries ago gave us the word "under the mistaken impression 'pease' was a plural (as if a kernel of maize got to be called a "may" the same sort of speaker who today call an ear of that grain a "corn"). The practice of onomastic forms has not proliferate English Christian names, particularly those of women, in the last century: Mary, for instance, is called Polly and Molly as independent names among people ignorant of the distinction, Nancy and Peggy have been detached from Anne and Margaret, and so forth; and what with one and another, we find ourselves in a condition in which anything ending in "a" can be a girl's name (note, 1970: growing attachment to naming girls boys' names, without any feminization-termination). So has it been with place-names, even, as Professor Stewart tells us, to the learned ignorance of the founders of Athenia (New Jersey), by invoking the Goddess of Wisdom, they felt that the added "i" produced a more-sounding place-name (the confusion with Athens perhaps having aided them).

In somehow, all the mistakes, misspellings, howlers, and verbosities that have resulted so much naming of places in the U.S. are in a strangely intermediate condition between the comically unaided and the historically redeemed. For example, consider Nome (Alaska): on a chart prepared for a survey by the British ship *Herald*," Professor Stewart's account tells us, "the notable name was placed near a certain point... taken by a second draftsman to be the name itself, and he put it as **Cape Name**; the *a* being indistinct, the final copy came out as **Cape ne**." Many rural postmasters, charged with naming their stations, and clerks in Washington with whom they corresponded, seem to have con- sidered to garblings. Thus, Bee (Okla- homa) was really named for a girl named "Dee" (anecdotal enough, this, is on her own right), but misspelled by the Post-Office Dept. And there are those which are named by comment, like Alpha (Oregon), named neither directly from the Greek letter, nor by way of Revelation, but for a young girl living in the area; or Nolem (Florida)—"melon" spelled backwards. But on every page of this book we wander into that region of the world of language which can only be called Thurber Country.

Then, too, there is the kind of moral taste, if you come to think of it, of a fake Indian name: Wewanta (West



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—7
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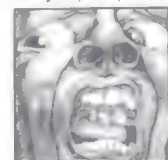
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38358 VIKKI & THE
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42693 KING CRIMSON
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17263 GREGORIAN
CHANT
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—If You Go Away
Phili LP



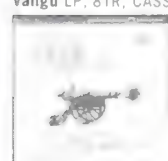
28113 A MUSICAL
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II
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



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Still Waters Run Deep
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS



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BORO—Greatest Hits
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65775 VERY BAD
THING—Spoon
KamSu LP, 8TR



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ORCH.—English
Muffins
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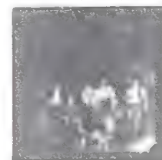
66671 RARE EARTH
—Ecology
RarEa LP, 8TR



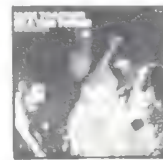
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flying it's
nice to know
there's a
George Ross
up front.**



**Delta is ready
when you are.**

THE EASY CHAIR

Virginia) comes from "We want a j office" (Ha. Ha. Ha.) and Ita (Minnesota) never knew life in native soil of the Siouan. There even the assimilations of Indian na to the classical: the Seneca, for insta is no accident—whoever normalized Mohegan name for an Iroquois t that meant "people of the outstand stone" or the like almost certainly ing been aware of the Roman sage is the ghosts which arise in Eng through errors in assimilation that so moving and, if comical, then ger ously so. The wonderful para-existe of Madam Bettox in the name o Maine mountain is beholden only t folk-etymology of an Algonquian t for "alewife pond." And we are assu that Linguist Creek (Texas) is no ample of nature's commemorating meddling intellect of the research the "linguist" is apparently Mac Bettox's nephew.

IT IS ONLY SUCH MATTERS AS the pr ilem of Iraan (Texas) which reve defect of this necessary and enrich book. The problem of Iraan (Texas) that we can only determine its p nunciation (it turns out not to hav Dutch or Estonian, long a sound), consulting the—one will never ag want to say "improbable"—expla tion: "For Ira G. Yates, owner of townsite, and his wife Ann, by con nation of the two given names, a na suggested in a contest, the prize be a choice building lot"—poor Win a Em Smith—I'll bet they thought t they'd won! The defect is that this tionary reports the written langu only: we are given no pronunciat whatsoever, not even an indication stressed syllables to allow us to m our own guesses. Milan (Indian rhymes, one would suppose, w "smilin'" (a Chamber of Comme would see to that if it could); but w of Milan (New Mexico), named "Salvador Milan, landowner"?

The variation in sounded readings what we are given as inscriptions part of this whole story, and the can cal pronunciations of place nar (those of the older inhabitants should be available and presery Delhi (New York), I learned a f weeks ago, rhymes with "hell-high" (One imagines an English visitor: this Delhi?" Local: "We pronounce "Dell-high." Englishman. "I d say.") This dictionary really sho gloss all these, or at least the prima

ies where there is anything in the
t problematic (e.g., the stress syl-
es of Indian names—how could one
ss Ronkònkoma?—or deviant ver-
s of the standard American read-
of foreign place-names). Certain
lar phenomena should be apparent,
as the stress pattern, in America,
names like New Haven (Connecti-
and New York (New York)—the
lish port of Nèwhaven is written as
word and pronounced so, with re-
sive stress, and many Americans
ngly name the Sussex town when
y intend to invoke the Connecticut
. The reason for this may possibly
that the New —s get contrastive
ss in the New World because there
so many of them; in any case, one
uld expect to learn something about
rom just such a volume.

Whether this is indeed a major or
nor defect is probably too complex a
tter to be discussed in these pages;
an only be hoped that a second edi-
n will some day remedy it, along
h correcting the occasional minor
or (in the excellently concise intro-
tion, we are told, for example, that
nitcha is identified as Apache in ori-
, whereas the only "Tunitcha" to be
nd in the text is labeled "Navajo").
would be convenient, too, in future
tions to have some kind of rough
p showing the distribution of Ameri-
a Indian languages across the conti-
nt, at least as far as their role in the
ning of places is concerned.

But it seems almost ungrateful, at this
ge, to make any objections. Our
rature is conscious of the names of
merican places, but since Whitman
nd with the exceptions of some places
Faulkner, Hart Crane, and the works
William Carlos Williams), the cele-
ation of them has tended to take the
m of dumbly and unenlighteningly
oring litanies. We have no equiv-
t, for example, of Proust's magnifi-
nt exploration of the inner and outer
onances of place-names. Anyone
ose consciousness of American life
volves an attention to its uses of lan-
age must have to be able to do some
this by himself, and for himself. We
ust all learn to oscillate between the
eer power of our phenomena—Lone
ee, Mount Wuh, Non, Emuckfaw
eek, Jane Lew, Eden—and the slower
lengths that flow into us from the his-
rical movement grasped through an
planation. Access to all this is surely
rt of whatever birthright we could
er hope to have. □



HUNGER IS ALL SHE HAS EVER KNOWN

Margaret was found in a back lane
of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, un-
conscious from hunger. Inside, her
mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on
Margaret's face that she doesn't under-
stand why her mother can't get up,
or why her father doesn't come home,
or why the dull throb in her stomach
won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret
is dying of malnutrition. She has pe-
riods of fainting, her eyes are strangely
glazed. Next will come a bloated
stomach, falling hair, parched skin.
And finally, death from malnutrition,
a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every*
day.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66
pounds of food a day per person, then
throw away enough garbage to feed
a family of six in India. In fact, the
average dog in America has a higher
protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly join the
ranks of 1½ billion people who are
forever hungry, your next meal would
be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow

a piece of fish the size of a silver
dollar, later in the week more rice—
maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural dis-
asters and phenomenal birth rate, the
Indian government is valiantly trying
to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called
"The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a
happy ending, because she has a CCF
sponsor now. And for only \$12 a
month you can also sponsor a child
like Margaret and help provide food,
clothing, shelter—and love.

You will receive the child's picture,
personal history, and the opportunity
to exchange letters, Christmas cards—
and priceless friendship.

Since 1938, American sponsors have
found this to be an intimate, person-
to-person way of sharing their bless-
ings with youngsters around the world.

So won't you help? Today?

**Sponsors urgently needed this month
for children in:** India, Brazil, Taiwan
(Formosa) and Hong Kong. (Or let
us select a child for you from our
emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc. Box 511
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I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in
(Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most.
I will pay \$12 a month. I enclose my first
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story, address and picture. I cannot
sponsor a child but want to give \$_____.

☐ Please send me more information.
HP3610

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PERFORMING ARTS

Grant lives on TV

THE ARCHETYPAL FILM VERSION of the moment of artistic creation occurs in *Night and Day*, the 1946 "life" of Cole Porter. Its subject is terribly wounded during World War I and as he elegantly recuperates in a château that has been converted into a convalescent home, the thought that he may never write music again oppresses him. Then one day "in the silence of his lonely room" he is noodling around at the piano and, as if by magic, a phrase (which we recognize as a bit from the movie's title song) occurs to him. More noodling—but naturally he is blocked. Then his eye falls on a large clock. "Like the tick-tick-tock of a stately clock . . ." he scribbles. Now there is a cut to the window, on the pane of which the rain is rhythmically splashing. "Like the drip-drip-drip of the raindrops . . ." Porter (who is played by Cary Grant) writes, the excitement obviously growing within him. By the time the sequence is over, Porter, with the assistance of the set decorator, has freed himself of all his not unnatural hang-ups. And quite magnificently at that. "Night and Day" surely being the most familiar, best-loved piece in his canon.

This scene has always seemed to me the most delightfully dim-witted sequence of its sort in a cinema history that is replete with attempts to express the inexpressible—that is, the moment when creative inspiration strikes the artist. Obviously, inspiration is an internal matter, both rationally and dramatically inexplicable. I've always imagined it, in my mechanistic way, as a percolating process. One's need to solve an artistic problem heats up the waters of the unconscious and sends them bubbling up to the conscious level to mix with and activate the rationally conceived artistic plan. Sort of. Anyway, however it works, it is not very exciting screen fare. At best, the great moment may be marked by Rapid Eye Movements and, perhaps, a pussycat smile. Moreover, the inspired moment—if the artist is properly opportunistic

—is a signal for even more furious concentration and there is no mood less cinematic than intellectual concentration, which involves, physically, the firm application of the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair. In short, there's not much in the working life of artists for movies or television to get hold of.

So, on the screen, all artistic lives have resembled one another and the classic rationale for literary biography, which is the opportunity to examine the singular life, was subverted. Whether the tone of the piece was romantic or reverential—and those two were the only options anyone exercised—the stories remained achingly familiar: early hardships and rejection (generally including at least one love lost to the artistic obsession), followed by triumph. Followed, perhaps, by mourning for whatever was left behind (youth, a girl, the simple life). Followed by a dignified death. Indeed, of all the movie genres, this was the one where its sting was not regarded as poisonous where it counted, at the box office, it being generally understood that great art conferred immortality upon its practitioner, meaning that one could console oneself with the thought that what was really important—celebrity—would live on. A formula it remained and it was as a formula that it died.

Which was too bad, though scarcely a major cultural tragedy. I didn't brood much about the matter until last January, when a friend called to inform me that a television play called *Song of Summer* was being rerun that night on our local NET affiliate. He had seen it twice before and said I should be sure to catch it. I did—partly because it was directed by Ken Russell, whose film, *Women in Love*, was just going into release and had seemed to me peculiarly impressive pictorially and partly because it had been years since anyone had cared enough about a TV show to tell me I dare not miss it.

IT WAS, I THINK, THE BEST piece of advice I've had all year, because in my estimation *Song of Summer* is the best dramatic television program I've

ever seen. Also the best biographical film, regardless of medium of origin I've ever seen. And these facts are not accidental to the judgment that it may be an epochal work, one which could revive the biographical drama on film and TV and, particularly in the case of the latter medium, have a stimulating effect on program experimentation in general.

Song of Summer is based on a book by Eric Fenby, who, as a young man, played the organ in a silent cinema and volunteered his services to Frederick Delius, whose work he admired and whom he knew to be blind and paralyzed and thus unable to compose. On the simplest level, the 75-minute film recounts the four years they spent collaborating, years in which, after long silence, the composer, dictating to his amanuensis, completed an unspecified but quite large number of works, including the piece from which the film takes its title.

It is, also at the most obvious level, a work containing performances of surpassing quality. As Delius, Max Adrian has the role of his career, querulous, imperious, yet given to dramatic sensitivity—in short, the opportunity for acting on a scale far grander than the average television performer may normally aspire to. Maureen Pryor as the long-suffering wife and Christopher Gable, a promising ballet dancer who has turned to acting under Russell's tutelage and who plays Fenby, are equally strong in roles that allow them to reveal their characters only in brilliant flashes. All are part of an informal stock company Russell has built up over the years and to whom he turns because, he says, his rapport with them is so great that it allows him to cut days off his very tight shooting schedules.

But the simple and obvious levels of Russell's achievement are the least significant. To be sure, one "learns" a great deal about the life and work of Frederick Delius in the course of this film, but that is of much less interest than the ambiguous tone Russell takes toward his subject. The director is obviously possessed by a romantic sensibility. Nearly all his dramatic doc-

In addition to writing weekly film reviews for *Life* magazine, Mr. Schickel is preparing the scripts for two television programs, one of which is a documentary.



from Harper's Magazine Press

LISTENING TO AMERICA

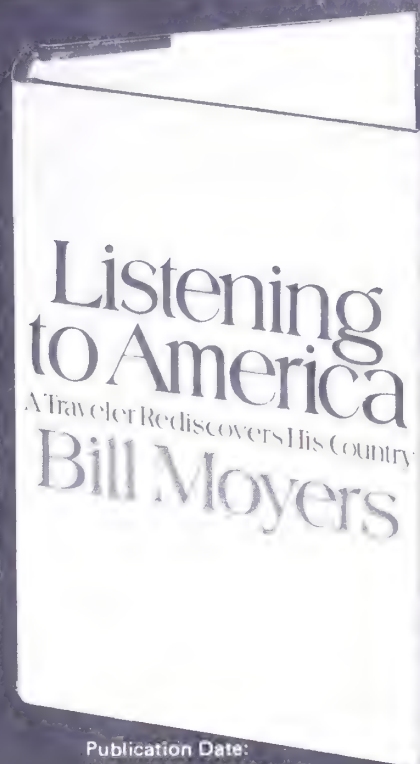
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Bill Moyers

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Publication Date:
March 1971, \$7.50

THE PROSPECTS FOR REVOLUTION

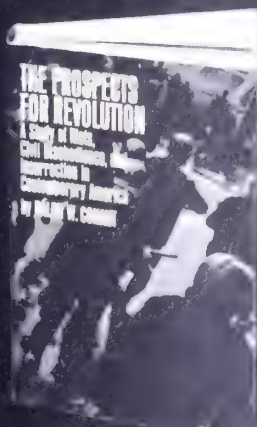
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Publication Date:
January, 1971
\$10

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A Novel by Philip Norman

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" . . . brilliant comic novel." --
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Moorman is a ruin. Inept and tender-hearted; horribly clothes-conscious but with nothing to wear, his time is mainly spent hiding from the summer sun.

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Publication Date:
December 1970
\$5.95

mentaries, made originally for the BBC, are about romantic and post-romantic artistic figures—Sir Edward Elgar, Debussy, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, Isadora Duncan, Richard Strauss—and his work has a lushness of imagery (he particularly likes seascapes and mountaintops and sun filtering through clouds or forests) and richness of musical scoring, generally featuring swelling chords and soaring melodies, that goes against the grain of contemporary filmmaking. At the same time he particularly relishes the absurdities and pretensions of the romantic artist. His tone, when dealing with them, is only rarely satirical. Rather, he likes to juxtapose their excesses with the day-to-day and universal grubbiness of existence—getting a meal, getting a job, just getting through life in general. It's all quite delicious, a way of exposing a great man's deficient humanity without degrading him. And it is from the tension between beautiful images and the practical life they record that the energy of Russell's work derives.

In Delius, he has a subject peculiarly suited to his gifts. For one could ask about him what Thomas Mann asked about Adrian Leverkühn, the composer he invented for *Doctor Faustus*: "Whom had this man loved? . . . To whom had he opened his heart, whomever had he admitted into his life? Human devotion he accepted, I would swear often unconsciously." What Mann states explicitly, Russell restates implicitly: genius, even more talent, often presents itself as preoccupation, requiring of the artist possessed by it constant worrying and nursing, the kind of endless care paradoxically analogous to that a parent must lavish on a retarded child. The artist may make an enormous contribution to the humane tradition, but only at the cost of his own humanity.

It is this paradox that can be explored to its uttermost in *Song of Summer*, for Delius—toted from room to room like a sack of grain by a silent male nurse—a man who must be fed and read to (from a group of books he severely limited), is a monstrous creature. He summons the household to him by banging on a gong, the deterioration of his nervous system is such that a wrinkle in his pillow or pajamas can send him into a screaming agony, and when, finally, he begins dictating to Fenby, his style of work seems almost an act of aggression. He dictates tunelessly ("ta, tata, ta, ta") without giving his helper a clue as to the key he wants.

Or he will cry out, "thirty-two staves," and then proceed to dictate the required orchestral forces too rapidly for anyone to get down without asking questions. Indeed, the work itself seems nightmarishly difficult to the layman—the endless repetition of short phrases as the querulous composer frets over them, changing a note here, a bit of orchestration there, struggling in his pain (he can bear to work only an hour or two a day) and his blindness, to build melodic lines out of fragments. Delius's situation provides a unique opportunity to examine the creative process, since his illness forced him to externalize matters that are normally hidden from view, and one imagines that it was this remarkable circumstance that initially drew Russell to this project. In any event, he fully exploits it and there is nothing on film anywhere to compare with the insights into the creative process that *Song of Summer* provides.

But the heart of its fascination lies in the contrast between the lovely music the man created and the wretchedness of the character that somehow produced it. His wife is initially seen as a simple soul, entirely devoted, it would seem, to the welfare of the composer and to the difficult task of keeping his work alive among the musical public, though it soon becomes apparent that she gains a certain strange satisfaction from her key role as his keeper and sole channel of communication with the outside world. Her strength is her weakness, and if he treats her as an impatient master would treat a slave not much different from his nurse or Fenby, it is also clear that there is a tough core to this plain, patient, ignorant woman that is impervious to his abuse. There is a magnificent flashback in which, already paralyzed but not yet blind, Delius insists on being carried in an improvised sedan chair to the top of a mountain peak to see a sunset. The image of his wife and his friend, the pianist and composer Percy Grainger, struggling through snowfields to grant him this whim is an unforgettable statement about the imperiousness of the artistic ego. There are others—his abuse of Fenby for his religious beliefs, his utter contempt for the work of other composers, and, climactic revelation, the fact that he forced his wife to share his home with his mistresses, that he frequently abandoned her to revel in the bordellos of Paris, that, indeed, the illness that has given him a dictator's power in his household is the result of the syphilis he acquired on one of these adventures.

"On this road I have contemplated my greatest compositions, Fenby," smugly declares as that dedicated, apparently egoless youth wheels him fortfully through the woods on an oling, Mrs. Delius trailing behind. One cannot help admiring the inordinate strength of the man's will, the subliminal confidence he has in the correctness of his vision, which includes, of course, a lively sense of posterity's gratitude for his efforts. Nonetheless, we are by the time aware that his worship of nature impressions of which were the subject of most of his work—was a defense against importunate humankind, and also a way of distracting the observer, preventing him from noting that Delius's spirit was as crippled as his body.

SO WE ARE LEFT WITH A QUESTION: Was the art, ravishing as it sometimes was, worth the life, which ravished all who came in contact with it? The question is not answerable in generalities. Russell himself once told an interviewer that he "had little sympathy for Delius and one of the distinguishing characteristics of the film is its refusal ever to make a special plea for the composer. There is the monstrous life on the screen, there is the music on the soundtrack, and we are allowed to draw whatever conclusion we like about the relationship between the two, to place whatever value we like on the man and his music. This much is certain, it is the first film—setting aside some of Russell's other BBC work—that refuses to make a hero of the artist, the first to suggest one of the basic twentieth-century insights into art, which is that there is no necessary correlation between the creative person's character and the character of the work he produces.

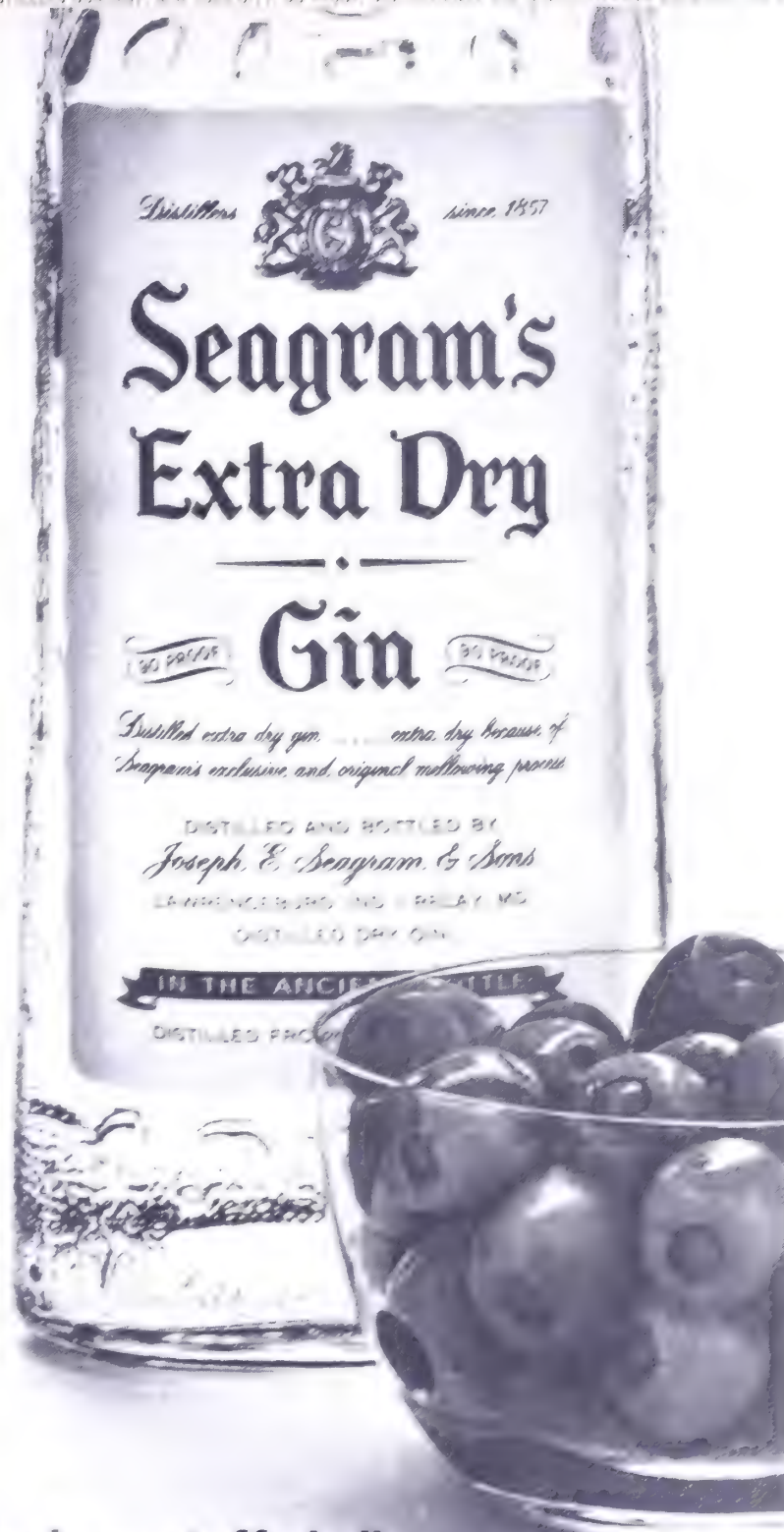
In 1965, three years before Russell completed *Song of Summer*, the critic George Steiner wrote: "We do not know whether the study of the humanities, the noblest that has been said of a thought, can do very much to humanity. We do not know; and surely there is something terrible in our doubt whether the study and delight a man finds in Shakespeare make him any less capable of organizing a concentration camp. This is a problem Steiner worries, in many forms, throughout his superb collection of essays, *Language and Silence*, and it seems to me the question that lies at the center of *Song of Summer* and most of Russell's other work as well. There is no problem in extending Steiner's question to include music—t

centration camp commandant weep-
over Chopin is almost a cliché. Nor
the concept of the artist as a sacred
monster entirely alien to readers of liter-
biography. The recent revelation
t good, gray Robert Frost was, with
nds and family, a model of heartless-
is only the latest in a long line of
h shocks to our traditional view of
artist as necessarily an exemplar of
highest humane values. What is dif-
ferent about Russell's work is that it is
first to manifest these views about
and artists in a popular medium. In-
d, one can trace a steady growth of
concern with this point through his
work, just as one can trace a steady in-
crease in his desire that his work be
so much a retelling of those lives
a near-poetic and highly personal
response to them.

According to a pair of British film
n viewers, the first of his biographies,
ur, remains the most popular of his
e films, works and, indeed, the most
d-favorite TV program of all time in
tain. It is by no means standard, a respect-
e work, well within the prevailing
ventions of the documentary. He did
e return to biographical films and his
ie, but he did not permit them to
e. For when some directors
e from their subjects, he had them
e. The picture, like all of Rus-
's work, is lovely to look at. He is,
self, typically responsive to nature.
All his films are full of images of
ple running or dancing or hiking
strolling in the out-of-doors: of
ude and sunlight in every mood; and
e movement of all of his great scenes
e, while all his actors, whether
mb, revealing to us in the way they do
something of the story they tell. He
e late, small talk. In *Elgar*, too, he
monstrates his fascination with the
drast between the artist and the great
d, materially minded, quite anti-
t person who handles his affairs. In
e instance, it was the composer's wife
one devotion to nurturing his films
de him a saint figure. The sympathy
between genius and ordinary hu-
mity is by no means always, or even
only, in the former's favor. It was
one suspects, more of an egalitarian
n having like to admit. For the people
really like in his films tend to be
e who take it upon themselves to
rep up the broken crockery genius
to in leave in its wake.

But *Elgar* was a man of great com-
plicity and apparent gentleness of spirit.
If he was an exception, he was none
thin the great British tradition of

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historical distance. We can look, for example, simply at an army test in his early war years. Taken as it is, and read straight into a contemporary context, the misfortune of outliving the Edwardian era is fully applied to the question of the modern world which appears to appreciate, among all his works, only "Land of Hope and Glory," the imperialistic tract to his late war effort. The little surprise may surprise simply nullifying in mood from the pastoral to the heroic.

moment that spirit seems to me more significant than the breach in good form it produced.

I must stand up. But I am reasonably sure that Russell's most controversial film, unavailable in the U. S. and the last in his BBC series, is even less defensible. It is a biography of Richard Strauss which suggests that his music—unlike that of Wagner and Mahler—was born, that his was an art awaiting its ideological rationale. There were, I'm told, some rather pointed questions about it in the House of Commons. But dismaying as this work sounds, one would like very much to see it, for its reputation suggests that in it Russell completes the journey from almost pure

formulation of a man who is himself an artist. One always brings to show-business a certain skepticism, and television, even BBC television, is a suspect medium: the possibility of pandering to the popular distrust of the unique. But Russell's art is not so much a still runs toward romantic idealization of the artist rather than toward the sort of cynicism that is the rule. There is a danger in Russell's work and it is danger that could increase if his techniques were taken over by hacks or were commercialized as surely they would be in America or television.

EVEN SO, ONE WOULDN'T LIKE TO SE-

emantic attempt here what he has attempted in Britain. There is no lac-

subject matter. Frost, for example. Charles Ives. Whitman, Melville, James, Wells. Our great artists are no less solicitous than theirs. Moreover, one not help noticing a steady decline in vitality of our TV documentaries. They are for the most part produced by network news departments and though sometimes admirable, in the way at square, solid magazine articles are marshaling lots of information in a convenient form, they are technically l. Only NET has shown any interest in *cinéma vérité*, a technique almost perfectly suited to this intimate medium. The news people still shoot and edit their stuff in a manner that was familiar to moviegoers in the early Thirties. Even their natural bias, the emphasis all on current affairs; historical and natural subjects are almost never undertaken. We're lucky to get a superior travelogue like *The Nile* or *The Kremlin*, moving postcards with purplish-hued close-over cues for our responses. It's wonder the networks can claim no one cares about their serious offerings. They haven't begun to try to make them interesting.

It's possible that will change. Russell recently completed a movie about Tchaikovsky called *The Music Lovers* which he has pushed the techniques of his television documentaries to their highest point. It is a work of incredible daring and it will, of course, expose his unique style and point of view to an international audience as yet unreached by his television work. Moreover, it could be noted that Russell is by no means the only BBC director who has experimented with fictive biographies and next spring NET has tentative plans to air something like twenty of them, including *Song of Summer*. Some of these films are available on 16-millimeter for the school and college market and they are occasionally shown at odd hours on local television stations as well. In support, their style and the view they represent are very much in the air. No doubt they will seem dangerous stuff to some people (half the audience walked out while the other half was enthralled by the screening of the Tchaikovsky film) because they upset our expectation of films on great lives. But if there's one thing our television lacks it is a sense of danger, a sense that someone is trying to stretch old forms, possibly create new ones. That's the least we can say about Russell. What's sad is that one can say it of no one now at work in American television. □

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id Halberstam

THE END OF A POPULIST



CTOBER, NASHVILLE. It is not home but it has, I think, those qualities which people think of as home. The good times seem a little later, the bad times fade into the background: there was no loneliness, my decrepit cars never broke down, I was always able to pay my phone bill. I was never frightened to death covering Klan meetings. It all seems so mellow. All antagonists become friends, having shared common battles. I remember that about the Governor? He said that about me. I become in my mind and theirs a good old friend. Can it be? Old Halberstam. Nashville was a good time for me: four years here as a reporter, where one fought good battles, winning sometimes but not always, finding even in the ones that I lost a certain belief in the processes of the country, a belief in my profession. That was a long time ago. In people wore the American flag then it was now that they were not segs, because the segs wore the Confederate flag. Now on behalf of a stupid and futile war the segs wear the American flag, and whether we have converted them or whether we have converted us is a moot point. But I have a biding affection for this city, this state, the people here, a feeling for the *Tennessean*, the paper I worked for (in a way I never felt a part of the *York Times*); a belief about the world around me that it would somehow, despite this disappointment, or that one, become a more decent and livable society.

The mood of course depends on your perspective. I saw to many who arrive from Paris is drab and joyless; to those who arrive from Moscow it is

colorful, joyous, swinging. I did not come to Nashville from Harvard, but rather, in 1956, at the age of twenty-two, I had arrived from West Point, Mississippi, after less than a year there as the one reporter on the smallest daily in the state. Mississippi is different now, it is going through its own amazing revolution, but then it had a special darkness; for a variety of reasons it lacked freedom of speech. There was a guarded freedom of conversation on the race question if you knew whom you were talking to, but speaking openly in public about obeying the law, about race, about integration would cost a man, white or black, his job. As such it was probably the only state in the union with a genuine set of exiles, young, talented men who could no longer stand it and were driven out, going to New York, Atlanta, or Washington, and keeping in touch with the homefolks almost by underground. The contrast between that particularly suffocating atmosphere and Tennessee was startling, and it was against this background that I measured Tennessee.

Tennessee was still a Populist state then, with a little of the Deep South cotton mentality. It was Southern enough to see the race question raised year after year in campaigns, but enlightened enough to strike it down. As the gas and power people had used race so successfully to camouflage their political power grabs in the Deeper South, here the TVA with its cheap electrical power had given Populist, liberal (even radical) candidates an economic base from which to campaign. It had strengthened the liberal forces, and they had broken

Senator
Albert Gore and
a journalist's
return to
Tennessee.

David Halberstam is working on a book about the roots of the Vietnam war. Last fall he took time out to watch the political campaign of Senator Gore. A Pulitzer Prize winner for his Vietnam reports, he has also written The Unholy City, The Kennedys and other

David Halberstam
THE END OF A
POPULIST

the poll tax and thus smashed the Crump machine a few years before I arrived. In those days of the mid-Fifties the ranking political figures were Kefauver, Gore, Clement—all liberal and sometimes radical on economic matters, all humane on race, all men of national stature. A young man traveling the state was constantly surprised by the capacity for change in Tennessee, the ability of a public figure to speak difficult truths.

I had left here in 1960 the day after Kennedy was elected, but in that year I had covered Estes Kefauver's last race, against a West Tennessee judge named Tip Taylor. The Taylor campaign was put together out of the traditional ingredients for those challenges: race, patriotism, and local chauvinism ("A Senator For Tennessee, not From Tennessee") and everyone was scared. The reports were that Estes was in bad trouble, that they were going to get him this time (*they* were always going to get Estes, it seemed). We were campaigning one day in Portland, in Middle Tennessee, and we had entered with the usual warnings about disaffection. Estes was not with us that day—he was voting in Washington—and so his campaign manager, Frank Gray, a lawyer who looked like a local Fred Allen, spoke for him. "I realize I'm a damn poor substitute for Estes Kefauver," he began, "but then so is Tip Taylor." Laughter. Heightened interest. "Now I'm just a country lawyer from Franklin, Tennessee, and my client is charged with voting for the 1957 civil-rights act, and I just want you to know that I'm here to plead him guilty. And I want you to know that if he hadn't voted for it, I wouldn't be here speaking for him." Those old farmers may not have known what the civil-rights bill was, and they may have suspected that they didn't like it anyway, but they did know something about honesty and courage, and they began to cheer and applaud, and I never doubted from that day that Estes would win reelection, which he did, almost two-to-one.

Now ten years later I was coming back in a time of limited faith. I was flying from Boston where I had spent a week at Harvard, had seen one bomb go off, and had watched the anger, alienation, and nihilism of Harvard undergraduates: blacks bullied whites, the smell of Crow Jim was in the air: one set of values had collapsed, as yet not replaced by anything else. One, of course, does not go to Harvard for reassurance, nor to New York, the greatest of our many navel-watching centers, and so in this year of political turmoil I had come back to Tennessee not so much to seek or find reassurance, because I do not think we can find reassurance anywhere in the nation, but to go back to a place I knew best, to find out what had happened in the years I had been away. I knew that Albert Gore was in for the most terrible fight of his life, and because he is an old friend and someone I admire I could not in conscience be anywhere else.

I took with me the words of David Riesman. We had talked at Harvard about the war. He had recalled a 1961 meeting with two of the intellectual activists of the New Frontier, and they had been

talking about limited war with the combative gressiveness of that era. He had listened in so pain and finally had asked them if either had been to Utah. No, they had not, and why Utah? Had he ever been to Utah? No, Riesman had answered, but he had read a great deal about the Church of Latter-Day Saints and because of this he did not a minute underestimate the evangelical tradition in America, the emotion of certain issues, like war, religion, and he thought that limited war was a dangerous concept. Could one limit the emotion of a limited war? The United States, he had said, was not some small Eastern Atlantic seacoast elite who could understand these lofty terms and respond kindly, but a nation held together by a thin fabric, with latent passions barely submerged, passions which pulled in different directions. And now I was going back to see what those passions had done in Tennessee, particularly against Albert Gore, who, knowing about those passions, had fought long and hard to avoid the war, as far back as 1964.

THE MAN. I spent the first day looking at Albert Gore's television commercials. Tennessee is a snooty state, and it is a mark of the old-breed politician that they were known by their first names—Kefauver, Gore, and Clement, but Estes, Albert, and Frank. The state is bigger now and the new breed is less interesting, less personal in approach, separated by television, and perhaps last names will be Howard Baker, the new Republican Senator, is known as Howard, or, for that matter, Baker. He is known as Howard Baker. Bill Brock will probably be known as Brock. I wondered if Gore's TV would be any good, particularly since this is essentially a television campaign. I had a certain amount of doubt. Albert is an old-style Senator, a Roman Senator really. One can almost imagine him seaport with Webster, Calhoun, and Clay. In fact, it is hard to imagine Albert as anything *but* a Senator. But if he has almost an old-style politician's looks and tends to be a little hot in style in an age of cool, I wondered if he could adapt to the new media. Brock, after all, was said to be new and slick, understated as almost not to be there: his best commercials were other people speaking for him.

No worry. It is an amazing transition for a politician of his generation, particularly for a Populist. The Gore stuff is excellent. Charley Guggenheim, one of the new bosses of American politics, a specialist in political TV commercials, did it for him, and it worked out well, though there was a certain uneasiness about the length of the hair on the Guggenheim crew. All *cinéma vérité*, \$85,000 worth, I think the clips might seem too hot for the Eastern seacoast, but down here it all feels just right, so natural against a Tennessee background. One scene shows the Senator with his young son, in uniform and headed for Vietnam, a poignant moment because of the charges against his father's patriotism. Albert reaches out, touches his son's hand, and then says very gently, "Son, always love your country." The best of the clips shows Albert in his hometown

arthage at the courthouse, surrounded by coun-
 olok. One goes to his car and gets a checkerboard.
 playing Albert and is beating him. "If you
 me two straight games I'll take away your
 icare." Flashes to gnarled hands gripping canes.
 to the checkerboard, Albert's piece disappears
 and the Senator laughs. "I've been up there in
 ington working to raise his Social Security
 he's been down here laying to beat me at check-
 ' As he gets up, a voice behind him calls, "Al-
 !" He turns around and says to an old and
 ured man, "Yes, Benton." "Albert, do you re-
 mber six years ago when I said that if I lived
 ther six years I'd be here to vote for you?" "Yes,
 o, Benton." Pause. "Well, here I am, Albert."
 ert has survived television the way most poli-
 ans of his generation have not. Part of it, I
 nk, is the sheer intelligence, the ability to adapt
 ew styles, without losing old beliefs. That plus
 ooks: he is a strikingly handsome man. The
 r is thinning but still Senatorial white, the face
 uddy, the skin young, and he looks very good on
 tube. Besides, he is a forceful speaker, with
 ck, pungent responses to interviewers' questions.
 He is, however, an old-fashioned man, with old-
 ioned gestures. Even his words are old-fash-
 ed. Tactics used against him are a *damnation*.
 ne people are the *scourge* of politics. He is court-
 a rare trait in American politics, and there is a
 ht tendency to overstatement, befitting a Ten-
 sean born in his generation, weaned on stump-
 aking, who has never seen anything about his
 or his beliefs that he ought to change. He has
 extraodinarily fine voting record, and more
 n just a voting record, an exceptional record as
 enator. Yet he has never connected with the
 tern intellectuals, he is not their kind of man, he
 s not speak their language, not the same style or
 , because, of course, he is a Populist and the
 orn enemy of any good Populist is an Eastern
 ellectual.

His race was, I think, the most important one in
 country—no less an authority than Spiro Agnew
 s so, and named him victim number one—and
 there was little interest in New York about it. In
 nessee, Albert has always been considered a
 le arrogant and uppity in contrast to Kefauver,
 o was merely folksy. Part of this is the mails.
 es flooded the U. S. mails with thousands and
 usands of letters telling everyone that their help
 s mighty good, that he was, well, if nothing else,
 nking of them. Albert does not write letters, in
 t because he does not like to, but also because
 believes it is wrong to waste the government's
 ie and money to send foolish letters to boost the
 s of constituents. (One lawyer who was a friend
 Albert's wrote him congratulating him for not
 ning the Southern Manifesto in 1956: he got back
 etter which was the same one sent to people who
 nped on Albert for failing to sign it.) Albert is,
 course, always compared with Estes here and is
 isidered immodest whereas Estes was considered
 mble. Estes was no more humble than Lyndon
 nson, if the truth were to be known, having run

twice for the Presidency, largely in response to his
 own urging, but he concealed his ego better than
 any man I ever knew. Albert wears his openly,
 almost naively. He is so pleased with being a United
 States Senator, that identity is so complete for him
 that he cannot hide the sheer joy of a poor Smith
 County farmboy who was a schoolman in the day
 and drove to Nashville at night to attend the YMCA
 law school, and who always wanted to go to Con-
 gress, and indeed did go and spent thirty-two years
 there. It is not so much his ego which is on display,
 it is the U. S. Senate's ego and dignity which is on
 display, which is why he seems at times aloof and
 untouchable. To affront Albert Gore is to affront the
 Senate.

He is, despite thirty-two years in Washington,
 still ferocious on the subject of big money and what
 it can do to political processes—the tax benefits the
 rich have, the ability to use their money to bend
 the system their way. He hates and fears large con-
 centrations of money, be it in business, people, or
 foundations. The Populist quality has helped keep
 him out of step in Washington: these are not good
 days for Populists, and he was never a part of those
 happy and exciting Kennedy years. He was the out-
 sider even then. Gore had hoped to be Secretary of
 the Treasury, and he had not minded losing it, but
 saw in the choice of Douglas Dillon the anointing
 of the enemy. He remained out-of-step in the John-
 son years: Johnson had a Populist streak in him,
 that and a capacity to get along very well with big
 money, but the difference between the two was per-
 sonal as much as anything else, a lingering ani-
 mosity. Johnson, above all else, liked to control and
 dominate other men, and Albert Gore is a loner, a
 man not to be controlled.

THE TV STUMP. Campaigning in Memphis, flying
 down here with the Senator. He is optimistic,
 full of himself. He had debated Brock the night be-
 fore and had eaten him alive. Brock is a weak
 speaker, and though his campaign is filled with
 charges against Gore, he does not make them in
 person. "Subliminal smut" is what young Al Gore
 calls it. A month ago the Gore campaign had been
 going very poorly, but in the past few weeks it has
 begun to catch on and is moving: indeed, there are
 reports that Brock's polls show Albert ahead now.
 The staff (the staff today is his son and a twenty-
 three-year-old press aide, for there is not even an
 advance man on this trip) is trying to keep the news
 away from him. They think he is cocky enough
 without it.

The schedule is like this: jet rides into the four
 great media sections of Tennessee, trying to hit at
 least two a day, make news, get on the night news
 show, and then move out. It is almost completely
 different from campaigning ten years ago. In those
 days, television had not yet arrived locally as a po-
 litical factor. Local television newsmen were, in ef-
 fect, ambulance chasers, arriving on the scene of an
 accident, doing short clips of bodies hauled from
 wrecks and stuffed into ambulances. Now the local

"Albert is an old-
 style Senator,
 a Roman Sena-
 tor. One can
 almost imagine
 him seated with
 Webster, Cal-
 houn, and Clay."

stations have beefed up their crews and put on good strong shows at night. On the city editor's desk at the *Tennessean*—*O tempora, O mores*—are three television sets. Of course, the courthouses have dried as a center of communities here anyway: they were the center of a poorer time when people had more time on their hands: now people have less time and they are more mobile, a different class of people, younger, affluent, more in a hurry. So there is little stump speaking: one visits a community more to let the people know you were there. A courtesy call. So campaigning is not nearly as much fun. It is all plastic now. There is a good deal of apathy about the election in the state—and I suspect that one reason is that television has made it all less personal, less direct in one sense, standing between the voter and the electorate: and yet it has made the campaign too long in another sense, bringing the candidates into everyone's home every night for five months.

The question, of course, is how much a media campaign will hurt Albert. Television killed Frank. Frank Goad Clement. He did not like the middle name, perhaps it seemed too country. In 1952, when he ran for Governor the first time, he had been sensitive about both the middle name and his age, or lack thereof. Thirty-two years old. Bill Maples had written a much-admired lead in the *Tennessean* when Frank returned to his hometown of Dickson: "Frank Goad Clement today returned to the scene of his recent boyhood." A poor boy with an ambitious father and an enormous ambition of his own, evangelical, with a Populist streak in him too. The Boy Orator of the Cumberland. In his late twenties, elected the head of something every year, be it the American Legion or the Young Democrats. Running for Governor at thirty-two, with the Biblical phrases running from his lips, closing meetings saying, "Take my hand, precious Lord, and lead me on." ("I'm sure the Lord would like to," said Gordon Browning, his opponent, "but Mister Crump has him by one hand and Daddy Clement has him by the other, and it's just a little difficult for the Lord to get very close to him.") He was an old-style orator, silver-tongued, and people came from everywhere to hear him speak, three, four thousand people turned out. When he spoke near the borders of the state, a quarter of the audience would be out-of-staters come over to hear this young man make his speech. He would talk, one hour, two hours, saying nothing really, but saying it brilliantly. At thirty-two, the world seemed open, he would be Governor, with a beautiful wife named Lucile: he was liberal or liberal enough (the first Southern Governor to protect Negroes at an integrated school in his own state): he could charm any and all with his personality, and did. He charmed Harry Truman, who made sure that Frank keynoted the 1956 Democratic convention, a job that young Senator Jack Kennedy wanted. It was the greatest platform of his life. He was on the cover of *Newsweek* that week, and there were hopes—and fears—among those who knew him well that he would go up there and sweep them off their feet, stampede them with words, maybe not

just the Vice Presidency, but the Presidency, too. It could happen with that voice.

Well, history is cruel. The 1956 convention will be remembered as much for giving us the Stevenson-Kefauver ticket, as for giving us the Huntley-Brinkley ticket. It was the coming of television to American politics, and Frank never understood. He gave the last radio speech at the first television convention. How long, oh, how long, America? "The Republican party," someone typed in the pressroom that night, "was smote by the jawbone of an ass." When the convention ended, Clement was finished as a national figure. From there, the downward spiral seemed to accelerate. He was out as Governor at thirty-eight, and he had gone up so quickly that he was unprepared for the fall, and no one opened the car door for him when he got out. He began for the first time to come apart, drinking more, though swearing, as a good Populist should, that a drop of liquor had never passed his lips. He began to age quickly, and he did not have the kind of look which aged well: he ran to flesh, and the decadence seemed to show in his face. In 1962 he was reelected but the margin this time was slimmer, the crowds were smaller, and it was all getting away from him. He tried television and it betrayed him and in 1966 he ran for the Senate seat using the old technique: but the crowds were not there. A few of the old country people did come, but he had lost the old appeal, the people did not want to hear the old speeches, or see galluses, or hear about God: the wanted respectability and he reminded them of the past, of what they were trying to forget. He lost an at forty-six was an old man. This year, with his wife suing for divorce, Frank Clement drove his car one night across the stripes of a highway and was killed in a head-on collision, dead at fifty, one more American tragedy.

THE OPPONENTS. We had finished up the night in Memphis very late after the debate between Brock and Gore at a Jewish Community Center. Brock is absolutely shameless; he seems to be the founder of the State of Israel: Gore is pro-Israel, but his style is more correct. It is my first look at Brock Young, rich, sincere. Bill Brock is sincere. (His billboards and TV clips say: Bill Brock Believes. Believes is the code word for Nigger. Against busing for the war, for Carswell and Haynsworth and someone worse if they nominate him. I'm sure. They expanded the billboards later in the campaign to say Bill Brock Believes in the Things We Believe In. Bill Brock is young and up-and-coming. An achiever. Gets into clubs and becomes the President. He has the look of the President of the local Jaycee who has just led the other young Turks in the club against the old order on the issue of serving better luncheon meals. For good government and against muscular dystrophy. A success in business, rising to the head of his company (the Brock Candy company). Runs for Congress, wins, and the real Bill Brock emerges; the Democratic party had deserted him all right, he votes a straight Goldwater eco

c line. A great record for Albert to run against, he is running very hard indeed against him. s made Brock vulnerable and has helped turn campaign around; Gore now has a chance. ock is, in fact, a pretty pallid piece of work. t is not a pallid campaign. Though in debates in personal confrontation and in his own ches he stays away from the issues he has raised, is in fact the most disreputable and scurrilous I have ever covered in Tennessee. It is made ie more shabby by the fact that he injects this into the atmosphere at one level and then acts nice young man. His newspaper ads and tele- n ads are hitting away daily at the most emo- al issues they can touch. His media firm came n here a year and a half ago and found that the most emotional issues were race, gun control, war, busing, and prayer, and they are making the campaign. Keep Gore answering false ges. It is not the old, sweaty, gallus-snapping sm that was once used against Claude Pepper: er it is cool and modern. And while I have red shabby racist campaigns in the past, there omething about this one which is distinctive. is the first time that a campaign like this has tied to the President, the Vice President, and Attorney General of the United States.

LD ESTES. The optimism at Gore headquarters is both real and manufactured, but I am very sy. Albert is in serious trouble, the whole voting in Tennessee is against him. It has been shifting new Republicanism for the past decade. Prosperity has come to the sons of the old solid Demodirt farmers who first elected Gore. The TVA ed, brought factories, raised the income, and e some Republicans here. Ten years ago the ocrats had both Senate seats, seven of the nine se seats, and the statehouse. Now the Republi- have one Senate seat, are favorites to get the nd, are even greater favorites to take the state- se, and have four of the nine House seats. East nessee has always been Republican; in West nessee the race question has driven the whites ie Republican party, and in Middle Tennessee race question plus new prosperity has hurt the iocratic party. In 1964, Dan Kuykendall ophis challenged Gore and, in a year that John- beat Goldwater here, 558,000 to 413,000. Gore owly beat Kuykendall, 471,000 to 420,000. The res have not improved since then, and the ero- of the Democratic party has continued at an ming rate. The drift has been going one way in nessee, but Albert has defiantly been going the r way, voting against Haynsworth and Cars- and then against the ABM. So the voters have ed away from him. What is particularly chilling ie erosion in Middle Tennessee, normally his tland. In 1958, despite the racial slurs, he had ied Davidson County (Nashville) against for- Governor Prentice Cooper by a margin of 00 to 15,800: in 1960 Kefauver carried it nst Taylor, 66,000 to 24,000. Yet this year in a

primary against very weak opposition, Gore won by only 400 votes, 39,100 to 38,700 against a former television newscaster who picked up the Wallace vote. The Gore people know this and they are aware of the fact that the polls have not been good, but they point out that Estes had this same problem, that no one was ever for Estes until after the election, that people did not like to admit they were for Estes because they were immediately accused of being nigger-lovers.

Estes, of course, was *sui generis*. Not just Estes, but Old Estes. (It is inconceivable to think of calling Gore Old Albert.) A maze of contradictions, folksy Old Estes, who was one of the least folksy people I have ever met, donning that coonskin hat because it was good politics, but hating it, the wearing of it dictated by necessity and his consuming ambition. He was in reality the almost icy Yale Law School graduate. "I've met many self-made high-brows in my life," Max Ascoli once said of him, "but Estes is the first self-made lowbrow I've ever met." I knew hundreds of people who thought they were good friends of Estes, mighty good friends indeed, though if you asked them what he had said to them, they could not recall, the reason being, of course, that Old Estes had never said anything to them. He had listened to them, or better still, had seemed to listen. A farmer would ask him what he thought about Red China, and Estes would say, Well, now isn't that interesting, what do *you* think of Red China, and so the farmer would tell Estes what *he* thought of Red China, while Estes would listen, though I often sensed that his mind had wandered off somewhere else, that it was dwelling in other places amidst sweeter pleasures. That night, the farmer would go back to his wife and tell her that he had met the famous Senator Kefauver, and they had talked about Red China and the Senator had a lot of good ideas (if a farmer asked Albert about Red China, Albert, bless him, would tell all: duty-bound as a United States Senator, it would be very good, very intelligent, and would no doubt annoy the farmer no end). Estes was reputed to have total recall of all names and faces, though it was not true, I had seen him stumble over the names of his own family. But people believed he knew their names and they would line up to shake hands, and there would be a moment of silence while Estes grasped for their name until they supplied it, "Bill Robbins, Senator." "That's right," he would answer, "you're Bill Robbins, I remember you." He bumbled through everything, always getting things wrong, but like everything else he turned this defect into an asset. People would watch him stumble through and they would say to themselves—there's Old Estes up there and he's not going to make it without my help, I've got to help Old Estes. It was participatory democracy before its time.

His last campaign had been very tough. It was mostly racial stuff, the opposition playing "Dixie" everywhere. A young college boy on Estes' staff, angered by this and by Tip Taylor's superpatriotism, played an old World War II hillbilly song as the Estes theme:

"His race was
I think, the most
important one
in the country
—no less an
authority than
Spiro Agnew
says so, and
named him
victim number
one."

David Halberstam
THE END OF A
POPULIST

*I'd see Lincoln, Custer, Washington, and Perry,
Nathan Hale and Colin Kelly too.*

*There's a star-spangled banner waving some-
where.*

Waving o'er the land of heroes brave and true.

*God gave me the right to be a free American
For that precious right I'd gladly die.*

*There's a star-spangled banner waving some-
where.*

That is where I want to live when I die.

*Though I realize I'm crippled, that is true sir,
Please don't judge my courage by my twisted leg.*

Let me show my Uncle Sam what I can do, sir.

Let me help to bring the Axis down a peg.

There were towns in West Tennessee where no one would shake hands with him, or show him around. They wanted to humiliate him, but he had gone through it, and never lost his dignity, nor shaved it on the race question. The old coalition had worked in those days. He had run twice for the Presidency and in 1960 it was past him, it was going to be Kennedy and for some strange reason he was committed to Johnson. He had wanted desperately to go to the convention, presumably to help Lyndon, but in reality because he thought it just might work, he might just walk on the floor and the lightning would strike. It would not have happened of course, though he had strength and character and intelligence, and in 1968 he would have looked very good indeed walking on the floor. But that was all hopeless. The charge they had made was that Estes, well, he was all right on domestic affairs, but he didn't know foreign affairs, those people from Harvard did, and perhaps they were right, although I knew Estes well and I cannot conceive of him ever undertaking a Bay of Pigs or getting us into Vietnam.

THE WORKERS AND THE GUV. If the old coalition still worked for Estes, it is clear that it will take extra work to put it together for Albert. He has the labor leaders, but that is vastly different from having the working man. You can make any number of cases for what went wrong between the Democratic party and the working man. My own favorite is the great failure of the party over the past twenty years to do anything about changing the tax burden placed on the working class and the middle class, while the very rich acquired smart tax lawyers to teach them how to escape responsibility. Thus the working people found themselves paying high taxes and getting very little in the way of services, since the money was going largely for defense and corollary needs. The problem is particularly acute in Tennessee, where labor was unusually susceptible to Wallace—particularly among young workers, new to unionism, new to the working class, not having grown up in families where labor and its ties to the Democratic party were part of a certain tradition, where the old myths were passed on generation to generation. A classic example is the local United Auto Workers chapter at the local Ford Glass plant here, a plant

which was founded in 1956 and a union which now a hotbed of Wallace support. "The first time most of my people ever got interested in politics was because of George Wallace," said Don Corbin, the head of the local. "The first rally they ever went to, the first button they ever put on, the first bumper sticker, all of it was for George Wallace. Hell, they took up a collection for him in buckets outside here and they got \$1,100. I can't get that for a dead man in the union. George Wallace was theirs—they felt they were a part of George Wallace and he was a part of them."

The local, the only one in the UAW to support Wallace in 1968, is a good example of the new industrialization in the South and what it has done to politics. Ford came here in 1956, and offered about 2,200 jobs, and the pay, currently averaging about \$8,500, is the best in the area. Most of the workers here, as in most new factories in Tennessee, do not come from the cities; three-quarters of them are country boys who do not even live in Davidson County but commute from rural counties; country boys with little education. In the old days, in order to make a living they had to go to Detroit or Chicago, where they spent their money on rent, food, and other essentials; otherwise they stayed home or hunted and fished, and worked a fringe part-time jobs. In most cases, no one in the family ever made more than \$2,000 a year and \$8,000 seemed astronomical. They were rich, they went on buying sprees for new houses, \$14,000 houses, two cars, new furniture on the installment plan, color television, and boats to fish from. In the process, they came up with enormous debts. Union officials throughout the area now estimate that up to 40 per cent of their members have serious debt problems; the newest thing for unions to teach is something called "debt management." Out of this comes an enormous amount of frustration to be making that much money, to be paying that much tax, and still be in debt. A friend of mine who does tax returns for local workers, says he knows the cycle very well: "They've made about \$7,000 a year in the factory and picked up another \$2,000 through the soil bank. You go through the returns and they owe \$1,500 in taxes. And they're pissed off. Mightily. You can see them thinking 'Where does the tax money go? Welfare. And who gets the welfare? The niggers. And who did I just see on my color TV raising hell and carrying on and burning some damn thing? The niggers.' And so they're angry as hell. They're having to pay for the first time in their lives for what they've always been getting in the past."

The Wallace thing seethed through the local union. No one could stop it. There was no effective state Democratic party leadership on the issue, no real regional labor leadership on it. Local union officials who tried to fight it were run out. The new unions were unstable, the membership had little ties to the parent organization, or to past battles and victories. In Nashville the frustrations began to show racially. Incident after incident took place. When Martin Luther King was killed, Ford wanted

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the flag at half-mast. The workers threatened a strike; we ain't working behind no damn mast flag, for no Martin Luther King. The strike was averted. Then when Lurleen Wallace died they wanted the flag at half-mast for her. Another strike was narrowly averted. As they say in Tennessee it was rough, I mean *rough*, out there.

The national issues were coming home. From 1960 to 1966 Ford, acting on its own, hired about 100 whites and 50 blacks. In 1966, under the Johnson Administration's pressures for equal employment—hire Negroes or lose your government contracts—Ford made a major effort. About 280 of the next 300 workers taken on were Negroes. The whites, of course, all had cousins and brothers and folks they wanted jobs for. But they lived with Ford did not go out and hire unskilled blacks. Ford went to Avco and Temco and Aladdin and hired the best blacks away, men with nine and ten years' experience, something relatively easy to do because Ford paid such good wages. Then in 1969 on the grinding and polishing line was automated and phased out, 300 workers had to be laid off; they were cut loose by seniority and they were mostly all blacks. The blacks then formed the Black Caucus, demanding their jobs back, wanting Instant Seniority. It became a genuine *cause célèbre*. They appeared on television, demanded hearings, got NLRB hearings, and met with union officials. And it all simply heightened white fears—Negroes were not just demanding the same as whites, they were wanting more, wanting special treatment, just the ones up North on the TV every night. Pushed too hard. Just like they knew they would.

After the primary, Gore began to work on the economic issues, hitting the old economic issues. The feeling against him among the workers was fairly strong, and Corn, the local leader, who tries to stay out of national political issues, was not eager to get involved with him. But people in Tennessee and elsewhere began to pressure Corn, and he finally became willing to go to the plant with Gore, though the people noted that he stood about five feet back from the Senator. But now in late October it is beginning to turn around; the economic issues are coming home: polls taken among the workers show Gore leading about two-to-one. He has to carry a people like this at least two-to-one to win, and so there is a new optimism in the Gore camp.

CHARLTON PETWAY. It is not just the whites who are a problem. It is the blacks as well. The problem with them is apathy. The black vote in the primary was small in part because it rained that day, because the ballot was too long, and perhaps because there was some foot-dragging in the Negro community. Now there is nervousness about the black vote (the last day of the dog tracks in West Memphis, Arkansas, just over the border, is on the night of the election. Legend has it that the blacks don't love the dog track. Will they skip voting to make the track? Things like this haunt the Gore headquarters). That and the fact that the blacks

are a little cool to Albert: he has never cultivated them because he doesn't really cultivate anybody. So they may stay home. Those who vote will vote for Gore and John Jay Hooker, Democratic nominee for Governor. But how many will there be?

Perhaps they feel their problems can't be remedied by the ballot. Four years ago, the Negro leaders came to the headquarters of Ross Bass, who was running for the Senate, and said they wanted to work for Ross. He had been good on civil rights, even as a Congressman. In the past, the negotiators of the black vote had always talked in terms of money to bring out the black vote, to grease the skids. But with Bass, they had not wanted money, this time they were partners, they wanted to be treated just like white folks. And it worked very well. This year, however, the same group of black leaders from the Tennessee Voters Council showed up to talk with the Hooker and Gore people and presented a budget of around \$220,000. The whites were appalled; the assumption among the whites was that the mood was bad in the black community, that the black leaders knew this, and knew they couldn't get out the vote, and so presented an outrageous budget, knowing in advance that the whites would have to turn it down and thus preparing their own alibi in case the black vote failed.

If the problem with Gore is his own lack of emotion with the blacks (his failure to make special gestures, his belief that his record speaks for itself is not unlike that of Gene McCarthy), the problem with Hooker is another thing. He is in the Kennedy image, which means that he wears an Eastern suit with no padding in the shoulders and has a good-looking wife. He ran a very liberal campaign in 1966 and just narrowly missed the Democratic nomination for Governor. Now Hooker has trimmed, and instead of running an ideological race, he is running a classically factional one, trying to hold together the Democratic state machine—throw the rascals back in—all the Democratic groups which have traditionally warred with each other. "In 1966," says my old friend John Seigenthaler, now editor of the *Tennessean*, once Bobby Kennedy's right-hand man and a close friend of Hooker, "John Jay got up there and said, 'I'm against capital punishment.' It was a hell of a thing to do in this state. [Death row in Tennessee is largely populated by Negroes.] Well if he says it now, he's beat and the blacks know he's beat. So he's not saying it and, hell, they know why he's not saying it, and they're still for him, but they've got to be saying to themselves, 'Should we really care, should we really make the effort—here's a man who thinks it but won't say it.' Is that good enough anymore?"

I asked Seigenthaler how Wallace was able to carry Davidson County. "The Chicago convention," he said. "That was the flashpoint. That did it. These people are Democrats, it was always their party and they watched television for four days and saw the whole place come apart—kids with beards, and cops, and dirty words, riots, the whole thing. Just

"There is a good deal of apathy about the election in the state . . . television has made it less personal, less direct. . . ."

like George Wallace had promised them. And that did it. It all came home to them."

A BREAKDOWN. Carlton Petway is talking about black political apathy. Gore? Well, it's hard to get people in a housing project interested in a race for a Washington office. "Gore does things for blacks as the poor but not for the blacks as blacks. His staff is all white, I hear. If this were a local race, with control of police up for grabs, they would vote. No problem on things that touch them." Carlton Petway is thirty years old, black, a member of the state House of Representatives, from Nashville. We are at a swank integrated civic club. Everyone here seems to know Petway—waiters, lawyers, everyone. Petway is a classic example of the product of the new Negro revolution. Ten years ago he was a student at Tennessee and sitting-in at lunch counters, getting arrested. Then on to law school, returning as an attorney for the Labor Department, the first black one in memory here, then an assistant U.S. attorney trying civil-rights cases. Good at it, very good, and now a state legislator. He tells me about the differences among young Negroes in Nashville. They are trying to find themselves in the history books, wanting to find their identity. "Five years ago they wouldn't have said a thing about the books, about what it said of them, about black cheerleaders. Any of that. All they wanted was to make a good impression. Like their parents told them to. All the middle-class values."

The talk shifts. I suggest that it seems in some ways more relaxed here, less tense, with a more genuine sense of community at certain levels than in the North. It is a hard thing to describe, but integration does exist here at more levels than in New York, and it has a more natural feel. Petway thinks it is true. "The black ghettos in the North and South are different," he said. "In the North there is ghetto as far as the eye can see—there is no escape from it, you get the feeling you can't get out of it. Here it's easier. You can be less than middle-class and move into an integrated new housing project in a suburban area. There's simply more space." I mention the names of Negro leaders I used to know. To a degree they play less of a role, the problems are different now, there are no longer the overwhelming questions of survival and minimal rights. Now the issues are more subtle. People in a housing project get stirred up, have a meeting, get on TV, and find a leader. Petway says, "It's better this way. More degree of community participation. No longer just a few spokesmen and the rest of the community following, ratifying it. Now the community speaks for itself." We head for the courthouse. Along the way everyone, black and white, seems to know Petway. The greetings are friendly, easy, respectful. He is not a Tom and yet they are at ease with him; glad, I think, finally, because he is not a Panther, carries no weapon, and is simply a lawyer; there is an acceptance of him that is staggering—Petway has integrated the most exclusive club of all—Carlton Petway is a good old boy.

THE FAMILY AND OTHERS. It is a lonely campaign. At the beginning, one man and his family alone. Little money, little help from established politicians—although he was a senior Senator when his aides tried to put a businessmen-for-Gore ad together, they could get virtually no reputable big names. No organization at all throughout the state. People help him during an election and then slide away. ("If he wins," says one friend "the day after, Albert is going to think that the people of Tennessee are the greatest and finest people in the world. The second day after the election he's going to be grateful to the people who worked for him, and the third day it'll be something the people of Tennessee owed to him.") To a large degree it is a family campaign—Pauline (Mr. Gore, a strong, sensitive, intelligent woman), Nancy Gore Hunger, his daughter, and Tipper (Mr. Albert Gore, Jr.), speaking every day throughout the state. Pauline was not that anxious for him to make the race, although, faced with this kind of challenge, she did not want him *not* to make it. A large part of the reason is their son. Young Al graduated from Harvard this year; he is militantly antiwar and did not want to go into the Army. But I was faced with a terrible choice: to stay out and avoid the draft in a state like Tennessee would cost the Senate one of its leading doves. His family told him to make his own choice, that they could not care less whether Albert ran and won. In fact Pauline, who is bitterly and militantly against the war, told young Al that she would be glad to go to Canada with him. Young Al called an uncle down in West Tennessee who questioned him on why he was so antiwar. "I guess," he said, "it's my Baptist religion." "I never knew there was anything in the Baptist religion against war," the uncle said. "Why about the sixth commandment, thou shalt not kill?" young Al answered. But the conversation had given young Al the feeling of what the campaign again, his father would be like and he had decided to serve. Those who know the Senator suspect that he would not have minded at all running a campaign with a son who refused to go to Vietnam, that he would in fact have relished it—the drawing of the line, the ethic of it. Show Albert the grain, says a friend, so he can go against it.

So, on his own, Albert turned the campaign around. He hit the economic issues. When Agnew arrived in Memphis, Albert showed up to greet him. When the Republicans used the theme of fox hunting as a gimmick to get the gray fox, Albert picked up the nickname and ran with it. Calling himself the Gray Fox, giving Gray Fox speeches ("As a boy from the hills I learned that the Gray Fox, particularly the breed from Carthage, which is not known as Gray Fox country—knows his way through the briar patches, can run all night and stay well ahead of the hounds"). Right after the primary, when both Gore and Hooker had been nominated, the two groups met to discuss a joint campaign, which would in effect save money and organization. The Hooker people, who were then far ahead, quietly scuttled the idea. In early October

is clear that Gore was running strong and hard that Hooker was stalled, and suddenly the other people wanted to get together; now in the couple of days of the campaign they are getting her. The problem now is not Hooker carrying it, but Gore carrying Hooker, and there is fear in a close race, and this is now seen as a very close race, Hooker may pull Gore back. The Hooker camp engineered their own downfall. In 1968, he started a chicken franchise company, Minnie's, and for a time in the inflated economy acted like a financial wizard. Then, like a lot of things this year, it collapsed. But beyond the failure of that venture, Hooker has a more subtle problem: he allowed a lot of very influential people in Tennessee, editors, television broadcasters, lawyers, judges, to have the stock when it was low, in his own words (Hooker never being one to brag about his success in a dark room) "made thirty millionaires in this state." So there is the hope that someone who four years ago ran as a new hope was indeed manipulative politically with the stock. In contrast, his opponent, Winfield Dunn, Memphis dentist, is able to run as Mr. Clean.

THE PROSPERITY HOLDS. We are driving through the new real estate subdivisions of Nashville—all nice, secure houses, row on row, the gleaming post-Fifties America. Savings, hopes, fears are into these houses. "These are your new Republicans," George Barrett is saying. He is a laborer, an old-style liberal, a gadfly between labor and the black community, and this is essentially the new camp. "Ten years ago they were Democrats, your old Southern Democrats who always used the party as a front and then switched over in general elections. These people really voted with us, but they were never that much at ease in the party. Their daddies were all Democrats. But they brought in some jobs and we have some prosperity here. White collar people—gone Republican, call them \$10,000-a-year-millionaires. It's really very respectable for young people here to call themselves Republicans—a sign of breaking with the past, of a new cultural independence. Not up East, where when people make it, they go on being Democrats or Republicans to being independents, which is socially respectable up here. Maybe if the prosperity holds we'll have some independents down here in a few years. To be up-to-date mobile down here now, you call yourself a Republican." Barrett was saying that it wasn't just economic gains which were hurting the Democrats in here, it was the sum total of frustration and struggle with government, which tends to be blamed on the party which has been in power the most. Sometimes I think we're simply tired of the complexities of life. So many promises have been made there are still so many problems. Nothing seems to make it better. Take Metro," he said, referring to Metropolitan government, the decision to have a unified governmental system for Nashville and Davidson County instead of the motley of satellite

cities which had existed before. "It was supposed to be a panacea for everything. Well, we have Metro and we have as many problems as before. Same tax problems, same problems of financing. Same problems of blacks and cops." I ask if it's any better. "Well, I guess the best you could say is that it hasn't deteriorated. But there was some optimism that went with it, that it would improve things, and that's gone."

Later that day I talk with Gene Graham, an old friend from the *Tennessean* who now teaches at the University of Illinois. He is back in Tennessee on a year's sabbatical to do a book on reapportionment, had dropped into the Gore office, found no one there, and has more or less taken on handling the press, producing ideas, and chiding volunteers—all without pay. We are talking about the effect of reapportionment on Tennessee (*Baker v. Carr* originated here) and Graham is saying that it had a profound effect. Chiefly, it led to revitalization of the Republican party. In the past, most of the state's population was in East Tennessee, but rural West Tennessee, which was underpopulated, had far greater representation. Now it has shifted, with far more equitable representation. A decade ago the Tennessee legislature was three-to-one Democratic. Now it has a Republican majority. Reapportionment gave new vitality to the Republicans, brought them to the surface, and developed confidence to run for offices they were afraid to seek in the past. The people who were getting cheated were not in the cities, the cities were a constant: given urban renewal, which had removed a certain number of people, the city representation was fairly stable. The people who were getting cheated were in the suburbs, all the new people were living there, more affluent and more powerful, and were under-represented. They were bound to be Republican, and now with reapportionment they have their representation and new political strength. "We knew that would happen when we were fighting for reapportionment," Graham was saying. "Some of your do-good people thought—oh boy, this will help the liberals. But I knew better. I was a Democrat and I knew we were screwing the Democratic party in the short run when we pushed it, but, hell, it was the right thing to do. You had to do it."

Gilbert Merritt, Jr. has a good Nashville name, a Yale degree, and a strong decent liberalism. He seems to have all the proper credentials plus charm, intelligence, and considerable ambition, but unlike most ambitious young men, particularly lawyers, he never seemed to be in too much of a hurry. Thus it was something of a surprise to read in 1964 that at twenty-eight Gil Merritt had become a United States district attorney. He moved quickly without seeming to move at all, his liberal ideas never seemed alien in Nashville, and so it was also not surprising to return to Nashville in 1970 and find that Gil Merritt was considered the most attractive young politician in town. He had taken a very attractive wife, had been an outstanding district attorney, had taught at the Vanderbilt Urban Affairs Center, and was, in fact, considered the hot candi-

"This is the first time that a campaign like this has been run by the President, the Vice President, and the Attorney General of the United States."

date for mayor of Nashville, surely a stepping-stone to greater things. A Nashville Lindsay. He was also John Hooker's brother-in-law, but the particular resentment which many young people felt toward the audacious Hooker never touched Gil. Last year, like a prizefighter training for a fight, he had begun to give speeches all over town, tuning up for the 1971 mayoralty race.

We talked about what had happened to the liberal coalition in Tennessee—here and in the country as well. It had been hit by apathy, but something stronger than that, a sense of alienation from the processes, a sense of doubt about institutions and what they could accomplish. Much of it, he said, went back to the Johnson years, and the war. But the sense of doubt which came with the war and its subsidiary effects hit the liberals much harder than the conservatives, he said, and for two reasons. First, because it was a Democratic Administration which had gotten us into the war. But second, and far more important, the liberals had always thought that you could make things move through activist government, make it work, change lives. The conservatives had always said in effect that you couldn't, that it was all hopeless, that government could really do very little. Leave man in his natural state. "Our assumptions have been knocked to hell. We who had more positive beliefs are in more trouble at a time like this: our political enemies have always believed in negative things and now find events going their way."

He had been running for mayor, he said, giving all those speeches. With a wife and three small children. "You never get to see your family, and you have to balance it off. Is it worth it? Well, I thought it was. Then I went out to Vanderbilt and was in on the urban-affairs program and the more I understood the tougher it seemed. I mean I would do it, give up the time, if I could make a difference. But the way it is, no money, you couldn't do it. Simply not enough money to do anything. You'd be standing for good things, but just spinning your wheels, promising things you couldn't deliver. Maybe you could make the police thing a little better. But on the real things someone else could do it as well as you. You might give it a little better image, but in any real substantive thing, you'd be kidding yourself and your own people. So I decided not to run."

Brock's people believe that whoever owns the issues that are being discussed in the last few days of the campaign wins the election. So they're hitting hard on prayers-in-school. A real blitz. Full-page ads in papers all over the state. Television spots. The Gore people knew it was cooking, even knew the time on it: it is precisely the same schedule that was used against Ralph Yarborough in Texas. There is some feeling of frustration with the Senator that he did not take the initiative and predict that the smear was coming. It is all the nervousness of the last few days of the election; the Gore people were reasonably sure they had it won, the Senator himself was particularly optimistic. He still is. But there is some uncertainty now, not knowing how much the religious issue will hurt, not knowing

whether the Hooker campaign, which is going poorly, will pull him down, not knowing what the national trend will be.

COLONIZATION OF THE MIND. One of my favorite people in the world is the Reverend Kell Miller Smith, minister of the First Baptist (black) Church of Nashville. He was Martin Luther King's man in Nashville during the Sixties, playing a crucial role during the Nashville sit-ins, linking the young restless students with the black community and making its demands in terms that the white community had to honor and respect. Whenever Kelly was in a room, he exuded dignity, power, and force. Ten years ago, he had lived essentially outside the white community; now he has his church but also a major job in the white community. Fifty now, he looks about thirty, like a fine NFL cornerback about to retire and go on to a movie career. He is not optimistic about the political scene. Likes Gore. He sees hope for Hooker as a man, a capacity to grow and change, which is about the best that Nashville Negroes can hope for. "You can't ask for a ready-made candidate down here." I ask him if the quality of life is any better. "A little," he says. There are a few more things black can do. Like eating this lunch together. The sit-ins that was the dramatic part, the visible tip of the iceberg, he is saying. "Now I am convinced that the most important things are beneath the surface. In institutions, in schools, churches. Right here, for instance. When you set a curriculum for a theological seminary, you don't say that Negroes are inferior, you just exclude them from any consideration. They don't exist. Invisible men. Even if you look at the courses of our liberal professors you will not find references to anything the blacks did in the churches of this country. I call it, by what it does, colonization of the mind."

"When I first came to this church nineteen years ago," he continued, "a Fisk student had painted a mural on the wall of my church, and there they were, black angels. Well, all my people saw them and died laughing—they knew that everything like that, angels and good things, were white. Now that's different, if there can be white angels, there can be black ones too. Or when I took my little boy to buy some shoes a few years ago. The store clerk was trying to be nice and he looked at my son, and said, 'Why, what *good* hair he has.' So I said what do you mean, good hair. And he said, hair like his own, which meant that it wasn't too kinky. Kinky hair was bad hair. So I told him all hair that stays in was good hair and hair which falls out was bad hair." But the problem of identity, he said, is breaking down. The impact of the radicals on the middle-class black is wider than most whites realize. Just a few days ago an older member of Kelly's church had told him, "Why, Reverend Smith, you know these bushy-haired young children are making all of us notice a few things."

He continues to talk: nonviolence has ebbed as a main weapon. "You must remember that in the

es nonviolence was not a philosophy of the community. It was a technique to get something done. That's changed. I don't think the people are more violent, I think they are a lot less violent. There is less of a disposition to sit passively by." Have his own views changed very much in years? "I had a more limited view ten years. I was like everyone else, I did not see the dimensions of the problem. You go out and accomplish something, pull one strand of the problem only to find out how much more there really is. Now tough and complex it is. Ten years ago we thought something was wrong, we said we were working for integration, but what we really wanted was education and we didn't know it. I believed that we could convince the whites who had their feet on our necks to get off by proving ourselves with nonviolence. I still believe in nonviolence, but only for what it does to the individual. I believe in its effectiveness, and I know more of its limitations."

We talk about the future of Nashville. Kelly is particularly optimistic. The mood of the black community is more militant than people realize, local white leadership has not been very good. I'm very disenchanted. Things come up that are so basic and almost simple and you can't get it done. They put an interstate route right through the heart of the black community. A bitter thing which tore the community apart. Destroyed it. We didn't get much support from the whites. They wouldn't go through Belle Meade (the rich white suburb) with an interstate but they did it to us because we're poor and we're black."

THE DAY. The same nervousness, people grabbing at every bit of information. Big turnout in Memphis among the blacks. Good. Big turnout in East Tennessee. Bad. Early returns: the absentee ballots from Knoxville come in and Albert has 45 percent. Considered excellent. A harbinger? Then suddenly, quickly, too quickly really, there is no time to think, the returns are really coming in. They are not good. The Gore people figured they would have to stay within 55,000 of Brock in East Tennessee to win, and it now looks as if the margin will be closer to 80,000, and maybe more. The 11th Congressional district, which is in Middle Tennessee, is Gore's, but not by a large enough margin to offset the East Tennessee vote. By mid-morning Brock has a 5,000-vote lead as the returns come in from Middle Tennessee; it never closes. It will be a long evening. The Gore headquarters are unique for a Tennessee politician on election night, none of the old pros, just young people and some labor people and old friends from around the state, many of them wearing homemade "Here I am, Albert" badges. The young people are interesting: they worked terribly hard for Gore, and they effectively. In Nashville, where a young attorney named Jim Sasser employed them well. Gore is winning way ahead of predictions. What is also interesting is the fact that during the campaign

Nixon came to East Tennessee State Teachers College, General Westmoreland came to the University of Tennessee for a football game, and Agnew came to Memphis, and there was not one demonstration against them; the reason being that the young people really had a candidate. Brock is winning now and the national television commentators are giving the Nixon-Agnew Southern strategy credit for the victory, but I think they are wrong. The credit should go to the TVA and the prosperity it brought to the area. Tennessee is becoming a Republican state anyway. If the Republicans had run a more decent, more liberal, more honorable campaign, I think they would have won even more votes, and more important, built the basis for a strong party in the future. It seems to me now, looking around at the young people here, that this is like the Stevenson race of 1952, which set the stage for the Kennedy election of 1960. I think the same is true nationally. Nixon's gains tonight seem very slight indeed and though the pundits will point out that the President never gains in off-year elections, I think this is deceptive. The fact is that given the disrepair of the Democratic party in 1970, the breakup of the old coalitions, his failure to make greater inroads is astounding; that if he were really a smart politician he would have used this period in American life to build a new and lasting Republican party, that as he kicked away a landslide in 1968, he has failed again to take root. Nixon has allowed the Democratic party to go through the most painful stages of breakdown and reevaluation without losing its political hold.

Brock has clearly won though Gore runs well ahead of Hooker. The Memphis returns are coming in and despite an enormous black vote for Hooker and Gore, Brock is expanding his lead; it will finally be 559,000 to 513,000. Gore comes down to concede. There is more emotion, more pride in the room than in any winner's headquarters I have ever visited. His concession speech is feisty as ever—the truth, he says, will rise again. He has been a part of the system and exulted in it. Then back up to his room. He is refusing to congratulate Brock because he cannot bring himself to congratulate a man who ran the race he did. He is still muttering over the campaign. Can you imagine it, coming down here to find out not what the people wanted, what they needed, but what their fears were? A damnation. Pauline Gore almost seems relieved that it is all over. They go back to the farm on Wednesday; zinc, she says, has been found on their land. Someone tells me that zinc lobbyists heard of this and came to see Albert, wanting him to favor some pro-zinc tax break. He ran them out of his office. Reagan comes on television. Albert makes them turn off the set momentarily. He and Pauline are busy cheering up the young people around them. I find myself curiously at ease. Not depressed. Not sad. I had not really thought he was going to win, my heart had said yes and my mind no, but I am touched by his race, and in a curious way I feel better about this country than I have in a long time. □

"Can you imagine it? Coming down here to find out not what the people wanted, what they needed, but what their fears were?"

ALI ON PEACHTREE

"Everything was black and dazzling: if Ali should lose, all the colors would fade and Atlanta would be still except for a wailing sound of Cadillacs changing into pumpk

IT WAS A KLANSMAN'S NIGHTMARE, a recrudescence of the worst excesses of the South's post-bellum years. Inceding down Peachtree Street, spiritual and legendary Southern thoroughfare, were Muhammad Ali and his laughing entourage. They moved with loose, ambling confidence along this main street of Atlanta, as though each step were a gentle appropriation of a moment in history, a casual reclamation of a cultural manner that had been kept, except for moments of entertainment, in the corners of our society for a hundred years. This was no peace march, no righteous group of protestors heading for annihilation, no grim file of militants seeking conflict for the sake of Marx or Mao. Rather, it was sheer, black, street-corner ebullience out for a Sunday evening promenade, an ebullience too happy with itself to affect any solemn disguises or to hide behind one or another of the lunatic notions of social seriousness that has made America such a glum piece of melodrama in the past years. Past the movie houses, restaurants, and hotels of Peachtree Street, past the native pedestrians who surrendered the sidewalk with nervous smiles, went a natural way of life with a deserved, arrogant attitude about itself. Deserved because the fashions, expressions, color, and movements of this life have been the occasions for so much indiscriminate resentment, for the embarrassment of so many Negroes who wanted to leave the idioms of the street behind them as they moved on into a simulation of white culture, and for long treatises that turned the peculiar styles of American Blackness into tedious aspects of cultural anthropology. To have survived all this, to be on high display in the very center of gone-with-the-wind country, is a just cause for a little waggish arrogance, and when Ali stops for a moment as he passes three large, T-shirted, white Atlantans and laughingly challenges the largest of them, a thick 250-pounder with a face that one knows has commanded fearful respect in dozens of roadside bars, to a little tune-up fight before he faces Jerry Quarry, the glee at the deferential refusal bubbles all over downtown Atlanta. But there is a certain largess in the laughter also, a bestowal, for a small time at least, of a camaraderie that comes from being close to the Heavyweight Champion, of partaking just a little of the grace of such self-confident excellence. The three white men feel these emanations too and, mesmerized, join the march. On the night before Ali's return to the ring, it seems that everyone touched by his parade must laugh with and admire him.

Muhammad Ali a.k.a. Cassius Cla

We had all come from the showing of a movie that had chronicled Ali's life from his days as boy in Kentucky to his exile from boxing. It was film that very clearly took Ali's side in his battle with official notions of good citizenship. There were pictures of him with Malcolm X, at Muslim rallies lecturing white audiences on their bad racist habit—images that floated out of the last decade and reminded us of how blackness had suddenly thrust a new image of itself into our consciousness and shaded all sorts of bright visions about our society. Sitting in the theater, which was showing as its regular feature an X-rated Nordic study of an *à trois affaire*, all of the antics and anger of the Sixties were served up again in the person of this babbling boy who, as Eldridge Cleaver remarked in his book *Soul on Ice*, was going through the transition from Supermasculine Menial to a black man with the nerve to articulate a thought or two. Which is to say that Ali was not accepting the role of a beautifully proportioned physical example of democracy but was rather challenging that democracy with sprightly fundamentalist objections. And so there he was on screen, talking about slave names about how "black" is nearly always used as a pejorative adjective while "white" seems so often to enjoy angelic connotations, and how the Vietcong—"Little people who don't have enough to eat"—have never called him "nigger." To the American white in the audience, who were used to much more excoriating rhetoric on this subject, Ali's effusion seemed almost quaint. A few English reporters were shocked and angered by his unqualified lack of enthusiasm for the white world, but most of us with pale pigment let the hyperbole roll past as if it were only formal, diplomatic jargon. Perhaps after all we have been made numb to such statements now that so many blacks have appropriated the language of general indictment; perhaps we grant the injustice and, therefore, grant its excessive consequences; perhaps we are bored; perhaps we no longer connect language with any specific phenomena, and allow epithets and denunciations to hover in the air like other particles of modern pollution that we have learned to accept.

All of these might be part of the reason why the snatches of Muslim diatribes and the unctuous, tententious narrative of the film seemed to produce so little discomfort in the white viewers. But mainl

Jack Richardson remembers Muhammad Ali on Peachtree Street and writes about it. Mr. Richardson is writing a book about his life as a gambler.

Muhammad Ali who softens his primitive mess for there has always been something of the n about his verbal performance, something betrays not necessarily a disbelief in what he ying, but at least a certain amused wonder o many people appear to take it so seriously. the time he was making up jingles that pre- d to the round the fate of his opponents, there lways been about his manner a slight sugges- that madness lay not in his announcing that ould demolish a Sonny Liston or in his embrac- version of the Islamic faith that preached a nological interpretation of history, but rather e outrage and analyses that followed them. ng into the theater that night in Atlanta, he ooked at all those members of the press who standing about with notebooks in hand and wondered aloud that people had traveled from pe, South America, Africa, and Asia to, as he t, "watch a couple of men jump around in the

ere was a dose of false modesty in this, of se—one has a feeling that there will be a lot odesty issuing from Ali until the outcome of egal problems is determined—but there *has* something out of proportion in the exchanges as had with the media of our country. Long e he actually refused induction into the Army thereby gave the officials of boxing the oppor- y to bar him, in the name of patriotism, from ing and to send their sport back into the sleazy m from which he had for a time redeemed it— before this concrete act, there had been howls ge over his behavior, over his rodomontade. his Muslim pieties, over, finally, the glory he ed to find in himself. For a time, this imbal- appeared little more than a mismatch of senses amor: Ali would bluster and wink, the media d earnestly pontificate. But then, when it be- e clear that he was serious about changing his e, that he was not going to grow up and be- another Floyd Patterson or Joe Louis, that as going to fumble his way toward a notion of it really means to be a black man in the United es of America, a much deeper misalliance of s was created.

uddenly, Ali became a personification of the o metamorphosis in the Sixties. Where before ad been a winsome outlaw, the type that en- is Westerns with a juvenile wildness that is not y bad but which finally must firmly be dealt y the sober, civilizing sheriff, now he was ething definitely black and evil. No matter that as expressing, much more pacifically, by the an than most black spokesmen, the same disen- tment that millions of blacks and whites felt t the condition of things in America; no matter in a rational society all these ideological thrash- about by a young man should be more hu- ely assimilated; no matter that to any but the est judge of character Ali was more a collec- of effusive moods than a hard cohesion of al anger. In the end, he was America's Heavy- ht Champion, and there has always been a

national ritual conjoined with that title, a ritual made up of vague snatches of self-improvement legends, of poverty-to-riches myths, of valuable moral lessons learned along the democratic road to the championship.

At the very least, after acquiring such an honor, one should enjoy its benefits in a way compatible with the American dreams of success: even some stylish dissipation *à la* Sugar Ray would have been preferable to Ali's prim moral pose and his trips to emerging African republics.

But Ali went his own way and appeared not to know how seriously his office was taken by America. Of course, he discovered this eventually, and he paid for his antics and irony with a suspension both from boxing *and* from the Muslims. In the last year he became simply another bewildered young celebrity sitting on interview shows, sometimes offering to give up his champion's belt to the winner of the Frazier-Ellis fight, sometimes threatening a return to the ring, sometimes dropping into a sad incoherence as a Buckley, or a Frost, or a Susskind tried to corner him into an acceptance of the good intentions of at least part of the white world. No matter whether one felt that Ali was a clown or a fanatic or a champion, one could not find the situation anything but frantic and despicable.

HOWEVER, EVEN THOUGH NOTHING of deep mean- ing had been resolved concerning Ali and our society, on the night before his return to the ring in Atlanta all the old expressions of anger had lost their sting. There was too much real excitement on hand to waste energy deciphering Ali's political pronouncements. Tomorrow there would be a clear confrontation of skills that, in the manner of courtly trials by combat, would produce for those of us looking for simple solutions at least the appearance of a final judgment. For the time being, it was enough, with Ali in the audience loudly admiring his image on the screen, to watch the bouts that had surprised all those experts in the fight world who had first looked at Ali and seen only a flashy ineptitude. One remembered reading the depreciating professional appraisals before his first meeting with Liston, those tough, ring-wise estimates that pronounced Ali a ballet dancer who would crumble should Liston's fist reach any fragile part of him, that joked about the way he would lean away from a punch and thereby expose his stomach to assault and incapacitate himself as a counter-puncher, that tittered over the young heavyweight's hubris in holding his hands so low that he must rely solely on his speed for defense. One remembered this, and then watched again as Sonny Liston scowled ferociously and went on to miss punch after punch while being snake-licked by Ali's left hand until he sat exhausted in his corner unable to make the bell. It became apparent once more that what had happened that night in Miami was the appearance of a new level of grace in heavyweight boxing against which all the old philosophies would be harshly tested.

Even Ali's body is an aesthetic affront to the tradition of the fight world. It is nothing like Apollonius' statue that so grimly displays the effects of professional boxing in the gritty torso and face of an aging fighter.



Now one of the most barren enterprises among boxing fans is the past-and-present debate, the argument over whether a young champion in this era of the eight-second rule, the retreat to a neutral corner after a knockdown, and the fifteen-round championship fight could possibly hold his own with the likes of Kid Irish Dooly who once fought two-hundred rounds beneath a 120-degree Las Vegas sun after training exclusively on whores and whiskey for a month. Well, except in the fantasies of those who love to nourish computers, Ali will never be in the ring with Tunney, Louis, or Dempsey, but it is hard to imagine, after having seen their fights on film, how, with the possible exception of Louis on the best night of his career, Ali could have been touched by them. Those old-time heavyweights just seem to be formed of baser material than Ali, to be more terrene and mixed with impurities. Gravity and fatigue drew them into an awkwardness that betokened pain and the eventual defeat common to all mortals. Ali, however, in fight after fight, moves through the memory like a malicious Ariel, insubstantial except for those cutting blows he delivered to all the poor Calibans put by hopeful promoters into the ring with him.

Even Ali's body is an aesthetic affront to the traditions of the fight world. It is nothing like Apollonius' statue that so grimly displays the effects of professional boxing in the gritty torso and face of an aging fighter. There is no mashed nose or split eyebrows, no blistered ears, and the body itself seems to belong to a well-conditioned sensualist rather than to someone who accepts and deals in primitive forms of punishment. It is the body that a cinquecentist might have sketched at languid repose in an Attic landscape, a young Narcissus perhaps, but never a warrior. It is the physical form that only a Walter Pater should bet on in a match against the thick fierceness of a Jerry Quarry. But perhaps the fight world has now learned to believe in delicate proportion, for Ali, on the night before his return to the ring after an absence of over three years, is, according to Jimmy the Greek, a 3-to-1 favorite.

The entourage

THE REGENCY HYATT HOUSE is a hotel that intends to make its guests feel that they are in a great launching pad with their rooms somewhere in outer space. One looks up several hundred feet to a glass-domed roof, the rising emptiness broken only by the balcony railings on each floor, railings from which a half-dozen or so visitors have already, in the Regency's short history, jumped to well-attended suicides. Exposed elevators, looking like transparent suppositories, zip up and down while drab-looking peacocks move in sullen display inside their cages. Suspended about 10 feet above the lobby is a circular bar much frequented by Ali's supporters who have come from all points of America to the South's most liberated city.

The bartender, however, is not all *that* liberated.

He is close to a state of shock over the alien people who have him scurrying for everything from fro daiquiris to tumblers of Scotch-and-milk.

"Where did they come from, the moon," he says to me *sotto voce* after a furtive check to make sure that we formed a little hermetic, white island in the bar's corner. "I mean we've had plenty of blacks staying here before, but, you know, they wore normal suits, walked quiet, had one drink and were gone. I mean, we even had a civil-rights convention here, or something like that. And you know you hardly noticed them. But these—it's like a lot of bombs going off."

Well, I guess there had not been too many new ones seen in Atlanta wearing mink jump suits, or many Cadillac *Caballeros* on the streets with alligator-skin roofs and Art Deco designs along the hood. I suppose, too, that a young man in a blond wig and a velvet Elizabethan doublet is not an everyday occurrence, as is not a pair of cocoa-hued, Afro-coiffed twins on the arm of a proud Detroit pimp in a pea white Borsalino hat, morning dress, and spats.

Of course, there were the celebrities—Poitier, Diana Ross, Bill Cosby, *et al*, and there were also political leaders like Jesse Jackson and Whitney Young; but the fight weekend really belonged to the blacks who are never seen discussing themselves on television or looking grimly at a photographer from the window of an occupied building. In the most part, these were blacks from the neighborhood, some grown rich from their hustle, some like the little dude in a puce suit who announced that he had washed dishes for eight months so that he could invest in a suitable wardrobe, come to Atlanta and bet a thousand dollars on his man, putting it on the line for a day or two of splendor. There was not a beret, field jacket, or African robe in sight. There were even, here and there, examples of elaborately processed hair, great, softly-waved konks that spiraled heavenwards along with the hotel's elevators.

These were Ali's fans, and they were fanatical. Not for religious reasons, certainly—one look at most of this gathering and you realized that Muslim austerities would wither them to nothing in a week and not even for the sake of racial politics, although they were certainly hoping that the white boy would have his head torn off. Rather, they celebrated Ali because he was of their style—not sartorially but spiritually. "Owee, he's bad," was the most often heard bit of praise whenever Ali walked among them, and one feels that this simply means that like them, he has been sassy with life and has not let it turn him into something fat and meek, something without a little snap to its walk, something that can't display how good it feels to have an edge on the Man and his world.

If one wants an easy visual aid as to the nature of this style and why Ali suits it so well, there's the Ali shuffle, that quick flurry of syncopated half steps he goes into every now and then during a fight. When I saw it the first time, I immediately thought of the little flourish of footwork that I have seen blacks use to break up the monotony of a 2-

ence march when I was in the Army. It would be generally on a left-flank command. The drill instructor would bawl "Leechft flank—Hauh!" as left foot of the marcher hit the ground. He was expected to pivot to the left on his right foot, be off at a 90-degree angle from the direction he had been going in. The black soldiers, however, when the spirit moved them, would hesitate a half second before putting that right foot down and then, while it still hovered in the air, they would engage in a little hop and, finally, when the suspended foot touched the ground, would push off quickly on the left and be back on beat. It was a little rhythmic variation that drove Regular Army NCOs into a rage and nearly always brought fatigue duty on the heads of the practitioners if they were caught. However, once one tried this bit of improvisation, it was almost impossible to abstain from it, for it is a refreshing insertion of self into all that impersonal military procedure, a moment of idiosyncratic *hauteur* that made one feel those dry, dusty mill fields of Camp Chaffee could be survived. The Ali shuffle, which for a weekend would be demonstrated by a different disciple every ten minutes or so in the Regency's lobby, breaks up the even static rhythms of the ring in the way that an authorized left-flank maneuver added spice to a regimented march. It may also have a pragmatic purpose in that it disconcerts an opponent, but its main asset is that it demonstrates an *élan*, an egoistical strength that will not be worn away by the punches and exertions of a professional fight. And it is the style around which the mink suits and tuxedos can rally, for it has always been their answer to the social prescriptions bawled out at them, their way of keeping an ego together. When Ali's fans spilled out onto the streets of Atlanta, they knew that there was a new tempo in town that was much more devastating to Old South rhythms than the gospel cadence of a freedom march.

The scales

ON THE MORNING OF THE DAY a professional fight is to take place, a little ritual occurs. Both fights, in the presence of officials and the press, are staged upon a scale and carefully weighed. In the case of a bout between fighters who are less than heavyweight, this scrupulous attention to poundage is justified by the need to be certain that both contestants conform to the weight prescribed for their division. For heavyweights, however, who have the right to our species' most extreme physical statistics, the weigh-in seems designed mainly to give those connected with the fight a subject to occupy themselves with until the evening. As soon as the weights are announced, a buzz begins, and for the next eight hours or so, involved, Byzantine arguments and analyses take place as to what an extra pound or an added inch of calf portends.

Quarry is first on the scale, and it is hard to believe that the heavy, sloping shoulders, thick

chest, chunky legs, and large, prognathic jaw produce a whole of only 197 pounds. He is, indisputably, a tough-looking man. If one had wished to arrange the ingredients of Ali's return to the ring according to a recipe of racial melodrama, Quarry was the perfect choice. An Irishman from California, he has a pale, hard, sullen, lower-class face that, in the mind of a New Leftist, would seem most apposite peeping out from behind a police visor or supporting a flag-decaled construction hat. As hard as one tries not to judge a man by those tenets of medieval theology that suppose a person's soul to be revealed by the attributes of the body, it is difficult not to believe that Quarry's essence is as rough as his exterior. Even the presence of his wife and mother, who weep while he stands astride the scale, doesn't seem to humanize him, and as unfair as it is, he remains in the mind as something sullen and angry, as the perfect White Hope as conjured forth by a black imagination.

Ali, to everyone's surprise, is quiet and subdued as he steps onto the scale. When his weight is announced at 213½, there are little murmurs of jubilation in the crowd, for it means that he has trimmed himself down by some 25 pounds in the last six weeks since he began training, and the fans and experts take this as a good omen that he will be physically ready for the demands of the evening. Just to reassure themselves, however, his supporters move around the room and engage each other in morale-boosting estimates.

"Trimmiest two-thirteen I ever seen!"

"He look better now than when he fought Foley."

"You didn't see no fat around the gut, did you?"

"Fat? What you talking about, man? He's honed fine, I tell you."

"Yeah, he's got himself right to a good edge."

"But he was so quiet up there."

"He ain't here to run his mouth, man. He gonna make his sounds tonight."

"Now, I believe that, I surely believe that."

With his arm around his mother, Ali now moves through the crowd chatting amiably and signing autographs. There is a peculiar, untypical stillness about him now, almost an air of bafflement as his supporters push forward to declare their fealty. It is as if he were taking a final look at all those dark faces slashed with smiles for which he is responsible.

"If I lose tonight," he says gravely, "it'll be because all my brothers wore me out."

There are groans of protest that he should even consider such a possibility, but this changes to laughter when Ali finally punctuates this utterance with a grin. However, our dude in the puce suit needs a little more reassurance than that. As Ali is about to step into a waiting car, he pushes forward to the edge of the throng.

"Ali, baby," he cries, "tell me I should bet on you."

Ali points his finger directly at him. "Bet your house and lot," he admonishes.

"My man," says the puce suit, and then pirouettes with joy.

"Owee, he's bad. was the most often heard of praise whenever Ali walked among them."



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The fight

ATLANTA'S MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM looks as though it were constructed to hold a good-sized PTA meeting. In its better days Caruso once sang within its walls, but now all it has left is a ceremonial run-down, functional sincerity. However, on Friday night, October 26, it is transformed. The auditorium is awash with color as exquisite entrances are made and the throng mills about, eyeing itself with admiration. No one thinks of going into the arena to watch the preliminaries: all processions in the seats must be timed as closely as possible to coincide with the actual moment of the fight so that a maximum audience will be on hand. The energy in the little arena makes it impossible for anyone to remain still. Back and forth move coiffures that would have dwarfed the wigs at Versailles; suits and jewels on promenade; great, hand-clapping greetings made, but in slow motion, so as not to ruin the line of a close-fitting suit. It is a downtown *bal masqué*, a piece of pageantry that fills up the stage before the scene's real action is to begin. Everything is black and dazzling, and one imagines that, if Ali should lose, all the colors would fade away and the city of Atlanta would be left except for the wailing sound of Cadillacs plunging into pumpkins.

But finally it is time. As Ali and Quarry, dodging spectators' knees and feet, jog down a narrow aisle toward the ring, the audience becomes for a moment subdued. It is as if it senses that all the complex passions it has been enjoying will soon be simply resolved, that whether it is a question of a money bet, racial pride, anger, or simply the desire to see one walk back to the hotel, in less than an hour's time there will be a resolution.

With such a swell of feeling to sustain it, the fight could have been a more exciting encounter. However, in three rounds it was over, Quarry's left eye bleeding blood after having been split open by a series of sharp, snapping punches. One great coital spasm came from the audience as the blood trickled down Quarry's beaded jaw, and then it settled back into an exhausted, dreamy jubilation as the fight stopped and Ali proclaimed the victor.

To those interested only in the science of the sport, the match had proved that Ali's three-year career had not irrevocably ruined him, had not even, in that matter, diminished his formidable speed—least for the duration of three rounds. The fact that Ali had used throughout the first round when he seemed to spring from his corner into a sustained, three-minute barrage of punches—could he have kept up such momentum if Quarry's eye had not exploded? Didn't it seem Ali missed more punches than he ever did before? Wasn't he caught in the ropes more than he should have been? Opinions were already being whipped into shape for debate before the fighters left the ring.

But the entourage was in no mood to quibble. At they had come to see, they had seen. They cheered about the auditorium in happy shock, for

even the most devout worshiper had not expected the sign of their righteousness to be produced so easily. Some had hardly had time to arrange themselves in their seats so that their raiment would not be wrinkled before the fight was over and their journey to Atlanta vindicated. But nine minutes had been enough; the questions of pugilistic science were beside the point. Only a fool, after all, questions the details of a miracle that earns him three-to-one on a dollar and the right to believe that there is something quite glorious in his life.

Epilogue

THE NEXT DAY, SEVERAL NEW YORKERS were on their way home via Delta Air Lines. They were in a general state of dilapidation: their eyes puffed, their hands unsteady as they indifferently prodded bits of the airline's mini-food around their plates. The magnificent clothes, in spite of devoted care, had become rumpled, and there was even a celebratory stain or two befouling a sleeve or lapel. The men stretched and dozed against their women for a while, and finally began to shed their hangovers as the pilot called out some of New York's points of interest. Talk then began in a low, warm, satisfied way about Ali's performance, but the subject quickly changed when one of the participants announced that he had been among the victims of the elaborate robbery that had occurred after the fight. It seemed that invitations had been sent out to selected visitors to attend a victory party in the Atlanta suburbs, but when the guests, seeking fraternal conviviality, arrived, they were met by an inhospitable group of men with shotguns. The victim was asked to describe what happened.

"What's to tell, man. I stepped in the door and a dude put a sawed-off shotgun in my face."

"Owee! You don't mess with *that*!"

"Course you don't. Then this man tells me to lay on the floor. I say to him there's too many people on the floor already. Ain't no room. He says, 'Lay on top of somebody.'"

"Which you did."

"Which I definitely did. Then somebody starts emptying out my pockets and throwing the stuff into the hall where, dig, there's this cat sweeping up all the money, watches, and shit with a *broom*!"

"That's too goddamned much."

"Yeah, I almost laughed too. I mean sweeping the shit up into nice little neat piles. How cool can you be?"

"How many men was there waitin' for you?"

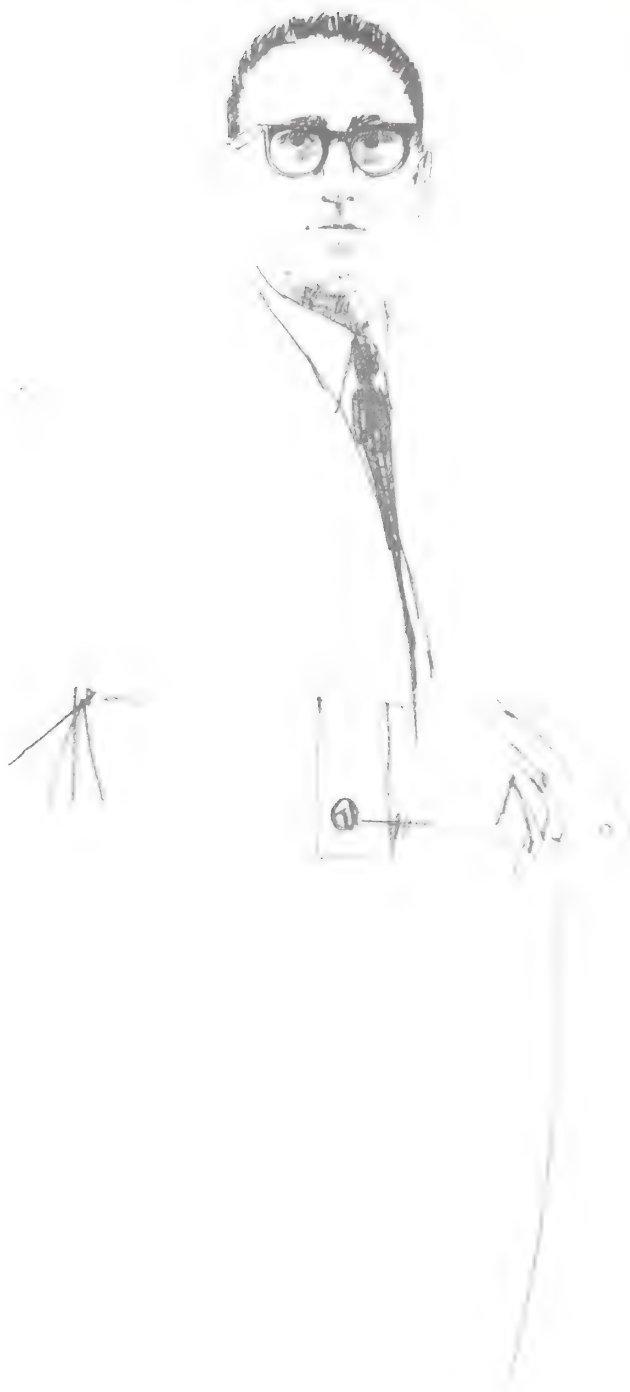
"Too many!"

The men laughed and sagely shook their heads over how outlandish the world can be at times. An order to fasten seat belts was given and there were a few moments of reflective quiet. Then the victim let loose a long, contented sigh.

"Something like that *had* to happen," he said. "It was a bad weekend down in Georgia."

The men laughed some more to let each other fully appreciate, before the plane touched home, how good the last days really had been.

Jack Ruby
ALI
PEACHTREE



IN SEARCH OF KISSINGER

by Joseph Kraft

"It is not so easy to discover where he casts his influence but some say he is the second most powerful man in the world."

"I'M NOT LIKE BILL MOYERS," he used to say of the former Presidential aide who virtually advertised himself as the liberal angel behind the scenes of the Johnson White House. "I don't believe I should take credit for all the good things the Administration does and blame the bad ones on the President. And the deep confidence game implicit in the remarkable disavowal expresses the finely filigreed complexity, the many-layered ambiguity, that envelops the role played by President Nixon's Assistant for National Security Affairs, Henry Kissinger.

For indirectly—by the company he keeps and the swinging figure he affects as well as by many confidence games—Kissinger tries to come on as the secret good guy of the Nixon foreign-policy Establishment. Actually, when set against the dovish temper of the country, the Congress, and the Cabinet, he works to reinforce and legitimize the President's hard-line instincts on most major international business. His closest friends and associates in consequence, have come to see him as a suspect figure, personifying the treason of the intellectuals.

One thing no one doubts is the importance of Kissinger's role in the Nixon Administration. He sees the President alone almost every morning. He speaks to him on the phone two or three times during a routine day, and often takes a drink with him late in the afternoon. On special occasions such as trips abroad, or before speeches or press conferences, he is almost constantly with the President. He travels by Air Force plane only, and with a bodyguard. He inhabits a sumptuous ground-floor office a couple of doors down from the President's working rooms—a far cry from the severely utilitarian basement occupied by Walt Rostow and McGeorge Bundy, his predecessors under Presidents Johnson and Kennedy. He negotiates with heads of state, foreign ministers, and ambassadors galore. He does almost all the briefings attributed to high White House officials on major statements and big developments in foreign policy. He fights the President's battles with the Cabinet, the bureaucracy, the Eastern Establishment, and the intellectuals. It is perhaps not too much to say that he is the second most powerful man in the world.

Discovering exactly where he casts his influence is not so easy. For personal reasons, supplemented perhaps by experience of the Eisenhower staff system, President Nixon has a positive horror of making decisions amidst the explicit pulling and hauling of rival bureaucratic groups. Kissinger does not stimulate such bureaucratic conflict, as McGeorge Bundy did for Kennedy; nor does he mine the bureaucracy for new ideas and slogans as Walt Rostow did for Lyndon Johnson. On the contrary, Kissinger's function is to screen the President from the raw bureaucratic pressures. It is for that purpose that there was devised the so-called "options system."

The basic idea is that long-range strategic objectives are defined in general policy statements

as the State of the World message delivered by resident to the Congress in February 1970, or residential statement on the Far East which ne known as the Guam Doctrine. With these identified, Kissinger and his staff consult with various Departments and then serve up to the dent various ways of reaching the objectives—amous options. In making his choice, Mr. n only selects among intellectually distinct natives, thereby avoiding the dirty business of ig to favor one Department and its chief over ner. And in a few areas—for example, the deci- to return Okinawa to the Japanese in 1972, to renounce chemical and biological warfare—ptions system plainly helped Mr. Nixon make ions that would have been much harder if the sition of the Joint Chiefs and their tribunes in Congress and the press had been asserted, naked unashamed.

it on major issues that keep cropping up over over again, the President wants to gauge per- ly what Cabinet officers and military advisers y think. The options system cannot work—as cated by the establishment of WSAG, or the hington Special Action Group with top repre- natives of the chief agencies, for the daily man- nent of such affairs as the Cambodian crisis of spring or the Jordanian civil war of last fall. ll the big problems—on arms control, the Near , and Vietnam—well-known bureaucratic posi- s have emerged. And in each case, Kissinger tended to come down with the President and nt most of the rest of the bureaucracy on the ral issue of applying pressure to the Com- ists.

THE MATTER OF ARMS CONTROL, the starting int was a policy put together by the Johnson nistration. The Johnson package provided for eeze by both sides on strategic weapons with no wance for new additions or qualitative improve- ts including further development of either the M or the MIRV (for Multiple Independently- geted Reentry Vehicles). Disarmers in the Con- ss, the State Department, and the Arms Control ency wanted to go with that package as soon as Nixon Administration came to office.

But Mr. Nixon had scant political interest in a nson package—the more so as he had backed the M and attacked the Democrats for allowing de- pment of a “strategic gap.” For different rea- s Kissinger shared the President’s skepticism. a believer in the “linkage theory,” he wanted no rd with the Russians on strategic weapons un- it was linked with Soviet cooperation in such itical matters as the Near East and Vietnam.

As its first big decision in the arms-control field, Nixon Administration dropped the Johnson kage by moving for deployment of an ABM esigned, through the work of Kissinger and his ff, to protect this country’s land-based missiles). ren that inch, the Pentagon came roaring back to im the usual yard. Secretary of Defense Melvin

Laird began putting out horror stories about a pos- sible first strike by the Soviets with a new missile—the SS-9. Development of MIRV was pushed along, as were arguments for a full ABM system designed to protect the big cities against enemy missiles. President Nixon was plainly loath to overrule his military men directly, and at a press conference in January 1970, he even seemed to favor the full-scale ABM.

With pressure on the Russians thus mounted, Kissinger moved to channel it toward negotiations. He set up a Verification Panel that brought to- gether heads of interested agencies, working under his leadership with materials prepared by his staff. He and his staff demolished Pentagon claims about tricks the Russians could play through secret de- ployment of new or improved weapons. They won general agreement for a set of new proposals. After soundings in Helsinki, the Administration put to the Russians last September in Vienna what is es- sentially a Nixon package. The Nixon package calls for a freeze at present levels, with limited deploy- ment of ABM permitted and no provision for cut- ting off MIRV development. It is still being nego- tiated with the Soviet Union.

In the Near East, the starting point was a general concern that, as the President put it in his first press conference, local rivalries might draw the United States and the Soviet Union into a “nuclear confrontation.” The State Department was given the task of arranging an easing of tension between Israel and the Arabs. The Department moved in two critical stages.

First, on December 9, 1969, Secretary of State William Rogers proposed that Israel withdraw from territories seized in the Six Day War in return for Arab recognition of her right to live in peace. Second, a peace initiative, put together by Assis- tant Secretary Joseph Sisco, was advanced on June 19 and accepted by Egypt, Jordan, and Israel on August 7. It provided for a ninety-day cease-fire and talks through the U.N. mediator.

President Nixon undoubtedly approved the gen- eral approach of the Department. But he apparently had misgivings that the Russians would use Ameri- can actions to embarrass this country with the Arabs, while increasing Soviet influence. And whenever events seemed to vindicate those sus- picions, Kissinger surfaced to warn the Russians they were moving into troubled waters.

In February, the State of the World message pre- pared by Kissinger warned that “the United States would view any effort by the Soviet Union to seek predominance in the Middle East as a matter of grave concern.” In July, after the Russians started to assume the air defense of Egypt through new missiles and planes manned by Soviet pilots, Kis- singer asserted at a background session at the West- ern White House that the American purpose was to “expel” the Soviet military presence from Egypt. After August 7, when the Russians violated the cease-fire by moving up missiles, and then allowed their Syrian friends to menace Jordan, Kissinger was in the thick of a flurry of moves to apply pres-

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sure on Moscow through the President's visit to the Sixth Fleet, the reinforcement of Israel, the very strong line taken about a possible Soviet submarine base in Cuba. Even after the death of Colonel Nasser, positions within the United States government remained as they were. While the State Department has been pushing for Israeli agreement to withdraw as a step toward peace, Kissinger has been working to keep up the pressure against any further Soviet penetration.

AS TO VIETNAM, KISSINGER SET OUT his views in an article published in the January 1969 issue of *Foreign Affairs*. He believed there was no chance to crush the other side by military means: "The guerrilla wins if he does not lose." At the same time he felt that American prestige was deeply and adversely engaged in Vietnam. "The commitment of 500,000 Americans has settled the importance of Vietnam," he wrote.

Kissinger's answer to the problem thus posed was the answer of two-track negotiations. On one track, the Saigon regime would negotiate with the guerrillas, or National Liberation Front, a political status for South Vietnam that would encompass such concessions as had to be made. On the other, the United States and North Vietnam would negotiate a mutual withdrawal of forces that would register a peace without victory or defeat. In that way the war would end with the blow to American prestige minimized and camouflaged.

Technically Kissinger has never departed from that prescription. Inside the Nixon Administration, he has been the constant protagonist of negotiations. In the very first months he managed a secret effort through the Russians that collapsed ignominiously in June. He pushed an effort through the French after the death of Ho Chi Minh. When Prince Sihanouk fell, he worked through the Russians for an all-Indochina conference. After the Cambodian operations put the President under pressure to show a willingness to deal, it was Kissinger who came up with the idea of sending David Bruce to Paris as the new peace negotiator. And he was a principal architect last fall of the ceasefire offered on October 8.

But the Communist price for negotiations has been some sign of change in the Saigon government. While Secretary of State Rogers has repeatedly seemed to flirt with the idea of change in Saigon, President Nixon has been adamantly opposed to political concessions in South Vietnam. Negotiations have been acceptable to the President only on condition that the other side change its objectives. To that end, Kissinger, unlike Rogers, has repeatedly managed to square his interest in negotiations with the President's instinct for mounting pressure on Hanoi.

The first adjustment involved the gradual passage of the military burden from American troops to the forces of the Saigon government—Vietnamization. Kissinger combined negotiation with Vietnamization by developing the theory that as the

other side saw the Saigon regime becoming stronger it would be more and more pushed to deal with Washington. And suppose the other side used the occasion of the drawing down of American troops to launch a large-scale attack? Then, the President announced in what was certainly a threat devised by Kissinger, he would take "prompt and effective measures."

Next came the enormous swelling of public dissent in this country at the time of the Moratorium of October 15, 1969. The President met that head-on, asking the country in his speech of November to choose between a sellout and a peace with honor. Mr. Nixon wrote much of the speech himself—including the appeal to the "great silent majority." But Kissinger was with him every step of the way. His office prepared drafts of the speech. He repeatedly asserted that the other side would only negotiate if it was convinced the President could hold the country's support. And when the tactic had worked when the President's appeal had prevailed, no one was more pleased than Kissinger. "He didn't say anything," a former staff man recalls. "He just smiled like the Cheshire cat."

Then there was the little matter of expanding the war into Cambodia. Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird and Secretary of State Rogers have both let it be known that they opposed the decision at some times and on some grounds. But how about Kissinger? Unlike Laird and Rogers, he participated in every phase of the decision making. At one point he convoked a meeting of five of his brightest young associates to get their views. All were against. One argued that expanded commitments to the Cambodian regime would weigh against any short-term military gains likely to accrue. Another described the internal upheavals likely to occur. Kissinger has indicated to at least one friend that he passed these views on to the President. But all the evidence suggests that he himself raised only feeble objections to the operation. He has expressed the belief that there wouldn't have been any serious trouble except for the shootings at Kent State. He has peddled to complaisant journalists the story that the whole purpose of the operation was to provide a cover for a more rapid pullout. And why? Once again the rationale seems to have been that Cambodia, by decreasing the other side's military capacity, would put pressure on Hanoi to enter negotiations. "I am," he once said in an allusion to his predecessor's unremitting faith in the possibility of victory in Vietnam, "the Walt Rostow of peace by negotiations."

THAT KISSINGER SHOULD TURN OUT TO BE a hard boy in the Nixon Administration is not really so surprising. Becoming tough is what his life story is all about. He was born in 1923 into a cozy and comfortable little world. His father, Louis Kissinger, was a teacher at the gymnasium, or prep school, in Fürth, a small town outside Nuremberg in Franconia. His mother was a formidable housekeeper. The family was unmistakably middle-class.

Middle-class Jews, however, in a Franconia the

hatched of nascent Nazism. Three years before Hitler took over in Berlin, the Nazis were in the middle in Fürth. From 1930 through 1938, from the age of seven until he was fifteen, Kissinger was as a despised pariah. He was denied entrance to the gymnasium and forced to go to an all-Jewish school. He or his school fellows were beaten up at least every day. His father was stripped of his rights and humiliated. Twelve relatives eventually perished at the hands of the Nazis. When the Kissingers fled Germany in 1938, it was through the agency of his mother. For some time thereafter she supported the family, working as a cook for neighbors on the Upper West Side of New York. His father had been driven to insanity in spirit. "He was a man of great goodness," Kissinger says now, "in a world where goodness had no meaning."

The reaction of the son was to go deep in his studies. From 1939 to 1943, when he was going to George Washington High School in New York, Kissinger seems to have made no friends—hence, probably the survival of the German accent which most refugees who came over in their teens lost. He recalls that if he was walking down the street in New York and saw a group of boys approaching the way, he would cross to the opposite sidewalk. Though he was plainly well-equipped intellectually, particularly in mathematics, he set his sights very high. "I worked in a shaving-brush factory during the war," he says, "so that I could go to school at night to prepare for what was then the height of my ambition—becoming an accountant."

Nothing much changed when Kissinger was drafted into the Army in 1943 as a private in the infantry. His writer Theodore Draper, who served with Kissinger, recalls him as a "nice, quiet boy... a young man who didn't know what to do with his life." He was totally withdrawn," says Fritz Kraemer, another member of the same unit who was to have a profound influence on Kissinger's later life. And Kissinger himself observes of that time: "Living as a private under the Nazis, then as a refugee in America, then as a private in the Army isn't exactly an experience that builds confidence."

At the depths of Kissinger's inward-turning, the special quality of his withdrawal are revealed by the fact that he was so much as those who took him out of it. They were not the ordinary sources of inspiration to bright young men—dedicated scholars like William Gauss or potent intellectuals in the mold of Felix Frankfurter. On the contrary, to shock young Kissinger out of the depths, to charge him with purpose and ambition required men who were themselves outsiders—a couple of flamboyant personalities, nostalgic for vanished features of an aristocratic life they presumed to embody, and full of nobbish contempt for present times.

One of these was Fritz Kraemer. "I am the last individual in a mass society," Kraemer said when he met him at the Pentagon where he works as an assistant to the Army Chief of Staff. "Journalists come to see me about Henry go away disappeared." If the last phrase was a come-on, the first was only a slight exaggeration. Kraemer, the son

of a Ruhr businessman, with the bearing and style of a Prussian, had left Germany in the late Twenties for schooling and adventure in a dozen different countries. After Pearl Harbor he enlisted as a private in the American Army and won a battlefield commission. He then set up a kind of military-government school for the officers and men of the 84th Division. Kissinger, a private in that division, attended one of the lectures and wrote Kraemer a fan letter. Kraemer asked him to come around.

"Within twenty minutes," Kraemer recalls, "I recognized that here was a rare political intelligence." He had Kissinger made an instructor in the school and a translator for the commanding general of the 84th Division. He took in hand the education of his protégé. Looking back he says, "A lot of junk has been written about how I put Henry into Harvard. What happened is this: I used to tell him, 'Henry, you understand everything but know nothing. You need an education.' One day he came to me and said he was going home—home to college. I said to him: 'Henry, gentlemen do not go to the College of the City of New York.' The rest he did himself. He won a New York State scholarship. Then he was admitted to Harvard."

The other crucial patron was William Yandell Elliott—a sometime Army officer, Presidential adviser, and professor of government, who, in Kissinger's own phrase, "lived as a grand seigneur in a world where eminence has become a technical achievement." Elliott became Kissinger's tutor at Harvard and much more. "We met every week for years," Kissinger recalled in a tribute written when Elliott retired from Harvard in 1963. "Bill Elliott made me discover Dostoevski and Hegel, Kant, Spinoza, and Homer. On many Sundays we took long walks in Concord. He spoke of the power of love, and said that the only truly unforgivable sin is to use people as if they were objects. He discussed greatness and excellence. And while I did not always follow his words, I knew that I was in the presence of a remarkable man."

One thing Kraemer and Elliott gave to Kissinger was the realization that he could do truly distinguished work in politics and philosophy—a sense of métier. Under their impulse he shot up the academic ladder at Harvard: A.B., 1950; M.A., 1952; Ph.D., 1954; Lecturer, 1957; Associate Professor, 1959; Professor, 1962. In 1949 he had married a refugee girl, Ann Fleischer. He could have settled down to the normal don's life of Cambridge.

But Kraemer and Elliott had also imparted to Kissinger something far more important—something that, as Helmut Sonnenfeldt, a friend from Army days who now serves with Kissinger in the White House, perceives, "could not have been given by wild-eyed radicals." They delivered to him an antidote against the quietude of his early life, a reason for not being the victim he had been. They taught the principle, and embodied the practice, of struggle against anarchy. "A man," Kraemer said to me when ruminating about Kissinger, "does not know the world until he has been out alone on the

"A man who, at least, Kissinger is the prototype of Dr. Strange-love. He has the refugee background and marked accent."

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docks of Marseilles, hungry and with only one suit, being stalked by another man who wants that suit. Then being reasonable or good doesn't matter. Then a man has to stand up for himself or die."

IT WAS THAT DO OR DIE CREDO which struck fire with Kissinger. He had experienced in his own life shattering calamity. He had known the time when there was "no place for goodness." He understood the danger of unhappy endings. So he made it his life's work to show that force could be used to avert tragedy and catastrophe. He became not a mere diplomatic historian, but a defense intellectual or military schoolman, primarily concerned with power. In that role he made a name for himself at the Council on Foreign Relations, and then as a consultant to Nelson Rockefeller. His best-known books—*Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy* in 1957; *The Necessity for Choice* in 1961; *The Troubled Partnership* in 1965—all argued the need for reshaping armies to provide a more stable world. The underlying logic he had set out even earlier in a Ph.D. thesis on Europe after Napoleon which was published later under the title, *A World Restored: The Politics of Conservatism in a Revolutionary Age*. In that work Kissinger identified as the leitmotif of modern history a running battle between forces of revolution and forces of conservatism. On the side of revolution were conquerors and prophets—"the great symbols of attacks on the legitimate order." In dialectic tension with these wreckers were the statesmen of conservatism who sought to restore "order and balance" through "a pattern of obligations sufficiently spontaneous to reduce to a minimum the necessity for the application of force."

Needless to say, Kissinger did not align himself with troublemakers—the Rousseaus and Napoleons who surfaced in latter days as Marxes and Lenins and Hitlers and Stalins. He cast his lot with the statesmen—with Castlereagh especially, and Metternich in the Napoleonic era; later, and less, with Bismarck; and, most recently, with General de Gaulle. The practical payoff of all this was in large degree only an elegant generalization of Kraemer's specter of the man hunted on the docks of Marseilles. As Kissinger put it in *A World Restored*:

Whenever peace—conceived as the avoidance of war—has been the primary objective of a group of powers, the international system has been at the mercy of the most ruthless member of the international community. Whenever the international order has acknowledged that certain principles should not be compromised, even for the sake of peace, stability based on an equilibrium of forces was at least conceivable.

Given those views, a man who came to Washington as Assistant to the President in 1969 had scant choice. Vietnam had prepared the *Zeitgeist*. All around were men prepared to compromise for the sake of peace. The Secretary of State favored almost any deal to get out of Vietnam, and wind down tension in the Near East. The Secretary of Defense

was prepared to pull troops from Vietnam Europe and everywhere else. Doves dominated Congress and most of the Foreign Service. Inevitably, Kissinger was drawn to the hard-liner who showed least disposition to yield. Between President and Kissinger there was established a professional and psychic bond far deeper than previous Presidents developed with their chief foreign policy assistants. Kissinger became a Nixonite excellence. But for many months and many years Kissinger obscured this commitment through convoluted personality that, in the interests of making enemies, projected a kind of double image.

At bottom there was that lack of grace known in modern times as insecurity. Superficially, at least, Kissinger is the prototype of Dr. Strangelove. He has the refugee background and marked accent. He speaks in slow, ponderous cadences—"like a man who has never had a childhood," Professor Richard Gardner of the Columbia Law School has known him since Harvard remarks. He has a form (5 feet 9 inches tall, 160 pounds) and features (severe eyes behind heavy glasses and long nose under high brow rising to wavy, light-brown hair) that do not make much of an impression. Not surprisingly, he is rarely at ease with people. "Henry," his deputy, Brigadier General Alexander Haig, remarks with the caution appropriate to a deputy, "is not always sure he'll be accepted." "He doesn't really believe anybody likes him," Adam Yarmolinsky, a Harvard friend, once exclaimed. Kissinger himself repeatedly refers to his own "paranoia."

Jokingly, of course. Only the joke isn't all that funny. The Kissinger wit, which can be formidable, runs to a type. "I suppose," he used to tell lecture groups, "you all came here to find out just exactly how depraved a Harvard professor can be." "That will be good for my megalomania," he said when his students applauded a farewell statement he made before taking his present job. "Everything's going to plan—over the cliff." is one of his regular gags now that he's in office. A couple of days after it was reported that Attorney General John Mitchell had called him an "egotistical maniac," he told a group of reporters: "It took me eighteen years to achieve total animosity at Harvard. In Washington I did it in eighteen months." In all cases, Kissinger himself is the butt of the jokes, and they turn on some trait other people regard with misgivings, even alarm. Functionally, the gags work to probe an uncertain landscape, distinguishing friendlies from hostiles.

With the friendlies, Kissinger can be warm as patient to a rare degree. He takes remarkable pains to talk at their level to his young children—Elizabeth, eleven, and David, nine. I have listened to him spend a quarter of an hour explaining to the role of a newspaper columnist. He has charm to burn for women he likes. "He's *süss*, a regular courtier," Mrs. John Sherman Cooper, wife of the Senator from Kentucky, says, using the German word for sweet with its sugary overtone. Former secretaries have been known to wait for hours just to have a chance to say hello. His big difficulty lies in breaking relations. He let an unhappy marriage

on for years, and divorced in 1964 only after life took the initiative. "Henry," a colleague knew him then explains, "doesn't like the idea of being touch with people. He fears that cut loose might turn hostile." His fear finds expression in almost all of Kissinger's most prominent traits. His suspiciousness is proverbial. He once accused a Harvard colleague suggested they dine together in a hotel room they could talk without interruption of not wanting to be seen with him. Even in government few are so secretive. "I never knew what Henry said to the President and I never will," Roger Morris, a former staff member whom Kissinger likened to a dog, acknowledges.

LIKE MANY PERSONS constantly on the watch for enemies, Kissinger is extremely reluctant to entrust. Bayless Manning, now dean of the Stanford Law School, but once a rapporteur working for Kissinger on a Rockefeller Brothers Fund project, recalls that he and other rapporteurs nearly killed because Kissinger was redoing their work. Professors who taught courses with him were not invited to invite guest lecturers without his approval. Even at the White House Kissinger tries to do everything himself. He works at a phenomenal pace—often from seven in the morning to the wee hours. Recently, the draft of a guest column written for the *New York Times* by the Deputy Director of the Budget, Caspar Weinberger, elicited from Kissinger a fifteen-page critique. One evening after ten o'clock he told his appointments man, David Young, to cancel the rest of the day off. "Since he is always available to the President, but also tries to see practically everybody else who comes to town, his schedule is inevitably chaotic. 'I spend each day canceling appointments made the day before,'" Lawrence Leburger, who used to keep his schedule, once commented. Even when the disorder of the office procedure had reached scandalous heights—with people waiting for hours and Cabinet officers complaining that their calls not returned—Kissinger would not delegate authority. Though both his predecessors had deplored it, it was only after eighteen months of disruption that Kissinger appointed General Haig to that post. In one respect Kissinger's one-man-showmanship has undoubtedly consequences. He is the only one on staff who has regular access to the President. No one wants it that way, but so does Kissinger. He has never taken on his staff, as Bundy and Rostow did before him, individuals with the kind of personalities sure to command Presidential attention. The absence of staff access to the President has inevitably meant that only the problems of interest to Kissinger get the highest attention. Scant heed has been paid at the Presidential level to Africa or Latin America or trade. When African, Latin American, or economic affairs come up, the White House, in effect, is out-to-lunch. Not a few of the numerous Kissinger staff resignations have come from men who came to feel that working for Kissinger was a kind

of servitude. I once mentioned to a former Kissinger staff man that a couple of young technicians working in his communications office had used their passes to crash the White House party given for Prince Charles. The former staff man burst out, "Good for them. I'm glad somebody had the guts to stand up—even on that issue."

A curiously connected phenomenon is Kissinger's taste for high abstractions. Almost alone in the American academic community, Kissinger is literally a doctrinaire. His intellectual heroes are supreme theoreticians—Hegel and Kant. His constant charge against past policy makers was that they acted pragmatically to the point where, he wrote in *The Troubled Partnership*, "each event is a compartment analyzed and dealt with under pressure...without an adequate consideration of its relations to other occurrences." Back in 1957 he was arguing in *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy* that "doctrine is important." In a paper on European policy published by the Brookings Institution just before he entered government he was again asserting: "In the years to come the most profound challenge to American policy will be philosophical."

Most Kissinger watchers put down this bent for generalization to a trait passed on from his father's academic background—the trait that made the Germans *das Volk der Denker*. But my strong impression is that Kissinger also uses high abstraction as a protective device—a system of rules that fence out the need for spontaneous adjustment in face-to-face contacts. Long ago, and it is a mark of high intellectual penetration, Kissinger concluded that the case he wanted to make—the conservative case for legitimacy—could not be well argued in the pragmatic spirit of self-interest. On the contrary, he wrote in *A World Restored* that "the case has to be made by fighting as anonymously as possible...so that the contest occurs at least on a plane beyond the individual." It is typical that on Vietnam he has ordered from his own staff and most of the rest of the government immensely complicated and highly structured studies on the progress of Vietnamization and pacification. And while everybody in government is running down those hares, Kissinger and his principal, President Nixon, are free to concentrate on the only interesting question—the question about the intention of the governments of Saigon and Hanoi.

Finally, in keeping with his wariness, secretiveness, and taste for camouflage, Kissinger has at all times sought to anticipate and propitiate potential foes. His capacity to profit from criticism is truly impressive. At Harvard, his closest colleague was Thomas Schelling, an economist who made his reputation by showing the danger of relying on the tactical nuclear weapons Kissinger had recommended in *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*. Though known as an associate of Nelson Rockefeller, Kissinger maintained ties with the White House intellectuals under Kennedy, notably Arthur Schlesinger and McGeorge Bundy. In the Johnson Administration, Robert McNamara used him to

"I am," he once said in an allusion to his profession, "unremitting faith in the possibility of victory in Vietnam," "the Walt Rostow of peace by negotiations."

NOVEMBER LARCHES

by Stephen Sandy

Apples in face there
with their gold and their
mulberry, yet

still this gleam comes back, fur
in my fogged wind-shield:
passive: passing.

This one wet golden gray
they come up: a slow
burn, nightlights low

in the dimmed house of frost.
There is reason in
remembrance of this

larches yellow, young, come spring:
seeing how low they are
ground to a note

SO SHE SAID

by James Wright

"I'd rather not, I'm confused."

I did not plow her darknesses.
Only because I'd rather not
Flop rampant on the secrecies.
They are easy enough to violate.
Easy enough. As when my hand
Exploded my fantastic self
I did not know nor understand
The beauty of my lonely life.

She knew me lonely so she took
My bare body into her bed.
Yet could not bear to let me look
Her over, naked. For she said
She did not know if she could bear
Two hundred pounds of the blind sky.
A man, a rock that breathes a woman's hair.
Neither did I.

And when I lay me down to die
Let me call back I might have used
The woman of a girl who loved me
Enough to let me let her lie
Alone in her own loneliness.
And mind her own good business.

I love for what I will become
In my good time when I go home
Back to my skull, that is our face.

play a role in a major sounding of Hanoi, and he was regularly briefed on the progress of the Paris peace talks by the chief negotiator, Averell Harriman, and Under Secretary of State Nicholas Katzenbach. In the Nixon Administration he began playing almost instinctively, and even before accepting appointment, the role of ambassador to the intellectual community and the Eastern Establishment. He had known the appointment would probably come through long before election day 1968.

But when Nixon actually extended the offer, Kissinger asked for a week to think it over. He then went the rounds of his friends. He spoke to the Harvard and Kennedy intellectuals—Bundy, Galbraith, Schlesinger, Schelling, Yarmolinsky, Richard Neustadt, and a leading disarmament specialist, Paul Doty. He canvassed the Eastern Establishment at the Council on Foreign Relations and in the Rockefeller entourage. His explanation for this inquiry suggested that the near victim of Hitler had delicate scruples about a figure associated in the past with the Republican right-wing. "For people of my generation," Kissinger told me when I asked at the time about his hesitation, "Nixon had a certain reputation. I needed to assure myself that reputation was not deserved." But of course, virtually everybody told Kissinger to take the job. The predictable result of the canvass was that he had for a little while anyhow lined up the support of the main centers of intellectual and Establishment opinion.

THE SEVEN CHIEFS OF STAFF MET IN THE appointment of the Kissinger staff. For day-to-day operational business he took men long inured to working in the system. General Haig, from the Pentagon, was in charge of liaison with the military. Helmut Sonnenfeldt, an old friend, and Peter Vakey, John Holdridge, and Richard Smyser were pulled from the State Department to deal with Europe, Latin America, Asia, and Vietnam respectively. But amidst these, in free-floating positions, were a bunch of young men known in previous Administrations as critics of official policy, particularly in Vietnam. They included Daniel Davidson from Harriman's staff at the Paris peace talks; Anthony Lake and Lawrence Eagleburger from the staff of Under Secretary Katzenbach; Richard Moose from the National Security staff assembled by Rostow; Roger Morris from the National Security staff assembled by Bundy; and Morton Halperin, Lawrence Lynn, and Winston Lord from the McNamara Pentagon. As the special feature of the staff, moreover, Kissinger set up under Halperin and Lynn a Systems Analysis unit—a transplant from the organization established by McNamara in the Pentagon to block out basic strategy through critical analysis of the various programs thrown up by the services.

Socially, Kissinger also cultivated the constituency on the other side. From the very first—from a small White House dinner he attended as "date" for Alice Roosevelt Longworth—he kept up his

House fences, particularly with Mrs. Nixon, id. But his best buddies seemed to be Wash-ans associated with earlier regimes. At his birthday party, the guests were former Secre-of Defense and Mrs. McNamara; Richard who became head of the CIA under Lyndon n. and Mrs. Helms; John Freeman, the editor of the *New Statesman* who was made dsador to Washington by Labor Prime Min-larold Wilson, and his wife; and Katharine m, publisher of the liberal *Washington Post*. he occasion, Kissinger even asked Mary Gory, columnist for the *Washington Star*, to ge for him a private dinner with some leaders he peace movement, including Sam Brown and Mixner.

Top of all that, Kissinger cut out for himself foreign to every leading Nixonite but dis-reminiscent of the "dancing professors" of Kennedy regime. He began going out with well-n glamour girls—Barbara Howar in Washing-loria Steinem in New York, and Jill St. John llywood. His luncheon dates at the Sans Souci e a regular subject of press gossip—the basic eing that the more hairy the crisis, the more e Kissinger had a long-stemmed lovely to lunch. g," he himself announced at a party given for e Steinem by Mrs. Howar and full of journal-a secret swinger."

secret swinger image with its underlying of secret good guy has had a certain impact he media. CBS-TV did a special on him which ed his social life. But nobody close-in has ooled. On the contrary, many have felt had: here has been a steady flow of friends and iates away from Kissinger. At least a dozen of est staff members left either because of inability ach through Kissinger to the President or be- of dissatisfaction with hawkish policies. Five duding two young foreign-policy experts whom egarded with particular affection, Anthony and Roger Morris—quit after Cambodia. A ation of thirteen close Harvard colleagues—ding Schelling, Kistiakowsky, Neustadt, polinsky—made a public visit to his office at time to demonstrate their lack of support for policies. Arthur Schlesinger and Carl Kaysen e Institute for Advanced Study wrote him dy that he should quit. When Kissinger re-ed the dinner arranged by Miss McGrory, Sam yn promised the peace movement would drive inger from Cambridge if he ever tried to re- Even the glamour girls began to feel they eing used to win sympathy for Henry in isticated circles. When Barbara Howar was d on the CBS special how somebody with her enik views could keep going out with Kiser, she said, in a reply cut from the show. itics make strange bedfellows."

ome of the attacks shook Kissinger badly. "He a couple of rocky days," General Haig says of period after Cambodia. He allowed to go un-ected—indeed he may well have stimulated—an curate report by *Time* magazine that the visit-

ing professors had threatened that he would not be allowed to return to his post at Harvard. He railed repeatedly against the intellectual community and the Eastern Establishment. "What the hell's an Establishment for," he once asked with great heat, "if not to support the President when he's in trouble?" Occasionally he even fell back on a pathetic version of the tyrant's plea. Cambodia he justified because otherwise President Nixon would be unseated by the superpatriots of the right. "The country," Kissinger said, "has destroyed its last two Presidents. It cannot stand destruction of a third President." Since the Cambodian affair the tension has eased. A first-rate man who also once served in the McNamara Pentagon, Wayne Smith, has taken the Systems Analysis post vacated by Lawrence Lynn. Kissinger has seen or lunched with most of his former academic colleagues. There is no doubt that he can go back to Harvard if he wants. But my sense is that the bitterness remains and a certain contempt for those who tried to exonerate themselves by jumping on him. When the time comes to step down, Kissinger will almost certainly want to one-up the Harvards. A good guess is that he will probably accept a fellowship at All Souls, Oxford.

MEANWHILE, NO ONE CAN DOUBT that there remains a case to be made against Kissinger, a strong case. He has carefully camouflaged his true colors. He has betrayed the trust of innocent people, and induced a suspension of disbelief among normally vigilant persons. He has caused some of the very best men in government to leave government. Worst of all, perhaps, he has, particularly in the Cambodia business, become wrapped up in his own work to the point of seeing foreign affairs as a set of technical problems, not the stuff that engages the lives and passions of millions of people. Still, that is not the treason of the intellectuals.

While hardly exempt from moral criticism, intellectuals do not enter government to be nice guys. They are called upon to help Presidents get hold of problems that have got beyond their traditional managers. Much as economists helped Roosevelt and subsequent Presidents get hold of the business cycle that the bankers could not manage, foreign-policy intellectuals were called in by Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon to get hold of security problems that the generals and diplomats could not solve. Far from presenting a case of intellectual treason, Kissinger has been true to his mission in remarkable degree. Others may be hotter to disengage, but Kissinger, and Kissinger alone, has provided a forum for careful analysis of how to manage a safe winding down of the American presence abroad. He has fenced off his President from bureaucratic pressures. He has helped Mr. Nixon achieve more mastery of foreign policy than was ever enjoyed by Johnson or Kennedy or Eisenhower or Truman. And for my own part, I find it scarcely credible that the Nixon Administration will be a better instrument of government when Kissinger finally takes his leave.

THE UNWORTHY FRIEND

anyone before. And my wife—doesn't know a word about this, nor do any of my closest friends.

daggers. I wonder if I've already told you I was born in the province of Entre Ríos. I can't say we were Jewish gauchos—there never were any Jewish gauchos. We were shopkeepers and farmers. Anyway, I was born in Urduinarrain, a town I can hardly remember anymore. I was very young when my parents moved to Buenos Aires to open up a shop. A few blocks away from where we lived was the Maldonado, beyond that ditch were open lots.

Carlyle says that men need heroes to worship.

other kind of hero. This is probably the first to
conceive ever heard of him. His name was Francis
Ferrari.

"From San Cristóbal," the other man said.
 "My advice," Ferrari said, still gently, "is to
 you might find it healthier to keep away from her
 his neighborhood's full of people on the look-

On the spot, the man from San Cristobal turned out to be a man as Ferrari was, but he knew others of the gang were around.

From that afternoon on, Francesco Ferrari was the hero my fifteen years were in search of. He was dark and stood straight and tall—good-looking in the style of the day. He always wore black. On that day, a second episode brought us together. I was in the street with my mother and aunt, when we ran into a bunch of young toughs and one of them spoke loudly to the others:

"Old stuff. Let them by."

I didn't know what to do. At that moment, Esrari stepped in. He had just left his house. I looked the ringleader straight in the eye and said, "If you're out for fun, why not try having sex with me?"

He kept staring them up and down, one after other, and there wasn't a word out of any of them. They knew all about him. Ferrari shrugged shoulders, tipped his hat, and went on his way, before starting off, he said to me, "If you have nothing else to do, drop in at the saloon later on. I was tongue-tied. There's a gentleman who

ds respect for ladies." my Aunt Sarah pro-
ced.

Coming to my rescue, my mother said. "I'd say
a hoodlum who wants no competition."
I don't really know how to explain this now. I've
made my way up. I own this shop—which I love—
I know my books: I enjoy friendships like
yours. I have my wife and children. I belong to the
salon party. I'm a good Argentine and a good
citizen. People look up to me. As you can see. I'm
almost bald: in those days I was just a poor red-
headed Jew-boy, living in a down-and-out neigh-
borhood. Like all young men, of course. I tried
to be the same as everyone else. Still, I was
rejected. To shake off the Jacob. I called myself
Santiago, but just the same there was the Fischbein.
I all begin taking on the idea others have of us.
Seeing people despised me. I despised myself as
well. At that time, and above all in that neighbor-
hood, you had to be tough. I knew I was a coward.
They scared the daylights out of me. I was deeply
wounded of my inexperience with them, and I had
no friends my own age.

That night I didn't go around to the saloon.
I wish I never had! But the feeling grew on
me that Ferrari's invitation was something of an
honour, so the next Saturday, after dinner, I finally
showed up at the place.

Ferrari sat at the head of one of the tables. I
saw all the other men by sight. There were six or
seven of them. Ferrari was the eldest, except for
an old man who spoke little and wearily and whose
name is the only one I have not forgotten—don
Seo Amaro. The mark of a slash crossed his
pale, flabby face. I found out afterward he'd
spent some time in jail.

Ferrari sat me down at his left, making don
Seo change places for me. I felt a bit uneasy.
I said Ferrari would mention what had happened
on the street a few days before. But nothing of the
kind took place. They talked about women, cards,
elections, of a street singer who was about to show
up but never did, of neighborhood affairs. At first,
they seemed unwilling to accept me, then later—
because it was what Ferrari wanted—they loosened
up. In spite of their names, which for the most part
were Italian, every one of them thought of himself
as Argentine and even
as a gaucho. Some of them owned or drove teams or
were butchers at the slaughter yards, and having
dealt with animals made them a lot like farm
hands. My suspicion is that their one desire was
to have played the outlaw Juan Moreira. They
ended up calling me the Sheeny, but they didn't
mean it in a bad way. It was from them that I
learned to smoke and do other things.

In a brothel on Junín Street, somebody asked me
whether I wasn't a friend of Francisco Ferrari's. I
told him I wasn't, feeling that to have answered
otherwise would have been bragging.

One night the police came into the saloon and
arrested us. Two of the gang were taken into cus-
tody, but Ferrari was left alone. A couple of weeks
later the same thing happened all over again: this



Jorge Luis
Borges
THE
UNWORTHY
FRIEND

second time they rounded up Ferrari too. Under
he felt he was carrying a knife. What happened
was that he must have had a falling out with the
political boss of our ward.

A I LOOK BACK ON FERRARI TODAY, I see him as
an unduly young man who was filled with
illusions and in the end was betrayed; but at the
time, to me he was a god.

Friendship is no less a mystery than love or any
other aspect of this confusion we call life. There
have been times when I've felt the only thing with-
out mystery is happiness, because happiness is an
end in itself. The plain fact is, that for all his brass,
Francisco Ferrari, the tough guy, wanted to be
friends with someone as pitiful as me. I was sure
he'd made a mistake. I was sure I was unworthy
of his friendship, and I did my best to keep clear
of him. But he wouldn't let me. My anxiety over
this was made even worse by my mother's disap-
proval. She just couldn't get used to the company
I kept and went around aping, and referred to
them as trash and scum. The point of what I'm
telling you is my relationship with Ferrari, not the
sordid facts, which I no longer feel sorry about. As
long as any trace of remorse remains, guilt remains.

One night, the old man, who had again taken up
his usual place beside Ferrari, was whispering back
and forth in Ferrari's ear. They were up to some-
thing. From the other end of the table, I thought
I made out the name of Weidemann, a man who
owned a textile mill out on the edge of the neigh-
borhood. Soon after, without any explanation, I
was told to take a stroll around the factory and to
have a good look at the gates. It was beginning to
get dark when I crossed the Maldonado and cut
through the freight yards. I remember the houses,
which grew fewer and farther between, a clump of
willows, and the empty lots. Weidemann's was new,
but it was lonely and somehow looked like a ruin:
in my memory, its red brick gets mixed up with
the sunset. The mill was surrounded by a tall fence.
In addition to the front entrance, there were two
big doors out back opening into the south side of
the building.

I have to admit it took me some time to figure
out what you've probably guessed already. I
brought back my report, which was confirmed by
one of the others, who had a sister working in the
place. Then the plan was laid out. For the gang
not to have shown up at the saloon on a Saturday
night would have attracted attention, so Ferrari
set the robbery for the following Friday. I was the
one they picked for lookout. Meanwhile, it was
best that we shouldn't be seen together. When we
were alone in the street—just Ferrari and myself—
I asked him, "Are you sure you can trust me?"

"Yes," he answered. "I know you'll handle your-
self like a man."

That night and the following nights I slept well.
Then, on Wednesday, I told my mother I was go-
ing downtown to see a new cowboy picture. I put
on my best clothes and started out for Moreno

Street. The trip on the streetcar was a long one.
At Police Headquarters I was kept waiting, but
finally one of the desk sergeants—a certain Bald-
oni—saw me. I told him I'd come about a con-
fidential matter and he said I could speak with
him. I let him in on the gang's plan. What sur-
prised me was that Ferrari's name meant nothing
to him; but it was something else again when
he mentioned don Eliseo.

"Ah," he said. "He used to be one of the old
Montevideo gang."

He called in another man, who came from the
other part of town, and the two of them talked things
over. The second officer asked me, with a certain
scorn in his voice, "Have you come here with this
information because you think of yourself as a
good citizen?"

I knew he would never understand, but
I answered, "Yes, sir. I'm a good Argentine."

They told me to go through with my job exactly
as Ferrari had ordered, but not to whistle when
saw the police arrive. As I was leaving, one of the
officers warned me:

"Better be careful. You know what's in store
for stoolies."

Policemen are just like kids when it comes to
using slang. I answered him, "I wish they would
lay their hands on me—maybe that's the best thing
that could happen."

From early in the morning that Friday, I had
the feeling of relief that the day had come and
the same time I felt the guilt of not feeling guilty.
The hours seemed to drag. All day I barely ate
a mouthful. At ten that night we met a couple of
blocks away from the factory. When one of the
gang didn't show up, don Eliseo remarked that
someone always turned yellow. I knew when it was
all over he'd be the one they blamed.

It looked like it was about to pour. At first
I was scared someone else would be named to stand
watch with me, but when it came time I was left
alone near one of the back doors. After a while
the police, together with a superior officer, put
their appearance. They came on foot, having let
their horses some distance off. Ferrari had forced
one of the two doors and the police were able to
slip in without a sound. Then four shots rang out,
deafening me. I imagined that there on the inside
in all that dark, they were slaughtering each other.
At that point the police led a few of the men out
in handcuffs. Then two more policemen came on
dragging the bodies of Francisco Ferrari and don
Eliseo Amaro. In the official report it was stated
that they had resisted arrest and had been the first
to open fire. I knew the whole thing was a lie be-
cause I'd never once seen any of the gang carrying
guns. They'd just been shot down; the police had
used the occasion to settle an old score. A few days
later, I heard Ferrari had tried to escape but that
a single bullet stopped him. As was to be expected,
the newspapers made the hero of him he had never
been except maybe in my eyes.

As for me, they rounded me up with the others
and a short time later set me free.

ISRAEL

American Innocent in the Middle East, Part III

EGYPT, WHILE WANDERING with the other foreign journalists through the wreckage of Suez, and heard their planes passing high overhead on a bombing run, too high to see. His last night Jordan, riding with Palestinian commandos in a Land Rover only a few hundred yards from the river, he had seen the lights of their kibbutzim along the dark hills on the other side. But his first actual glimpse of them had been while he was still on the Arab side—that morning at the bridge when he had seen the man, the last one of the prisoners whose release by the Israelis he and the journalists had been brought there by the Jordanian press ministry to witness.

Only some 15 yards away—across the makeshift bridge of rough wooden planks and rusted girders which had replaced the original Allenby bridge—he had seen three Israeli soldiers standing in the shade of acacia trees in front of their guard post, standing in a pose of almost calculated languor, armed with their Uzi submachine guns slung over their shoulders, now and then raising one hand to their forehead briefly on a thumbnail and then spit precisely to the side. Behind them, from a rocky butte in the distance, a somewhat oversized Israeli flag—that is, the insignia of blue on white that suggests a biblical banner, clean and chaste and almost clinical—flowed spectacularly against a blue desert sky over the territory they had taken in 1967. Before he had left the United States, a friend of his, an Army colonel, had said, "You know, all these things we've heard over here about the Israelis, what they did in 1947—it's just hard to believe they're all that good. I'd think they were supermen." And he thought, *So that's them, at last. The other side:* to the Arabs, they were invading marauders versed in the tactics of the new technological century, unvanquished, abruptly arrived out of the West to colonize the land from the Nile to the Euphrates; but back in his own country, with all those Sunday School mornings in Baptist churches in small Southern cities, too, the ashen newsreels of Dachau and Buchenwald—they had become the legendary heirs of Joshua and Gideon who accomplished after four thousand years the Second Exodus. *So that's what they look like. . . .* Their sleeves rolled above their forearms, they would occasionally amble a few steps and then pause, cuffing the dust with their boots, kicking it with their toes, like football players on the sidelines before a game, as they peered for a moment at the moiling dishevelment of soldiers and

journalists and photographers on the other side of the bridge.

At last, the trucks with the prisoners arrived, accompanied by several jeeps bearing Israeli officers. With that, a Jordanian brigadier general walked out to the middle of the bridge—a long gaunt greyhound of a figure with a hatchet-hacked face who had been maintaining a resolutely cheerful manner as he waited, with the parents of his English wife on hand to witness the occasion. After a moment an Israeli officer, short and chunky and wearing a beret, came briskly striding out to meet him. "Good morning, sir! How are you? Good to see you again—" They shook hands, exchanging a few pleasantries with one or two short laughs, never quite looking at each other. The Jordanian general then proposed a few details for the transaction, standing at a slight droop as he motioned with the papers in his hand, and the Israeli officer—a Major Horowitz—listened with quick wags of his head, merely chewing his lower lip now and then as he snapped, "As you wish. . . . As you wish. . . . No problem, brigadier. . . . Okay, fine with us. . . ." The other officers who had come with him stood off to one side along the railing of the bridge in a graceful slouch, hands propped on their low-slung canteen belts, their caps tipped forward over their eyes, and the American, watching them, thought, *My God, they manage to swagger just standing still. . . .*

II

DURING THOSE WEEKS AMONG THE ARABS, that had been his only glimpse of them. But when at last he left Amman, beginning the flight to Athens from where he would fly on into Tel Aviv, he felt he would be returning in Israel to familiar inflections and perspectives: it would be like stepping back through a looking glass, out of a left-handed world into a right-handed one again. In a sense, it seemed to him, Israel had always been an American experience. When his plane lifted from the Athens airport, he found the cabin filled almost exclusively with middle-aged Jewish dentists and clothing merchants and professors from Cincinnati and Houston and Seattle with their dumpling-like wives in frosted bouffants and beaded glass-chaîns, along with a gusty troupe of Protestant preachers crowing happily to each other high now over the Aegean isles, loudly celebrating all novelties around them and outside the windows in the plain dauntless corn-cob

accents of Arkansas and Indiana and Oklahoma. One among them regularly indulged himself, at every pass of the stewardess, in a modest "Yippee-Yi-ohhhh-Ki-Yea!" Though he was still weeks away from the States, in this hermetic jet cabin the American had a sudden sensation of being home. At the least, it was a collective pilgrimage which in itself comprehended the peculiar folk communion, beyond official government policies, which the United States has with Israel—a special relationship, it seems, America has with no other country save probably England.

Because how else to account, he pondered now as the plane passed over the Mediterranean, for a sixteen-year-old cracker son of a Baptist minister in a little outback South Carolina mill town sitting down in his room one autumn night in 1956 writing a letter to David Ben-Gurion, volunteering his services in the Sinai campaign? All he asked was passage fare and a place in a kibbutz. The fact is, along with innumerable other Americans, the land of Canaan had been the second invisible country of his childhood, he had grown up not only in a small Georgia city along the Savannah River, but in the caves of the prophets along the banks of the Jordan: not only in the vicinity of little piny saw-mill communities like Red Hill and Elko, but also in Jericho, Galilee, Mount Carmel, the Sharon Valley.

It was a spiritual hardiness, not alien to grief and doom, which was the common disposition of these Gospel-belt preachers around him now in the plane—they were not likely to wind up perishing in the Judean desert. Indeed, he was later to detect a faint bemusement among Israelis with what had befallen Bishop Pike in his journey there: as if this uncertain Christian divine, already abstracted through his fastidious equivocations into a kind of tentative evanescence, had been consumed by the primal glower of the Judean desert, simply evaporated with a brief hiss like a singed spiderweb. The American himself was to come across similar souls in the days ahead, pilgrims from the far-flung permutations of this region's visions.

During a long drive through Galilee, he and his Israeli guide picked up an English photographer who had been wandering the country for weeks—a thin willowy fellow, wearing bulky glasses with lenses like bottle-bottoms perched on a ponderous nose, without apparent resources or even change of clothes, but diligently deferential and amiable, with an air of constant amazement about him. When they stopped at a café in the city of Tiberias, the Englishman, holding his untasted lemonade while the American and the Israeli driver tilted their gin and tonics, fell into a brief dispute with the driver over whether the Sea of Galilee is shaped like a violin or a harp: the driver began to grow a bit barkish—"Well, I am very sorry, sir, but your information is quite incorrect, it is shaped like a harp"—and the Englishman's gentle insistences shortly wisped away altogether in an almost contrite accession. "Yes, of course, I'm sure you would know much better than I. Like a harp, is it? I say—" and when

a few minutes later he softly ventured, "You it surely would be wonderful if perhaps I accompany you tomorrow when you go up in Golan Heights," the driver, who by now had reached a state of passionate impatience with the snapped, "I'm very sorry, but it is impossible. I'm not insured for you. I'm afraid you'll have to find your own way," and the man murmured, of course, I see. I was only thinking that it would be wonderful—but certainly, I see." After sunset they let him out at a dirt road that curved along the slope of the Mount of the Beatitudes to a host of the far distance maintained by an Italian religious order: as the car pulled away, the American watched him trudging on down the road, a lone, a solitary figure in the twilight—a cleric, fugitive from some disastrous moment of weakness or scandal? Fled here in need of refuge and penance, but nothing left for him now but to wander the sites of his lost faith with a cane.

There still remained everywhere, the American was also to discover, the squat grim edifices from a surer time in Christendom, relics of the most formidable pilgrimage of any over the two thousand years: the Crusaders, blustery Frankish knights and Silesian barons who followed by their drab retinues of monks and priests undertook to appropriate this alien genesis of faith with the same brutal simplicity of that first. Their mad two-hundred-year enterprise had left behind primitive nameless tombs like Etruscan burial chambers, dim catacombs under Byzantine churches, lit now with a kind of lurid Halloween spookiness.

The truth is, all along this American journey had secretly expected that Israel would be a land of private exodus of his own, that he would be returning to the true source of his sensibility where he would feel he belonged in a way he had longed nowhere else. But in visiting the presumed locales of that dramatic ethos in which he had lived for almost twenty years—the birthplace of Jesus, the Garden of Gethsemane—he found only meager selections of incidental rock enclosures, opulently gilded shrines, cumbersome elaborations of marble columns and scrolled gold and jeweled ceilings, sanctuaries muggy with incense and filled with a stammer of flashbulbs, the crinkling voices of tourists in rayon golf-shirts and crepe-soled shoes. "Would you like to pray?" his guide kept whispering in these places, and he kept shaking his head, feeling absolutely nothing, not even curiosity. Another time, pausing at the end of a long ride at a shoreside café on the edge of the Sea of Galilee, he sat with his driver sipping Scotch and soda in the quiet blue tints of late afternoon, watching the white-jacketed waiters, this idle hour with the sun low over the dark water around them, fishing with threads and safety pins for St. Peter's fish while speedboats came spanking past pulling skiers, several ancient fishing boats moored nearby with Johnson outboard motors, their sterns nodding dully in the swells. (Later back in the States, the wife of a Protestant minister

and her eyes when he reported this: "What? The Sea of Galilee? You mean, water...")

SALEM, HOWEVER—THAT OLD WOMB of great hills for half the world, a remote cool city of stone and evergreens that glisten almost black thin morning sunshine—still seems to linger in a weather that has a certain religious quality to it. The streets there teem with all the disfigurements of those visions annunciated here through the centuries: the cowed Franciscan friars, bearded Greek Orthodox priests traveling in twos like matched pairs of ravens, Austrian nuns in rimless spectacles, and women in flowered frocks and paper eyes, and from the Monday night missionary circles and Methodist churches in Kansas and North Carolina, Orthodox Jews with their twined beards and white shirts and black topcoats and wide-brimmed hats evocative of Iowa Amish farmers, and all the while, the *muezzin's* howl from nearby minarets. But even here, he felt his own religiousness was unmet. One morning he took a walk in that garden where some redoubtable English gardeners, along with certain of Queen Victoria's favorite generals, concluded that the body of Jesus had been entombed. It is now a small park with flower beds and meditation benches under cedar trees and a Scotsman in elbow-length shirt-sleeves leaning over a robed delegation of African women, conducting a running commentary with the earnestness of a professional evangelist delivering a formal devotional to the breakfast meeting of the urban civic club: "But of course, it does not matter how many other sites there might be, because Jesus could have been taken after his crucifixion on Golgotha, because the message of the Gospels is the same—Jesus Christ was crucified on the Cross, and on the third day, he arose again. And now this absolutely, because if you search the New Testament you will find the unshakable proof of the *hundred* witnesses who saw with their own eyes Christ risen from the dead. . . ." More strikingly authentic was a simple entranceway, disheveled along a back lane on the outskirts of Jerusalem one dusty afternoon; it led down toppling stone steps to a chill dungeon-like grotto lit by a single electric light bulb where, his Arab guide indicated him, the mummy-wound corpse of Lazarus stirred sluggishly back out of death at the roll of a rolled boulder and sudden shriek of alarm above, and where there was now affixed to the damp rock wall a modest wooden plaque like a clumsily lettered sign along Tennessee mountain highways: "Praise GOD—JESUS CHRIST Is coming SOON. Are You READY? If Not, ask GOD TO BE READY—James Andrew. Revival and Healing Center. . . ."

Despite such moments, he found he had arrived in Jerusalem with a religious legacy that seemed to have lost its vitality, leaving him with the novel sensation of feeling not only irrelevant, but archaic in the Holy Land. But of course, his was a religion, a

mythos, which had always been something of an aberration in the primary experience of the region. While in Jerusalem, he took a cab to the Wailing Wall, a titanic loom of stone tufted at high places with weeds—the only vestige left of that central physicality of the Jewish past: the Temple. Though he arrived there in the empty hours of midafternoon, people were clustered all along its length—a random assembly of youths in tattered jean-shorts with kerchief headbands and Army-surplus knapsacks, other men in ringlets and calf-length knickers, others in sedate business suits—each one of them, with a strange oblivious raptness, whispering over small black books, some of them now and then reaching out to touch the wall only a few inches away briefly with their fingertips, as if yet in unbelief and astonishment, with a low multitudinous rustling and murmuring that was like the very subterranean sound of their long tribulation and endurance echoing now out of all the dark ghettos of their centuries of exile, out of an experience which has been like that of no other people on earth.

But while they have always seemed a people apart from all others, the Jews—to this particular American at least—had also always seemed most extravagantly characteristic of the nature of the whole human species: one degree richer in wit and woe, in civilization and vulgarity, in ethereality and venality, in gloom and garrulousness. They were an image of the race taken with an extra minute of deep exposure, with a slightly higher resolution, definition, even in their sense of family (whenever, as a boy, he had visited the home of a school friend named Hyman Greenfield, he was always conscious in that house of some fuller fragrantcy of feeling, some mutual awareness among them of each other, at once formal and passionate). But finally, it had always seemed to him the Jews, in their two thousand years of exile, had become, more than anything else, eloquent of all mankind's condition of private isolation on this planet.

BEFORE HE HAD LEFT THE UNITED STATES, in a West Side New York apartment with a small gathering of Jewish editors and writers, he abruptly asked them what ultimate reluctance kept them from migrating to Israel. After a moment, one woman replied, "You want to know the truth? I think history has simply left the Jews with some automatic aversion to really and irrevocably committing themselves to anything. Now, my daughter came back from a summer in Israel and told me, 'Mother, you just don't realize what's *happening* over there. It's a *serious* place. They are doing *serious* things, and they're all in it together.' All right. For the younger ones, maybe there's no problem. But for those who grew up before 1948, while they go to every bond rally and cheer the speeches and weep during the songs and give their money, still they don't really trust this thing is for sure, for real. They just can't accept it. The Jews might be the most religious people to be found anywhere in the world, but deep down, I'll tell you,

"He found he had arrived in Jerusalem with a religious legacy that seemed to have lost its derivations, leaving him with the novel sensation of feeling not only irrelevant, but archaic."

they don't even quite believe in God—*maybe*, you know, but who can say for sure?" After two millennia of exile, it was possible that what seemed the Jewish identity had evolved itself precisely out of this long sense of universal displacement and homelessness, so that when their homeland was finally regained, it became not so much a normalization as an aberration of their condition. Later, a Jewish teacher was to suggest, "This incredible feat of the Jewish identity surviving two thousand years of exile, it was mainly *because* we had no land—we had to sustain our country among ourselves. But now with Israel, this burden of maintaining a Jewish identity is removed from the Jewish community still abroad, and what that means is that gradually, with those who remain abroad, their Jewishness will dissolve. In effect, we are going to disappear." In some dim way, of course, Portnoy's distress in Israel—*I can't make it in the Promised Land? I can't get it up in the State of Israel?*—may have come from such implications. That spring evening in the West Side apartment before his departure, someone had finally declared, "The truth is, Israel is our home, our place—but it seems whenever I go there, I cease to feel Jewish."

And during his first days in Israel, he found he experienced, for similar reasons, the same sensation of dislocation. Not only did he find his own mythology curiously alien in the land of its origin, but also his particular intimate relish for what he had always assumed was the Jewish personality; for one thing, he discovered that, in many of the kibbutzim, there were communal dining halls for all meals, common nurseries where children slept at night away from their parents—all of which seemed to him an uncanny violation of the fierce Jewish sense of family. He mentioned his disconcertment on this point to an Israeli journalist as they were sitting one afternoon in a Tel Aviv café, and the man shrugged and smiled, "Ah, well, of course, it goes far beyond that. Visitors from the West, including Jews from New York, always seem to have a problem with Israel, and for a somewhat more general reason than I think they may realize. The difficulty, you see, is that the West has always tended to feel more comfortable with Jews as game sufferers, victims. Their affection for the Jews has arisen from their relationship with them as martyrs—plucky martyrs, perhaps, but necessarily martyrs. Without being really conscious of it, Western Jews still collaborate, I think, in this relationship. However, Israel is the end of all that. The Jew is no longer going to be a martyr, plucky or otherwise, for anyone. So now, the West doesn't quite know what to do with us. The Jew in Israel has turned out to be a different proposition altogether...."

III

AFTER ALMOST A MONTH AMONG THE ARABS, he had landed in Israel in a warm dusk, the plane swooping in off the Mediterranean over orchards, fields, boulevards, and he immediately had the impression, though only the night before he had been riding with Palestinians down a road but a few

yards from its border, that he had actually arrived on another continent, on the other side of globe. Unlike the Cairo airport—which had seemed strangely idle and glum and half-deserted, its queuing abstraction fretted only by the berserk sobs of a fellow pleading with a customs inspector with belongings spilled over the floor at his feet—ripe May evening was a dense ebullient crowd, most of them dressed as if they had arisen only a few minutes ago from supper tables. Watching them, he felt the first brief flush of a different energy in the air. Passengers would finally pass on through customs into enveloping embraces, shouts, slaps on the back: one father carrying a briefcase just managed to catch his small daughter in one arm as she leapt up to him, while his son, a boy of about twelve wearing short pants, took his other hand and led him to their mother. It occurred to the American that nowhere else in the world do air terminals, ports of arrival, have quite the meaning they have here.

Then he was riding through the night toward Tel Aviv, under arching yellow lights of an expressway that could have been some southeast Texas turnpike passing across a grassy flatland littered with high-tension towers and processing plants, a faint mist of sulfur in the air, reaching at last the outskirts of Tel Aviv: vast bulks of apartment buildings, families sitting on balconies with glimpses of television screens through doorways behind them, and in the evening sidewalks below them paced by luxuriant young girls in shorts. Then, entering Tel Aviv, he found himself in the midst of a bawling seethe of cars, a snarl of numberless motor scooters reminiscent more of Rome or Paris than any American city—the streets here filled, not with a limitless roar of voices as in Cairo, but with the clatter of machinery. But after checking into his hotel, he went out for a short walk and presently discovered tucked off into intricate back streets, a neighborhood of stucco apartments snugly huddled in long shadows, a faint ripple of voices spilling down the stairs and then from overhead balconies, and stray scents of supper, a mild tinkling of glasses, lingering along the sidewalks where, under the streetlights, occasional strangers passed him with light nods that seemed to him like wordless blessings. Turning a corner, he came on a boulevard of drugstores and supermarkets and bookshops which still remain open for these leisurely evening hours, the sidewalks under the acacia trees surging and eddying with people: countless girls of an almost violet lushness, clad in blue jeans and slight sleeveless knit sweaters, swinging past open-air cafés where students, young soldiers, old men, and solitary spindly ladies were sitting at small circular tables reading from books pressed open beside coffee cups and empty sherbet glasses. Now and then he passed mothers who were actually quietly singing to their children in their arms.

Indeed—unlike Egypt, which had been old beyond his ken—he began to suspect before long in Israel that he was in a totally new order on the face of the earth. It seemed implausibly assembled out of

re ethnic conglomerate of peoples than the States. Along Tel Aviv's endless oceanside of regal and dowdy hotels, there were certain mirrorings of Miami and Palm Beach: milk bars and art shops and fur salons, the palm trees, with orange-coiffured matrons, stoned sunglasses snapping along the sidewalk. But haunting the side streets was a population that seemed translated directly out of the recesses of the old Polish and Russian: gnomish pushcart peddlers and ragged divines in sooty topcoats; curbside hawkers in tripe suits who would step forward at the approach of a stranger and dangle bracelets and earring (this haphazard diversity seeming at times to approach an incoherence, with occasional signs saying, "Get a Foothold in Israel!—Saxon Real Estate Company"); here and there in the restaurant kitchens or waiting at bus stops dark figures, as thin and slight as skinned cats, just arrived from Yemen and Libya and looking a little uneasy and uncertain after their metamorphosis from turbans and striped gowns into Western clothes; and professors, Heidelberg-educated, and newspaper columnists who sat in small backyard gardens in the blue dusks with their glasses and whiskey sodas talking of Bellow and Faulkner and Norman Podhoretz while golden light spanned the grass by their chairs.

In this accumulation of peoples, there was nevertheless the air of a measureless family reunion of two thousand years. As hectically put together in the United States, Israel yet seemed invested with an extra dimension of nationhood that America did not have: a cohesion deriving from that common circumstance of their common experience of being in exile, a fundamental identity arising out of any real racial unity or the fact of having long abided in a single geographical setting, and out of a shared two-thousand-year historical tradition. They know who they are.

In this final intimacy of community despite ethnic disparity, Israel seemed, at the same time, possibly the most rampantly democratic society yet known on the earth—furiously egalitarian, innocent of classes, with even cabinet ministers returning to their kibbutzim for kitchen duties when their official week arrived. It occurred to the American visitor more than his own country, there had improbably transpired here on the other side of the globe the kind of nation that would have fulfilled and renewed the heart of Whitman. For a season last year, there played in Tel Aviv a somewhat scatological protest play entitled *Queen of the Bath*, a parody of Israeli *MacBird* which portrayed Defense Minister Moshe Dayan as a zestful murderer and Golda Meir as a nationalistic Valkyrie comically marveling over the fact she had never been in love about anything; Dayan himself had attended some of its early performances, and his only remark when he emerged afterward from the theater was a somewhat wistful observation that it would no doubt please certain souls in Cairo. Mentioning this, one Israeli editor said, "You know, despite all the traumatic

fears engendered by this long conflict with our neighbors, an extraordinary freedom of awareness and expression has actually been preserved here, both in public debate and our styles of life. While fighting like Sparta, we continue to live the life of Athens. But I must tell you, it has never been here as you might guess from Leon Uris and *Exodus*. I doubt if you'd find many societies so filled with contentiousness, with such a highly argumentative and fractious people. It's quite remarkable, I must say."

In the end, what made Israel seem at least a hemisphere removed from the Arab societies around it—indeed, this was probably the essential complication in the whole thing, that its only correlation with its neighbors was the mere physical happenstance of a mutual geography—was its cultivation of an almost exorbitant individualism. "Of course, we are a fairly compact country, which heightens such an awareness," an Israeli professor explained, "and there is also the fact that when you have been through so much, when you are going through so much now, each life tends to become terribly dear." While the American was eating lunch one afternoon at a café in Afula, a farming community in the Jezreel Valley, the portable radio his driver had placed on the table beside their plates began emitting those spaced grave beeps which, introducing newscasts every half-hour, momentarily arrest all voices and motion over the length of Israel: the announcer proceeded to read the names of casualties who had been lost that morning in an ambush along the Lebanese border, and at a nearby table three young soldiers ceased their brawling conversation in mid-sentence and slowly twirled their bottles of beer between their fingers as they listened, only the faintest flicker of a muscle along their taut jawlines as each name was pronounced. Gathered at the far end of the room was a party of three men and a woman, and as the radio announcer's voice tolled on, the woman leaned back from the table and crossed her arms, once shaking her head and releasing a long sigh, gazing absently at the floor beside her—in that suddenly hushed and solemn room, they could have been receiving official notification of some actual personal loss.

It seemed one place at least where breath was truly hitting the bottom of the lungs, where human experience was being realized at full spectrum. To be sure, this he had vaguely expected; as a professor in Jerusalem remarked, "Life almost inevitably is going to be more vibrant under the tension we have known here since 1948, and particularly since 1967." He was aware, everywhere around him, of a vivid electric fever. He rode one afternoon from Kiryat Shmona in upper Galilee back down to Tel Aviv in a rickety bus filled with young mothers who were constantly kissing the babies in their laps with loud smacks, sparrow-like old men in droopy suits who kept bobbing to their feet to rearrange their cardboard suitcases on the overhead racks, young soldiers with Uzis slung over their backs standing in the door wells and eating half-shucked ears of roasted corn, while the radio speakers over-

As hectically put together as the United States, Israel yet seemed invested with an extra dimension of nationhood that America finally did not have."

head played Strauss and Rimsky-Korsakov and even Mendelssohn's *Wedding March*.

Actually, back in the United States before his departure, the journalist had discovered that the romance about Israel, after twenty years, was rapidly withering in some quarters—a disenchantment probably beginning after 1967, when Israel's almost effortless rout of the Arab armies introduced, at the least, considerable complications into the old David and Goliath image. He had found an impatient cynicism had begun to infiltrate certain ruminations about Israel in New York intellectual covens and New Left campus seminars: in particular, the reflection that Israel was actually founded on an atrociously reactionary premise, as an ethnic nation, ethnically exclusive, "After all, look at the whole thing now," insisted one member of Manhattan's literati, "it has got to be the most atavistic nation on earth, hasn't it? It's a throwback to the nineteenth century. The very idea of anybody, in this time, trying to set up a *Volk* land..."

Indeed, from afar, it was a perspective that acquired some plausibility. By all the abstract political proprieties, Israel did seem inarguably gauche—nationalistic, militaristic, not to mention racist. But once in Israel itself, he discovered that Israel was altogether as impossible an event to contain with political analysis, abstractions, ideological definitions, as the whole long saga of the Jews' survival as a people. It answered all the speculations about it from afar, but they did not comprehend it. In the end, it seemed to amount to nothing less than an enigma beyond the formal symmetries of political and ideological definitions, whose peculiar genius as a human society was that it answered to some simple unpremeditated instinct for life beyond any formulations, close to the final limitless mystery of human existence. "We actually have no precedents, no perspectives for ourselves and our problems," asserted one Israeli writer, "right from the beginning, we have had to ad-lib the whole thing."

ONE AFTERNOON IN JERUSALEM, he finally attended a session of the Knesset, Israel's parliament—an assembly for the most part of tieless men with the collars of their shirts outside their coat lapels. Gathered in the Knesset's modest chamber, listening now to a speech by Golda Meir, they could have been a collection of labor-union officials or neighborhood grocers meeting in a new suburban shopping-center movie theater, spotlighted now with the intermission lights, in maybe Phoenix, Arizona. Behind the speaker's rostrum, on a long wall of massive granite blocks, there was a single large picture—the blowup of some old daguerreotype portrait—of Theodor Herzl, the Zionist patriarch, with the great disguising beard and dark sunken eyes of those historical titans out of the second half of the nineteenth century, figures who all tend to register as slightly suspicious to the American eye, who all inevitably have the look of Marx and Engels—our own patriots are of the eighteenth century, clean-shaven, pig-tailed, and more antiseptic.

On the podium beneath Herzl's messy visage, Meir was delivering her speech, a major official commentary on those consequences of Herzl's vision accomplished, the long conflict with the Arabs. In Mrs. Meir's voice was some dry tone, detected even in Hebrew, of exasperation and brisk repression as if she were addressing herself to a problem, simple cantankerousness on the part of the Arabs and, indeed, she seemed an apotheosis of all dour grammar-school principals of one's childhood, hair pulled back into a bun low on her neck, wearing this afternoon a plain sensible blue suit, a wad of tissue clenched in one hand, as she read on through her speech with ponderous deliberation. ("The trouble with Golda," a Jerusalem newspaper editor sitting beside the American in the balcony whispered, "is that her Hebrew isn't too good when she tries to make her way through a long text like this".) Her arms were folded resolutely on the lectern and her head lowered intently over the script, glasses lodged on her singular nose; now and then briefly lifted one forefinger from her crossed arms as if in admonition. She seemed to the American like some Tolstoyan figure, like the Russian general in *War and Peace*, as calm and implacable as the earth itself. When at last finished her speech, she tidily gathered together her papers, and with a slight absent nod toward the applause, dismounted from the podium, her blunt white oxfords, her plump ankles filmed with white cotton stockings, her head drooping forward, seeming enormously alone. Having been named Prime Minister after the death of Levi Eshkol, a kind of compromise interval custodian to avoid a clash between more conspicuous government personalities, she had emerged since then as one of the company of leaders, like Pope John, who, initially supposed to be transitory occurrences, turn out perhaps because of a freedom from any special expectations for them—to be monumental figures. Making her way on to her seat at the front row of the chamber, she sat there motionless for a few moments and then, unobtrusively, slipped her wallet out from under her desk lid, merely holding it in her ample lap for a few moments longer, her two hands lying over the snap and her feet planted wide apart, glancing idly around her. "Look at her now," the editor whispered to the American, "she wants to take a smoke, but they won't let you smoke in here, so she'll just wait a few minutes and then get up and slip out in the hall to light up." Then she unsnapped her purse, and brought out a package of Chesterfields and withdrew a cigarette. But for several more minutes she merely dangled the unlit cigarette in her fingers while she looked casually around her, once or twice nodding to the legislator. Then, with Dayan now on the podium delivering a report, she finally quietly arose, plodded slowly on up the aisle, out of the chamber.

EVEN SO, IT IS POSSIBLE THAT, as it took for years in the wilderness for a true Hebraic folk to emerge from Moses's ragtag stampede of refugees,

now—with the generation just cresting—is reaching its final accomplishment. A professor in Jerusalem, sitting in the study of his home one day with the American journalist, proposed to the youth around us now are not nearly so about things as my own generation—no doubt, not so spoon-fed on ideology when they were young, it finally turned their stomach. The other picked up a young soldier hitchhiking on the road and when I asked him if he was committed to the Army as a career, he said, "What, are you kidding? You think I am Army-sick?" But while they never use our phraseology, they are actually committed to Israel, I believe, than we were. In 1967 enhanced their feeling, their very intense feeling of belonging here in their own creation. During those crisis days of 1967, it seemed they finally became personally aware of what happened during the holocaust in Germany, and with the crisis, Israel became for them not something ideological, but truly concrete and heroic. It is a feeling, of course, that deepens as the crisis continues. It is not so much a religious thing, but a feeling for them of a long historical and cultural continuity. Like my son—whatever he reads in the Bible is here, the circle is closed for him. I don't know maybe it's some inherited memory of homelessness, but their instinct for the ancient land, for going into the desert, is something like never seen before. The truth is, existentially, they are superpatriots. . . ." Toward the end of the conversation, the professor's daughter entered the room to ask him something in Hebrew—a tall blond and trim and lithe as an antelope, wearing jeans and a man's khaki shirt, with an almost complete remoteness about her, glancing only briefly at the visitor—and when she left the room, her father turned to the American and murmured, "Here, you know, two weeks ago—he was killed on the Sinai. . . ." "Actually, all Israeli boys are required to serve two years of military duty (two for girls) right after graduation from high school, before they enter the army—"Which makes," suggested one university administrator, "for a somewhat soberer population on our campuses. They have seen something of life before they arrive here." But riding once along the Lebanese border, he came on a young corporal riding along the road with his girl: she had come from Jerusalem to spend this Sunday afternoon with him, and after chatting briefly with the American, the two of them proceeded on down the road toward the guard tower where, only a matter of yards from the Lebanese border, the young corporal climbed the turret and demonstrated for her how the turret ingeniously turned in all directions, cranking it slowly and while she watched him from below, smiling contentedly and raptly. For all its legendary deadly reputation, the Israeli Army, from the youths at the front to its somewhat rumpled officers at headquarters, still seemed to have the informal quality of a guerrilla force, existing in an easy cohabitation with civilian society.

His driver picked him up at the hotel one morn-

ing, and they headed down the coastal Plain of Ashkelon toward the Canal—past a meticulously tilled countryside like Missouri or Iowa farmland contracted to a Lilliputian scale, one placid green field supposedly the site where Samson had loosed the torch-tailed foxes among the Philistines' corn after their mischief at his wedding feast. Crossing then out of the pre-1967 boundary of Israel into the territory taken in the Six Day War, it was as if they had passed instantly back four thousand years into the very genesis of the Jews themselves: trailing across the wastes of the sand around them were occasional solitary processions of Bedouins, a dark tattered wild people like lingering phantom-images of the Hebrews themselves just straggled out of Egypt.

"There's no doubt that our Mosaic ancestors lived just like these people," his driver mused, "every time we come out here, it's like looking at ourselves four thousand years ago."

Approaching the Canal they passed now and then an Army water truck barging along with its cab windows rolled down, its radio blaring, "Love Is Blue," bawling gusts of Diana Ross and the Supremes. At last they reached the base where the American was to await final clearance to go on to the Canal—a collection of quonset huts surrounded by dunes from which there bristled antiaircraft guns. But there were only intermittent grumblings to the east, and a soldier somewhere nearby was singing to himself, his voice trailing thinly over the sunny compound, "Ai-yai, yai-yai. . . Come to my win-dow. . . ." The American was taken on to one of the quonset huts, shown into a low cramped room where he found a noisy nest of people, young soldiers and girls, with airline travel posters of Los Angeles and Paris, as well as photographs of the Wailing Wall and Absalom's Tomb tacked over the plywood and tin-sheeting around them. He had the sensation that he was sitting here in a college dormitory room on the Saturday morning before the Homecoming game. The base administrator himself could have been the center for some small Midwestern campus football squad, a burly youth, a bit untidy and drowsy as if he had just awakened from a nap, with uncombed sandy hair and an open face, but casually confident, constantly flipping a key chain in his fingers—he sat most of the time, one leg heavily plopped across the corner of his desk, in a flamboyant chair, round-backed and upholstered in burnt-orange velvet. Asked about it, the youth grinned a bit sheepishly, slapping one of its armrests, and said, "Yes, the Egyptian commander at this base, he left it behind in his hurried departure in 1967. We have been holding it for him, but it seems he hasn't come back yet to pick it up."

Then two officers entered the room—rabbis, one of them with a full black Mosaic beard—with a girl following behind them carrying a typewriter which she placed on a table by a window, shoving aside a rifle. The two rabbis took the chairs that were offered them, the bearded one leaning back against the wall, his eyes strangely remote and dull, while

"... what made Israel seem at least a hemisphere removed from the Arab societies around it... was its cultivation of an almost exorbitant individualism."

he watched the other one, sitting now behind the desk in the Egyptian commander's chair, trying to place a call through the wall phone beside him. Then a young corporal leaned toward the American and muttered, "They have been here since yesterday afternoon. Thirteen of our soldiers were killed yesterday along the Canal in an Egyptian ambush, but the bombing has been too heavy for them to get to the bodies. So they have been waiting since yesterday for it to lift, without any sleep. That is why you are having to wait also, because the planes—" The American stared at the corporal: "You mean, thirteen soldiers from *this* base, from right here?" "Yes, from here," said the corporal, and the American said, "You mean, you knew some of them? Everybody in here knew them?" The corporal nodded, "Yes, of course. It is very tragic. Everyone is trying not to show how they feel about it now. But we knew them, yes. They were our friends. . . ." The girl at the table by the window was now clattering out a report on the typewriter, her face vacant, blowing back a strand of hair now and then from her cheek, pausing only once to wipe the back of her wrist across her forehead. The chaplain behind the desk finally gave the phone to someone else to try to establish a better connection and turned to the American and began making small pleasantries. Then, at a soft call from behind him, he abruptly swirled around and snatched the phone again, shouting into the receiver the names of the dead—bellowing each name again and again, as if even this last trace of their realities, their names, were already dimming into an obliteration of static on an uncertain connection.

Here he waited through the day, on into the late hours of the afternoon, escorted once to the officers' mess for lunch where the subdued clamor of voices and clinking of tableware at one point abruptly vanished in a tremendous shriek of jets—those celestial machines of their fate—blasting past low overhead, blowing the curtains inward over the tables. For all that, the idle swarming continued in the room, girls materializing from outside to lounge for a while on the edge of the table by the window in their khaki blouses and skirts, exchanging light laughs and cuffs on the shoulder with the youths around them. Among them was one dark opulent girl who listened to the banter with little soundless laughs as if she were partaking lusciously of some constant exhilaration in eager glistening bites, and finally a tall young sergeant, as he went out of the room, reached over and briefly mussed her hair, she making a swipe for his hand as he went out the door.

At last he was taken to the Canal, clumping in helmet and flak vest down a tunnel into a bunker where a young officer, sleeping on an elevated cot with his arms wrapped around his shoulders, his back to the burning light bulb, began stirring at the sound of voices mumbling below him. After peering a moment over his shoulder at the strangers there, he slowly heaved himself down to a lower bunk where he sat for a while longer, rubbing his face with both hands; and finally he murmured,

his voice still sluggish and full of sleep, "No, nothing is hard, nothing is hard. Is better that we are sitting on the Canal, than the Egyptians should be sitting in Tel Aviv. We are appreciating the Egyptian soldier, of course, but we are not afraid of him. When our planes were bombing and the Egyptians weren't answering, that made us feel good. I even with the Egyptians bombing now, that is in the end of the world. Our spirits are high. . . ." He then said something in Hebrew to the lieutenant who had brought the American there, and the lieutenant muttered to the American, "Well, perhaps, if you are finished, maybe we go now. . . ."

BUT THE KIBBUTZIM STILL CONSTITUTE the presence of Israel. Although they now account for only 4 per cent of the nation's population, they provide an inordinate proportion of Israel's military and governmental leaders, forming a kind of national farming gentry, a rural elite detached from the cities. But most of them, after twenty years, have mellowed somewhat as frontier outposts, more resembling—with guest houses now and lobbies with postcard racks and souvenir shops—sedate tourist retreats. The American stayed overnight in one kibbutz called Kfar Blum in upper Galilee, near the Lebanese border, which was originally settled in the Forties by expatriate American Jews. Arriving on a Sunday afternoon, he found youths playing soccer in bathing suits on a grassy lawn beside a swimming pool, and after registering, he walked over the grounds until suppertime, on the neat-mowed lawns under mimosas and cedars, with bicycles occasionally flickering past on the walkways, mothers pushing children in strollers, a child's gleeful cackling coming from one screened back porch. At dinner, a large group of tourists from England sat at a long table near him, wearing Bermuda shorts and yarmulkes and singing Jewish hymns. The plump woman who was waiting on tables this evening brought the American a salad, and when he declined it, she lifted her eyebrows, "So—you're so healthy, you don't need the vitamins? . . ." By the next morning, standing with the kibbutz leader along a dirt road waiting for a bus to take him back to Tel Aviv, he could hear distant slams of artillery from the mountains, and the kibbutz leader began reminiscing with a woman who was waiting with another party of visitors about the days in 1948 when they were fighting in those mountainous areas. "Twenty years—but listen: it's still just as close to us. . . ."

Even closer to that mortal line that has lasted since 1948 is Kfar Rupin, a kibbutz whose light that night just a week before with the Palestinian he had seen glimmering from the other side of the Jordan. When he visited it one bright afternoon he found, beneath date palms and eucalyptus trees whispering in a hot wind, walkways that led to bunkers where since 1967 the children of Kfar Rupin have been sleeping. The stairs descended past walls decorated with purple birds and orange peacocks and red sunbursts, and in the rooms below

air ranks of children's bunks bolted to the small ventilation fans had been discreetly placed near the ceiling. The kibbutz leader, a Czech, introduced himself as "Czech," explained, "We are building in all the bunkers now anti-fortifications. The Arabs, they used gas in Yemen against each other—we should think they would not use it against us?" He shrugged, "But you see, we make the shelters friendly places, because the children here—those born after 1967—they never spent a night above ground. But I heard children talking the other day, one of them was asking why we always show the bunkers to tourists, and another one said, 'Because they are people who do not have shelters where they come from.'" Czech himself could have been a walk-on symbol of Israel: a stumpy and gristled figure, bearded, hefty as a fireplug, having passed through the cataclysm in Europe during the Forties, then the 1948 war against the Arabs, there was in him still a great gusto for ballet, an exquisite carewornness in gardening despite his stubby fingers, and he was given through the course of that afternoon to repeated effusions about the birds they passed. "Look! See there—another! Ah, very nice bird. . . ." He took the tour to the cultural center of the kibbutz, a modern stucco structure which, he reported, had been shelled a few nights before while a ballet was in rehearsal: "The dancer, she fell down when the shell hit, you know. But right away, she got up, the ballet went on. Now tonight here, we have a cinema. Tomorrow, a wedding. . . ." Indeed, like a dogged cultivation of life right up to the fringe of death, with terraced layers of fish ponds extending on through barbed wire and sentry posts to the edge of the Jordan, beet fields seductively tilled among trenches and concrete pillboxes protected by armored underplating as a protection against mines. "We are not heroes," Czech declared, "we are normal people. Everyone is afraid. There are some old people here, every night at ten o'clock they want to go down in the bunker to watch TV. They stay down there all through the night, three, four hours, just sitting there watching TV. All right, I tell them, so be afraid—watch the bunkers every evening, is all right. But don't leave. Just don't leave. Because if you leave, you are winning."

IV

IN THIS RESPECT MORE THAN ANY OTHER, kibbutzim and Kfar Rupin remain emblems of all Israel: for many years, they have been dwelling at the actual edge of extinction. The State of Israel, of course, was forged in the holocaust, issued directly from Dachau and Buchenwald—that single greatest event in the memory of man: the Eating of the Passover for the whole race, so that now we have passed the darker territories of our common history. At the same time, this spiritual apprehension in Europe coincided with that other cosmic event in the Pacific, Nagasaki and Hiroshima, and in a way a technological counterpart, a

machinery for evil of corresponding magnitude—the moral perception in Europe providing perhaps just enough pause to insure against that machinery being used, at least for a while.

The passage of the Jews through the holocaust has become as definitive an event now of Jewish history as the Passover Night in Egypt over five thousand years ago. It is, actually, a lasting trauma in which Israel still lives, and which continues, in a way, to sustain it: the dark maw of Auschwitz still looms immediately at its back. The American spent one evening with the family of a kibbutz leader in upper Galilee, sitting in a small plain living room and chatting over small glasses of Israeli brandy; at one point, the kibbutz leader—a balding man in shirt-sleeves who had immigrated from America during the Forties—proposed in a mild voice, with a whimsical smile, "You see, for over four thousand years somebody or other has been trying to destroy us. Now, we're faced with the threat again, this time with help from the Russians. Well, I moved here from the States because I decided that if I was going to die, it would at least be in my own land. And we can not lose here, because it would be Buchenwald again—only, this time, it would be the end. If we lose here now, we lose forever."

Indeed, conceived in such a desperation, having existed more or less in that same desperation ever since, there are some even in Israel who are given to uneasy speculations about what would actually befall the nation if that imminence of extinction were removed. But at the same time, there are deeper misgivings now about whether any nation can live for very long, much less twenty-two years, from a single premise where everything comes finally to a matter of annihilation or survival, without the exigencies and tensions accompanying such a proposition beginning at last to work certain quiet erosions on that nation's mind and spirit. "In fact, this is what I would call the real menace, beyond ordnance ratios, that is posed by the Arabs," one Israeli intellectual said. "The danger is what might happen to us in fortifying ourself against Arab aggression. If this were deliberate, it would be a piece of exquisite cunning on the part of the Arabs. . . ." The American came across intimations that, in its long fortress existence, a certain Cold War mentality had begun emerging in Israel reminiscent of the psychology in the United States during the early Fifties. Not only did there seem a certain disposition toward Dulles-like visions of Russia's malevolence, but dismay among some Israeli liberals about a growing pinch on debate and dialogue within the country. A popular Israeli writer, who was later dismissed with a brittle laugh by a Jerusalem newspaper editor as "our comic dove," glumly declared in his Tel Aviv apartment one evening, "It is beginning now in this country that if you talk about giving back territory at all, about any concessions whatsoever to the Arabs, you are going to be called a traitor. There is beginning here a kind of McCarthyism, I'm afraid. And the people most worried about this, you will find, are the armed forces—they know that when people start calling other

He discovered that Israel was altogether as impossible an event to contain with political analysis, abstractions, ideological definitions, as the whole long saga of the Jews' survival as a people."

Marshall Frady
IN ISRAEL

people traitors in the course of debate about policies, that means they have started setting up their own private patriotisms, you see, and that kind of thing is going to cause a nation to disintegrate sooner or later. This is something that is beginning to worry the Army very much."

Somehow, though, there seemed to be even more disquieting resonances, left from the 1967 war, at play at the edges of Israel's perspectives now. With a vast hostage population in the occupied territories after its victory, Israel for a while answered incidents of sabotage with a tactic they called "environmental punishment"—demolition operations on the immediate neighborhoods around suspected terrorists' refuges—an expedient they shortly abandoned after the mild clamor it provoked internationally, and which they now tend to discount as merely "an unlucky phrase." But they pursued for some time longer, until Russia's introduction of missile barricades, a policy of bombing raids deep into the interior of Egypt, dusting up to the very suburbs of Cairo: a military spokesman in Jerusalem explained, "We simply wanted to talk directly that way to the Arab people. Nasser and his colleagues had claimed they had destroyed much of the Israeli Air Force, so we wanted to destroy any illusions they might have about this by hitting and bombing freely their military installations, bombing right up to the edge of Cairo. But really, with continuous deep-penetration raids, we thought that perhaps some sort of pressure would build up from under, from the populace, to force a change in leadership, or at least a change in their intransigence." In the first place, one does not really speak to the Arab sense of reality through the language of pragmatic necessity. Beyond that, the device of persistent and systematic bombing of a country has never proven spectacularly successful in imparting a mood of hopelessness or compliance to those people on the ground being bombed, whether in Britain at the beginning of World War II, Germany at the end, or twenty years later in North Vietnam. Rather, it usually has something of a backfiring effect. What is considerably more puzzling, though, is that Israel, after the devastations of its people in World War II and its ordeal of peril since then, could have presumed the efficacy of force toward intimidating a population: it seemed possibly the last nation in the world that would make such an assumption about the working of the human spirit. Asked about this, one Israeli leader replied plaintively, "Well, certainly, if there's one policy that hasn't worked against the Arabs, I suppose, it is force. But, then, tell me another. . . ." But a foreign-ministry spokesman proposed, "It just seems there's no way to deal with them except through shocks. The first shock was 1948. Then, it took another one in 1956, and another in 1967. But now it looks like what is needed is yet another shock. I don't necessarily mean a war, maybe just a domestic shock of economic or political crisis inside these countries themselves. Or—yes, another war. But it's going to take a fourth shock somehow to finally bring them around."

BEFORE LONG, IN FACT, THE AMERICAN had begun to detect, beyond the lyricism and rampant grief for life, something elusively tragic lurking in the psychic weather of the country. The editor of an Israeli newspaper mused, "You know, there's really no way to measure the deep demoralization that these centuries of scorn have left in the Jews. You can't go through all that for so many years without it really doing something to you. But what I happened is that this profound demoralization I have taken two forms: one, a general personal mood of defeatism in individuals, and, two, a kind of ferocious public assertiveness that comes really from a general instinctive suspiciousness of everybody around them." It was as if, twenty years after the atrocities visited on them by the Third Reich, they continued to live in aggrievement, in abiding outrage and a sense of embattled isolation, a wounded people who still cultivate a memory of the pain not unlike, in fact, the mind of the Germans in the destitution after the Versailles Treaty.

His contemplation was that, when he got back to the States, he would write it, *Some have caught hints. . . . There are those who indicate . . .* out some deep aversion to partaking himself in such rumination. But his personal broodings became progressively more dismal that there was something unsettlingly familiar about the national demeanor. Delivered out of the holocaust, having survived the scourge, but still involved in the trauma of what had happened to them twenty-five years ago, they seemed they had assumed something of the manner of procedure that was employed in wrecking such enormous destruction among them as if that was the only way to insure against it ever happening to them again—as often, in horrors like the Nazis finally inexplicable crime against the Jews, do the abused come to resemble the abuser, the brutality put on the mask of their brutalizers. He could not escape an uneasiness that the crime had left some ghost, some pattern of itself in the victim.

In particular, Moshe Dayan—who was actually in Palestine during the agonies of Israel's genesis—after the waning phantasmagorias of the Third Reich nevertheless struck the American, with his glaucous emaciated face shrunken like a caul close to his skull, some odd uneasy glee in his one eye, a shriveled mouth, as an almost melodramatic invocation of both a concentration-camp commander and a survivor. "Oh, but that is not fair," declared an Israeli journalist to whom he admitted this haunting "you must realize that the war has taken a terrible toll of the man—he has been living with it day after day now for three years. He is only very weary."

It occurred to him later that the real melancholy about Israel might owe simply to the fact that the world has always, for some reason, expected more of the Jews than the rest of the race. Especially seemed they had been consecrated and exalted through their ordeal in the holocaust; it had supposed left them, in Israel, with a special tragic wisdom and virtue apart from the incorrigibly venal and brutish manner in which all other nations pursue their interests. The peculiar burden of Israel

had to proceed under this special moral re-
 and scrutiny from the rest of mankind. But
 of course, such expectations probably came
 in old submerged Christian theo-dramatics
 work, the imposition on them of the role of
 ers for all mankind, by some mystical process
 ing Christendom—along with themselves
 or a time—by letting the transgressions of the
 et and play over them, enact through them—
 , in this sense, Jesus is not really a Christian
 l: he has always been profoundly a Jewish
 l. But however grotesque the notion, the ex-
 on still seems to linger: a need to believe in
 ws in the old sense, as a people indeed chosen
 special holiness through suffering, and the
 ointments with Israel, as the journalist in
 iv had indicated, may merely be a discomfort
 he Jews seem suddenly to be abjuring this
 is up to us now to perform our moral dramas
 rselves—they are having no part of it any

it seemed fair to suggest that their victory in
 if it were not perversely turning into tragedy
 em, at least had led them into certain moral
 ications. With the protraction of the occupa-
 here has begun to accumulate a deep cynicism
 ael about what one can expect of the Arabs,
 ated by what seems a curiously fitful under-
 ing of the Arab psychology—specifically a
 icy to take Arab fulminations with scrupulous
 ness, for what they would mean if uttered in
 iv or Jerusalem. As one Israeli political
 r pointed out, “You can’t imagine how much
 upulation here wants peace. We would concede
 t all the territories taken in 1967, we are
 to negotiate with no strings attached. If they
 to have their *machismo*, okay. If they want
 guerrillas—all right: guerrillas with their
 ismo intact, so let them now come to talk to
 men to men for mutual guarantees. There is
 ular readiness to offer the West Bank, the
 Strip with maybe even a corridor between the
 to repatriate or compensate Palestinians for
 lost in ’48, maybe even to set up Jerusalem
 an international city, the capitol of the U.N.
 e’s a popular willingness for all of this, be-
 me. But also, the consensus is, we won’t budge
 ch until peace is assured. And most people at
 oment feel very little alternative, I’m afraid,
 lding the cease-fire lines.” The difficulty, as
 one Israeli journalist, is that “in the Middle
 yesterday’s options and crossroads are notori-
 or getting quickly covered over with sand. For
 nce, there may have once been easy agreement
 e return of Shram-esh-Sheikh, but it would be
 a stubborn matter today. The more time goes
 he higher the price becomes, the more expen-
 the stakes. What this is leading to is an attitude
 the conflict simply cannot be solved by articu-
 n, by bright little formulas—that what you have
 wo completely irreconcilable forces caught in a
 ic Greek tragedy, clashing over irreconcilable
 ests and therefore determined to destroy each
 r.”

The result is that the protraction of the occupa-
 tion inevitably fortifies the pessimism, which acts
 in turn to prolong the conflict, an impasse which
 then has the effect of protracting the occupation.
 The misgivings of some Israelis now about this in-
 conclusive proprietorship over Arab territories is
 whether any people can indefinitely preside over
 another defeated and occupied people without that
 occupation beginning to work subtle corruptions
 on the occupiers, damaging in essential moral re-
 spects the whole life of the country. There are in-
 dications that Israel’s long occupation of the
 territories taken in 1967, however accidental an
 outcome in the beginning, has in itself begun to
 induce certain acquisitory appetites, a reluctance
 to relinquish the land for its own sake. One Israeli
 writer—a small shambling panda of a man named
 Ames Kenan, advertised to the American earlier
 as “our own Norman Mailer”—observed morosely
 in the late hours of an evening in Tel Aviv, “To put
 it bluntly, the Israeli government has managed to
 intoxicate itself that the Arabs don’t want peace at
 any price. Why? Because they’re beginning to dis-
 cover that they actually don’t want to give up the
 territory after all. So their pessimism serves in the
 best way their new tastes for expansion. It’s not so
 bad, actually, to be a pessimist—pessimism holds the
 Golan Heights. It holds the Sinai and the West
 Bank. It is profitable now to be a pessimist, it is
 patriotic. . . .”

PERHAPS INEVITABLY, WHAT COULD BE the gravest
 toll taken on the life of Israel has been a gather-
 ing contempt for the occupied. One girl, an immi-
 grant from Schenectady, announced to a dinner
 table of journalists one evening in Jerusalem, “The
 Arabs, I don’t know why they keep on—they’ll never
 be able to defeat us, because their genes are just
 different from ours.” Of course, there was a certain
 imported American vigor to her remark, but with a
 disquieting frequency the American came across
 similar, if less strenuous asides from cab drivers,
 his escorts from the press and tourist ministries:
 “We found out about the Arabs in 1967, believe me
 —one run, all run. Just like bloody cattle. . . .”
 One Israeli journalist dismissed all prospects of
 reaching any accommodation with the paranoias
 and sensitivities of the Arabs: “Well, fuck them any-
 way. I mean, how do you deal with half-deranged
 adolescents? Why even bother to try?” Riding one
 morning through one Arab village in an occupied
 area, his driver nodded toward a gallery of Arab
 men sitting against a sunlit wall along a dirt lane
 and whispered, “Just look at them. My God, how
 they like to sit! I’m telling you, if sitting were a
 profession, they’d all be rich. . . .” They had
 stopped that afternoon at a medical clinic main-
 tained by Israel near an Arab village, and after
 conducting the American through its waxen halls—
 leading him briskly into successive rooms filled with
 a general flutter of Arab women startled by their
 abrupt appearance—the driver paused outside to
 speak to an Arab nurse who, merely glancing at him,

“His personal
 broodings be-
 came progres-
 sively more
 dismal that
 there was some-
 thing unset-
 tlingly familiar
 about the
 national
 demeanor.”

strode crisply on by them without replying. The driver laughed: "Ah, you see how they are? Believe me, if there are no other Arabs around, she'll speak to me every time. But if there are any Arabs anywhere nearby, you see, she will not say a thing to me. . . ."

Leaving his hotel in Jerusalem one evening, the American discovered, sitting alone and dour on a bench in the lobby like an abandoned teddy bear, Ames Kenan, who glanced up at the American and pronounced abruptly, "This is a sad city. It is divided without a wall." Despite Israel's official annexation of Jerusalem's Arab quarter, the American found that both Arab and Israeli cab drivers were still unable to navigate in each other's section of the city, and one Arab driver with whom he rode frequently—a heavy sulkish youth named Ismail—declared before long, "You know I am now Israeli citizen, yes? Only, why I cannot go anywhere I want in Israel? Why they stop me, search me all the time? I pay new Israeli taxes—you tell me, mister, why I am treated still as a foreigner. You see green license plate on my cab? That is license they make all Arabs put now on their cars, so when I carry passenger to Tel Aviv, they know I am Arab, drivers shout to me why I do not go to Jordan, want to fight me all the time—" (In fact, early one morning as Ismail was carrying the American to the airport in Tel Aviv, a car pulled up as they were stopped for a red light and the young Israeli behind the wheel, noticing Ismail's license tag, began shouting and gesturing at him: "He wants to know why I am here in Tel Aviv," Ismail interpreted for the American, "he asks where are my papers. I say to him, who is he to question me, I am Israeli citizen. He say then to me, do I want trouble. You see, it is something happening all the time to me in Tel Aviv.") But Ismail asserted, "I don't care who comes—the Jews, the Americans, the Russians—this is my home. I stay here, I have nothing else. But I resist them. You want to know how? See—these Israeli cigarettes, but I buy them from Arab, even if cost double. The same with everything—I buy my eggs Arab, I buy my bread Arab. This is supposed to be democracy." They were now on a forsaken road outside of Jerusalem, on the way to Bethlehem, with nothing around them but a landscape of shadeless rocky hills, and Ismail suddenly blared, "—so if I think Dayan sheet, I can say to anybody that Dayan sheet. And that I will say, I say it now—yes! I say it! . . ."

V

NEARING ONE MIDAFTERNOON David Ben-Gurion's kibbutz in the Negev, they passed a tawny plain across which there moved the distant figures of Bedouins on camels. Eventually this prairie faded into desert, a dust-blown cinnamon wasteland in which Sde Boker—Ben-Gurion's kibbutz—appeared with an abrupt improbability in the emptiness: a small self-intact geometry of streets, lawns, flower beds, sidewalks, set down with the unreality of a movie set. The American waited for a while in the small house where a kind of palace guard—sober

young sabras, with strangely chaste faces—watch with Uzis and a two-way radio on Gurion's quarters across a small grassy yard their window—an inauspicious low shed-like dining where, his wife now dead, having retired self now from the Knesset, he is writing his memoirs. After a few minutes, the American mentioned that he had been in Egypt and Jordan only a few weeks ago, and one of them turned on him and snapped, "You do not need to explain to us, Arab, I assure you. We know what the Arab is." After a pause, the American casually said that he had ridden down with an Arab driver. The guard's eyes widened momentarily, and then with a burst of irritation in his voice, he turned to another in the room and gave some instructions, the guard quietly getting to his feet and leaving the room. The guard then turned back to the American and said, "We will keep a close eye on him, I assure you of that. You should not have come down with an Arab driver."

Finally he was shown into Ben-Gurion's quarters—a long low-ceilinged room with a linoleum floor and green prefab walls, simply and modestly furnished with a large portrait of Ben-Gurion and his wife, a delicate vaporish drawing like a Japanese print, on a far wall. Soon Ben-Gurion entered his office door: a diminutive plug of a man with small puckered eyes now a bit bleared with age, his hair now thinned and snipped but still with that terrier-like clamp to his mouth of resolute indomitability, a figure now widowed and solitary whose single life encompasses the whole of the labored terrific creation of the State of Israel, who, indeed, even named it. He noticed after a moment that a tape recorder had been placed unobtrusively on the coffee table beside his chair, and turned to the guard who had ushered in the American, "So what is this?" speaking then in Hebrew with a certain gruffness, but the guard, as he entered an answer, did not look at him, merely glancing now over the recorder as he hastily softly further threaded the tape and then arranged the recorder. Ben-Gurion shrugged: "Well, he says that someone called and told him, a tape recorder. So—" He sat on the very edge of his chair, leaning forward with his feet spread and one hand cocked on his knee in a post of earnest exhortation, his feet in bedroom slippers constantly shuffling back and forth. Wearing a short-sleeve shirt, his bare arms like white and beginning to thin a bit, he resembled to the American a slightly miniaturized version of his grandfather—the same redoubtable chomp of lower jaw as he talked, the same way of absently folding one ear forward with the flat palm of his hand, the same white frosting of beard on his jaw and clean smell of vanilla of those summer evenings just before supper. As he reminisced through the past half-century the afternoon soon filled with the laughter and argument and clangorings from that long subplot of corridor conferences and train journeys all over Europe that proceeded beneath the progress of world wars and peace conferences, shadowed the major conv

of history for fifty years, until it finally in Israel in 1948. Now and then, he would trace certain years into an unexpected fog: 1939—wait, in 19—19—1933—33,” shaking his head briefly, his eyes lightly closed for a moment, and waved his hand fretfully in front of his face. “Ah, I said 1939, but it was, yes, 33—.”

His great obsession over that half-century, of course, was the gathering of the Jewish peoples in the land, and he would inevitably confront even the great Jewish American benefactors and fund-raisers. “You send money, why don’t you come over here? Where would America be if the English, the French, the Germans had merely sent over their money and stayed home?” Once during the course of the afternoon, he even paused and inquired of an American journalist, “And you—are you Jewish? But he finally declared, “We are not really a Jewish state. We must have another five or six million Jews at least. The desert must be settled. Where we live now—this is neither the beginning nor the end. We are in the middle.” But according to reports in the press from Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, Ben-Gurion recently had been entertaining misgivings about new impulses he was bringing to Israel after the 1967 war, specifically what he considered a growing tendency since the British occupation to resort to Arab labor for those essential bare-handed tasks in the country like construction and repair work. But now, with the tape recorder quietly spooling beside him and the guard changing periodically to change the reels, he only said, “If it had been up to me, we would have had it two days after the war. I know the land we won before the Six Day War was enough for eight million Jews to settle. If it would depend on me, I would prefer to live in peace with our neighbors than to have the territory. If I had to choose between a Jewish war with the Arabs and only a small part of the land as it is now, I would give up much of the territory, but take only the small part. It’s enough.”

When they stood at the end of their conversation, Ben-Gurion’s head gave a kind of benedictory nod: “I don’t know anything, I was born a Zionist—it was only until I was fourteen that I became a socialist and a revolutionary. But when I got here, I began to read the Bible and more to understand the Bible. Now, I tell you, all my views come from the prophets.”

The American then asked him with which one of the prophets he felt now—after eighty years of life, at this moment in the development of Israel—was most intimate, most comfortable. He coughed, and after a silence, murmured, “Jeremiah. Jeremiah. He was a very unhappy man, you know. . . .”

Earlier in the afternoon, during the long drive from Jerusalem to the Negev, the driver of the car at one point had said, “Ben-Gurion, he was a very good man. None of them now are like Ben-Gurion, they are a different kind of men, but Ben-Gurion was very great. I would like very much to see him—maybe this afternoon, I get the chance, don’t you think?” So the American now informed Ben-Gurion, “You have an admirer outside, the driver brought me down here. He happens to be an Arab, but he wanted very much to shake your

hand,” and Ben-Gurion sputtered, “Of course—of course! He is outside, you say?” They emerged from the house and the American motioned to Ismail, who was waiting in his car a few yards away, and Ismail immediately, with a clumsy alacrity, scrambled out and came striding toward them, tilted slightly off-balance with a wide grin across his face, holding one arm stiffly at his side with a cigarette in his rigid fingers. Instantly, three guards materialized out of the dusk, two of them collecting around Ben-Gurion and the other approaching the American to ask in a low monotone, “What is this? What is the idea? What does this driver of yours think he is doing?” They glared aghast as Ismail shook Ben-Gurion’s hand, and then one of them said to Ben-Gurion in a clipped voice, “You should not be outside in your shirt-sleeves, it is too cool. You must go back—” and Ben-Gurion, slapping his arms briskly, without looking at them, “No, no, I am all right, the weather is nice. Stop worrying. . . .” The two of them, Ismail and Ben-Gurion, exchanged remarks in German and French and then Arabic, until finally Ben-Gurion—a squat figure standing with his hands shoved deep in the pockets of his baggy trousers, his feet still in slippers—ventured lightly, “And you are from Jerusalem, so now you are an Israeli citizen. So could you also know a little Hebrew, perhaps?” Ismail, with an eager intake of his breath, immediately began speaking to him in Hebrew, like a child proudly performing a mastered facility, and Ben-Gurion nodded briskly with a smile, “Very good, very good. I have learned Arabic, you have learned Hebrew. We can talk.” But then one of the guards—who all this time had been stalking restlessly around the two of them with repeated glowers at Ismail—abruptly declared again to Ben-Gurion that he should go back inside out of the evening air. The guard then stopped Ismail beside his car and barked, “Get back to Jerusalem. I don’t care what permissions you have, if you are stopped after dark, you will be arrested. . . .”

Once out of the kibbutz, on the highway again, Ismail said in a thick strangled voice, “You see what I tell you? Ben-Gurion, he is not like the rest of them. If he still the President, it would not be as it is now for the Arabs. . . .”

On the outskirts of Kiryat Gat, they picked up two soldiers hitchhiking at a highway intersection—thin youths who looked to be no more than eighteen, with the frail faces of acolytes, who, after stooping beside the front window to peer in carefully at Ismail as they exchanged with him a few words in Hebrew, got into the back seat where they rode in silence, merely whispering something to each other now and then. At last, Ismail introduced the American as a journalist, announcing they were on their way back from Sde Boker where they had visited Ben-Gurion that afternoon. With that, one of the youths leaned forward, and began talking to the American in faltering English, his voice quiet but earnest, explaining that he planned to study electrical engineering after the Army, that neither he nor his friend enjoyed the military but, like all

“However grotesque the notion, the expectation still seems to linger: a need to believe in the Jews in the old sense, as a people indeed chosen for a special holiness through suffering . . .”

Israelis, recognized it was a necessity for the time being: "No one is hating the Arab peoples, no one in Israel is wanting to hurt or to kill Arab peoples. No. I am myself having a love for all peoples, all men. The Arabs, they are like us, they are to us brothers. I am wishing to live with Arab peoples in peace. Yes? But the leaders of the Arab peoples, they are telling the Arabs Israel is an enemy to them. Israel wish to kill Arab peoples and to take all the Arab lands away from them for Israel. So the Arab peoples, they are hating Israel and wishing to destroy us. It is not good. I am not wishing to fight them, but there is for us no choice—" The youth then turned to Ismail, who had been listening silently, his face expressionless, and said, "Is not so, you agree?"

Ismail answered, his voice somewhat loud. "No—I do not agree." Without moving his eyes from the road, he lifted his head slightly toward the youth and placed his fingertips on his chest: "Because I am Arab." The American saw the youth exchange a glance with his companion in the back seat, and still leaning across the front seat, the youth at last breathed, "Ah . . ." They rode for a while in a hush. Finally the youth murmured, "As I am saying, I am having no hate for Arab peoples, because in my heart, I know is not good to hate. For you, I have only a feeling of wanting to be a friend. Why can this not be? You are a good man, but why are some Arabs wishing to kill Israelis? . . ." "Because," Ismail now boomed, "Israel took their land, drove them away. I am also feeling as all Arabs do—but what can I do? I have family, children—if they find me with bomb, everything is taken away, my family will starve, I am in prison or killed. But I am Arab—you think I not feel the same way?" The other youth shifted quietly in the back seat and stared out of the window, while his companion said, "But why? You are Israeli citizen now in Jerusalem, so your life is better—" and Ismail replied, "How better? I pay Israeli taxes, but if I leave Jerusalem, I am stopped, searched. You are sabra, I am sabra too. I am born here too, but you can go. I cannot go. You are not searched all the time, I am searched. How is this better?" A slight flatness, just an edge of brittleness, had now entered into the youth's voice: "These things are because there are some Arabs who are wishing to bomb and make all the time trouble. How they know you do not have bomb or something? These things, they are—what is the word, inconveniences?—inconveniences that are necessary. It is having nothing against you personally—" "Yes," Ismail exclaimed, "but I am citizen, why I do not have the same rights as you? Why I am treated different?—" He was growing more effusive behind the wheel, and finally the American proposed, "Let's not open up another front here in this car. As the American, the third-party neutral here, I hereby declare a truce in this car. All right? We will let the peace begin right here in this car." and as if released from some subtle imprisonment, the youth gave a small laugh and leaned back at last from the front seat. Ismail, however, continued staring straight ahead, his mouth still open in

eager and almost panting indignation. They were passing now a few miles from Tel Aviv, and suddenly the youth's companion turned from the window and said something in Hebrew; the youth then leaned forward again and said, "This is good. We get out here." Ismail snapped, "You want to get out here? Okay—" and brought the car to a sudden halt. After the two soldiers got out, before the youth shut the back door again, the American said to him, "Shalom," and the youth then leaned in and said, "Ismail, 'I am wishing for you the best happiness. You are a good man. Someday we will be friends. Shalom—'" but Ismail, turning in his seat, merely lifted his hand in the air for a moment and said nothing, a small dry smile on his face.

VI

THE NEXT MORNING, THE DAY THE AMERICAN WAS to leave, to return home—he awoke into a calm, innocent brightness: the idle sounds in the street below came to him now as if from a great distance. As he passed through all the small procedures of departure—eating breakfast for the last time in the hotel's quiet dining room, settling his bill, packing his bags, riding finally from Jerusalem to the airport in Tel Aviv—he had the feeling of a fugitive and was aware of a faintly delirious sensation of escape, thinking, *So nothing happened. The passage has been negotiated, and nothing happened after all. . . .* The six weeks at his back already seemed as remote as some improbable dream, Joycean fugue of visions and furies in the deep caverns of a long sleep from which he had awakened only that morning: the endless streets of wreckage in Suez with that faded pornographic movie poster fluttering from the marquee, quiet distant bumps of the bright noon as the high invisible whine of Israeli jets passed overhead: the Egyptian doctor sitting in the twilight on the lawn at the Gezira Club, musing, "Sometimes I get the feeling we just do not belong in this century"; the child that morning in the orphanage outside Amman stirring briefly from her sleep as a bell clangored outside the window and the sudden surge of those dark figures under the sea of flags over the sunlit white stones of the amphitheater: that long night in his hotel room before the commando raid, the small glasses of hot sweet tea sipped with some secret ceremoniousness; then, at the fedayeen post in Irbid before they went out for the river, Abdullah smiling shyly and tapping his forehead, "No, I be afraid . . .," and turning later deep into the night to find the looming figure of that nameless vagabond revolutionary standing under the shadeless light bulb, *So here is, the sonnuvabitch himself: Death;* and Czeches at the kibbutz whose lights he had seen twinkling from the other side of the Jordan that night with the Palestinians, flinching at the sudden thrumming of the generator they passed, "I tell them, be afraid! But don't leave—just don't leave . . .," and the evening in the living room of the kibbutz leader in Galilee with the rich taste of the brandy, "For four thousand years, it seems, someone has been trying to destroy us . . ." and that night with the com-

s at the deserted moonlit village when he
looked for an instant into the face in the match
glare. And the bridge. That morning at the
...
in his plane, on the runway waiting for the
f, the American thought, *It was as if all of it
uddenly reduced to that last prisoner they
d, that one casualty. Because he had looked
to the face of it. . . .* They had been carried
man, a large contingent of foreign journal-
a government press-ministry caravan, to wit-
e release of prisoners taken by Israel as sus-
guerrillas in a raid on an Arab community
two years before. Finally, with a small fanfare
ping and flags fluttering from fenders, the
cross cars and trucks arrived on the other side,
e prisoners began crossing over—one by one,
f them carrying his belongings in white bags
ped by the Red Cross. Their faces had the wan
of convalescents in the sun, vacant and
y bewildered as if unable to assimilate, after
ars, such spaces around them again, much
e fact they were free. Once they reached the
side of the bridge, they were engulfed by the
ig crowd in embraces, slaps on the back, in
idst of which they remained oddly passive,
hey were led on to an antique bus, painted
t-green with a salmon-colored stripe, where
hers were sitting looking quietly out of the
ws.
n, after a pause, a brief exchange of whispers
apers, the last prisoner was brought forward.
ed on the arm of a cell mate, he was led onto
ridge, his feet shuffling, his head swinging
and dully from side to side, swallowing
and repeatedly, his moustache dewed with
, a flat oblivious stare on his face. There was
h now in the morning on both sides of the
e: the Israeli officers stood off to one side
a subdued and sober muteness momentarily
l over them, as they watched the Jordanian
s go through the brief procedure of checking
an's name on their list. He waited on the
f his companion totally insensate of this trans-
i of his freedom—a human blank, the Ameri-
as informed now, deaf and dumb and blind,
ind blasted, as empty as that glaring land-
around them, all no voices or movement or
ing of the business now of his release reach-
is soundless peace. He merely swung his head
and forth like some last gesture of negation,
iation, absolute and elegiac. Because he could
as well have been passing across from the
side. Indeed, the Americans had seen docu-
s detailing what had befallen Israeli pilots
red by the Syrians—men, like this one, red
as idiots. An Israeli intelligence officer had
d one afternoon, “And if our people happen
l into the hands of villagers or farmers over
you know, after what they’ve been hearing
radio Cairo and radio Baghdad for all these
, it’s a simple prompt matter of knives and
es. There is no problem of release negotiations
ved in those cases.” The Israelis later relayed

to the American a Red Cross report on the last
prisoner at the bridge, taken from interviews with
Israeli prison doctors, which ascribed his condition
somewhat dubiously to self-inflicted wounds with
NOT FOR PUBLICATION stamped at the bottom
of the paper. But of course, he could just as prob-
ably have been injured during the fighting itself
before he was captured. But it didn’t matter.
Though the occasion had been contrived by the
Jordanians as a polemical event, that last prisoner
to cross the bridge, the American knew, was mean-
ingless as propaganda. Because, finally, for him
there were no longer any sides made up of ancient
national legitimacies or irreconcilabilities. Beyond
any mutual political arithmetics of suffering or
tabulations of brutalities, he seemed now to the
American a casualty of something larger—some-
thing brooding over all the paranoias and aggrieve-
ments he had seen in these lands that was as old
and tragic as man’s career on the earth itself. And
the American thought, *he, at least, has looked full
into the face of it. . . .*

Led on to an ambulance, the man sat on a cot
in the back with the doors still open disclosing
him, leaning forward with his hands on his knees
and swallowing in the heat, until finally a glass
of water was passed unsteadily and splashing from
hand to hand over the heads of the crowd, his com-
panion taking it and lifting it to the man’s lips, the
man accepting it seemingly without notice even,
his hands still lying on his knees. Flashbulbs were
blinking over him in a general uproar of shouts.
Finally the American found a Jordanian officer and
said, “Maybe you should get him on out of here.
While they’re taking his picture, he could expire.
you know.” The officer, his face flushed, his eyes
a bit glazed, answered in a thin eager voice, “Yes.
Yes, of course. But you see, his health is the most
solid evidence of what the Israelis—” and the
American replied, vaguely aware he was shouting
now, “Yes, and while you’re demonstrating him,
he could die on you. . . .”

The next day an Al Fatah escort conducted the
American, along with a television crew, to the
hospital where the man had been taken. They found
him lying in pajamas straight on his back atop a
chintz bedspread, on a simple cot. His comrade,
standing in front of the cot, began narrating an
account of what had been done to them both, once
pulling up the shirt of the man’s pajamas to reveal
symmetrically notched scars on his stomach as the
cameras were hefted clumsily for closer angles of
scrutiny. As the interview proceeded with cords
and cables pooled over the floor, the man lying inert
in the artificial brilliance of television lights, the
American looked out of the window—it was a cool
hushed overcast afternoon, autumnal, the tops of
the cedars and firs outside the window softly stirring
in the chill wind, over an empty and voiceless
courtyard. Then the American glanced back at the
figure of the man on the bed: with voices still flurry-
ing around him in the room, he lay motionless on
his back, gazing blankly at the ceiling, with a sud-
den soft glimmering of tears in his eyes. □

AT

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WHERE WRITERS MEET THE

MIDTOWN AND THE VILLAGE

Van Wyck Brooks, Saul Bellow, Edmund Wilson, and others around *The New Republic* during the war years.

exquisitely fragile, and wrote with old-fashioned pen nibs all day long in their New England country houses without having to go out to lunch with a single fellow editor at 49th and Madison.

Brooks's writing had always had a special charm for me. He had a gift for locating his literary subjects in a moment and place that made any of his books vibrate for me with Van Wyck Brooks's own place in American literature. He was not only an artist in literary history but also a powerful radical critic who had written *America's Coming of Age* and *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*. His history of American writers in the nineteenth century was becoming not only his major effort, but also his spiritual home. His emotional attacks on the "avant-garde"—on "nihilism" on Eliot, Joyce, and Proust—had become propaganda, like Archibald MacLeish's *The Responsible*, in which originality was equated with lack of political faith and made responsible for Fascism and its victories against the West. Though Brooks had all our attention at lunch as private as a writer in his study. To see Van Wyck Brooks in the *New Republic* dining room gently slipping away from every public topic, like reading *New England: Indian Summer* and coming upon Howells and James in the Boston Public Garden. It was all charm. He enlisted protective feelings. In that dining room high above Madison Avenue, overbright with the sharp New York light, Brooks all white and portly, looked like the stubby Mr. Howells himself, that damn genial man, or "the white Mr. Longfellow" as he had grown a beard to hide the marks of fire that had killed his wife.

ONE OF THE MORE DIVERTING EXPERIENCES in working on *The New Republic* early in the Forties was to attend editorial lunches in its private dining room a floor below. These had been a famous institution in the paper's early days on West 21st Street, when no doubt Herbert Croly and Francis Hackett and Walter Lippmann and Robert Morss Lovett and Edmund Wilson had had a good deal to say to each other. I had heard much of these brilliant occasions, had read about them in books, had been told that in particularly genial moments during the playful Twenties, the editors had put manuscripts on the enormous lazy Susan that was a famous centerpiece and had sent them whirling around to each other. But in 1942 the great interest of these lunches for me was the vividness of some famous guest. For some weeks that fall of 1942, there was a sizable representation of old *New Republic* editors and contributors. Van Wyck Brooks, white hair *en brosse* and headmaster's thick white moustache, straddled the back of a chair after lunch, very shy but trying desperately to look at ease. I suspected him of wanting to take off for that literary arcadia where all writers were unfailingly gentle like himself, even exquisitely fragile, and wrote with old-fashioned pen nibs all day long in their New England country houses without having to go out to lunch with editors at 49th and Madison.

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moment and place in American literature. He was more and more an artist in literary history rather than the powerful radical critic who had written *America's Coming of Age* and *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*. His history of American writers in the nineteenth century was becoming not only his major effort, but also his spiritual home. His emotional attacks on the "avant-garde"—on "nihilism" on Eliot, Joyce, and Proust—had become propaganda, like Archibald MacLeish's *The Responsible*, in which originality was equated with lack of political faith and made responsible for Fascism and its victories against the West. Though Brooks had all our attention at lunch as private as a writer in his study. To see Van Wyck Brooks in the *New Republic* dining room gently slipping away from every public topic, like reading *New England: Indian Summer* and coming upon Howells and James in the Boston Public Garden. It was all charm. He enlisted protective feelings. In that dining room high above Madison Avenue, overbright with the sharp New York light, Brooks all white and portly, looked like the stubby Mr. Howells himself, that damn genial man, or "the white Mr. Longfellow" as he had grown a beard to hide the marks of fire that had killed his wife.

Unlike Stark Young, who was still our dramatic critic but on his rare appearance at an office lunch would in his exaggerated Mississippi accent succeed in undermining the fine liberal professions circulated around the table, Brooks seemed not superior

At the time recalled in this memoir Alfred Kazin was already known as the young author of *On Native Grounds*, a critical work. Later he published two memoirs, *A Walker in the City* and *Growing Up in the Thirties*. This essay will eventually become part of the third volume, to be called *Journey in Wartime*.

Republic in its present state, just un-
by it. Young was openly contemptuous.
still involved with contemporary writing.
the most interesting American writer on
had ever read. Though he sooner or later
s way round to a characteristic observa-
could be alarmingly faithful to the idiosyn-
his own mind, and wrote a "drama piece"
needed to please only himself. A review by
Young was like a rambling, slightly woozy
gue after dinner, punctuated by hiccups as
ver his walnuts and wine, in the course of
he said more good things about theater as
human behavior, and more interesting
about the Broadway commodity before him,
u would have expected from that great bald
heavily sitting at table in his Southern man-
Young was such an actor, such a flirtatiously
oily, subtle, yet strangely halting speaker
riter, that I could never tell how much he
earging the stories he liked to tell me about
p, Tallulah, Stanislavsky, and the Lunts, in
o enlarge himself. He was the only critic I
ever know who seemed as *created* as a char-
a novel. I knew him as a performer in con-
an, where he played so many parts—and
d so many people—that he seemed to be
himself afloat by his dissimulations and
ic fixity of his eye as he grew seductive. He
ed about in his mind the way he did in his
et, but he always got to some particular effect
ted by ruminating and by waking from his
ts to give you, if he liked something you
itten, valuable first editions and unpublished
ript poems that Robert Frost had given *him*
hey were instructors at Amherst College. I
know then that Frost had had wicked Stark
fired from Amherst, thus eventually sending
The New Republic.

Stark Young I glimpsed, for the first time,
ightful chaos that a Southern writer could
had not organized himself for success, he
ot always at the ready, like so many New
ntellectuals I knew. He was as full of man-
d malice, of charm, learning, and sheer pre-
as the South itself. With his many dark and
laces slowly rotating before my eyes, I felt
him, as I did about Tom Sancton weeping
ttacks on Negro soldiers in the South, and
bout Allen Tate even in our most furious
gements, that Southern writers were more
lly in conflict with themselves and their
noodier yet more sympathetic, than any
riters I met in the office. They had more
tely personal standards of excellence than
of the people who contributed to *The New*
lic. With this went a homesickness for the
they could no longer live in that made them
everything in New York with derisory eyes.
visitor's day" at lunch, when Max Lerner,
lutely ready to confront any social evil as a
waiting for that first clang of the bell, was
acing Southern poll taxes, Stark Young, who
en listening with a mischievous smile, leaned

across the table, and in his richest plantation ac-
cent, said dreamily, "Hasn't Max the most beauti-
ful eyes?"

THERE WAS NO CONNECTION between the nota-
bles at lunch below and the young Village
writers angrily waiting in my office for me to give
them books to review. Reviewers at *The New Re-*
public now tended to be not the old radical hacks
of the Thirties but young poets, painters, and nov-
elists belligerently on their way up, and contemp-
tuous of established names.

Through the Chicago writer Isaac Rosenfeld,
whose wife Vasiliki was my secretary, I met Saul
Bellow, who was also just in from Chicago, and
who carried around with him a sense of his desti-
nity as a writer that excited everyone around him.
Bellow was the first writer I met of my generation
who talked of Lawrence and Joyce, Hemingway
and Fitzgerald, not as books in the library but as
fellow operators in the same business. He would
say, as confidently as if he were Hemingway him-
self, that Fitzgerald was "weak," that Dreiser was
"strong in the right places," and, familiarly calling
on D. H. Lawrence to support his own thought, he
would say that he, too, needed "no umbrella" over
his head, that he wanted direct contact with every-
thing around him.

I soon believed, as his other friends did, that
Bellow was of their company; his convictions were
professional, rooted, fundamental in their good
sense. I liked to show him New York, but I could
never walk down the street with him without feel-
ing that his intelligence made every object more
real. There was nothing willed or psychological
about his sense of destiny. He was proud in an
austere way, like an old Jew who feels himself
closer to God than anybody else. Far from being
smug, he was as openly vulnerable as anyone I
had ever met. The proud craftsman who like the
young Joseph airily confided his dreams of great-
ness to his brothers would be quick to divide the
world into disciples and enemies. I believed in his
vocation all the more because, like his strength in
being a Jew, this was a personal treasure undam-
aged by his anxieties. Saul was as clearly a man
chosen by talent as those great Jewish virtuosos—
Heifetz, Rubinstein, Milstein, Horowitz—who had
been shaped into slim and elegant men of the
world by talent alone. Even his conscious good
looks were those of a coming celebrity. But the
fact that Saul's was a talent for the literature of
direct experience impressed me most. It seemed to
have something to do with his love of Yiddish and
Jewish jokes, his air of consciously weighing all
things in his path, his sense of life as a prodigious
fact. Saul was the first Jewish intellectual I had
ever met who seemed as clever about many sides
of life as a businessman. He was in touch. I lived
my life among brilliant intellectuals and theoretic-
ians, and would soon encounter Lionel Trilling,
who had been very generous to my book and one
day came into the office to discuss some possible

Alfred Kazin
MIDTOWN AND
THE VILLAGE

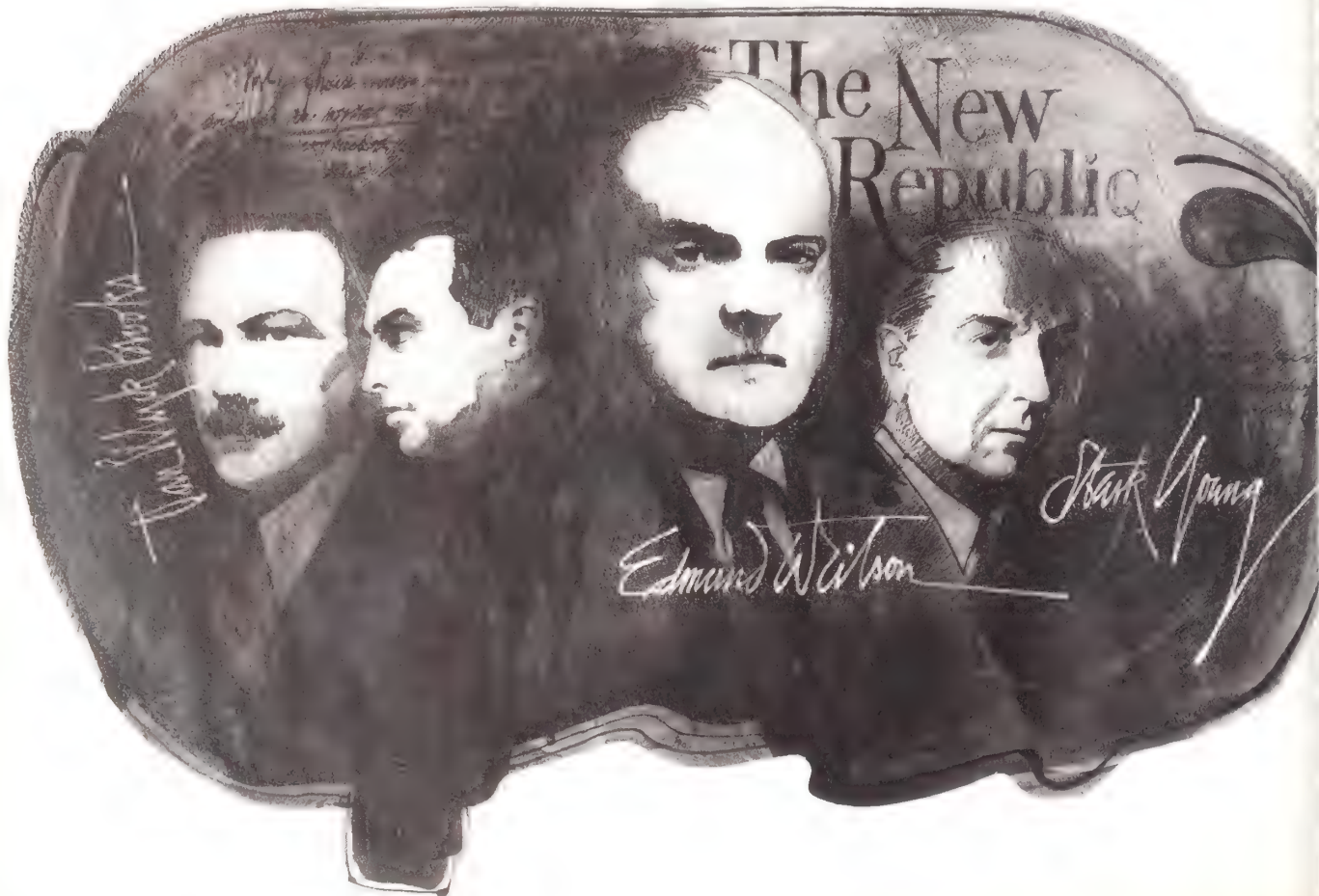
pieces with Bruce Bliven. Trilling, then thirty-seven, was an intense intellectual admiration of mine, but we were not fated to have much conversation. With his distinguished gray hair, his look of consciously occupying an important place, his already worn face of thought, his air of subtle discrimination, he quietly defended himself from many things he had left behind. Saul, who was equally an intellectual and bookish, was so much a storyteller, creating his own myths out of everyone he had known in Chicago, that he loosened the bonds of ideology for the rest of us. It was refreshing to be with a man so quick to size up souls, jobs, writers, the effects of apartment-house living on his friends in New York, who made very funny jokes and *double entendres* at which he was the first to laugh with pleasure in things so well said.

In 1942 Bellow had not yet published his first novel, but Chicago seemed to have a lot to do with his self-confidence. New York was so big and important that no novelist had ever mastered the whole city as Dreiser had "expressed" Chicago. What made the New York intellectual's life a perpetual culture show was no help to a novelist. The intellectual directness of Bellow and his friend Isaac Rosenfeld seemed to me a product of Chicago itself—the city created, Henry Blake Fuller said, expressly for the purpose of making money. Chicago gave people the Midwestern openness, the sense of being at home in America. It had so clearly been *made* by a few recent generations that a writer could still take it all on. Even the lofty

Great Books curriculum at Hutchins's University of Chicago brightened perspective on so much contemporary reality. Bellow's conversation was full of the Great Books and jokes from Greek plays.

By now Chicago had done its best for Saul and Isaac; they were in New York, but they were like other New Yorkers. Isaac had specialized in philosophy and Saul in anthropology, but, from wishing to become scholars, there was an intellectual playfulness about them both, a gift, insurrectionary proposals, that made me see them as characters from *The Possessed* in some small town, trying by the power of their conversation to raise a little dust. Chicago had kept them serious. They expected great things of themselves as creative artists, but both had a taste for speculation. In their even, clear Midwest voices they would come out with Nietzschean aphorisms in the midst of some general clowning at Isaac's fire-ramshackle apartment in New York on Christopher Street, or when we went across on the Christopher Street Ferry to Hoboken to eat oysters and drink beer at an old pub near the rusty ferry. The issue was always how to break through. Both seemed to have unusual inner freedom.

But Bellow really had this freedom, was soon to dramatize it in those advancing and exploring heroes who are the center of his fiction. Isaac looked as Old World as our fathers. He was short and round, bespectacled, and in public frantically friendly. He was to search all through his short and calamitous life—he died at thirty-eight—



master touch. He was to veer from logical positivism to orphic romanticism to Wilhelm Reich's philosophy of the orgone, from fiction to Marxism, from Trotsky to Gandhi, from bohemia to mysticism—a jolly-sounding but increasingly desolate pilgrim searching for the essence of conviction that would turn all things for him.

NEVER BECAME THE WRITER he occasionally seemed to be, the writer that his friend Saul Bellow was destined to be. One could never be sure of Isaac how serious he was about writing. He was too busy trying his life out. He lived not like a writer but like a character in search of a plot. One day he woke up determined to be a new man, to recast everything, to try a new role, to be naive, promiscuous, and wise. What another might have done with Isaac's lovely imagination might have been entirely into his work, Isaac sought frantically for a new life. He wanted to cast himself as a wholly new being—and must often have gone to his desk, exhausting himself all day long in private musings and loving entanglements with the many women who were always around him, astonished by the words for experience, when he came to use them, were after the heat of experience so frigid. Though he would have more and more the look of someone who had unaccountably lost his way, Isaac was a character in this life-drama of his own making. He had gone straight to the heart of the matter, against behind all our lives, and like Jacob wrestling with the angel, Isaac said to this fear, this uncertainty, *I will not let thee go before thou bless me.* No Jew I knew lived with this fear, but Isaac, I could tell, felt that he seemed to be mocking his own fear. To meet it, live with it, argue it away. Often he awoke, he told me, in sheer fright, "I am dead and shitless." When he described for me the damp winter mornings in Chicago as he cantered through the eggs in his father's dairy, I could see him struggling in the dark store with broken eggs around him. He confronted his personal terror, endurable, bemused, even proud of his reckless courage in only taking it on. After an afternoon with a woman who was an excellent flutist glad to play for him at any time, who was never too busy to see me, who had imitated Smerdyakov murdered by Karamazov and Ivan Karamazov arguing with the Devil, had just mimicked his friends with enthusiasm and had explained how *Moby Dick* converted him from logical positivism, his musings on the ontologies of Jewish mavericks in Chicago seemed unconscious in effect. He liked to read unfinished books aloud, watching your face, but even his fine and the beautifully formed letters on the yellowed sheets made this a social form. Reading Isaac's books, I could always see the theoretician of morose moods standing apart from the writer of fiction and struggling to comment on the action that had been faintly sketched in. Unlike Bellow, who could turn every morsel of his experience—even his collaborating in anthropology would turn up in his next book—*person the Rain King*—Isaac lived his fanta-

sies, and in company. He settled into the Village with the excitement of a writer discovering his true subject. His new apartment on Barrow Street was crowded every night with people who, once they had boisterously climbed up four flights and fought their way into the apartment past Isaac's jittery black hound, Smokey, looked as if they never planned to find their way out again.

One wall of the Rosenfeld kitchen was lined with snapshots of these same friends. Isaac always greeted people wildly, as if any visitor liberated him from an intolerable dilemma. He liked a certain confusion around him as proof that he was welcoming life with open arms. Since Isaac was usually not yet ready to write, felt that he had first to solve his "problem," to understand himself, he easily gathered around him many dreamy Village types who also had to talk away their fears before they could write. Isaac brought charm to this pursuit of the psyche. He gave himself to conversation with the mad energy of a clown and apothegms of a thinker still faithful to Wisdom. In his brilliant wanderings, he usually came upon and regularly vanquished his lifelong intimate—The Fear. Every side of life was open to this hungry speculation, everything waited for the great beast to be sighted. No wonder that *Moby Dick* had converted Isaac from logical positivism. Thinking aloud in his dark and madly jammed living room with neurotic Smokey yipping and biting him at every word, Isaac was alone on these seas of thought, alone in the universe with his prey, like Captain Ahab. Like many a nineteenth-century American author, he sometimes suspected that the universe at large waited for him to decide it, that everything still hung in the balance. For Isaac as for me, "socialism" had been a critical instrument, not a blueprint for economic planning. Now he turned away from all such fictions to Dr. Wilhelm Reich's philosophy of the orgone.

Isaac even as a reader of novels was more interested in ideology than in manners. His favorite characters were philosophic loners—Ishmael, K. Raskolnikov. Society was for the bourgeois intellectual who "adjusted" to it. On polarities Isaac rested. It was 1942, the bottom of the war, and we who were not in the war took everything as a political failure. Socialism had been shown up as a cover for authoritarian instincts: we knew about the death camps before we saw the word "Auschwitz." But though Isaac and I talked Blake and Tolstoy and Nietzsche to each other all the time—what Great Books lectures we gave each other!—none of these marvelous liberators of the human conscience, these prophets of the divine energy in man, could solve *my* problem, which was what to do with myself, how to tie up with what was happening. I felt in excess, idle, bitterly outside, and envied those friends of mine who, though they went into the Army or Merchant Marine or OWI howling at the waste of their personal genius, managed, I noticed from their later writings, to have satisfied some gnawing fantasies of participation and even of power.

"New York was so big and important that no novelist has ever mastered the whole city as Dreiser had 'expressed' Chicago."

At times I responded, in Isaac's Village *kibbutz*, to urgent existential manifestos about the absurdity of life, to Gandhi's quietism, to images which showed men making gods out of their love of destruction. For the first time I had to furnish my own text, to confront the nothingness that had the terror of death. Isaac, who woke up every morning "scared shitless," seemed brave. I took his Village life as an heroic choice and his *Angst* as the first necessary step toward new possibilities of love.

THE PROCESS OF DISCOVERING his "animal nature" took hold of Isaac. A scientist experimenting on his own flesh for lack of someone else, Isaac drove himself wild trying to make his body respond with the prodigality promised by theory. Following Dr. Wilhelm Reich's conviction that some of the orgone energy at large in the atmosphere could be absorbed by an individual sitting inside a wooden box built and lined with metal to Dr. Reich's specifications, Isaac, determined to extract more genitality from the universe at large, built himself an orgone box in his bedroom.

Like so many of Isaac's attempts to apply his imaginative vision to life, this orgone box was compromised by his poverty and his many interests. It was too evidently a homemade, a bargain-basement orgone box. It looked more like a cardboard closet or stage telephone booth than it did a scientific apparatus by which to recover the sexual energy which one had lost to repression. Isaac's orgone box stood up in the midst of an enormous confusion of bedclothes, books, manuscripts, children, and the dozens of people who went in and out of the room as if it were a café. Belligerently sitting inside his orgone box, daring philistines to laugh, Isaac nevertheless looked lost, as if he were waiting in a telephone booth for a call that was not coming through. He was so intent on breaking through every imagined repression and anxiety, on not yielding an inch to the Jewish-Puritan Enemy, that he finally turned sexual freedom and power into an imaginary country, like the world of his adored Kafka and of his adored Gandhi. This country in which he lived his perfect life was always on the other side of the barrier. It was a country to which Isaac sought entrance, toward which he groped, but it was never the country where Isaac lived. He soon wore himself out trying to break through in every direction at once. Every issue became one of "our animal nature," on which Isaac felt compelled to make a stand for freedom, openness, genitality. But meanwhile he had a family to support, he worked on trade papers, he was briefly on *The New Republic*, and everything came back to Isaac the prisoner in his cell rather than to the breakthrough.

There were times, I knew, when he envied some of his less talented but more openly manic Village friends their concentration on "living," on public "balling." He would talk wistfully about two friends of his, the brothers Stein, who made a family af-

fair out of their orgies, shared the same terminally took no precautions in what the "Russian roulette," but had an abortive against the times that "they" lost. I often Isaac's house a tall, dim, lost girl from the west who lived with a young Village int but had such intense personal blackouts marveled at her powers of survival. "I had a journal," she said. In some way Isaac envied openness to so much pain. The cabin boy of *Moby Dick* jumped out of the harpooner's boat for fear, but going mad in the sea touched the truth. One of the brothers Stein eventually threw himself from the roof of a state hospital; a sweet girl from the Midwest, always on the verge of going down for the last time, seemed to be moning other people to go down with her. Isaac was drawn to these friends. He felt that other people had the final, the absolute, the terrible courage to be so vulnerable. Even when his own fiction was of immediacy and disappointed people, he took literary adventures as a sacrifice to truth. To have the courage of your "animal nature" was to be a victim of society.

Isaac as his own subject eventually drove himself wild. Stuck between his demands on himself and his desire to be a writer, he missed in both. As my neighbor on 24th Street said to his wife, Isaac was a "failure." Precocious in everything and understandably worn out, he was thirty-eight. Even his dying would be a kind of "failure." But Isaac's best hope for himself was never to save himself, and in this he succeeded. He really was an Isaac. Every day, with perfect faith, he awaited the Messiah. Every day of the frantic Village of the war years, reducing himself to "perfect sex," orgone boxes, endless hours of views, and all-night conversations with his friends, he radiated an inability to compromise with the things of this world. There were evenings in Barrow Street, when I played the violin part in Le B Minor Suite to Isaac's flute, when his serene style would make me gasp, when the sound of those notes reverberating off Isaac's breathless water drops were of a silvery intensity, when it seemed to me that Isaac expressed himself in perfection at last, wrote his signature on the air.

Going down the steps of that Barrow Street tenement and out through the eccentric streets of the Village, the sound of Isaac's impeccable playing still in my ears, I felt that some profound beauty in my life waited for me. The Village streets were suddenly without the usual New York ruler-sharp order: streets crossed that had no business crossing; and suddenly my buried desire to write something not in the name of duty, but to gratify myself alone, surprised me. I had written a book but did not yet feel like a writer; I did not feel directed by imagination alone, as Isaac always did. But in the presence of music I always felt redirected, and on Barrow Street I had a new instinct. A few Sundays later when I sat with Natasha at the New Friends Music concert at Town Hall and for the first time

Arthur Schnabel playing Schubert waltzes; the intellectual suppleness of his phrasing; the way the music playing to each other, almost by itself, gave me such a vision of what the nation could live for, that I felt myself drifting from the tyranny of ideas. I was restless—there was a wild longing in my heart to move—to be changed. On Sunday afternoons, Natasha and I ambled along the East River, and at the factories pasted on the Brooklyn Bridge, sat at concerts among newly arrived Germans who looked as if Town Hall were the America they could approve of; I felt the exasperation with my steady diet of culture felt toward *The New Republic* when it found promising the revolution of the *little man*, complained that only Winston Churchill's unimpeachably reactionary opinions kept the promising away from Stalin from making the world new.

NOT FOR THOSE FRIENDS OF MINE who were already in the Army and out of sight, almost all old Socialists. I knew in New York, seemed that the war was none of their business; morally they had to stay out of it, that the expanding power of the government at home and of Stalin's control in Eastern Europe were the same positive evils, like Hitler. I could not share this detachment from the war than I believe in the liberal's hopes for it that were published in *The New Republic* like advertisements. I saw no alternatives to defeating Hitler; we wanted us to live. It would have been suicide to lose the war, but it was also clear that if Nazis were going to be beaten anywhere, it would be in Russia. I hated Stalin, but in 1943 it was not to be him or Hitler. Any "position" I adopted toward Stalin would express my own feelings, not the facts of power. Ideological radicalism in the United States had become a professional game among those in the know, but without any bearing on events. The chief use of the Communist movement in America had evidently been to make Communists "experts" on Communism whose chief wisdom consisted in advising a helplessness that Nazism and Communism would defeat each other. The radical splinter groups were only concerned with defaming each other. One said that Russia was a "degenerated" workers' state but nevertheless a workers' state. Another said that it was no workers' state at all but a special monopolistic state control. With the Laxes, who had been right-wing Communists, could soon become total patriots, the Field, of whom it was all an imperialist war *tout court* and so of no concern to themselves, as the true revolutionary Leninists; the Murteites, were on their way out of intramural radical factionalism; the Cannonites, who were the only followers of Leon Trotsky and had been rebuffed by the "Old Man" himself; the Shachtelites, who loved their dead leader more than life but had not been able to share his obstinate

fidelity in the authoritarian order he had helped to create; the old Socialists who thought it was 1917; and that a simple antiwar stand was all the politics required of them; the neo-landmark conscientious objectors whose consciences principally objected to the British Empire; and the Catholic COs, whose consciences principally objected to an alliance with Russia. I could not see that these positions had any relevance to the necessary struggle against Hitler.

Not Russia's fight for life but Stalin's betrayal of the Russian Revolution was the theme among many intellectuals in New York. There was a night, at the opening of the film *North Star* which Lillian Hellman had written for Samuel Goldwyn, when I found my way. It looked at the proper tone for the war while listening to outraged shouts of protest from Melvin Frank, who was to be after the war the editor of *Encounter*, and from other future leaders of the Congress for Cultural Freedom. Stalin united old radicals into a small elite that in the midst of war would send up its lonely protest against the murder of Ehrlich and Alter, the leaders of the Polish Jewish General Workers' Union. Stalin drove old radicals crazy with rage and frustration. They avoided every meeting, hoping to read that Hitler and Stalin had destroyed each other and there was a new democratic Russian Revolution. Instead they had to read that the Russian people rallied amazingly to the Soviet despots despite the succession of early Nazi victories; that the Red Army was now winning the greatest land battles in history and was forging on, soon to occupy Poland, Romania, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Eastern Germany.

Stalin's occupation of Eastern Europe was a political blow to "democratic Socialists" in New York, as it would soon be a catastrophe for non-Communists in all territory controlled by the Red Army—not least in Russia itself, where Hitler's frightfulness united behind Stalin many Russians who after the war were imprisoned or shot. But the bitterness of so many intense and informed radical intellectuals was natural to them: American, a perpetrator, a defender, a theoretician—American power would have its attraction for them later with the Cold War, when so many ex-Communists would pop up at Senator Joseph McCarthy's side as "experts" on the Communist conspiracy, or edit cultural magazines in Europe with secret CIA funds. But so long as America and Russia were allies, they were out of it; just as Communists everywhere had been out of it when Germany and Russia were allies. The first issue with both would always be Russia.

IT WAS NOT TALK, but that damned Roosevelt who seemed to be met in Edmund Wilson named when I first talked with him at this time. Wilson's political opinions were externally so long as he could express them at all to a stranger at a time of intellectual discomfiment; those of

What made a New York intellectual culture a perpetually culture show was no help in a novel.

Charles A. Beard and the sourest isolationist Congressman. I admired his writing so much that I could never—then or later—take his political opinions with the required seriousness, for he seemed to me in equal measure gifted and self-willed.

In late 1942, when he summoned me after having read my book on modern American literature, Wilson still had the old-fashioned American progressive's total disapproval of the war. He had of course broken with *The New Republic*. He now felt that he was being kept out of magazines. He was soon to have an immense personal revival through his association with *The New Yorker*, and would even become a roving war correspondent. But the afternoon I called on him, he had just come back from *The Nation*, where Freda Kirchwey, to whom the war was even more an anti-Fascist crusade than it was to *The New Republic*, had turned down some proposal he had made.

In themselves, Wilson's views on the war were not significantly different from those of any other stubbornly oppositionist American of the time. It was not the political consistency of *To the Finland Station*, published the year before, that had made this imaginatively conceived history of the great socialist thinkers so fascinating a gallery of portraits. In fact Wilson during the writing of his book had virtually lost his faith in the socialist idea, as so many of us had during Stalin's purges. Although Wilson with his marvelous determination got Lenin to the Finland Station at last, it was Lenin's fiery spirit rather than his destructive views that kept Wilson at his side. Even in his articles on purely literary subjects, Wilson tended to be uneasy and fussy in dealing with ideas then removed from the personal and historic context that was his genius. You felt that his interest was not in the concepts of socialism but in his obligation to himself to remove every intellectual obstacle he met in his exploration of some given subject. He liked to affirm himself a materialist, an atheist, and even a behaviorist. But my interest in Wilson was not based on these professions of opinion. From the time I first read *Axel's Castle*. I loved Wilson's writing passionately and knew that he was not only a remarkable critic because he put you directly in touch with any work he discussed, but also an original, an extraordinary literary artist who wove his essays out of the most intense involvement with his materials.

In meeting him now, my admiration of his creative singularity was attested by a certain seediness, the great bold dome, the lack of small talk, the grumpy, wearily thorough concentration on every topic he came to. It was his intense personal experience of writers that had always fascinated me in Wilson, that had sent me back many times to the last paragraph of the essay on Proust in *Axel's Castle* in which he spoke of him as a "many-faceted fly," to the sections on Dickens's early struggles in *The Wound and the Bow*, to the portrait of Michelet in *To the Finland Station*, for the felt reverberations of the life behind the book. He could turn any literary subject back into the

personal drama it had been for the writer. He could bring out all the implications of a book, his portrait of the writer as a creative consciousness. Literature became an experience of the writer's mind, for Wilson's greatest gift was a peculiar openness to every detail about a writer, a model for his own experience; his famous long diaries were invisible, but it was obvious that he carefully noted everything about his own experience as his mystical bond to literature. Despite Wilson's scorn for Emerson and Thoreau as romantic isolatoes sentimentally seeking God in nature, Wilson's mind in its hypnotized fidelity to minute details of experience was just like theirs. He, too, was trying to turn his life into a work of art. Like them, he had a passion for journals and memoirs, for the biographical context of literature and history, for the personal setting, that explained the charm of his writing and the gripping tension behind it. He had exposed himself to literature to the maximum experience of his life; I felt that he lived in literature as he did not anywhere else. It was exactly the communicated depth of this experience that I missed in other American radicals. This absorption in the actual work in hand, the visible pressure on him of every fresh thought that made him so absorbed and cranky, unconscious and a "character." But everything I had guessed from my devoted reading and from his conversation was to come home to me with unexpected force that day late in 1942.

It was a strange, sulfurous afternoon. Wilson and his wife Mary McCarthy were staying in a borrowed apartment somewhere in the East Thirties near the Third Avenue El: he seemed at long last, uncomfortable with himself as well as with me. When I arrived, he had not yet returned from his visit to *The Nation*; he soon came in, grumpy, sour, curtly indicated that his opposition to the war was making things difficult, and then grudgingly turned his attention to me.

I had already discovered, in my few weeks there, that Wilson had left at *The New Republic* intense admiration for his gifts and fear of a certain implacable quality in his personality. One of his greatest admirers on the staff was a woman who thought him not only a genius but enormously attractive; she added with some awe that he could be "hard as a diamond." At the moment, the danger Hitler presented to the world was so acute that I could no longer see any point to the obduracy of Wilson's isolationism. Although I thought it ridiculous that so peculiarly gifted a writer should be unable to obtain reviews from *The Nation*, I also felt that Wilson was full of prejudices formed by a more sheltered and complacent America than I knew. His isolationism seemed to me unreal, assertive, merely proud. Van Wyck Brooks in these same years, had been making his "useful past" out of the lives of American writers. Though I delighted in Brooks's personal artistry, I felt that he had enclosed himself in nineteenth-century lives in order to find tranquillity, that he had turned the real battleground of ideas into a char-

merican feast. He was so enchanted with materials that he allowed the reader to suppose that the best American writers were equally complicated. Wilson, in his tougher, more demanding way, seemed more determined to remain faithful with himself, to admit that the classic might be a lost tradition.

After the war ended, a moment would come in 1945, when stout, ruddy, English-born Wilson, in Europe for *The New Yorker* as a war correspondent's uniform, feted by his publisher at a grand party to which all English literati came to do Wilson honor, grumbled to me, his fellow countryman, how he distrusted the damned English. He was horrified by the war than ever, for he had seen the ruins in England, Italy, and Greece. At our first encounter in 1942 Wilson seemed, in his direct style of political discourse, the very type of American crank, a heroic crank in the uncompromising style of the John Jay Knowlton whom he admired so much—the upper-middle intellectual rebel, scion of Abolitionists, essayist and scholar, who burned his hand off in France at striking a man of whom he was jealous, rejoiced in America's entry into the "Great War" and repaid his son's death and his own disrepute by supporting the Ku Klux Klan and its post-nationalist prejudices. The immense hisense behind Wilson's criticism, architecture in its disposition of detail, would for me all represent personal sensibility rather than polemoshrewdness. But this same flinty old American self-trust was his flair, his style, his enormous force for me.

That afternoon I met him, he dismissed my book from my face, after having summoned me. Yet though nothing showed him in a state of profound generosity, he impressed me as much as his had—there was that slightly seedy independence that essential and matter-of-fact seriousness. He looked like a man who had been built for combat—and nothing else. With his round bald head and that hoarse, heavily breathing voice box of a fox-hunting squire, apoplectic, stiff, and out of breath, Wilson recomposed every bad-tempered moment of that afternoon into explicit print-phrases. In a voice which like a deaf man's suggested some despair of ever connecting with the outside world, he nevertheless bent down to me and thought like a watchmaker looking through lenses. He stammeringly, with immense effort, made his way to the point he wanted to say. Evidently he saw no need to smooth his words for mine; he had business in hand. He was usually, pressingly occupied, like the railway porter with overcoat over his arm and blue-rolled up in his hand whose statue used to be in the old Pennsylvania Station as a monument to the energy of American executives. One day about Wilson that he got up in the morning, thinking, that he went through the day in thought, went to bed, whether or not he had cleared the matter in hand, with the knowledge that at

least he had pursued it all day. Many years later, when I teased him at Wellfleet on Cape Cod about wearing a formal white shirt to the beach, he replied, "I have only one way of dressing." At the moment he seemed to have only one way of discussing a book, whether or not the author was present, and I was it. He had summoned me to hear his opinion of my book, and I heard it. He was brief and conclusive. He was not much interested in it.

Then the afternoon took a strange turn, Wilson had been merely impatient with my book. Mary McCarthy was much more thorough. She went into my faults with great care. Since her brilliance in putting down friends, enemies, and various idols of the tribe was already known to me from her stories in *Partisan Review* and our previous meeting at Provincetown in 1940, I was fascinated by her zeal. She warmed to her topic with positive delight: she looked beautiful in the increasing crispness of her analysis. Yet although their intellects were both so severe, Wilson expressed himself with comparative hesitancy. Seeing an opening, I informed him of some musical mistakes he had made in a story, "Ellen Terhune," that was to become part of *Memoirs of Hecate County*. At this point Mary McCarthy, strangely taking my word for it, irritably reminded Wilson that she had warned him of this. He looked rueful. Mary McCarthy's bite and spirit were now getting directed toward Wilson, but Wilson himself was silent. His topic was the book I had written, and when he had given me his observations and asked me the questions he had in mind, it was time for me to go home. Later, when I came to know him better and to realize that he was as sensitive as anyone else to criticism, I realized that in my inexperience I had underestimated the effect of my admiring but critical section on him, my ignorant participation in *The New Republic* after he had departed from it in rage, his outrage at the war's leaving him in a corner—and his conflicts with his wife. He suddenly realized how unprepared I had been for the double onslaught, and at the door grinningly advised me: "Write about her some time!" When I went down the stairs in depression, he followed and said he would walk part of the way with me.

A hard rain came on as we were crossing Third Avenue under the El. Wilson was suddenly talking about Joyce, worrying over the cabman's shelter scene in *Ulysses*. We were standing directly under the El, the rain bounding off the tracks right on our heads, but he was absorbed in analyzing the scene and did not seem to see the irony in saying "shelter" over and over at that moment. In that voice that was like no other voice I had ever heard, a voice made remarkable by the sounds of commotion behind it, a voice that was like an enormous effort to reach the world, Wilson finally, with all due deliberation, made his point about the cabman's shelter scene in *Ulysses*, looked up at the rain dropping down his face, gave me a friendly pat on the shoulder, and trudged back. □

"Wilson looked like a man who had been built for thought—and nothing else."

BOOKS

Mann's letters

Letters of Thomas Mann, 1889-1955. Selected and translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Knopf. \$17.50.

A man lives not only his own personal life as an individual, but also, consciously or unconsciously, the life of his epoch and his contemporaries.

The Magic Mountain

Fifteen years after his death, Thomas Mann remains a great name, perhaps as great, as a name, as he was for more than half the eighty years of his life, a towering figure of world literature. One imagines, though, that the routes of fashion have taken us where, in the perspective of time, our view of this snowy eminence is rather diminished. "Mann, Proust, and Joyce," so our curriculum of the great novelists of this century used to run—the "great moderns," once so puzzling and exciting in their explorations of the story of those days of the modern.

Not so long before he died, still receiving carloads of honors as he always had, and still receiving, as also he always had, from Right or Left in turn, fanatic attacks on his social views. Mann remarked that he was a "great, unloved name." First, he thought, this must be because he was German, and everything German was then "unspeakably unpopular"—almost he would have said deservedly loathed, as says the narrator of *Dr. Faustus*: the Nazis have made "us, Germany, the Reich. I go further and say all that is German, intolerable to the world." So that although Mann hated that Reich and was for its enemies the archetypal "good German," he was still German and his works were German.

Also, he was misunderstood in purely literary ways. He himself thought his

works were often humorous, passionate, satiric, gay; but he was generally spoken of as Olympian, ponderous, cold. Translation, even the most devoted, had to be partly at fault, and no great writer of his time was so much translated, so much a figure of all the world. The world could not really see that he was primarily an artist of language, one who would amuse us more than edify. Something of all this, it may appear, has led us into what I have supposed to be the kind of current free-floating view of Thomas Mann that we now assume. Surely there is a deeper reason, though, and surely he knew it. "For I am a child of bourgeois individualism and by nature (if I am not careful to correct myself) very much inclined to equate bourgeois culture with culture per se and to regard what is coming after it as barbarism." What would come after himself, that is: like all men, he thought of his own life and work as the culmination of all that had happened in the eons since the first strands of life had somehow congealed in the protozoic slime. And like few other men he thought this with full consciousness, with Olympian modesty, we might even say with pretty good reason.

Sometimes Mann presented this bourgeois individualism, this very notion of culture itself, as owing really to the Middle Ages, "to the loosening of scholastic ties, the emancipation of the individual, the birth of freedom." Again he might take it back to Biblical times, as in *Joseph and His Brothers*. But this was no simple nineteenth-century notion of Progress, evolution triumphing at last with a figure in top hat, starched collar, English woolens, equipped with a walking stick and the proper forms of address. Did the Fall occur in 1875, in 1914? No, the fault is inherent, and the very bourgeois household itself cannot escape.

The bourgeois Professor, in a story that will live at least as long as any trace of bourgeois individualism remains to be deciphered from its glyphs, this bourgeois Professor (*Disorder and Early Sorrow*) loves his youngest, with the purest love; there is an illness in it, a death, a father love, and a little child (from mother's breast—are not these things, and thus very, very holy and beautiful? Yet Cornelius, pondering there in the dark, describes something not perfectly right and good in his love. . . . There is something ulterior about it, in the nature of it; that something is hostility against the history of the world, which is still in the making and thus not history at all, in behalf of the new, the fine history that has already happened, that is to say, death. . . ."

Just so there is an essential illness in the artist, in Tonio Kröger; and just so Eros and Cholera conspire together in Venice. On the Magic Mountain itself, that first congealment in the protozoic slime, is an illness—and it is comic. "But where in all the history of art and literature." Mann wrote in 1925 to one of his more pestilent correspondents, Josef Ponten, "have you ever known anyone who encountered the attempt to make a comic figure?" Well, here Mann, forgetting much, surely forgetting at least those grinning grasping skeletons of medieval art, unless he meant that thought his figure of death in *The Magic Mountain* is not even macabre (It is.) But to his insufferable correspondent, Mann goes on, patiently with a very humble (Olympian) simplicity trying to explain that he, Mann, is not an enemy of life. Here, he is what Hans Castorp learned from his vision in the snow: "Man is, to be sure, too superior for life; let him therefore be good and attached to death in his heart. But man is also and espe-

erior for death; let him there-
free and kind in his thoughts."
a therefore be free and kind in
oughts.... What in the world
e meant by this ancient sequence
oglyphics in the dead language
geois individualism?

ers of *Thomas Mann, 1889-1955*,
ected and translated by Richard
ara Winston, are, as the title im-
nly some of the letters of Thomas
Mann. As the editors explain, these
700 letters and fragments are
from the 1,331 letters in the
olumes of German *Briefe* edited
ca Mann, with some additions. A
nany of Mann's letters are lost,
ng nearly all written to his wife.
his German publisher—lost in
es of the war, in the disruptions
e, lost through what seems to
een the bad faith of the Munich
entrusted with Mann's papers
Mann found he could not return
many from a providential tour in
Still, there is enough here to
as to see with our own eyes the
ss of this artist through the dis-
of history in his lifetime.

se were not—not quite—the ulti-
disasters for the kind of life he
about and represented; there
laces he could flee to when dis-
ame; he could work right up to
atural end of his life, even though
any who would have worked be-
him were destroyed. They were
yed not by blind chance but by
late assault upon everything they
ed in. This assault was repulsed
mous cost, and something rather
old life was made possible again
ie parts of Europe.

have those disasters that Mann
ed, so far, to another total assault
t kind of life, or else we would
e able to read these letters and
stand them. We can still imagine
man can insist on his right to be
nd kind in his thoughts. But there
ose among us who make it quite
that we shall have to insist, be-
if they succeed in their goals there
e no such right.

letters begin with a schoolboy
igned "Th. Mann, Lyric-dramatic
." And quickly, scarcely more
schoolboy, he is in the rich world
bourgeois arts, reading Schiller,
hing stories, playing the violin.
iends of his youth have their des-
The footnotes identifying the
in the letters of those early days

read "painter and sculptor," "painter,"
"Swiss painter," "celebrated Wagner-
ian tenor," "Austrian actor," "art his-
torian," "writer and judge," "theater
critic and poet," "German novelist,"
"journalist and critic," "Munich pub-
lisher," "singer," "dramatist and novel-
ist," and so on and on. Their other
destiny was not dreamed of then.

In 1905, already well-known and
prosperous, Mann married Katia Prings-
heim, student of mathematics and
physics, daughter of the household of
Alfred Pringsheim, professor of mathe-
matics, passionate Wagnerian, whose
collection of Renaissance majolicas
"was world famous." Katia's mother,
too, was of a family famous for its cul-
ture; their house was a center of
Munich's artistic and intellectual life.
Mann by then was well-established in
those habits that were to bring forth so
many huge monuments of art. "I dis-
trust pleasure," he writes in 1906; "I
distrust happiness, which I regard as
unproductive.... I don't believe that
anyone today can be a *bon vivant* and
at the same time an artist."

Already he was being attacked, too,
as not quite a proper German. But he
himself thought he was. He was "a
quiet, well-behaved person, who won a
measure of prosperity by the work of
his hands, took a wife, begot children,
attended first nights, and was so good
a German that I could not stand being
abroad for more than four weeks. Is it
absolutely necessary to go bowling and
drinking on top of that?" This faith
took him through the first world war,
during which he supported his country
and earned the bitter opposition of his
elder brother Heinrich and other paci-
fist internationalists.

After that war, the inflation, work,
fame, in 1929 the Nobel Prize, and a
growing recognition that Hitler, "the
most repulsive scarecrow begotten by
world history," was out to destroy
everything he cared for, including
Mann's own work. The Black Shirt
thugs terrorized the streets, smashing
windows and heads, and it was typical
that a "young dynamiter and fascist
'revolutionary'" should write an attack
on Mann's fiction. The very halls of
justice were scenes of political struggle.
In 1929, he writes to a judge: "You,
your Honor, know as well as I the
phrase in which this uneasiness and
opposition is generally summed up:
'Crisis of confidence in justice.' You
know as well as I (who can help know-
ing?) that for at least ten years we have
been living in an atmosphere in which

the idea of pure justice threatens to
atrophy. The disrupted state of the na-
tion, the exacerbation and exposure of
all political and ideological antago-
nisms, the unprecedented hatred, the
depraving consequences of the war—all
that (and what is implied by it) oper-
ates against the nobility of justice,
operates to demean justice to an instru-
ment of power in the struggle of 'affirm-
ative' credos of class, of race, of poli-
tical decision making, etc."

Then the story we all know: exile,
first in Switzerland, where he saw the
fever-chart of Europe continue to rise;
then Princeton, then California, with
always the exhausting necessity of try-
ing to help those who hadn't got out,
those who had got out with less than he
had. Honors, testimonial banquets,
speeches, Books of the Month, Ameri-
can citizenship; and absolutely uncom-
promising and energetic support of the
war against Germany; refusal to return
to Germany, after the war. Nor would
he forgive the Germans who came
crawling to him in defeat. He writes to
one of them, "Almighty God! Is so
much blindness possible?... Nothing
can ever dispel my grief and shame at
the horrible heartless and brainless
failure of the German intelligentsia to
meet the test with which it was con-
fronted in 1933." For these feelings, he
was slandered in occupied Germany.

Mann had been unable in the years
up to 1939 to foresee anything but the
necessity of a dreadful war to eradicate
the Nazis. But about 1950, he was fear-
ing that another and quite different
danger threatened the world, and for
saying this too he was attacked. In his
own defense he wrote to the Attorney
General of the United States: "I am
neither a dupe nor a fellow-traveler and
by no means an admirer of the quite
malicious present phase of the Russian
Revolution. But I consider a war be-
tween the United States and Soviet
Russia a horrible catastrophe with un-
measurable consequences for the entire
civilization...." These were not things
to be said with impunity by a public
man in the America of those days. Mann
left in 1952, sold his house in Pacific
Palisades, and bought a place in Kilch-
berg, Switzerland. He died in Zurich
on August 12, 1955.

The letters are not as revealing of
the man himself as are the stories
and novels. Even to his dearest friends
and to his children, he wrote rather
formally, or in a decorous and conven-

tional informality, with bourgeois good humor, in dignified love. Sometimes, as in the letters to the crawling ex-Nazis, or in one fiercely denunciatory letter to his rich patron Agnes E. Meyer, sick at last of kneeling at her court, real passion flashes through; even so, the passion is reasoned and substantiated. Yet as incomplete and as formal as they are, the letters are fascinating to read. No biography, not even an autobiography, can give this sense of the immediate living of a life. Things seen, understood, misunderstood; fears and hopes coming true, not coming true; personal joys and terrible family tragedies; we see them as they happen.

How much more alive is the life of Thomas Mann as we see it in his letters than are the lives of our own modern American writers as these are being presented to us now in those huge "Life" tomes worked up by our academic biographers. In these letters, incomplete as they are, formal as they are, we have Mann's words, not the tiresome words of a professor giving his sense of what a carefully-researched "Life" ought to amount to.

But then, this fault lies less in the professors, I imagine, than in some strange failure of our time. I imagine we do not really know what a life is.

We do not know what a face is. I would say that not a painter today, no, nor a photographer either, can make a portrait. The regulated stone-carvers of the Pharaohs could do it, the casters of Ife bronzes, the Roman sculptors could; Titian and Botticelli; and Memling, and Holbein; the young Picasso; Matthew Brady could. We cannot. Thus are our images of ourselves diminished.

The *fad* of irrationalism frequently involves a sacrifice and a callow throwing over of achievements and principles which not only make the European a European, but the human being human," Mann writes in one letter.

"... the rashest development of Huxley's escapism, which I never liked in him. Mysticism as a means to that end was still reasonably honorable. But it strikes me as scandalous that he has now arrived at drugs. I have a guilty conscience nowadays because I take a little seconal or phanodorm at night in order to sleep better. But to cast myself by day into a state in which everything human is indifferent to me and I succumb to wicked aesthetic egotistic pleasure would be repugnant to me. Yet this is what he recommends to every-

body, because otherwise man's best idiocy, and at worst... What a use of 'best' and 'worst'! Mystics should have taught us that 'suffering is the swiftest beast' leading us to perfection, which can't be reached by any other means. And being rapt in the miracle of a chair and absorbed in sorts of color illusions has more idiocy than he thinks."

But Mann had known, back in 1918, the great lesson that we must learn to understand today. "To negate something in order to build anew is nothingness—this Bolshevism is sterile madness in the outer world, the profoundest truth in the world is the inner self."

We have learned the truths of the negation that our modern writers have given us. Some would say we have learned them too well. But we must let these inner truths be made the basis for sterile madness in the street, can we let our fear of this madness in the outer world deny these inner truths? We must not be afraid to assert that to be human a man must still, within his heart, be "free and kind in his thoughts." If ever we lose sight of this eminence where the works are made and life of Thomas Mann lived, we may say we are lost.

Jean M. Halloran, John Hollander,
Larry L. King, Richard Schickel, Julia Whedon, Edwin M. Yoder, Jr.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Nonfiction

Roosevelt: The Soldier of Freedom, 1940-45, by James McGregor Burns. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$10.

Since Mr. Burns published the first volume of his Roosevelt biography fifteen years ago, celebrating FDR's skills as a latter-day prince, the Vietnam tragedy has instructed us all in the hazards of Presidential judgment and has, I suspect, somewhat tempered his relish for the Machiavellian arts. Here, in the second volume, Mr. Burns offers a twin argument about the FDR of the war years:

that the "decisive turn" toward Cold War with Russia came during those years, and that on the domestic side it was FDR as "Dr.-Win-the-War" who founded "modern Presidential government."

I find the latter argument persuasive; war is always revolutionary. Roosevelt's anti-Depression measures suggest, moreover, that if this great improviser had any design it was to save capitalism from its follies and was accordingly conservative. That his Republican successor now in the White House should so painlessly affirm the legacy of social experiment signifies its arrival in our

political consensus, if not indeed in the realm of sheer banality.

But did the Cold War start during the hot war? Certainly Mr. Burns marks a striking modification of the old liberal doctrine that American postwar policy was a reluctant response to Stalinist imperial greed. As it, the Anglo-American-Soviet marriage of convenience from 1945 to 1949, set, was rocked throughout World War II by jealous rages, arising mainly from the constantly promised and postponed "second front." The British, with their memories of trench warfare and their own forces held back. Meanwhile, Stalin

Burns allows for the possibility that Stalin was "ambivalent": "If Americans were tardy in reaching Europe, where would the armies stand after the crushing victory?" Nor does Mr. Burns dissolve the seeming historical conundrum: if Stalin believed his alliance with the United States was a heating, he took no account of the tactics of those who pressed all the time for an early second front—Marshall, Eisenhower, all convinced—and his suspicion was essential. If Stalin plotted postwar moves all along, he was bound to do so, and the only question was

how much. Mr. Burns is a good deal clearer on this than in his "ambivalence" concerning the American interest. Antithetical in theory, believing the Soviet Union decadent and wishing to deprive it of its empire in Indochina, he was pro-colonialist in practice. He finally cast America's lot with the British, the French, and the Chinese in Asia, not the nationalist Chinese. When FDR died suddenly in 1945, it was difficult to say just where the Soviet Union's real course of self-interest lay, but expediency, comradeship lay with the Allies first. Racily written, full of anecdote, Mr. Burns's volume is a good primer on the wartime situation. It makes especially vivid the "roads not taken" through the fog of will or vision: but as Lord Acton said, history does not disclose alternatives. —E.Y.

Deal of a Playwright: Robert Sherwood and the Challenge of John Mason Brown. Harper & Row.

John Mason Brown died last year, leaving behind an unfinished second volume of his admirable biography of Robert Sherwood. This fragment tells how Sherwood came to write his past-pro-interventionist play *There Shall Be No Night* on the eve of World War II. As the times were not ordinary, so was the play. When Sherwood was in three and a half months' seclusion (in three and a half months' seclusion) he was perhaps the most widely esteemed popular dramatist of his day. His *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* had delighted and inspired millions, had won a Pulitzer Prize. But he was not at ease. Sherwood was a sensitive man, disturbed deeply by the events in Europe that threatened the values of free men everywhere, and by the war itself, but whose implications he could not fathom. He divided the U. S. By then forty-four, Sherwood had fought coura-

geously with the Canadian Black Watch in World War I; but with so many of his generation he had emerged disillusioned from that conflict. He had voted for Warren G. Harding in 1920—thus, as he was to lament, "doing my bit in the great betrayal." In the swift events after Munich—the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, the attack on Poland, the fall of Paris ("the blackest event in all history")—Sherwood experienced "disillusion with disillusion." He joined William Allen White's Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, but his zeal for U. S. intervention rapidly drove him beyond its more conservative members, including White himself. In fact, there was a note of the convert's stridency in his attacks on those he had so quickly left behind—the isolationists and pacifists.

Mr. Brown's book, though fragmentary, is timely; for now American mass emotions run as they did in Sherwood's early manhood—toward disillusionment with force. Here we see a man of devout pacifism violently wrenched from it, becoming a Presidential speech writer, joining interventionist cabals, making even his art *engagé*. *There Shall Be No Night*, the text of which is included, is dated now, but it is of more than documentary interest. It movingly portrays a brave and patriotic Finnish family facing the extinction of their nation but deciding to resist, even against the odds. I suspect that it is faithful to the tragic but oddly exhilarating emotions of the period. The resources of reason, conciliation, and pacifism had spent themselves vainly on the Hitler evil. It was dawning on Sherwood and millions of men of good will that they had no recourse in defense of their sacred values but to draw the sword. —E.Y.

A White House Diary, by Lady Bird Johnson. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$10.95.

Public figures are entitled to their privacy, certainly, but if one of them decides to write and publish a diary, it is tacitly implied that the diarist wishes to reveal something. Why Mrs. Johnson has chosen to fill her journal with little more than an expanded guest list (today we had Clark and Marny to dinner, I wore my red wool, Zephyr fixed capon and wild rice, etc.) and leave her own, her husband's, and the government's inner life nearly as opaque as before can only be guessed at. It is not, however, because Mrs. Johnson was not privy to it all: she notes, for instance, hours and hours

spent discussing Lyndon's decision to retire, beginning over a year before the announcement, with nary a word as to what was actually said except that she was worried about his health. Nor is she unobservant of nuance of mood, expression, or political climate: after Johnson's last State of the Union message, she is as sensitive as anyone to the meager amount of handshaking and well-wishing coming from the Congressmen.

A good deal of the trouble may well have come from the fact that Lady Bird has been a good political wife—supportive, efficient, careful of the press—for so many years that she is probably as incapable of uttering an indiscreet or revealing statement as most people are of discussing the consistency of their last bowel movement. The net effect of this on the reader, of course, is to be soon so sated on polite, kindly, generous, well-intentioned chatter as to be nearly desperate for a bit of sour, malicious gossip. Scandal however is seen, if at all, only from the back of the head—there is little of Walter Jenkins until we wave him a sad goodbye, and the pictures of George Hamilton and the telegram pasted to Lynda Bird's mirror are only noted, eventually as missing.

There is an occasional reminder of the true wolf in the sheep outfit, and vice versa. We surprise, one morning in Lyndon's bedroom, Mr. Richard Nixon, who is reported "generally in strong support of Lyndon" on Vietnam; another day who should be there but Mayor Daley, who's arguing, now, a dovish line and misallocation of priorities—we forget that the fracas in Chicago was over hair lengths. But this aside, the book stands, unfortunately, as a public, impersonal monument to Mrs. Lyndon Johnson's old-fashioned virtues of character. —J.M.H.

You Might As Well Live: The Life and Times of Dorothy Parker, by John Keats. Simon and Schuster, \$7.50.

It turns out that Dorothy Parker is nowhere near as delightful to read about as she was to read. All those quips and mots were, not surprisingly, the products of a neurosis born in a miserable childhood—Daddy didn't love her and Mother was gone—while the gaiety she affected during the legendary round-table days was much more feverish, drunken and suicide-haunted than we knew. As for the long period, beginning in the Thirties and ending with her death in 1967, when she wrote little besides abortive, col-

laborative screenplays and plays, they were almost unbearably dismal.

The facts of Miss Parker's life are recounted with great tact and sympathy by Mr. Keats and since he received no help from her literary executor, Lillian Hellman (who claimed Miss Parker wished no biography to be written about her), he wrote under conditions of unnecessary hardship. I think, however, he made one strategic error. He insists on Miss Parker's literary importance, but three slender volumes of lightish verse and two collections of short stories do not support his claims in this area very firmly. The unpursued implications of his study suggest that another approach might have been more fruitful. She was, quite clearly, one of the first writers—Hemingway and Fitzgerald were others—who had to contend with the revised celebrity system that came to full, media-matured flowering in the period after World War I. Poor lady—she was a slow, agonizing craftsman at best and it was so much easier, so much more fun, to hang out at the Algonquin or at "21" and make jokes with the gang, than it was to hunch down over her typewriter. It must have seemed the easy way to get famous, and it helped her to get briefly rich. But disused and abused, her talent rusted a bit and, when the Depression came and conditions changed, it grew ever more difficult for her to mobilize it. Hollywood, a ludicrous leftism, a bucolic interlude in Bucks County, and the declining dipsomaniac years followed. Truly, her delicate talent and her equally delicate emotional balance were destroyed by the demands made on her by public life, and I wish Mr. Keats had chosen to apply to the milieu she inhabited some of the psychological shrewdness he demonstrates in analyzing her character, as well as the sharp satirical gift he has demonstrated in his earlier volumes of social commentary. It is really time someone did a job on the fatuity, cruelty, and general emptiness of the Algonquin "wits." Here, as in other studies of the period, they emerge as tiresome and trivial (Benchley and Sherwood perhaps excepted) and in need of the critical revaluation no one at the time or since has undertaken.

Still, there is no sense in upbraiding Mr. Keats for things undone. Better to praise him for the sympathy, intelligence, and warmth he brings to *You Might As Well Live*. Miss Parker's sad story has been, within his chosen limits, well and truly told.

—R.S.

The Foodbook, by James Trager. Grossman, \$15.

Great news. There remains a subject of classic visceral appeal, one attended by the requisite piety and perversion, delight and disgust, and it isn't sex. It's food—glorious food. In fact, the subjects are entirely similar, so far as I can see. The paradox is that food as subject simply hasn't been treated with comparable curiosity and esteem. Where, I ask myself, are the Masters and Johnson of food? Considering that food and its consumption are a survival subject, that it can be a chore or sheer delight in our private lives, that it is a prime consideration in the conduct of nations, it more than deserves the comprehensive treatment James Trager has awarded it in his enormous and marvelously researched *Foodbook*. This is no Betty Crocker Bake-off but an entirely serious history of food, in its infinite variety, cultivation, and preparation, which he deftly relates to anthropology, archaeology, biology, ecology, sociology, mythology, etc. As a guide it affords yet another view of man's complexity, with food as the operative metaphor.

Because it is systematic and orderly in its presentation, generously indexed and footnoted, it will doubtless have great value as a general reference book. Additionally, it is an enormously practical aid to those of us raised on packaged foods who honestly don't know the million ways we are being tricked into buying junk at fancy prices. But instead of arousing general paranoia and despair, it offers a short, cheerful course in the intelligent evaluation of comestibles—the kind of thing that grandmothers used to teach before they fell into disfavor and disuse.

But for all the vitamin-enriched information it provides, *Foodbook* remains fun to read. Without giving away the plot I can tell you that there are tales of braised orangutan lips, boiled flamingo, sows' udders stuffed with salted sea urchins, and other assorted after-school snacks that will thrill and amaze the reader. Also, Paleolithic recipes and hints on how to make a pie that will hold, say, four and twenty blackbirds; indeed, the Duke of Burgundy did once in fact have one thrown together which housed twenty-eight musicians—a fifteenth-century food joke.

So this is a book which should be bought and placed between one's standard cookbook and the latest epicene attempt to make the ordinary extraordinary, if only as a reminder that the

hamburger one is about to make widespread implications—relating the economics of beef breeding, pig, feed prices, marketing, famenculture, skulduggery, social sure, religious sanctions, person Western civilization in general.

Frederick the Great, by Nanford. Illustrated. Harper & Row,

Miss Mitford's biography to common reader all he probably to know about a figure who I accountably slipped to the per of the modern consciousness, a character, often no more than stage voice, in the biographies an lectual histories of the eighteenth tury that have made greater cl our attention of late. More imp her book is truly delightful re full of spare, dry, witty charac tions, a clear relish for the astor collection of characters, includir taire, who surrounded Frederic an easy mastery of the confusing cal, military, and social history period.

Best of all, she makes one unde at last just why Frederick was. It begins with his struggle (reso homosexuality) against the brute his father; proceeds through his mined and successful efforts to the contradictory careers of state military leader, and knowledgeable of art and philosophy; and re a climax in the brilliant defense tiny Prussian homeland against a ance of all the continent's great p in the Seven Years War. In this gle he had to fight not only the e without but his own ill-health and times suicidal despondency. Mor he lost in that period nearly a good companions and trusted ad who had sustained him through c trials.

In short, he was a magnificer wonderfully eccentric, figure and Mitford has accomplished the ver ficult task of compressing his life in a relatively few pages while a same time preserving for us his ness, vitality, and multiple dimen Her book is, I think, a model in t of popular biography.

"Don't Fall Off the Mountain" Shirley MacLaine. Norton, \$5.95.

In the old days we fans used to up our misinformation from the mags (displaced now by the quarterlies). Why, it seems only y day I used to wonder about Sl

e—about her absentee husband the Orient, about her brother s, somehow, Warren Beatty, or chaste membership in the and, of course, more recently, iation with the Kennedys and rights movement. Shameless of oubt, but there it is.

an well imagine my disappointment I discovered Miss Mac- autobiography was a very undertaking. I might have re- from the disappointment had een for the total confusion it down upon me. It is a very experience to be reading a book llywood hooper-actress-comedi- d have your attention directed offerings of the human race as witnessed it in the South, in , among the Masai, and in and not to be told what the of this journey might be. It to say the very least, which is in contrasts but—not unlike an ar-old explaining how he man- trap himself inside a grand he tells it run-on, without any t appreciation of the humor, or sheer impracticality of the ndertaking.

g begun her life as a dancer to en her ankles she now seems to practicing mystic strengthening racter (can this be right?). another theme—the one about lues in Hollywood. Like some oted strolling players she too e whole thing meaningless. All ney and all that nonsense e- produces terrible guilt which he afflicted celebrity to put her- himself) in the path of human They hang around, they see, y to help, they expound, and reborn in the substance of the ial consciousness. But like the ades—it remains basically the t from year to year. That's a ing to say but there must be a why no one can really take such seriously once they have been by celebrity (there would be a

inclined to think that Miss Mac- a likable and personally cour- woman. I don't think she has the easy way (!). I've liked her stress and am still curious about a woman. The Sherpas, the the street urchins, the hookers s, the Southerners, all wondered her presence among them. Yes! bout it? Without the answer ing else is pure travelogue.

As it stands hers is a unique achieve- ment, an almost selfless autobiography. In the hands of a master dissembler like Nabokov it would be a stunning accomplishment but in the case of Miss MacLaine I fear it is either a case of missing Identity or some sort of ghostly cross-cultural inscrutability. —J.W.

Charles Sumner and The Rights of Man, by David Donald, Knopf, \$15.

Of all great Senate figures, Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, tribune of the freedman, may have been the most insufferable—and the most prophetic. In the first volume of this fascinating biography, Mr. Donald carried Sumner's story, complete with the famous "canning" on the Senate floor, down to the outbreak of Civil War. This volume takes him through the war and Reconstruction to his death. Here he appears as the self-promoted conscience of Lincoln in Emancipation and as the foe of Johnson and Grant in the great battles over Reconstruction, as well as the Senate Foreign Relations Committee chairman who carried the purchase of Alaska through the Senate, pressed the "Alabama claims" against Britain, and, in a struggle that finally wrenched him from his party, as the man who thwarted the annexation of Santo Domingo. Sumner operated on two fronts, but there was no doubt of his priority. His zeal for "human rights," by which he meant no less than the full reception of the American Negro into citizenship, transcended the Constitution, consistency, and (in the eyes of many contemporaries) common sense.

Historians now view Reconstruction, which Claude Bowers called "the revolution after Lincoln," in a kindlier light. But in Sumner's case, the term "revolutionary" is apt. He was a constitutional revolutionary—a kind of American Robespierre, one Englishman thought—who would seize the crisis of the Union to bring the Negro swiftly from bondage to full citizenship. "Our whole system," he said during the war, "is like molten wax, ready to receive an impression."

Alas, Sumner's manner invariably chilled molten wax. Friend and foe reacted to him much as did Henry James, observing Sumner's "insensate and implacable egotism," who wondered at "a public virtue . . . associated with what privately is so little admirable." Graceless, overbearing, self-righteous, pedantic, Sumner could be a stupefying boor—the kind of Senate committee chairman who banished the liquor cabinet

from its customary place in the committee room, the kind of orator who could not condemn nepotism in the Grant Administration without a "3,000-word digression into its history and origin, especially among the Popes."

Yet however unlovable and ineffective he was, Sumner's zeal was redeemed by true vision: "Sumner realized that the future of American democracy depended upon the ability of the white and black races to live together in peace and equity . . . [and] he wanted it discussed broadly and openly at a time when American institutions were still flexible enough to permit major social changes." Had Sumner prevailed before he died (crying out from his deathbed, "my bill, the civil-rights bill, don't let it fail"), his country might be a happier place today. But Donald's magisterial and moving portrait of the man is, alas, a monument to the all too typical failure of the "idealist in politics" whose vision is too immaculate to carry lesser mortals along.

—E.Y.

Saturday's America, by Dan Jenkins. Little, Brown, \$5.95.

Dan Jenkins, a senior editor for *Sports Illustrated*, is maybe the best sportswriter in America. He is more than a mere "sportswriter," however, just as John D. MacDonald is something more than a writer of crackling adventure yarns, or as Chet Atkins is not fully described as a hunched-over country geetar-picker. There is social commentary in Jenkins' work, delightful airings of the latest cultural absurdities, and some of the funniest one-liners since Mel Brooks or Woody Allen sat down to tickle the typewriter.

Saturday's America, treating "the chronic outrage and giddy passion of college football," collects some of Jenkins' best from *Sports Illustrated*. Jenkins loves the hooting and hollering and bashings and splatters of college football. Fem Libs be damned. But he is a rarity among football writers, many of whom view The Game as grimly as a press box full of Richard Nixons and who think the Evans-Novak column is a new goal-line formation thought up by Hank Stram. No matter how big the game, Jenkins knows the fate of Western Civilization will turn on extraneous events and that several hundred million Chinese will remain unaware of the final score.

This permits him to inquire on the campus of Notre Dame, where football is taken as seriously as the Virgin Birth, if the Gipper had a *last* name or if the

Four Horsemen have cut a new folk album lately? When Notre Dame ran out the clock in that 10-10 tie with Michigan State back in 1966, in a contest rather hysterically tub-thumped as The Game of the Decade, he wrote the classic line, "What the Fighting Irish did was, they tied one for the Gipper." And, later, "A Texas football immortal is usually any letterman who has been out of school a year." Or, writing of Purdue's Boilermakers, "Does a Boilermaker sound like the kind of guy you would want your sister to date? Does he sound like *fun*? He's got to drive a '57 Buick, come from a family of fourteen in Gary, and spend his vacations breathing rivet dust."

Smart ass though he be, however, Jenkins is good. His "The Disciples of Saint Darrell," a story of two Texas couples who drive hundreds of miles to witness three college and one professional game in a single lost weekend, is a classic. There's a wild piece on how football movies made by Hollywood relate to reality exactly as Martha Mitchell relates to Joan of Arc. "Pursuit of a Blue Chipper," revealing the cruel pressures applied against a high-school superstar, Jack Mildren (now varsity quarterback at the University of Oklahoma), should cause all the world's proselytizers to turn in their badges and bribe money. Joe Namath, Ohio State's Woody Hayes, and Notre Dame's Ara Parseghian take their friendly lumps. There's a history of college football's most storied rivalries, a good piece on how the Heisman Trophy goes to the best publicized if not the most talented college player in the land, and the only known compilation of "National Champions" dating from 1889 to the present, with a listing of team records, pertinent coaches, and star players. Jenkins even picks an "All Century" team, apparently to prove he is, at heart, as zany as any of his press-box comrades. —L.L.K.

White Dog. by Romain Gary. World, \$6.95.

"White Dog" was a creature who sought refuge with Romain Gary and his then wife, Jean Seberg, during a California rainstorm. Liberal and humane in their personal conduct (she, in particular, was deep into the civil-rights movement, and their home was bustling with transient activists) it was a small matter accommodating one more soul. Their generosity was quickly rewarded by the dog's obvious intelligence and devotion, not to mention his instant acceptance by a discriminating panel of resident pets, four-footed,

feathered, etc. Yet what seems to begin as a tale of a sixty-year-old boy and his dog rapidly turns into a nightmare when it is discovered that the creature they are sheltering is a savage attack dog—trained to respond instantly to the sight of a black man (White Dog being the name Blacks give such dogs). Gary cannot ask his wife to put to sleep her most cherished principles and beliefs nor will he betray an animal whom he loves simply because it has been diabolically trained to dispute their views, tooth and claw.

Something within us wants to say "only a Frenchman"—with rueful admiration for that nation's devotion to symbols and irony—only such a man could have found himself in such a muddle or written such a book. Gary turns it into a decathlon event. Responding as intellectual, novelist, Frenchman, American, husband, veteran activist (semi-retired), devout humanist, and survivor par excellence, he develops a household crisis into a full-scale allegory.

Gary's attempt to reform the dog by retraining him draws him closer and closer to his own thoughts about "revolution" here and abroad. His observations regarding the real need met by the common vulgar response—Hollywood style—are breathtaking. Very briefly, they amount to a memorable portrait of guilt and largess in black and white, projected upon the great silver screen and starring such opinion makers as Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda, with your typical fast-talking agent in a cameo role.

It's a good book reaching out in all directions—ghastly and funny and wise at once. I admire the author, finally, as a survivor and am somehow touched that he has lived to witness his own maturity. Moreover, his insight and his passion compensate for the fact that, on occasion, something less than first class in me responded to *White Dog*, for one does suspect him of fiddling the truth to compose a catchy thought, does imagine the author capable of using us, just a little perhaps, to help make himself a legend in his own time. —J.W.

Fiction

My Revolution. Promenades in Paris, 1789-1794. The Diary of Restif de la Bretonne, by Alex Karmel. McGraw-Hill, \$10.00.

Nicolas-Edmé Restif de la Bretonne (1734-1806), a novelist of peasant life,

printer, perambulating chronicler Paris after dark, and most recently known in English translation a piously anti-Sade pornographer, brating the hyperbolic and the squinted mentions in one of his books a manuscript in which he supposedly commented on the momentous events of French Revolution. The manuscript never been found, and Mr. Karmel written it. His book is a casual journal of life in Restif's Paris from the late winter before the Tennis Court Oath through the next five years, past months of the Terror, and into the lukewarm safety of the Thermidor reaction.

During this period, the protagonist as much concerned with his personal and domestic troubles—approaching age, the printing and sales of his books, the monstrosities of a dreadful sorcerer, the enmity of his wife—as with the half comically familiar and famous story being played out all around him. Restif was something of a bore, more than something of a self-seeking trimmer, and the skillful success of Karmel's book—I suppose it should be called a novel of the genre of *I, Claudius*—is to shape a new character from a man whose curiosity and warm sympathy provide a kind of humane focus, for a nonpartisan point, on both the urban daily life and the famous happenings which floated by on the flood of rhetoric and the rivers of blood. Instead of total pastiche, with all the apparatus of a faked journal (a fictive "editor," elaborate footnotes and biographical sketches, and so forth), the author deliberately written expositions that the diary would contain, and filled out in a would have been a far more cursive, allusive manner. This helps give depth and substance to his protagonist. On the other hand, walking about the streets dropping in at his favorite Café, musing for newspapers and gossip, recording what a friend would record about the events of the previous day, evening, Restif is kept somewhat distant from many of the well-known scenes which, were he to have reported them personally, could scarcely avoid the ture of low comedy.

Mostly, this is a book about Paris by a New Yorker whose parallels to present years in his own city are drawn with tact and gentle wryness. The book is illustrated, it is pleasant to note, with eighteenth-century engravings, frequently from Restif's own works, and is generally handsome, marred only by a few lapses in copy editing.

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

ket for operas

eer's exhibitionistic excitement; the Ring cycle completed; a witty invocation; the miracle of Falstaf

W I'VE BEEN HEAVY ON OPERA the few times out, but can I help it? big, glorious, important operatic have been dominating the market? The only alternative these days is Beethoven. That's to the bicentennial market is becoming supersaturated with Beethoven: a complete symphonies, the complete thirty-two sonatas, the complete this and Deutsche Grammophon is bringing virtually the complete music of Beethoven on a thousand, or is it a million discs? I forget. And I see no point in comparing the comparative merits of Wagner's Ninth" as against Klemperer's, Bernstein's, Ormandy's, Solti's, Karajan's, Toscanini's, Walter's, and so on to Kleiber and Weingartner. It must be preserved above all. As they say, the health comes first.

the new recording of Giacomo Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots* is a very important release (London OSA 1137). It is the first Meyerbeer opera recording to receive a full-length recording under controlled studio conditions. Who today knows the Meyerbeer? Yet in the period from 1830 to 1850 he was supreme in the world, with Verdi challenging him in popularity. He was the hero of the French, the composer of great spectacles, the magician who made "grand opera" a reality. Now the operas are no longer a repertory. They are supposed to be cheap, vulgar, second-rate commodities, completely with external trappings. Can any Meyerbeer opera survive today? He wrote for a super-ensemble of singers, singers with enormous and brilliantly florid techniques. Any Meyerbeer opera calls for five such singers, not one. In 1894 a *Huguenots* cast at the Metropolitan Opera would enlist the services of, the de Reszke brothers, Nordica, Tietjens, and Plançon—super-singers all.

The cast makes one shiver. In 1905 there were Sembrich, Walker, Nordica, Caruso, Journet, Plançon, and Scotti. Today we have, in the cast assembled for the London album, Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Anastasios Vrenios, Nicola Ghiuselev, Gabriel Bacquier, Martina Arroyo, and Dominic Cossa. Richard Bonyngé is the conductor.

None of these singers, Sutherland included (she is not in best voice for this recording), can rise to the occasion. This is not a guess in relation to the singers of the past. Most of the great ones active from 1890 to 1910 made records of Meyerbeer arias and ensembles, and some Meyerbeer is contained on the Mapelson cylinders that were recorded off the stage of the Met from 1901 to 1903. There can be heard the kind of fiery, full-throated, exhibitionistic, confident singing necessary to bring off this kind of music.

Still, we can get an idea of the opera. It is a big, tub-thumping affair, strong on effect, weak in idea. Obviously it has great theatricality, and one can see why it was once so popular. And Meyerbeer was a professional. He orchestrated very well, he knew everything about the voice, he could spin a pleasant (though seldom inspired) melody. His big ensembles produce a gorgeous racket. There still is something exciting about *Les Huguenots*, faded as much of it may be, and certainly no opera buff will want to miss this recording, weak singing, sloppy conducting, and all.

NOW TO WAGNER'S *Götterdämmerung*.

It is the last opera of the *Ring* cycle, and with this recording (Deutsche Grammophon 2716001, 6 discs) Herbert von Karajan concludes the cycle. Much the same remarks about the previous *Ring* recordings of Karajan can be applied to this. It is a triumph of the conductor's art in its combination of power and refinement, its ability to make the orchestra "sound" and yet at all times let the singers come clearly

RED MOONSET by May Swenson

Spinnaker
of a tipping ship
the moon low
large. Watermelon
wedge. A clot
of midnight
cloud sucks
sinks it. Bitten
about out. But
one more ripe
inflation. Chinks
in a chunk
of fire.

TERMINUS by A. R. Ammons

Coming to a rockwall
I looked back
to the winding gulch
and said
is this as far as you can go:

and the gulch, rubble
frazzled with the windy remains
of speech, said
comers here turn and go back:

so I sat down, resolved
to try
the problem out, and
every leaf fell
from my bush of bones

and sand blew down the winding
gulch and
eddy
rounded out a bowl
from the terminal wall:

I sat in my bones' fragile shade
and worked the
knuckles of my mind till
the altering earth broke to
mend the fault:

I rose and went through.

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through. It also seems to me that Karajan has been subtly changing his emphasis as he has gone along. His *Walküre* was rather a chamber-music presentation, jeweled but surprisingly subdued, and (I thought) nowhere near on the level of the Solti *Walküre* for London. But in this *Götterdämmerung*, Karajan does not have to yield to anybody, even if Solti does have the advantage of Birgit Nilsson as Brünnhilde. Karajan has had to settle for Helga Dernesch, a singer without Nilsson's authority, though a very feminine and artistic Brünnhilde in her own right. The Siegfried is Helge Brilioth, and if he can do on the stage what he does in this album (not all singers can, thanks to electronic help), an important Heldenentenor is at hand. Others in the cast, all good, are Thomas Stewart, Zoltan Kelemen, Karl Ridderbusch, and Gundula Janowitz.

Two more operas of importance: Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos* (Deutsche Grammophon 2709033, 3 discs) and Verdi's *Falstaff* (London OSA 1395, 3 discs). Karl Böhm, one of the last Straussians who was anointed by *Der Meister* himself, conducts the Symphony Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio, and his cast includes Tatianos Troyanos, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Reri Grist, Jess Thomas, and Hildegarde Hillebrecht. *Ariadne auf Naxos* is something special in the Strauss canon: so witty, so civilized an entertainment, so unfalteringly inventive in its music. And it here receives a fine performance, elegant in musical texture, strong in singing. Böhm shapes each phrase with love, and the singers sound as though they are having a good time. Especially appealing are Troyanos as the Composer and Hillebrecht as the Prima Donna Ariadne. Hillebrecht sounds like a major artist. Grist, a Zerbinetta, has great charm and makes a brave stab at the coloratura insanity of "Grossmächtige Prinzessin."

The *Falstaff* performance has a fine cast of singers, including Geraint Evans, Giulietta Simionato, Ilva Ligabue, Robert Merrill, Mirella Freni, and Alfredo Kraus. Georg Solti conducts the RCA Italiana Orchestra and Chorus. He is a superior conductor, possibly a great one, but he seems curiously unsettled and nervous here. Everything sounds fast and square, and after a while I began to get jittery. The singing was fine, the orchestra playing tidily enough, and yet the music did not sing. *Falstaff* should of course be in every record collection; it is a miracle of

transparency, lightness, and and there is no opera in the like it. But listen to the Bern Karajan recordings before m your mind.

GETTING AWAY FROM OPERA (Glast), there is a group that might constitute a trend that has been made of a romantic (va there is more talk than subje phenomenon. Record compies, ever, may be sliding into rom by way of the transition figures in their day had prerom qu Carl Maria von Weber being lo at. There is a disc of his ano So Nos. 2 in A flat and in D m played by Gino Ciani Deutsche G mophon 2530026)—cinating n dating from 1816, full of near-rom figurations, pianisally more matic than anything being compo the time. Unfortunately the over-l hard, banging performance of does not help. Weber cause much. (In the 190s there was a re ing by Cortot of the A flat Sonata re, it gave midea of how the should go.) Of another record (about 34329) is a coupling of W G minor Trio and Jan Dussek Dusik's) F minor Trio, both s for piano, flute, and cello, and p by the Pittsburgh Trio. The Wel 1819 is an anticipation of Mendel with some lovely things in it, and some rather routine passagewor developments. The Dussek of c. 1 smooth, melodious work, hands composed ingratiating.

Other pi romantics recently o or s include Muzio Clementi and Fied—Clementi with Four I Sonatas, played by Lamar Cr (Oiseau-Lyre 306/7, 2 discs), with all nineteen of his Noctu played by Mary Louise Boehm (about 34349/50, 2 discs). The Cle works are strong, secure, ch pieces, more classic than romanti are neal played by the adm Brownson. The Field Nocturnes, other han put us into the wo Chopin an Schumann—Chopin ally, who patterned his Noc after Field. The music is dr poetic, and altogether lovely, t one would be hard put guessing it Boehm's placid, tensionless per ances. It is interpretations like that give romantic music a bad and make the innocent wonder w the propaganda is about.

David Halberstam

February 1971

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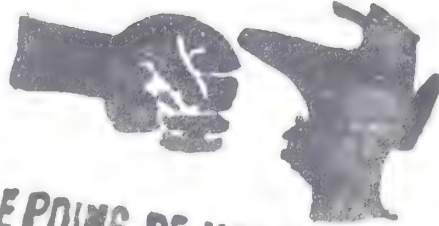
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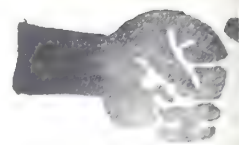
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LE POING DE NON RETOUR



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C'EST
LUI!



LE POING DE NO

If critics agree on anything about James Jones, it is that there is no writer quite like him. His aggressive imagination has dealt with matters rarely pleasant or reassuring: Army life in *From Here to Eternity* (1951) and *The Pistol* (1959), the destructive banality of small-town life in *Some Came Running* (1957), the terror of combat in *The Thin Red Line* (1962), the lethal sport of skin diving as either an escape from or an approach to consciousness in *Go to the Widow-Maker* (1967).

In these novels, and in the stories collected in *The Ice-Cream Headache and Other Stories* (1968), Jones has written in a narrative voice unmistakably his own: and Jones himself would probably be the first to admit he has rejected some of the more obvious conventions of stylistic decorum for the sake of variety, narrative energy, and broadness of scope. Yet Jones's technical skill becomes evident if one understands that throughout his work a voice is speaking, a voice determined by a mind which is visually exact, richly sympathetic and knowing of the people and events it describes, humorous, and ironically self-aware. This voice is guided in particular by a remarkably accurate ear for vernacular dialogue and by an ability to organize chaotic activity into original patterns. James Jones creates distinct worlds of moral emergency with passion and insight.

Jones's latest novel, *The Merry Month of May* (to be published this month by Delacorte), is the account of an American family fatefully embroiled in the student-worker strikes which swept France in May 1968. An excerpt appears on page 78 of this issue. The

May uprising was a spontaneous and popular eruption and posed a grave threat to the Gaullist government, which survived only through a canny blend of police muscle and political cajolery. Sparked by student militants at the University of Nanterre, the May uprising spread, after violent police responses, to universities throughout the country, then to industrial workers, finally among farmers. In late May, at the height of the turmoil, French industry was at a virtual standstill, with as many as ten million workers out on strike.

Yet *The Merry Month of May* is not primarily about politics. Briefly, it focuses on the story of Harry Gallagher, his family, and friends, recollected by an imperfectly detached observer, Jack Hartley. Harry is a screenwriter who has lived comfortably in Paris since the Fifties, increasingly discontent with his life and prey to pornographic daydreams. Hartley, his confidant and, like him, an expatriate "at the bottom of middle age," is a failed poet and scholar, now the editor of a minor English-language review in Paris. Hartley is the godfather of the Gallaghers' young daughter, McKenna; he is further bound to the family by affection for their son Hill, an innocently melodramatic radical at the Sorbonne.

When the Paris students take to the streets in early May, the son, Hill, with flippant enthusiasm, joins a committee of students making a film to publicize their cause. Harry, himself a former fellow traveler and Hollywood-blacklist victim, supports their protest, but it is generational competitiveness which prompts his offer to direct the

film Hill and the others are plan-

Most of the protagonists of Jones's previous novels have been men of action rather than of contemplation, prepared to fight with suicidal tenacity what they believe life owes them. Hartley, the first first-person narrator in a Jones novel, is different. While an alert commentator with a fine ear for comedy, he is frankly—at times desperately—conventional.

As the student revolution collides, mirroring the moral disintegration of the Gallaghers, Jack's objectivity comes increasingly suspect as he indulges in long moments of reflection. The distance he affects toward both student radicals and the Gallagher family finally enables the reader to determine how greatly the order Jack values in himself and in others is being eroded. *The Merry Month of May* is thus, in broad sense, a treatment of the inability of the controlling imagination to maintain balance and direction in today's world, where political strife is often a part of personal moral indecision.

Despite its moments of tumult, *The Merry Month of May* is a quieter novel than Jones has produced in the past, but that finally it is less judgmental points out both the waste of blind rebellion and the failure of moral immorality, and while it sympathizes with neither, it accepts neither. It dramatizes with skill and conviction what is perhaps the great moral dilemma of our day. It demands that we confront and reconcile the reality we live in, and this is the demand of major art.

JONATHAN AARON
Department of English
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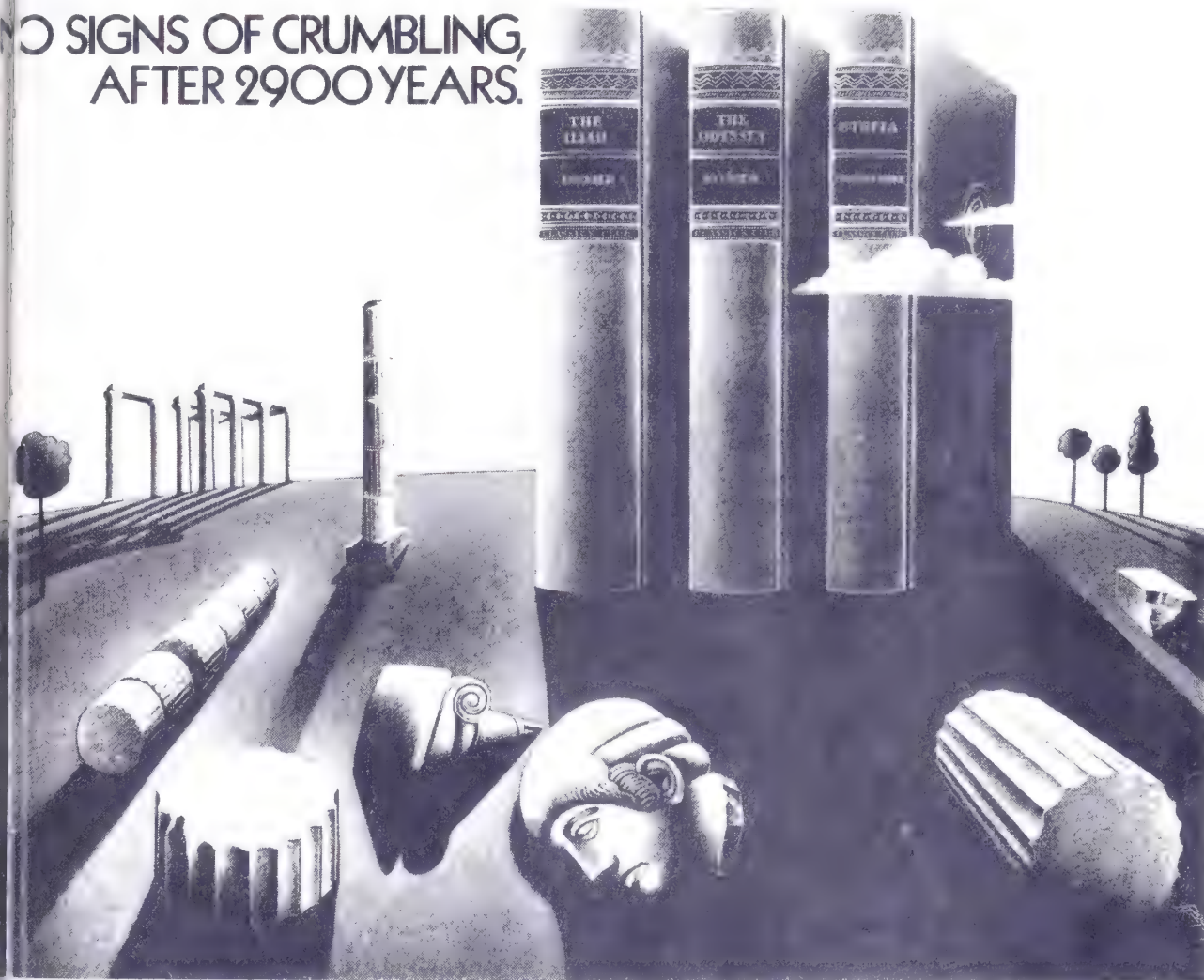
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LETTERS

Listening

This is by way of providing a postscript to the South Carolina section of Bill Moyers' very perceptive article, "Listening to America," [December] wherein he dealt at some length with the efforts of Wellman Industries' workers to organize with the help of the Textile Workers Union of America.

This campaign came to a head after Mr. Moyers' departure and, as his article indicated, the company pulled out all the stops in applying anti-union pressure to the Wellman workers. The company mobilized the entire power structure of Johnsonville and Hemingway—town officials, merchants, and the press—as well as the State Highway Patrol, in an effort to stifle pro-union sentiment. It relied heavily on the race issue, declaring that TWUA, an organization representing some 210,000 workers of all colors and creeds, was "almost all black," in the words of Billy Mace, the company's personnel director.

The local radio station refused to sell the union air time. Its representatives were evicted from the local motel. When they rented a trailer, the water supply was cut off by town officials. When they refused to abandon the trailer, a wire fence was erected around it, with the only access to it in the form of several planks over a ditch which separated the road from the trailer site. They finally had to settle for sleeping quarters in Georgetown, thirty miles away. With no on-the-scene headquarters and state troopers actively interfering with leaflet distributions, communication between Wellman workers and the union was truly a sometime thing.

In the face of such pressure, the wonder of it was that 398 Wellman workers, 23 short of a majority, voted for the union in a Labor Board election October 15 and 16. At this writing, the election is still undecided because

93 additional votes were challenged. Chances are a new election will be ordered. Generally speaking, the public is unaware that an anti-democratic atmosphere like this still exists in many American communities, particularly in the textile South. Most Americans are under the delusion that all this vanished with the close of the Thirties. Bill Moyers has rendered a valuable service in demonstrating that this is decidedly not so.

IRVING KATZAN

Public Relations Director
Textile Workers Union of America
New York, N.Y.

The musing by a Boeing executive in Mr. Moyers' report—that, while not a socialist, he wondered if the chaos in that firm's industry and in Seattle might be due to a lack of planning—is pertinent, mainly because it touches on a weakness in American capitalism which no one wants to talk about.

Many countries, mostly in Western Europe, have developed innovations to improve both the general good of their societies and also to make their brand of private enterprise more efficient, and this by planning. However, these things are anathema to us because we blind ourselves by labels such as totalitarianism or liberalism or socialism, so to illustrate this truth there is another country which carries no such label, and so represents a model from which our society should be willing to learn. That is Japan.

There is a gross misconception here of the miracle of Japanese growth, that of an ingenious people rapidly becoming Westernized and prosperous by imitating the United States. Rather, Japan is becoming so great by as thoroughly centralized economic planning as has ever happened anywhere: short-term, long-term, internal, and even external to the degree that the whole world is studied to find new and profitable places

for economic commitments. How it is done is a long story, but it is being done—in contrast to a do-nothing attitude here. Why nothing? Because business and financial leaders have plans for more than individual effort; no coordinated leadership within a group which is working in the interests of our social and economic well-being; no leadership from a business press; statesmen whose vision in this area tends beyond politicianitis.

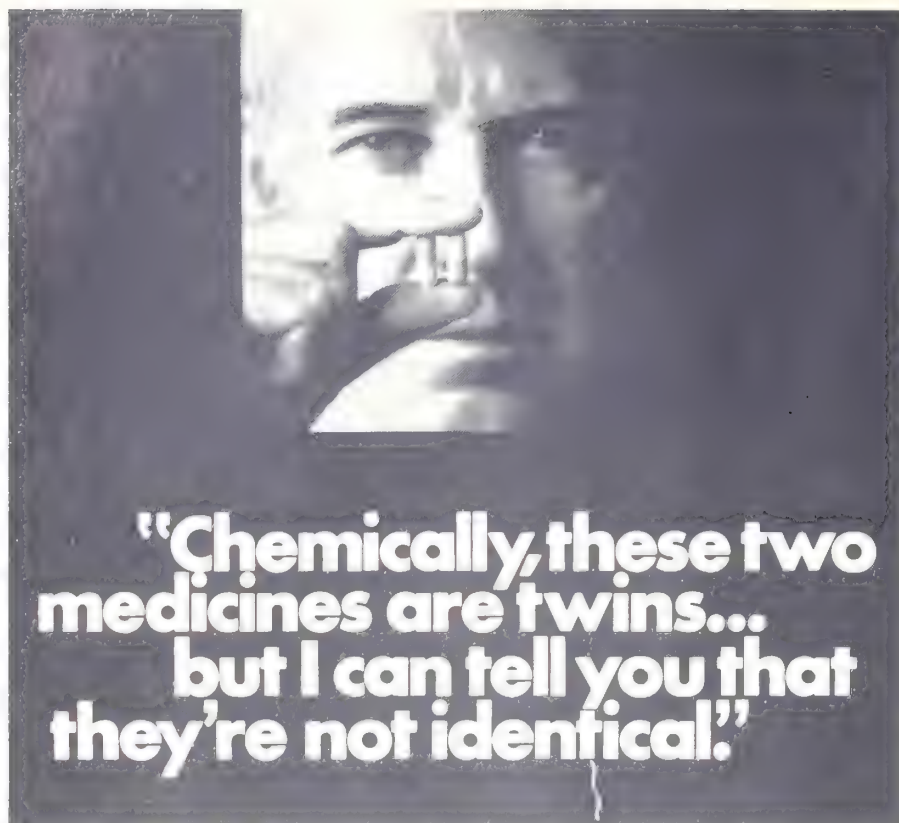
When Mr. Moyers arrived in Johnsonville he found near disaster in a textile town because "wages in Japan are almost five times cheaper." Here propaganda totally unfounded, universally believed. The Johnsonville workers would be better off under prevailing conditions in Japan. Japanese workers have these advantages: first, the obvious one that while wages are lower so also are the living costs; then, a unique bonus system where two a-year bonuses go to workers, often amounts of three to six months' wages (incidentally a form of forced saving which precludes an extensive buy credit society—"we'll buy a new washing machine with our next bonus"); regular wage increases based on continued service with the firm; regular pay and motions even through extended periods of illness and with medical payments made by the company; the assurance that one will not be laid off for superficial reasons as a business recession.

The purpose of this letter is not, however, to extol Japan. An equally strong case could be made for any one of several Western European countries. Rather, the purpose is to indicate that a free-enterprise society can be improved by intelligent forethought, long-range planning, and that this being done elsewhere. Stagnation is an alternative.

AL J. JOHNSON
Colorado Springs, Co

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"Chemically, these two medicines are twins... but I can tell you that they're not identical."

The head of research for a leading pharmaceutical manufacturer knows that "twin" medicines can give different results.

These two products might work in different ways in your body. Both capsules contain the same active ingredient, but they were made by different companies, each with its own formulas and manufacturing techniques.

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Testing in the laboratory does not always reveal if

two drug products that are equivalent chemically will react the same way. In fact, more and more recent testing on biological effects shows that for some products key differences in absorption rates and effectiveness do exist.

Choosing the specific drug products that he wants for you is your doctor's prerogative. He makes the decision on the basis of his experience with a product and a company and his knowledge of your condition and medical history.

Remember, your doctor prefers to prescribe and your pharmacist to dispense brand name products or quality generics from specified reliable manufacturers.

Another point of view . . . Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

LETTERS

"Listening to America" is an impressive piece of reporting and is, for most part, what I would call carefully balanced. Bill Moyers makes clear awareness of complexity: "Every telling the truth. . . . But they all differently."

However, one of the incident reports—a meeting of concerned citizens at Colfax, Washington—leave reader with what I consider to be erroneous impression. By his selection of details, especially by his final, slanted description of the chairman, Mr. Moyers diverts the reader's sympathy from worried local citizens and to students who had just conducted a strike.

Here is the truth as I see it: the student strike at Washington State University—and this applies to similar campus disruptions across the nation, which is why I write—was a serious mistake though most students who took part were honestly concerned with righting a grievous wrong, racism, strike breakers created an issue which they exploited and then played a dangerous game according to their own rules: a created issue I do not refer to the issue of racism in our country: I mean instead eleven "demands" made upon university president (among them: arming campus police; forbidding agents to be on campus).

When President Terrell could not grant all their "demands," they called a week-long strike that split the university community into two camps: caused wounds which will not heal some time. How the strike made peace on the campus or around the state, racist I do not know; I believe the peace could have been made much more effectively by gentle persuasion.

One result of the strike was the hysterical reaction by some state legislators that Mr. Moyers recorded. (Senator Guess's proposed bill, which would consider faculty members guilty if proved innocent, got no farther than the State Attorney General, who declared it unconstitutional.) I suspect this university and many others will suffer when state legislatures allocate funds.

I don't believe that Mr. Moyers is at all fair to Delbert Logsdon, who chaired the meeting. The final picture of Mr. Logsdon is that of a budding demagogue. I do not know Mr. Logsdon well, but I did have dinner with him several days after the meeting, and I am any judge of character, he is not as Mr. Moyers implies he is. Since

The DDT-less apple.

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years of life as well.

now that 20 states have issued bans
against their fish, poultry and
cause of mercury poisoning that has
blindness, brain-damage and death.

doctors now suggest infants should not
their mother's milk, because the DDT
of mother's milk in America is now
higher than the maximum permis-
sible level.

of 20 top brands of fish sticks, 51%
as bacteriologically contaminated.
the paraffin-wax coating applied (for
appeal") to 70% of all fruits, vege-
table produce sold in this country is a
cancer producer, which cannot be
off or cooked out.

to fatten profits, 80% of the entire
beef supply is now being "primed"
dangerous growth-hormone called stil-
also a potential cancer producer.

even drinking water is now so con-
d that, according to the Wall Street
bottled water is one of the fastest
businesses in the United States!

"Organic foods"—what are they?
(And how can they help?)

doesn't describe the food—but how it
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People call it "Health Food." Others say
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the food used to taste? And how good it
was? That's what organic food, and The
ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY, is all about.

towards a "total organic environment"

an just a supermarket by mail (or a col-
or of wild-eyed food "faddists.") EFS
was by the findings of doctors, biologists,
chemists and ecologists who were alarmed at
the annihilation of our food supply and the
destruction of our environment.

gh the support of members like yourself,
EFS is encouraging farmers, cattlemen, and
nurseries all over the country to STOP pol-
luted food, our air, our lives. Encouraging
the only way practical—by making it
their while. A farmer won't stop spraying
on his crop because you hand him a copy
of "Spring"—but because you promise to
unsprayed crop.

arly, bakers will stop emasculating their
poultrymen will stop force-feeding their
chickens arsenic to make them lay faster; food-
processors will stop flooding us with phosphate-
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ers when they can be sure of selling their
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You will receive the Society's COMPREHENSIVE CATALOG OF ORGANIC PRODUCTS. This is an illustrated market-place (for members only) of organically grown fruits, vegetables, meats, fowl, fish, butter, milk, eggs, cheeses, dried fruits, honey, nuts, breads, juices, cookies, cakes, candy, grains, cereals, flours, vitamins—all the foods you normally buy for yourself and your family. The Society will deliver them direct to your door. Or, as with certain perishables and non-shippables, advise you where and how to obtain them if available in your locality.

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Your CATALOG offers virtually everything you need for a total organic environment. "Natural" cleaners—without harmful chemicals and phosphates. Bio-degradable paper-towels, containers, waxes and polishes—that perform without polluting. Beautifying cosmetics—that literally nourish your skin. Also: non-poisonous insect repellents, non-deprival light-bulbs, home tap-water purifiers (so you won't have to buy bottled water), organic toothpaste and baby products,

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You will also benefit from the Society's continuing guide to organic living: How to choose healthful foods and a well-balanced diet (low in contaminants, high in survival). Which commercial foods are (barely) tolerable if no organic substitute is available—with a complete listing by brand names. What the so-called "popular" foods really contain (in plain, frightening English). And how to neutralize them, if possible.

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Don't just hope things get better—help us make them better.

Ask yourself these disquieting questions. Who really cares (and in whose interest is it to care) about the quality of your environment? And the safety of your family's diet? What has the government done? What has private industry done? There is, in the last analysis, only you. And the thousands like you who are aware—and concerned—enough to get behind EFS now. While there is still time. Please mail the application on this page today. Putting it off for tomorrow could mean there might be no tomorrow.

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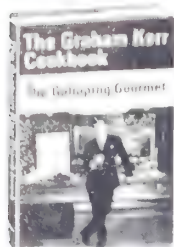
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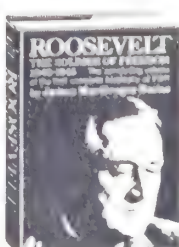
No, you won't see it on network TV. Even though it's a marvel in the dishwasher or washing machine. And cleans hands, faces, cars, baby things, walls, floors, fine fabrics, pots, grease—anything at all—much better than those so-called "miracle" detergents. But it's not a detergent. Or even a soap. It's completely organic—made from food. So it has no harmful chemicals to hurt you. And no phosphates to pollute our lakes and streams. Why won't you see it on network TV? Maybe because it's not very expensive. Only half-a-teaspoon does a whole floor. And just one drop does a whole family's hands. Or a whole baby. Accept this sample supply as a free gift (if you promise to try it), and keep it free, even if you later decide to cancel membership.



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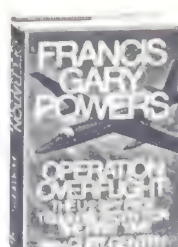
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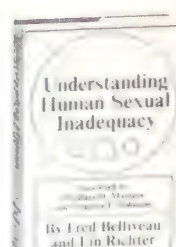
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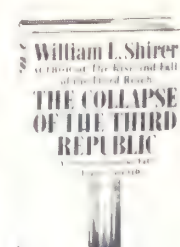
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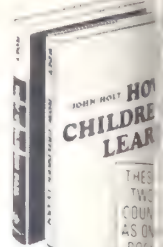
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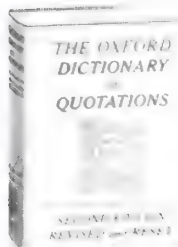
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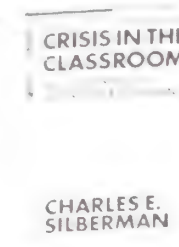
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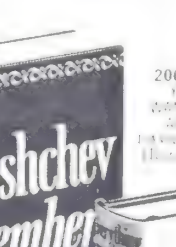
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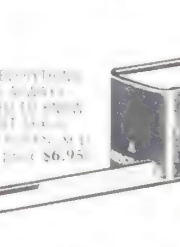
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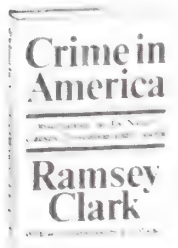
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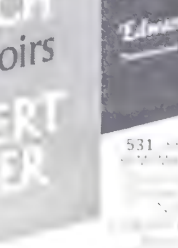
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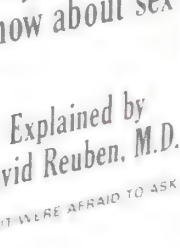
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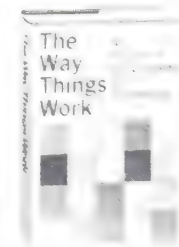
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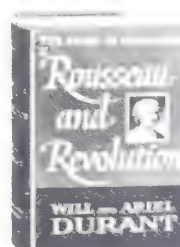
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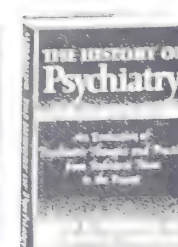
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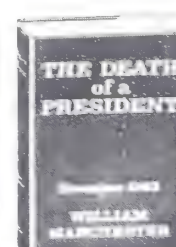
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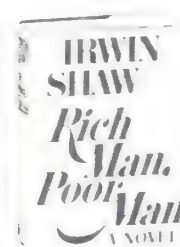
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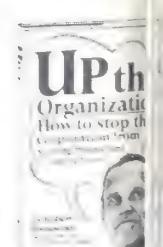
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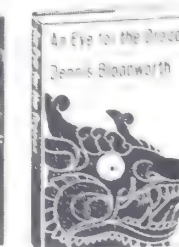
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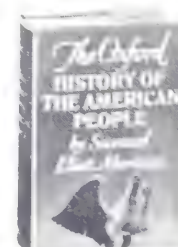
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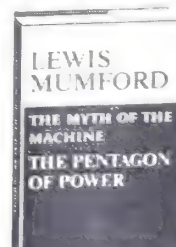
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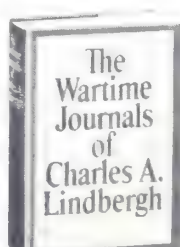
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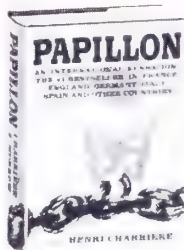


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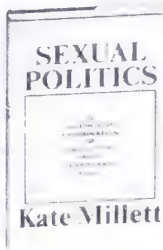
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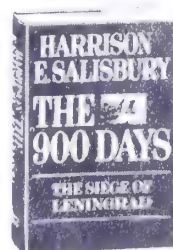
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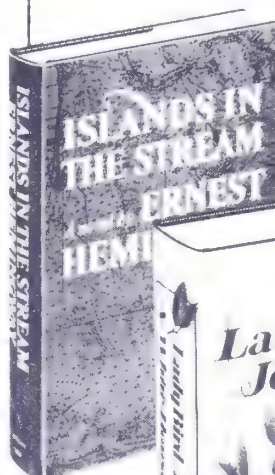
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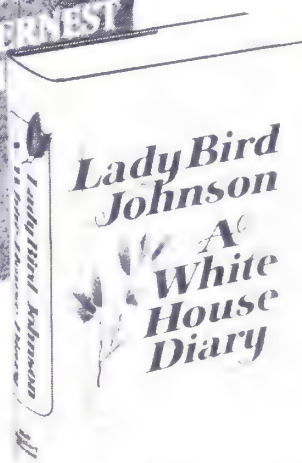
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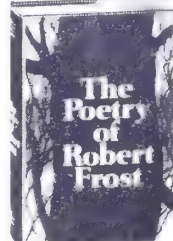
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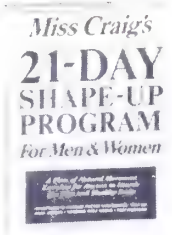
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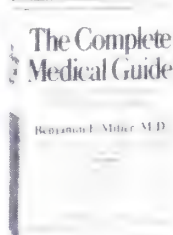
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...but just look at her now!

When Su May first came to our Home in Hong Kong, the other children called her "Girl-who-will-not-laugh."

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And Su May is only *one* heartbreaking case out of thousands . . . boys and girls who are neglected, unwanted,

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HP5620

LETTERS

concerned, yes; a rabble-rouser,

The people of this state—and across the country—do not understand efficiently a university's role and its problems, but they do understand the frightening thing has been happening on campus: persuasion by force, instead of by reason. In my opinion, we have sufficient cause for concern.

ROBERT O. JOHN

Washington State University

Pullman, W

Much of Bill Moyers' description of the confrontation between young and old reads like an old-fashioned E. A. Poe horror story. After a careful rereading of Moyers' account of the Colfax, Washington "open" meeting, one wishes E. A. Poe's works were real and Moyers' reporting were fiction.

His forthcoming book should be widely read, if only to learn of the fantastic polarization which has grown in America over the past decade. Most of the speechmaking in Whitman County (nice irony in that name) would be the blood pressure of any college student in 1970 America. If this meeting was an accurate portrayal of what the average taxpayer in this country knows about academic freedom and democracy, then not only are the universities in trouble but also the entire Bill of Rights. . . .

What irks the young most is the older generation's harping on the "fact" that the young have "impressionable minds" which are simply quivering in the expectations of soaking up radical professors' teachings. Perhaps this is a form of projection used by the older generation to help rationalize their own justifiable anxiety that they have, this generation, been docile followers of many dangerous American myths. In any case, the Colfax crew cuts very pathetic spokesmen for justice. Americans can use concerned citizens who know what they are talking about; Mr. Moyers found very few in the excerpt printed. The issue was a most somber Christmas offering to America. . . .

DAVID PANCK

Weatherly,

Bill Moyers' description of the meeting in Colfax has confirmed my theory of mine about the real reason people send their children to a university. Contrary to popular myth, Americans do not want their sons and daughters to get an education. If they suspect that that unfortunate process is occurring, they are ready to beat

"RFK at Arlington" by Edward Paschke. 5' x 6' Oil on Canvas.



When words cannot express the emptiness you feel.



"Each in his own way."
The FTD collection. Works of art
with a common thought.
Flowers.

radicals to the punch and shut the university down.

No, the real purpose of going to a college or university is to get a better job and make a better living. And the moment a school has the temerity to swerve from its vocational purposes to anything more cerebral, the outraged citizens, feeling they have been deceived, are ready to help it "get back on the right track" or shut it down.

SANFORD EVANS
New York, N.Y.

After reading "Listening to America" and meeting so many grievances of all shades from a puzzled "What do they really want" to real anguish and even rage, I am struck more forcibly than ever before by the basic difficulties arising from our naïve, innate optimism.

It seems a tragic irony that, next to oversimplification of our problems and even greater oversimplification in our visions of possible solutions, such an endearing American trait should generate so much hatred and destructiveness.

It does not even occur to us that we might define the scope of our problems in relation to the problems in other places and other times. Because we vaguely believe in Utopia and that it

should be ours, we feel that we should be closer to the ideal here and now. Since we are not, we are certain that someone, some group, some concept has led us astray. We are inclined to believe that a mixture of callousness and stupidity has been at work.

Since we cannot fully convince ourselves that this specific individual, that clearly defined interest group, those false ideas are at fault, we blame—each according to our own set of clichés—"them," "society," "the young people today," or "the Establishment." Then, all too often, we take the fatal step toward hatred and destruction by reversing the process. We classify individuals who seem associated with our collective scapegoats, by the groups or concepts they seem to serve. We find it all too easy to think we are slaying dragons when we attack and ultimately destroy people.

P. MARGOT LEVI
Potsdam, N.Y.

I have just finished "Listening to America," and I must tell you how moving the piece was to me. Bill Moyers looked deeply into this country and presented the people as real and whole. The stereotypes fell away, leaving the substance.

This summer, my husband and I our children traveled from Berkeley, Connecticut, Maine, Pennsylvania, to Colorado, to reacquire ours with our Eastern families and friends. Before we left Berkeley, I was fed of traveling across mid-country S Majority land, for we drove a batt '63 VW bus which has a large red l painted on the front. Berkeley has our home since FSM in '64, and it would take a large imagination see us as freaks, my perceptions altered to exclude seeing myself as part of the "Establishment" or p structure. So, although this is not v in the cut of my hair, I felt sure I would exude something to let know that we differed radically in philosophies. I had seen *Easy R* after all, and while a red-heart-pai bus with a Dellums bumper sti hardly equates with Hopper Fonda's motorcycles, it was clear at least to me, where my identity lay.

I was, relievedly, happily, d wrong. In virtually every encoun we traveled Interstate 80 most of way—every lunch stop, every m every diner or store, we were cord received. (There is something in fact that both parties knew we tourists and on our way, but still lack of hostility was heartening.) V resses joked with us, were generous coffee, small-talked the children. ing the country by car refreshed us its vastness and beauty. We were pressed with the immense pollution Gary, stacks spewing smoke and g but surprised that the travelers' sciousness seemed to be changin regard to litter. I-80 was clean perhaps individuals are making a for the goodness side. Now if the Large Corporations... Berke paperback and magazine stores earned a reputation for pornogra but we had a lot of laughs from pornographic paperbacks display nearly every truck-stop diner. Be ley's difference seems to lie in quan not quality...

We forgot, for awhile, the ter troubles that surround us as a nat for we bought no newspapers avoided TV. In our direct contacts gas pumps and restaurant people motel owners, we were satisfied tha were all human beings with com bonds. Only once did I notice Look, by some older men in farm cl ing in a bowling alley in Adair, I where we breakfasted. I was wea moccasins and bell-bottoms and

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you from plane to
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area—and usually
does! Next trip,
fly the
all-pro
air line.**



**Delta is ready
when you are.**

LETTERS

studied in that intense way that den
disapproval. . . . I came back home
a less fearful and more hopeful attit
toward the people in the rest of
country, feelings stirred again today
Bill Moyers' article.

BARBARA CRESS
Berkeley, Ca.


Fish

In the December *Harper's*, J
Fischer (The Easy Chair) has present
an inaccurate account of the origin
development of the present fishery
deep-sea lobsters and falsely credits
Russians with discovery of the resour
To imply that a multimillion-dollar
source in our own backyard was
covered by the Russians is nonsense
Proper credit is due to American fish
men and fishery scientists.

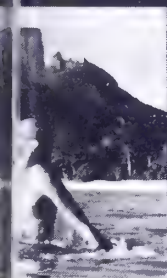
The occurrence of lobsters on
outer continental shelf has been kno
to fishermen and scientists alike
many years, and documentation ex
back to the early 1800s. The taking
so-called deep-sea lobsters, incidenta
groundfish trawling, was common
up to and after WW II, this being
before the Russians even ventured
distant-water trawling operations.
distribution and abundance of th
offshore stocks of lobsters became
generally well-known to our fisher
largely from mutual exchange of ca
locations and the published findin
Schroeder (Deep-Sea Res., 1955, 19
and McRae (Commer. Fish. R
1960), the latter summarizing res
of exploratory fishing by the U
Bureau of Commercial Fisheries
National Marine Fisheries Serv
over a series of research cruises
ated in 1954.

Commercial landings of offshore
sters by U. S. trawlers averaged ov
million pounds annually between 1
and 1960, and landings have incre
gradually over the past decade to
five million pounds annually. It sh
be noted that the Russian fishing fl
first appeared in New England water
1961 and "discovered" only tha
viable lobster fishery already exis
and was already well-documented,
was already exploited to a degree
sistent with the economics of off
fishing and demands of the ma
place.

JOSEPH R. UZM
Fishery Research Biolo
National Marine Fisheries Ser
West Boothbay Harbor, Ma



Anything's possible in Tahiti.



among the parrotfish.
on one of our many
habited little islands.
up to the sound of
h birds. Go to bed to
ound of drums.

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of 18 flower-framed fairways.
Blue lagoons on one side,
Gauguin's mountains on the
other. Tahitian drinks and
French cuisine await you in
the club house.

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people in the world who will
gladly show you how to pry
clams from the coral gar-
dens. Or paddle an outrigger
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TAHITI

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THE EASY CHAIR

Survival U is alive and burgeoning in Green Bay, Wisconsin

IF A 1965 GRADUATE were to return today to Harvard—or Berkeley or Kent State—he would have no trouble in recognizing the old place. In spite of the years of protest, demonstrations, riot, and arson, he would find that most of the old courses still are being taught in the same old way, by the same professors, and often from the same lecture notes. So, too, at nearly all of the long-established universities. Close scrutiny might reveal a few changes around the edges: students added to some committees (but not those dealing with faculty hiring and salaries), ROTC courses abolished, government research curtailed, black studies added, and probably a new president. But underneath the cosmetics, the bone structure of the university, the traditional departments, remain much as they were fifty years ago; and the basic decisions still are being made, as always, by the senior faculty.

Ten years from now, in the old universities the situation is likely to remain much the same. For they are like the Galápagos tortoises: slow-moving, shell-encrusted survivors from an earlier epoch, whose evolutionary adaptations can be measured only on a geological time scale. The more I see of American academic life—and I have been seeing a good bit during the past decade—the more sympathy I feel for the frustrations and impatience of the undergraduates. Though I feel no sympathy at all for their occasional outbursts of violence, which are as futile as kicking a Galápagos tortoise: they may break a toe, but they don't change the nature of the beast.

Consequently, I have become convinced that any early and significant reform of American higher education can be hoped for, not in the established universities, but only in the new ones that are being started here and there throughout the country. In July 1969, I

reported here on the innovations which are being attempted at the new campus of the University of California at Santa Cruz—an institution founded on a fresh, though by no means revolutionary, concept of education. Then in September 1969, I suggested in this column a more radical departure: a Survival U, where all work would be focused on a single unifying idea, the study of human ecology and the building of an environment in which our species might be able to survive.

At the time, I supposed such an institution was wholly imaginary, if not utopian. So, apparently, did most of my readers. That column resulted in more correspondence than anything I have written, and was more widely reprinted: it was included, for example, in *The Environmental Handbook*, a paperback distributed in hundreds of thousands of copies for the nationwide Earth Day teach-ins of April 22, 1970, and individual reprints are still being used in scores of classrooms and conservation groups.

TO MY EMBARRASSMENT, I discovered a little later that a real Survival U had opened its doors in 1969, after three years of intensive planning. I had never heard of it, and even now it seems to be almost unknown throughout the rest of the academic world. Recently I spent several days there, talking with its students, faculty, and administrators—and I came away persuaded that it is the most exciting and promising educational experiment that I have found anywhere. If I were about to start to college, it would be my first choice—ahead of anything in the Ivy League or even Santa Cruz, which in comparison seems like a rather self-indulgent ivory tower in the redwoods.

It is a new campus—or rather a cluster of four campuses—located in and around Green Bay. Officially it is part of the much-troubled University of Wisconsin system; but in almost every aspect it is light-years away from any-

thing ever tried before, in Wisconsin anywhere else. It is a truly radical innovation, not only in purpose but in internal structure and methods of teaching. Among other things, it is trying to break down the hegemony of the traditional disciplines—economics, political science, English literature, chemistry, sociology, and all the rest—which have imposed such a rigid pattern of departmental organization on the conventional universities. If Green Bay succeeds (an open question, since it is in a precarious formative stage), it might show the way for higher education to bust out of its Galápagos and sprout wings.

Like the imaginary Survival U, Green Bay is trying to focus all of its studies on a single overriding subject: ecology—that is, the environment we live in, both physical and social. Only recently and perhaps too late, many of us have begun to realize that this is *the* cardinal subject. For unless we learn, pretty soon, to live on the earth's thin crust without destroying it, all the other subjects, from philosophy to twelve-tone music, will not only be irrelevant, they will simply disappear, along with *homo sapiens*. (If anyone is still skeptical about this dire fact, he would do well to look at the recent writings of Paul F. Schlich or René Dubos or the latest book from America's only scientist-poet, *Invisible Pyramid* by Loren Eiseley.)

Moreover, in its broad sense ecology embraces all other subjects. The place where a man works and sleeps are part of his environment, just as the air he breathes and the sounds he hears, including both motors and Mozart. Whether this environment is good or bad depends on many things—economics, engineering, government, and geography, to begin with. Even international relations, since war could be the ultimate destroyer of the environment. Understood in this way, as it is at Green Bay, ecology is not simply one academic subject among others. It becomes an approach to all learning, a framework for organizing every field of study.

Formerly called "Dick" John Fischer has had much experience in the academic world: as Rhodes scholar, guest lecturer, visiting professor, and, of course, and general observer.

Whatever became of what's-his-face?

Compressive doors yawn wide. Young man still in his twenties, intelligent and enthusiastic, resumé in hand walks in. The doors close, and he is swallowed within the corporate world. He becomes quietly anonymous.

They multiply the scene by the thousands each year. Engrave a company, governmental, or educational or institutional name on the doors. List the principal players as male or female, black or white, young or old, so-young; it doesn't seem to matter very much.

Use in a very short time they begin to look and act anonymous anyway.

Our young man was out to see the world when he was hired, but that was before he knew he had to work the organization first.

The organization is rigid with its policies and staffed with supervisors who know how to say no. If he says not yes, he is likely to seek a more invigorating climate. Worse, he may just give up, keep his mouth open and mouth shut, and wait twenty years of payments on his retirement cottage.

It doesn't have to be that way.

Does every organization undergo corporate hardening of the arteries? If so, we say.

Preventive medicine starts with something as basic as respect for the worth of the individual, practiced as well as preached.

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We start by defining the job objectives. Then we give the job, along with plenty of latitude in achieving those objectives, to the individual whose skills, experience, character, and *attitude* most impress us.

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UNTIL MY RECENT VISIT, I knew nothing about the city of Green Bay except that it had produced the late Vince Lombardi and his legendary Packers. I found it to be a typical Middle America community of about 100,000 people, located on an arm of Lake Michigan with a hinterland of rich dairy country. Its people are mostly lower-middle-class, of Northern European stock, who work in the local paper mills, packing plants, cheese factories, and metal-working shops. Because they place a high value on education, they had built some years ago a two-year community college, financed out of local taxes. Three smaller towns, within a radius of sixty miles, had similar colleges. They and the other communities of northeastern Wisconsin had long been campaigning for a full-fledged university in their part of the state; and, in 1965, the legislature authorized such an institution with a special mandate: to serve the "needs and potentialities" of that area, and of the whole Northern Great Lakes region. As a starter, the new university took over the four community colleges, and a new campus to serve as a center is being built on the bay shore on the northeast edge of Green Bay.

To head the new institution, the state chose Edward W. Weidner, a man with a rare combination of talents. He is an academic administrator with imagination, the courage to strike out in new directions, organizing ability, and a knack for persuading others to go along with his ideas. A political scientist trained at the University of Minnesota, he had taught at four big state universities, run the Center for Developmental Change at the University of Kentucky, and worked on a number of government and foundation aid projects in Asia. What he saw there, and in the Tennessee Valley, led to his deep concern with problems of human environment. More than any other single person, he is responsible for the innovations at Green Bay.

Next to the emphasis on ecology, his most daring innovation is his break away from the sacrosanct departmental structure. At conventional universities this structure, along with the tenure system, is the flintiest obstacle to change.

Usually each department—Romance Languages, say, or History, or Architecture—has a customary number of job slots, most of them filled with tenured faculty members who cannot be fired. Since they choose the new men entering

the department and decide who shall get tenure and when, old ideas tend to be perpetuated from generation to generation. Even the most ambitious and fresh-minded university president can do little to change these moated duchies; neither can he take much money away from their budgets to start something new. If he wants to experiment with black studies, or an institute of urban affairs, he has to find new money from the outside—a tough proposition in these days of shrinking appropriations and alumni contributions. Moreover, he cannot count on the support of the entrenched faculty for any innovation he attempts. Their first loyalty runs not to him or even to the university, but to their own disciplines and to the departments where they are practiced. The way to get ahead in their world is to write research papers or books which will establish them as Coming Men in their fields, and thereby win them offers of better jobs at more prestigious institutions. Often they don't give a damn for the university where they happen to be at the moment, much less for the students they are supposed to teach. And they may see any innovation as a threat to the relative importance of the old departments, a drain on money which might otherwise have gone to them.

A distinguished dean of a major state university recently remarked to me that "any real reform of higher education has to begin with abolishing the tenure system." That, he added, is almost impossible because the professoriat would fight it to the last drop of blood. He did, however, think that a start might be made by hiring new faculty members on five-year contracts, subject to renewal, rather than giving them permanent tenure.

"Would you like to write an article about that?" I asked.

"Good God, no," he said. "My colleagues would never forgive me. Besides, I'm on tenure myself. To be consistent, I would have to give it up—which I'm not about to do."

WEIDNER HAS NOT BEEN ABLE to escape the tenure system and its accompanying incubus, the compulsory Ph.D. union card, since they are built into the University of Wisconsin network, including Green Bay. But he has been able to sidestep (so far, at least) most of their evil consequences.

Because this university is new, it has been able to hire tenured professors

who are young, enthusiastic, and young enough to take a chance on an experiment which ignores the safe, wretched rut of academic advancement. Choosing them it has, in Weidner's words, had "little concern with the kind of a professor's Ph.D. . . . but much concern with the kinds of ecological problems on which he wishes to focus, along with students and members of the community." (That last, seemingly functionary phrase conceals an explosive idea, to be noted in a moment.)

In addition, Green Bay foils the tenure system by means of "lectureships"—job slots in which it can pay anyone whose experience is useful, even though he hasn't got a Ph.D. He has climbed the prescribed rungs of the academic ladder. Such lecturers include many people from the local community—businessmen, town planners, conservationists—who not only lecture, but also sit in with the permanent faculty in planning courses. Some of the teaching also is done by short-term visitors who come for a single lecture or several weeks or months to work on a particular ecological problem.

But the most ingenious defiance of The System is the way Green Bay is organized. It has no departments of conventional kind, controlling budgeting, hiring, promotions, and courses of study. Instead the university is organized into four "theme colleges": one school of professional studies, each granting its own kind of degree. A student, moreover, does not "major" in a traditional subject, such as chemistry or economics. Instead he concentrates on an environmental problem of his own choice, and (in consultation with his faculty advisers) selects whatever courses may help him in mastering it.

For example, if a youngster is studying a degree in the College of Community Sciences, he might decide to concentrate on regional planning. His problem that interests him is: "How should the Lake Michigan District of nine counties in the northeastern part of Wisconsin—plan its future development?" To come up with answers, he will have to learn a good deal about economics, geography, political science, and sociology; and at some point he may find he needs some training in statistics and the use of computers. Most of his work will be done in the field with residents and public officials of those nine counties.

If, instead, he is interested in problems of water pollution—a matter of deep concern in that region—he wo

in the College of Environmental
es; and in trying to solve the
lar problem he is concentrating
probably would dig into chem-
hydrology, geology, and some
of engineering.

RE THAN ANY UNIVERSITY I have
een elsewhere, Green Bay is inte-
into the surrounding commu-
Traditionally, research, teaching,
extension work" or "community
ch" are regarded as separate—
ometimes hostile—enterprises. At
Bay they all meld together.

How this works can be observed at
Noquebay, the main asset of Mari-
County. It attracts much of the
trade, the county's chief source
ome; and the lake is sick. It is
ng symptoms of eutrophication,
mature aging. Water weeds are
ng so fast that they discourage
men, who are getting fed up with
ed lines and clogged propellers.
es, swimmers occasionally break
an itchy rash which may (or may
be caused by a tiny parasite which
ws into their skin.

s presented an ideal problem for
iversity's environmentalists. They
ow trying to find out what causes
ike's troubles, and how to cure
The undertaking combines schol-
research, teaching, and cooperation
he people of Marinette County to
e their economy, all at the same
It also demands a multidiscipli-
effort—the joint work of scholars
veral fields—which is one of the
guishing characteristics of the
a Bay experiment. Thus the
ebay project is directed by T. W.
upson, an aquatic biologist. His
y helpers include an analytic
ist, an economist, a water-recrea-
specialist, a terrestrial biologist,
tical scientist, and a marine geolo-
Eleven students are now working
them, and others probably will join
roup from time to time. Within a
or two they hope to have two end-
ucts: (1) a plan for the future
gement of the lake and its sur-
ding land; and (2) data which
serve as a model for similar work
her ailing lakes in the North Cen-
states and Canada.

ch multidisciplinary undertakings
get lip service at the traditional
ersities, but they seldom come to
1. For under the established system,
culty member earns no academic
mie points for this kind of enter-

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prise. His department will regard it as time stolen from research in his own narrow specialty; and as soon as he realizes that his career may be endangered, the prudent scholar will drift away from the multidisciplinary project, however urgent and innovative it may be. The Green Bay professors may also suffer. An economist who spends a couple of years poking around a lake, instead of writing abstruse little papers for the professional journals, may not get so many job offers from other institutions. But so far the Green Bay faculty seems willing to accept this risk, as a small price to pay for the chance to take part in an exciting experiment.

INDEED, WEIDNER MAKES IT PLAIN that the teachers on his campus will have to sacrifice a lot of academic sacred cows and customs. At a breakfast meeting with the faculty just before the new university opened its doors, he told them:

"We must give up the comfortable old idea that professors meet their classes and post office hours (two or three hours a week) and then hide the rest of the week. . . . Of course you must have formal office hours. But we are at

the time now when we should be available the clock around. If a month goes past and you have not had any students in your home, then there is something wrong with your approach to students. And if a week goes past and you have not had coffee with some students, if you have not got lost in some of our new people pockets with some students, then there is something wrong. . . . If any of us are uncomfortable with students outside the classroom, then we ought to find another job, because the time is gone when higher education is a thing that takes place in the classroom."

This, I take it, is precisely what thousands of students across the country have been trying to say for the last ten years, only to find that practically nobody was listening.

PEOPLE POCKETS?

PYes, they are a unique feature of the architecture of the university buildings now going up along the shore of the bay—an architecture as remarkable as the academic plan. Because the Wisconsin winters are pretty severe, the three main buildings are linked together with passageways. But these are nothing like

the straight eight-foot corridors which make hospitals and office buildings dreary. They follow the terrain, at points running underground, at others with windows opening on sun gardens. And every few yards one or the other of the passageway branches into a little alcove, with a low table and few easy chairs—a "people pocket" where students and faculty can stop to talk, sip a Coke, study, or just rest. The name is a little too cute for my taste, but as a device for encouraging an informal interaction among students and their teachers, these pockets are proving highly successful. Nice place for courting, too.

The architecture and site planning of the campus deserves an article of its own, and I hope Ada Louise Huxford will write it one of these days.

THE UNIVERSITY HAS NO football team. Two Green Bay teams were caused nationwide confusion. Besides big-time football, at the prices of graduate stars command these days, too expensive for a fledgling institution with many demands on its bankroll. Weidner & Associates have encouraged soccer—the most popular of sports in nearly all countries except America—seems to be catching on nicely at Green Bay, and at minimal cost.

ELECTRONIC TEACHING is being developed at Green Bay more than at any other place I know of. Four campuses, scores of miles apart, made this almost a necessity. In November, professors on the main Green Bay campus began lecturing only to their own classes, but to students on the Marinette campus fifty miles to the north, using a closed-circuit television hookup provided by a grant from a local firm, the Ansul Company. Later it may be extended to the Fox Valley campus to the west and the Manitowish campus to the south. Meanwhile, the latter two get video tape recordings and their students can take part in group discussions of each lecture with students on other campuses by means of a conference-line telephone network. The resulting economies are impressive. In the pilot project, a freshman could in social environment, six instructors taught some eight hundred students. Their lectures were recorded for use in future years—or for review by any student who thinks he missed something the first time.

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In addition, the university has a Library which vastly extends possibilities for independent study. A student can check out a portable video set and take it to a study along with video tapes on a wide range of subjects. He also can borrow records, audio tapes, film and cassettes, for use at his convenience; and if he is slow to grasp something he can replay that segment as often as he likes. Some of this material is produced in the library's own production and recording studios, but much of it comes from other sources. For example, a single page of its catalog lists ten Encyclopaedia Britannica entries on the human body—"The Heart of Man," "The Perception of Sound" and "The Perception of Taste." Other items on cassette in an Indian village, mollusks, tundra ecology, Samuel Beckett, and the behavior patterns of a four-year-old child. In length they range from an eight-minute film loop to an hour-long "documentary report on one man's step-by-step recovery from mental illness."

With faculty guidance, a student can get a pretty thorough (though somewhat incomplete) education in the Media Center alone, working at his own pace without ever stepping into a classroom. One of the librarians pointed out another advantage.

"Machines," he remarked, "don't have tenure. We can replace anything as soon as it gets obsolescent."

It may give the impression that learning at Green Bay is mechanized and dehumanized. In fact, it is so personal and student-oriented that, in comparison, the old-fashioned universities seem to be operated for the convenience of the faculty. From the day a student arrives, a student finds all the individual counseling he wants, on his needs, personal problems, and future plans. Remedial work, usually on a tutorial basis, is available if he needs it. He is bothered by the usual grading system, he can, in most courses, ask to be marked simply "pass" or "fail." If he feels that he already is well-versed in a given subject, he can ask for an examination and, if he passes, full credit even though he has never been in the classroom. Required courses are few, and honors students automatically are exempted from them. Normally, however, every student must participate in a Liberal Education Seminar during each of his four years at Green Bay. These seminars, of twelve to

fifteen students each, are intended to link their specialized studies with the broader problems of society, its value systems, and the environment. They are conducted largely by the undergraduates themselves, though one or two faculty members usually are standing by to answer questions or, when necessary, to nudge the discussion back on the track.

In the sophomore year, students are encouraged to take on off-campus projects—part-time work in a local paper mill, perhaps, or a job in a reformatory, a day-care center, or a poverty program.

Juniors are expected to get some experience in a culture different from that of the Northern Great Lakes region. Depending on their interests, they might spend a few months on a campus in another part of the country, on an Indian reservation, or traveling with a small group of students and faculty members in Europe or Latin America. The purpose, in both years, is to make sure that their academic work is intimately related to the outside world. As one professor put it, "By the time he leaves here, we hope a graduate will not only understand the ecological crises the world is facing. We hope he also

will have decided what he can do to help solve them."

THERE IS NO SPACE HERE to give even a superficial account of other innovations at Green Bay—how literature, history, philosophy, and the arts are taught in the College of Creative Communication, for example, or the College of Human Biology, where the offerings range from population dynamics to pre-professional work in medicine.

Neither is this the time to attempt an evaluation of the experiment. Until the university has had at least five years of operation, nobody can guess how its promise actually will pay off. I can report, however, that all of the faculty members I talked to were both enthusiastic and confident. And among the students I could detect none of the disgruntlement or resigned cynicism which are so evident on many campuses. So far, Green Bay has had no bomb scares, sit-ins, or demonstrations. Whether this will remain true when the present enrollment of less than three thousand students at the main campus rises to an eventual twenty thousand is another question. But the present crop of undergraduates seem to consider themselves lucky; and I think they are right. □

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PERFORMING ARTS

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TWO ATTITUDES PREVAIL in regard to what is referred to as the "new" or "avant-garde" theatre. There are the unqualified champions and those who are its entrenched detractors. Both are mistaken. In practice, the phenomenon is so diverse in aspect, so eclectic in methods, as to defy categorization.

It is, above all, a reaction against commonplace realism. There is nothing particularly new in this. The realistic theatre is itself a comparatively recent development—hardly much more than a hundred years old. The Japanese Nō, the Kabuki, and the classic Greek theatres were, and insofar as they still exist are, "total theatres." They have little in common with nineteenth- and twentieth-century realism.

In the main, new theatre eschews literature as its central factor. Drama as a text which has to be extended, illustrated, interpreted by stage action is not central in the new theatre. What we ordinarily call the Play, the work of a dramatist whose language is the core of the theatrical event, is no longer dominant. A respected text may be the springboard for what we see on the stage, but it is employed in a way which its original author might find hard to recognize or even acknowledge as his own. The words employed have been absorbed in a context of physical movement, sound, light, improvised episodes, and incidental "business" which, apprehended as a whole, constitute what amounts to a new play and possibly a different meaning.

Harold Clurman has been directing plays since 1935. Since 1953 he has been the theater director of the New York City Opera.

All drama in the theatre goes through such translation from an initial seed or theme articulated in dialogue into the vocabulary of the stage: acting, setting, and direction. Shakespeare's *Hamlet* exists in print only: what we see in the theatre is this or that actor's *Hamlet* or this or that company's *Hamlet*. Still, in the normal theatre of our era everyone's point of reference is always the original text. Gesture and mime, costume, stage properties, light and sound, improvisations which may include audience participation, may supersede the importance of the spoken word or literary text. In new theatre the Play is the product of a collective "game."

The reduction of the dramatist's work to the function of a scenario within the larger scope of the company's total performance is the new theatre's first and most striking trait. Meyerhold, the great Russian director and to a certain extent the unacknowledged forerunner of much of what is now thought "modern" in the theatre, phrased the new *esthétique* by saying, "Words in the theatre are only embellishments on the design of movement." This was written in 1908 before Gordon Craig, in 1911, published corresponding views.

THESE PIONEERS ARE rarely cited by American devotees of the new theatre, but Antonin Artaud, a French actor and theatrical prophet, is. Two chapter titles in his book, *The Theatre and Its Double*, have become slogans for the epigones. They are "The Theatre of Cruelty" and "No More Masterpieces."

To make sense of Artaud's ideas is essentially poetic pronouncements which require translation into more sober language. "Cruelty" in Artaud means intensity. He wished theatre to achieve the force of natural phenomena, like lightning and thunder. "This cruelty," he wrote in a letter to a friend, "is a matter of neither sadism nor bloodshed. . . . We do not systematically cultivate horror. The word 'cruelty' must be taken in a broad sense. . . . From the point of view of the mind, cruelty signifies rigor, implacable intention and reason, irreversible and absolute determination."

In certain American new-theatre manifestations, much is expected from elements of chance and accident, the which may happen in the free interplay of performers and public. In Artaud's example of a "faultless performance" that of the Balinese theatre, a theatre of the utmost refinement, he found "everything . . . is established with an enchanting mathematical meticulousness. Nothing is left to chance or personal initiative."

As to "no more masterpieces," it is a summons to replace the preeminence of the written word by spectacle, movement, music, shouts, cries, and other sound effects. Artaud's prescription approximates Gordon Craig's "We literary men shall be content enough to study the Art of the Theatre as an art separate from the Art of Literature; there will be nothing to prevent us from welcoming them into the house."

These quotations belong to the rhetoric of the movement, and such rhetoric, as in politics, is neither illustrative nor conclusive. Craig

were never fully permitted or embody their ideas in actual tion. Instances of things actually ned are more illuminating than stus.

Motel." a segment of the triptych *America. Hurrah!*, staged by Chaikin and devised in collab- with the writer Jean-Claude allie. we see a dummy which the attractions of a motel. "Her" is a tape recording. While the sues from the mechanism, a man woman enter, both grotesquely l. They are perhaps newlyweds eir honeymoon. They write ities on the wall. They very wreck everything in the room fore going to bed. As they pro- this climax, blinding lights flash audience's faces, and a deafen- a—the cacophony of our civiliza- kills the auditorium. "Motel" is a eal metaphor typifying our en- pment. What is spoken is only signif- n relation to what we experience h the aural and visual assault on uses

Olympos in '69, freely adapted from des' *The Bacchae* by Richard aner's Performance Group, em- many of the elements suggested aud's program for a "theatre of er." In his book *Up Against the r Wall*, John Lahr, an enthusiastic rter of the new theatre, describes f the evening's activities: "[The] (s) the new self-consciousness d the body and the unshackling f sexual instinct. The actors in *ysus* are trained to a heightened, atic concept of performance. The stripped to a jockstrap; the fe- in brief body tunics (sometimes move through a series of care- disciplined images. . . . Men lie on the floor while the women le them, fixing their legs tight en groins. Bodies pass under legs are backs squirm in a tortuous h. . . . The audience, too, is con- ed to new emotions by an environ- l stage, a series of three tiered tructions allowing the audience to the performance from a variety pectives. They can climb, or hide, lk about. . . . By making the the- expression a physical adventure, ner's Performance Group wants and the audience's understanding ery" ne of the actors play recorders, s strike drums. They invite the nce to dance with them and trace ents of loving embrace with in-

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dividual spectators. At times the actors speak lines which relate to their personal lives; on occasion refer to persons in the audience. The night I attended the show there was an allusion to "the great god Harold Clurman." Euripides is not entirely omitted either in theme or verbiage. But Euripides' "message" has been reversed in the light of an ideology consonant with contemporary youth.

Euripides' *Bacchae* dramatizes the conflict between repressive and militant asceticism and Dionysiac license. The Greek dramatist as moderator demonstrates the hazards involved in both extremes. The ascetics tyrannize over the senses and are thus destructive; the passion of the Bacchic celebrants progresses toward murder. But Schechner's "bacchae," handsome boys and girls, win the day: they bathe in the blood of the censorious dictator and march triumphantly through the town. Theirs is "the politics of ecstasy."

THE TERM "ENVIRONMENTAL STAGE" in Lahr's description of *Dionysus* in '69 is one which will ever more frequently crop up in discussions of the new theatre and may therefore demand further elucidation. The stages long familiar to us are those we contemplate from a distance; we are separated from them. The environmental stage includes and surrounds us: we dwell within it.

The most striking example of this in theatre architecture (it has precedents in the Middle Ages) is the *Orlando Furioso* produced by the Teatro Libero di Roma recently in New York, an event of which I reserve description till later in this "glimpse."

All these otherwise dissimilar examples have one thing in common: *abstraction*, or, to put it negatively, *non-realism*. They do not "hold a mirror up to nature." The path toward abstraction, the departure from realism—to go no further back in time—was first set for us by the previous example of the dramatists lumped together under the tag imprinted on them by Martin Esslin of London: "Theatre of the absurd." The tag is perhaps unfortunate because it designates such men as Beckett, Ionesco, Genet, Pinter, who are distinctly different from one another.

These playwrights are not to be confused with the new or avant-garde theatre. They are, for all the strangeness or novelty in their manner and meaning, entirely traditional, that is, literary dramatists. If I mention them

in the present context, it is simply to indicate that their departure from the techniques of their immediate predecessors served to liberate a later generation of theatre folk from the confines of naturalism, the representation of life as we customarily view it. Their two mottoes might have been that of the French actor Coquelin, who said, "I am for *nature* and against naturalism," and Sartre's, "The Theatre is not concerned with reality. It's concerned with truth."

If any further generalization is to be made about the "absurdist," it is that the truth they perceive is the falsity of appearances, the folly of assuming that our "rational hypotheses" reveal life's essence. What they see is the grotesque paradox of being, which is comic as much as it is dismaying. In Saul Bellow's play, *The Last Analysis*, the prevalent mood of the absurdist-theatre generation is summed up by the line, "Things have gotten all mixed between laughter and insanity."

Another way in which the "rebel" playwrights of the Fifties (at first, mostly Parisian) influenced the generation under consideration is in the depiction of *characters*. These are no longer individual persons but states of mind, ideas, types, symbols, masks. "Psychology" is virtually nonexistent. We cannot speak of Beckett's figures, for example, as we do of Ibsen's Hedda, Chekhov's Gaev, or Othello. What all the new dramaturgy tends toward in this respect is a reversion to the very oldest form of drama. (One might say that Oedipus is a "psychology," but has none!) The intention in such drama is to project basic patterns or structures of human existence. They are parables or "myths."

To a certain degree, this explains another characteristic of the new theatre. Actors often change roles from one performance to another and sometimes within the same play. They are used to perform set tasks. What they do physically and what they say (if anything) constitute their entire "characterization." Individual nuance or subtleties hardly matter: the figure's function in the general scheme of action is what counts. Thus there is usually very little distinction in the acting of new theatre productions. Energy and a willingness to carry out the assignment with fearless enthusiasm ordinarily suffice.

THERE ARE GIFTED CRAFTSMEN among the leaders of the new theatre groups, but thus far only one genius:

Jerzy Grotowski, founder and director of the Polish Laboratory Theatre, the "ace" of the "school" not so much by virtue of his originality, but through the opportunity given him by his government to conduct a workshop in which actors may be trained in his system to form a permanent core guaranteed continuous work.

Grotowski forgoes "scenery," naturalistically identifiable costumes. There is no sensuous appeal in his theatre. For close contact with the players, the number of spectators is limited to more than a hundred. At times the audience is seated above the "stage"; the audience witnesses the drama as it takes place, as it were, in a pit. The restricted public surrounds the action.

The texts used are adaptations of famous works, but their words are incantations or stabs of passion rather than normal dialogue. Tempos are so slow that intelligibility becomes difficult even for those who understand Polish. Vocal tones create the effect of howls, groans, sobs, and imprecations. We are reminded of the dodecaphonic music of Schoenberg. The actors seem to attack rather than to address one another. They grope, fall or are thrust backward, are caught about and, in the furious course of their proceedings, are thrown into positions which one might consider acrobatic or balletic if their purpose were not entirely different from gymnastic or dance.

The strangeness of Grotowski's theatre is not dictated by purely formal choices. His theme is the slaughter of innocence. He was a boy of eight during the occupation of his country; he learned early enough of the world of concentration camps. What we behold in his theatre in "abstraction" is the torture of humanity. The tormentors and their victims are bound together in mutual horror; all appear equally cruel. Grotowski's inferno is one in which all are as guilty as they are innocent.

Without moralizing or preaching, the spectacle suggests purification through martyrdom. Salvation is wrought through suffering. There is a religious stamp imbedded in this concept and, though secular rather than denominational, traces of a special Catholicism may be divined in it. Grotowski's is indeed a theatre of cruelty peculiar to him and to him alone.

In view of this we can understand why the Grotowski system presses the actor through bodily and vocal training of extreme strenuousness. The

osity or what strike us as fan-
contortions are such as have
ever before been carried out in
atre. They are calculated to free
or of his "false face," all the in-
ns, the masquerades, the social
ces and evasions which prevent
or from yielding the truth of his
ost being. When the actor is able
his, so the theory goes, we may
es be transfigured.

ral of our new directors have
greatly influenced by Grotowski
in which they have participated
und, in France, and in New York.
ch influence, we must hasten to
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his subject, the imitation of mas-
passages from Grotowski's book
and a Poor Theatre should be cited:
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d to fight against utter boredom
e of a lack of innovation of both
and producers... [we] think
o Brecht's own productions...
showed a deep professional knowl-
... The 'theatre of cruelty' has
'canonised,' i.e., made trivial,
ed for trinkets, tortured in various
... As for the wretched perform-
one can see in the theatrical avant-
of many countries, these chaotic,
d works, full of so-called cruelty
hich only reveal a lack of profes-
skill, a sense of groping, and a
of easy solutions... When we
ese sub-products whose authors
rtaud their spiritual father, then
nk perhaps there is cruelty indeed
ly towards Artaud himself."

E LIVING THEATRE (now defunct)
the best known or most notorious
e avant-garde groups in America.
d its beginnings in New York as
organization devoted to new play-
ts. After a stay in Europe, im-
in part by the Grotowski model,
ered its artistic methods and ob-
es. Its performances impressed
candalized many. On their return
U.S.—in New Haven; Waltham,
achusetts; New York—the Living
tre stirred considerable contro-
. It had fervent admirers and fol-
s.
ertain elements in the Living
tre's early productions of Jack

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gin, we would have put
it in an ordinary gin bottle.
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Gelber's *The Connection* and Kenneth Brown's *The Brig* were extended in its European phase. Despite its post-Pirandello touches, *The Connection* was not essentially new theatre. Its form was naturalistic, though its effect was quasi-poetic. A play about drug addicts, it raised the curtain on the traumatic symptoms in the social complex of the Fifties. The people in the play wait for the "connection," a person who will deliver the heroin which is their means of escape from the dismal reality of the day. What we were made to feel was their need to be connected with something other than our "normalcy." It was a quest for some sort of inner freedom.

While the most shocking scenes were those in which we saw these lost creatures in the process of injecting heroin into their systems, the most poignant moment was the one where they listen enraptured to the playing of a jazz band on an old phonograph record. There was something ritualistic in this. *The Connection* foreshadowed a rebellion still amorphous, which the Sixties were to make articulate, ardent, combative.

The Brig was very nearly a "documentary." In the depiction of the brutal treatment meted out to the inmates of a Marine Corps brig, one could discern a symbol of the deliberate smashing of human morale by an official arm of the feared and detested Establishment.

In *Frankenstein*, the most coherent of the Living Theatre's later productions, we see Man eviscerated and dismembered, then reshaped as a gigantic robot. The visualization of both these operations was brilliant. These scenic images embodied what the Living Theatre's various manifestations—sketches, songs, direct appeals to the public, incitations to riotous action—were protesting against.

Julian Beck and Judith Malina, the leaders of the Living Theatre, were self-declared anarchists. Their theatre was a forum from which the police, the Army, the banking system, war were denounced. They summoned the audience to storm the bastions of power. As heralds of an anticipated revolt, they engaged in other acts of defiance. The actors lived communally, they dressed more or less strangely, they called on the audience to mount the stage, share their views in conversation, or disrobe with them.

Now and then a satiric skit hit the mark, a song might prove touching, an image (the corpses of the war dead heaped on top of one another and

dragged away) struck home. All this went with a kind of willful sloppiness: "professionalism" was taboo. While some of the externals of Brecht and Grotowski techniques were assayed, very little was done with true craftsmanship. The thinking was even more shapeless. While the company invoked a world in which man could be free and loving, the atmosphere of its performances was itself often hostile. There was hardly any pleasure, either in their execution or in the audience's reception of them.

Still, the sincerity evident in the fanaticism of the group—it lived as it preached—commanded a certain respect. Their most valid contribution was something beyond theatre. We may set this down to their credit at a time when our theatre is preponderantly banal and complacent. "What is essential in this time of moral poverty," Picasso has said, "is to create enthusiasm."

If the Open Theatre's *America, Hurrah!* in its first two episodes was closer to the expressionism of Elmer Rice's *The Adding Machine*—itself a derivative from such German playwrights as Georg Kaiser—and the final ("Motel") episode on the threshold of new theatre, the same organization's *The Serpent* may confidently be placed in that category. Indeed *The Serpent*, directed by Joseph Chaikin and Robert Sklar, with a "scenario" by Jean-Claude van Itallie, is perhaps the best single piece that the avant-garde theatre has as yet produced in the U.S. Its aesthetic source is in Grotowski; its manner gently humorous, lyrically wistful.

The Serpent shows Eve's emergence from Adam's rib, her subsequent temptation by the reptile, and her seduction of Adam. Following this there is a modestly indicated mass copulation, to the accompaniment of the Biblical "begats" intoned by two female voices. At the conclusion of this the participants ("all humanity") emit agonized groans: sex isn't all fun! There is a remarkably effective pantomime of Abel's murder by Cain. The play closes with the company humming, "We were sailing along on moonlight bay," after which the actors sit down quietly among the spectators as if ruminating on the unfathomable mystery of it all.

There are no costumes, the actors are barefoot in simple work clothes. Percussive and flutelike sound is employed. There is the music of plant and animal life in their generative stages, to which the actors add their own little bleats, neighs, moos. At one point the serpent

is seen in a swaying tree (formed by the actors' bodies), aglow with glowing red apples: an enchanting image.

One aspect of *The Serpent* is a special remark as representative of a particular tendency of the new theatre. It moves toward ritual. Ritual is of a shared memory of the past, widely, that is, "tribally" accepted practice. The choice of the Book of Genesis as a framework for *The Serpent* was a happy one: we all know the "story." But many of our latter theatre efforts to achieve ritualistic values are abortive because they are based on a common ground in the multitudes of our fellow citizens themselves rooted. Indulgences in and other similar pastimes, no more than Macy's Thanksgiving parade, have adequate foundations even for a "youth culture."

Groups, more eruptive and virulent in their methods than the Open Theatre, make sporadic appearances. Their names—like the Guerrilla Theatre—betray some inkling of their character. The Gut Theatre, directed by Emilio Vargas, addresses itself chiefly to the people of East Harlem and the ghetto (mostly Puerto Rican) neighborhoods. The aim of these theatres is more directly socio-political than that of the Open Theatre. They are usually sustained by money grants so that they might develop permanent companies. The social theatre movement extends to the West Coast. When one is liquidated still another crops up. Sometimes they are forced underground.

THERE IS THE Manhattan Project (graduates of the theatre program at New York University). Its production of *Alice in Wonderland* reveals its director André Gregory as an earnest and able theatre artist whose study of Grotowski has helped him foster physical courage and agility in his company with occasionally bold results. Stiller found that the application of Grotowski's "ferocity" to the pages of Lewis Carroll's masterpiece, apart from a few amusing passages, failed to culminate in a satisfying aesthetic "statement." But there was in the performance the promise that the company's exuberant energy may at some future date be directed more meaningfully with the use of more appropriate material.

We must now raise a basic question. Are my reservations about André Gregory's *Alice in Wonderland* relevant?

intention? After all, he was not to "interpret" Lewis Carroll. He eyed Carroll for new ends. Such formations, it may reasonably be said, are motivated by theatrical rather than literary considerations.

Answer, I believe, is that whatever text used, it must be made part of a coherent whole which makes sense, communicates an idea. The play's text must not simply be an excuse for a bad experience; it must in some way be organic with the entire theatre. Text and stage both must be seen as of the same substance. We must see that each is the correct and inevitable correlative of the other.

This occurs in the brilliant embodiment of Ariosto's sixteenth-century *Orlando Furioso*. If one knows nothing of the text, this extraordinary spectacle may strike one as nothing but a brave feat. The audience is required to stand in the middle of an arena (in a hall at Spoleto, in an ice rink at Edinburgh, in a "bubble" theatre in New York) at both ends of which are arm stages with a rostrum at the top, between the two. Action and dialogue go on on both stages at the same time and often in the central rostrum as well. Personages on horseback (the horses are metal constructions) come galloping out from various sides of the limited space forcing the audience to lean in to safety. The acting is vociferous, extravagant, deliberately hammy. Under these circumstances, it is hard to hear out what is being said even if you know the Italian.

The production nevertheless remains faithful to the spirit of Ariosto's epic poem. It is largely a comedy reflecting the Renaissance surge and quasi-mockery of the age of chivalry. The show is full of "camp." It lends appropriateness to the powerful sensationalism of the poet's era as it expresses his fascination with medieval times. In doing so, it has the sense of the colorful and bewildering modern turbulence of the present in all its chaotic bluster is triumphantly conveyed. Form and content are one.

The furthest limits to which the new theatre reaches are Happenings. They go so far that they stretch the meaning of "theatre" to the point of extinction (Ionesco has occasionally spoken of his work as anti-theatre but that is a matter of gag to attract attention. His plays are "legitimate.") The Happenings set up conditions in street, playground, subway, anywhere at all, to which those in attendance may react in

any way they please or are spontaneously moved to do. In his book *Public Domain*, Richard Schechner gives this description of part of a two-day Happening devised by Allan Kaprow, one of the leading exponents of such experiments: "In the work, a girl hangs upside down from a tree. She is one of five persons dangling from ropes at various spots in the rural New Jersey woodland. From distant places in the damp glen, other persons—searchers—begin calling the names of the five who are hanging. When a name is called, the dangling person who is addressed answers, 'Here.' Homing in on the sounds, the searchers locate each upside-down caller and quickly cut or rip away his or her clothing." The Happening is a game, an amusing or an irritating *folie*, rather than an artistic event. There are some who claim that the socially defiant eccentricities of Abbie Hoffman's public behavior are "theatre in life" or still another form of a Happening.

THE VARIOUS INNOVATIONS in theatre practice referred to in the preceding account have stimulated the writing of a body of plays which have been produced not only off-Broadway but in the off-off-Broadway theatres. Many of them were first given in the tiny Café Chino in the West Village (the pioneer in the latter trend was the café's proprietor, Joseph Chino) and then in Ellen Stewart's ever-expanding "La Mama" enterprises. The list and relative renown of these plays and playwrights have become impressive. The more prominent among these young playwrights are Sam Shepard, Paul Foster, John Guare, Megan Terry, Israel Horovitz, Leonard Melfi, Lanford Wilson, Terence McNally. I do not include LeRoi Jones, though his *Slave Ship* is more stage picture and pantomime than written drama and indirectly a new-theatre by-product. He is a genuinely gifted writer inspired by the upsurge of black race consciousness which is in the process of producing ever more significant plays. But these fall outside the range of our present subject. Nor is Edward Albee to be aligned with the people just mentioned. His work is marked by the imprint of Ionesco, Beckett, and Pinter. A few of the playwrights just listed reveal his effect upon them.

One of the traits La Mama's "children" share is a difficulty or an incapacity to write full-length plays. There is nothing inherently inferior in the one-

act play as contrasted with the more extended dramatic forms. Still, it is worth speculating on why these young new dramatists appear afflicted with short breath. Their work usually seems to be sprung on momentary insights, clever conceits, whims, gags, and fancies which are rarely susceptible of development. They are flashes in the pan rather than the seeds of pregnant ideas. They illustrate states of being; they do not build situations. (An invalid in bed is in a certain state of being or condition which becomes a dramatic situation only when he attempts to get out of it!)

The initial inspiration of such plays is often provocative, but their authors show little capacity for prolonged thought and the examination of consequences. Their plays, therefore, result in something like a bright slogan rather than a comprehensive argument. I am reminded of the man who thought of a joke and decided to build a musical comedy from it.

Still, utterly to dismiss these writers on the grounds of their immaturity would be wrong. What motivates them is important and the very crux of the entire new-theatre phenomenon. It is a protest against contemporary civilization, the rottenness of our corporate state, the lethal effects of the consumer society. They are the voices of a youth fed up to and beyond the point of manic disgust and violent derision at the hypocrisy, the fraudulence, the stupidity, the asphyxiation, the waste and horror of a world they did not create: the world of the Bomb, of atmospheric pollution, of racial injustice, of ghettos, of religion without substance, of patriotism without heart, of politics without human content, of overkill and oversell, of lovelessness.

Thus "Flout 'em and scout 'em—and scout 'em and flout 'em:/Thought is free" is the tune to which the new dramatists dance. It is the song of Caliban's mates in *The Tempest*. It is barbaric. Barbarians are upsetting; they make a mess, but they have also been known to eradicate the decay of sick societies. Their depredations may clear the ground for creation. Order is sometimes bred from chaos.

Our barbarians are cursed with the sins of their fathers. They are frequently repellent; their yawps are, in the main, echoes of the vile clamor of which they complain. They have inherited many of the diseases which they wish cured. Their theatrical romps and frolics are symptomatic of the ills they denounce.

Their thinking is simplistic, often adolescent. Still, our own health depends on our understanding them.

To the routine playgoer, new theatre evokes the shocking image of nude bodies and the blatant sound of four-letter obscenities. What this bespeaks, however, is something more than a commercial strategy. It is true that merchants of the "latest thing" are always eager to cash in on every device to attract the paying crowd. But at a time when all previously honored values have become hollow and nothing formerly sacred is credited as real, the Body is the one remaining, unmistakable truth. There is no shameful secret in nakedness. It is a symbol of freedom. To exult in sex is an act of liberation. To be stripped is to be honest!

"Dirty" words are employed both in defiance and in joyous confrontation with reality. They declare our courageous acceptance of the "low" as well as the "high" in existence. Nudity, obscenity, even pornography, are exultant battle cries against the false face of our society. Youth and its spokesmen in the theatre want "out," out of the wickedness of the rigidly mechanized status quo. They prefer non-sense to common sense.

There is an enormous amount of self-deception and sheer mindlessness in all this. The raucous hurrahs of deliverance are often little more than a rattling of chains. Despite all his enthusiasm for the new-theatre movement, Richard Schechner in his book *Public Domain* admits, "When the lid comes off and we are given the opportunity to express ourselves, we find that we have very little to say. Or, more precisely, we do not know how to say what we want to say. We toy with nudity, sexuality, political organization, democratized artistic creativity. But we don't get very far. . . . Begin to remove . . . repression and we reveal not the 'natural man' but groups of people who mill about in confusion. It is a desperate situation socially and a distressing one aesthetically."

Another threat to what is valid in the new theatre, particularly in its American component, is absorption by commerce and the "squares" who at all costs desire to prove themselves fashionably "with it." John Lahr recognizes this when he writes, "The avant-garde, far from being the anathema which gives danger (and integrity) to its enterprises, has become an important cultural bric-a-brac. Its newest frustration is to become at once popular

and curiously powerless. . . . The Underground life-style, once intended to be a shocking fist in the face of the Establishment, is now predictable because of publicity."

The impetus which has propelled the new theatre will not abate even were it to provoke a backlash. What is more likely to happen, what indeed has already begun to happen, is the assimilation of some of the insurgent techniques by the popular theatre. What is *Hair* but the fabulous hit of the rock-and-roll-theatre ritual?

The man who has profited most by the upheaval in theatre thought and practice is Peter Brook. A cultured person, galvanized by Grotowski, with a sympathetic understanding of Beckett and Genet together with a lively devotion to Shakespeare, he has been receptive to the most penetrating injections of the avant-garde needle. In Peter Weiss's *Marat/Sade* and *Midsummer Night's Dream* (produced in Stratford-on-Avon), Brook has turned some of the "poisons" of the new pharmacopoeia into vitalizing medicine. He has enlivened the English stage, and his example will no doubt help others to further explorations.

THE NEW THEATRE, IN SHORT, has in both its positive and negative phases immediate social implications. It is not, as some believe, an offensively bragging frivolity, a "send up" by aesthetic ruffians, but a mirror reflecting a disturbed world turning a dangerous corner. Aesthetically the new theatre has added a rich and vast vocabulary to the lexicon of stage expression at a time when many affirm that the film alone can hold sway.

"To be new is everything in America," said Ellen Terry in 1883. We have not changed. We are hung up on novelty. It is this drive toward the "different" which constitutes our conformity. Chekhov's aesthetic credo voiced in *The Seagull*, "I came more and more to the conviction that it is not a question of new and old forms, but that what matters is that a man should write without thinking of forms at all, write because it springs freely from the soul," is surely in need of qualification. But it is nevertheless a sound point of departure.

It is as true that there is nothing old in the world as that there is nothing altogether new. Every generation has its particular way of experiencing existence because the world is always in

the process of change; and every individual of marked personality innates some special variation on theme of his time—often in contradiction to it. Therefore art, the most universal form of human communication, changes. But as long as man remains man, his essential needs remain more or less unaltered: health of body and spirit, the hunger to feel and understand connection with his fellowmen and beyond this his dependence on all else which he owes his being. Judgments on artistic matters must perforce turn back to those sources in man's nature. The biologic and the moral are a continuum.

A true evaluation of the new theatre products resolves itself to the same criteria we apply to all art, new and old. Otherwise we deal in mere fashion which has only a tenuous, accidental commercial relation to art. The new nomenclature of new artistic movements is helpful to those eager to break through conventional ramparts; but it does not in themselves establish value. In a letter to Flaubert, Zola, whose "Naturalism" was the *dernier cri* of the mid-nineteenth century, showed he was aware he was of the advantages of catch-words. "I consider the word *Naturalism* as ridiculous as you do, but I shall go on repeating it over and over again, because you have to give the new names for the public to think that they are new."

If I were challenged to identify the human core of the new-theatre movement I should mention that it is a reflection of our *estrangement* ("alienation") from contemporary society and in some instances a definite response to it. In the first case, it is disheartened; in the second, crucially lyric. Because we have become suspicious of so many words which are employed to confuse and betray us, the "movement" tends to be anti-literary. For youth especially, action speaks louder than words. And theatre, it has been notably asserted, is to begin with and fundamentally performance, *action*.

Whatever we think of these general aesthetic or craft arguments, in the end we must assign worth to individual offerings within every artistic manifestation in relation to the degree of genuineness, power, breadth, and depth we find in them, that is, to the extent they satisfy our basic human appetites and hungers. All the rest is modishness, and applied rationalizations, no matter how high-sounding or startling, are fraudulent.

For four generations
we've been making medicines
as if people's lives depended on them.

Lilly



**THEY'RE BEGINNING TO CALL US
SUPER RUM.
NOT BECAUSE WE'RE MIGHTIER.
WE JUST MAKE A DAIQUIRI TASTE
BETTER THAN IT HAS ANY RIGHT TO
RONRICO.SUPER RUM.**



d Halberstam

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career that reflected and powerfully influenced America's journey in the Sixties, high confidence to the deepest self-doubt.

WAS BOB, BOB McNAMARA: taut, controlled, driving—climbing mountains, harnessing gentle hair slicked down in a way that made him look like a Grant Wood subject as Secretary of Defense. A fat McNamara was as hard to imagine as an uncertain one. The glasses straight and rimless; you looked at the glasses and kept your distance. He was a man of force, moving, getting things done: *Bob got things done*. He would never take Bob for a European; he was American through and through, with the American drive, the American certitude and confidence. He exulted in action, pushing everyone, especially himself, to new limits, long hours, skipping breakfasts, early bedtimes, moderate drinking, no cocktail parties. He was always rational, always the Puritan—not, however, a prude. He was certainly not a Babbitt. How he did not want to be a Babbitt! He sat behind that huge desk, stern and imposing. Even without the hair and glasses, a Secretary of Defense of the United States of America—with a budget of \$85 billion a year—not to mention nuclear warheads at his disposal—was likely to be imposing enough anyway. He was always aware of his time, aware that he was imposing on it: speak quickly and be gone, to your point, in and out, keep the schedule, from 1:50 to, say, expansively, 2:00 P.M., and above all, do not engage in any philosophical discussions, *Well, Bob, my view of history is . . .* Time was of the essence, to be rationed and saved. Money was not just money; it was, even more important, decisions, cost effectiveness. There was always too little time, too much to do. Indeed, it was part of private Pentagon legend that if you ever wanted to make a point with McNamara, the way to do it was on a trip, one of those long flights to Saigon or Honolulu, hours and hours of planes with nowhere else to go, no appointments waiting. Always so driven, always under such pressure, always of course trying to conceal it, to control emotion, though not always successfully, and there was always somehow the price.

He would, for instance, while he was in Detroit, grind his teeth in his sleep, wearing down the enamel, until Marg McNamara realized what was happening and sent him to the dentist who recapped them.

If the body was tense and driven, the mind was mathematical, analytical, bringing reason from chaos, always reason. It was a mind that could continue to call on its mathematical kind of sanity long after the others, the good liberal social scientists who had never gotten beyond their original logarithms, had trailed off. Though finally, when the mathematical version of sanity did not work out, when it turned out that the computer had not fed back the right answers and had underestimated those funny little far-off men in their raggedy pajamas, he would be stricken with a profound sense of failure; he would, at least briefly, be a shattered man. But that was to come later. At his height, he always seemed in control; you could, said Lyndon Johnson, who once admired him and trotted him out on numerous occasions to perform, almost hear the computers clicking away. (Though when things went sour and Lyndon felt betrayed, his tongue, always acid for those who let him down, did not spare his former pet: he would say to the men around him, "I forgot that he had only been President of Ford for one week.") And even, his tenure as Secretary of Defense coming to an end with the knowledge of the failure of his policy and with his turning against the war, even then his faith in his kind of rationality did not completely desert him: the war was a human waste, yes, but it was also no longer cost effective, we were putting in more for our air power than we were getting back in damage, ten dollars of input for one dollar of damage, and the one dollar was being put up by the Soviet Union and not North Vietnam anyway.

But he was an emotional man as well, weeping at his last Pentagon ceremony, his friends at the very end worried about his health, and about what the job and the war had done to him. Though not noted for his wit—no one had ever accused him of an overdeveloped sense of irony—he was often a gay

David Halberstam's article on McGeorge Bundy for the July 1969 issue of Harper's was the beginning of a major book on the origins of the conflict in Southeast Asia—how and why we went to war in Vietnam. This article is a segment from the book.

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and gregarious companion to the Kennedys. Why is it, asked Bob Kennedy, that they call him the computer and yet he's the one all my sisters want to sit next to at dinner? The family loyalty that began in 1961 endured through tragedy after tragedy: Bob, said Ethel to him after Chappaquiddick, get up here; there's no one here but women. So it would not be surprising in the latter part of that incredible decade, when the final returns were coming in on what Camelot had wrought, that the Kennedy insiders wanted to spare Bob. They were by then quite willing to write off the war, and the men who had made it—Bundy evoked no fondness, to say the least, nor of course Austin's own L. B. Johnson—but Bob . . . If Bob had been in on planning the big escalation in 1965, they said (and they doubted even that), then Lyndon had pushed him into it; Bob always was a little too eager to please (though George Ball, who had fought the good fight against both escalation and McNamara and had the wounds to show for both, would grow tired of telling his liberal friends that Bob was fooling them with his dovish noises; he might sound dovish ~~some~~ : ADA person, but he was tough as hell inside these meetings and always on the other side).

NO ONE EVER DOUBTED HIS ALMOST ferocious sense of public service, yet something in his overall style, perhaps the very thing that made him so effective, bothered many of his colleagues. This was a relentlessness, a total belief in what he was doing, a willingness to knock down anything which stood in his way. So that other men, who were sometimes wiser, given to greater doubt, would be pushed

McNamara would, for instance, dissemble—not just to the public, they all did that in varying degrees, but even inside the private, high-level meetings; always for the right reason, it was always in order to serve the office of the President. Bob knew what was good, but it was sometimes at the expense of his colleagues. Experienced McNamara watchers, men fond of him, would swear they knew when McNamara did not believe what he was saying. His voice would get higher, he would speak faster, he would become more insistent. He was decent and loyal, but perhaps that was it, perhaps there was too much loyalty, loyalty of that corporate kind which was to the office rather than to himself. In this he was virtually the embodiment of the liberal contradictions of the entire era, the contradictions that grew up between our commitment to do good and our commitment to wield power; most of what was good in us and what was bad in us was there, the Jeffersonian democracy became a superpower. Near the end of his tour he had gone to Harvard, where in another and gentler time he might have been revered but now was first almost captured by the radical students and later, speaking to a group of professors, asked to explain about the two McNamaras, McNamara the quantifier, who had given us the body count in Vietnam, and McNamara the warm philosopher, who had delivered a speech in

Montreal that had seemed to contradict his Johnson's actual policies. (Johnson, hearing of speech, flew into a rage, demanding to know what the White House had cleared it, and the answer, it was Bill Moyers, helped to speed Moyers' departure.) Bob's answer: I gave the Montreal speech because I could not survive in office without giving it, nor live with my own conscience, it gave me another ten months; but the price I paid for it in the Congress and the White House is high that if I had to do it over again, I would give that speech.

McNamara was, then, very much in place in Kennedy Administration, for they were rational all. They were not dissenting from the assumption of the Eisenhower years, but had entered on a pledged to be more effective, more active, to cut a lot of the flab off. For the cool young President was an ideal Secretary of Defense. He was not the Establishment as Bundy was, nor had he served it as Dean Rusk had, first in the State Department and then at the Rockefeller Foundation. He was the man from Detroit, and it would be his job to translate ideas into workable processes at Defense, accepting their assumptions without doubt or giving. (Detroit is a place under Establishment surveillance to make sure that it can still outproduce Moscow and Berlin in heavy cars; Detroit is, in the eyes of the Establishment, an index.) But McNamara was not of the Establishment, he had done his time in government and served well, —unlike Bob Lovett in the Air Force during World War II, a man to make note of even then, whose skill and perseverance had not been forgotten. Fifteen years later, when Lovett, turning down Defense himself, was asked for names, he would remember McNamara. Indeed, McNamara had first come to public attention (though not by name) in 1947 in a *Fortune* magazine article on Lovett. The article told how Kaiser had wanted to ferry all his troops overseas in flying boats, but Lovett had proved to him it would require 10,022 planes and 120,765 crews to move 100,000 long tons from San Francisco to Australia, whereas the same task was already being handled by 44 surface vessels manned by 3,200 seamen. The article pointed out further that as Air Force casualties had risen, Lovett had instituted Stat Control (statistical control office), a worldwide reporting service anchored by a battery of IBM machines which produced life-expectancy estimates for every member of every aircraft. The idea was to prove to an airman that he had a 50-50 chance to come home while the war was still going on, and an 80 per cent chance of survival. Eventually, it became so efficient that it could predict how many planes would be available in every theater every day for every operation. It was, said *Fortune*, the "super application of probability business methods to war, and so successful that a few months after hostilities ceased, the Ford Motor Company hired the two principal operators . . ." His promise, then, had been realized, he had gone on to greater things at Ford, they had just made him president.

IN 1960 THE CALL HAD GONE OUT from the Kennedy talent scouts to the Ford Motor Company. Actually, the contact had been made even during the campaign. Neil Staebler, Democratic party chairman in Michigan, had suggested to George Shriver that Staebler's friend Bob McNamara should head the businessmen's committee for Kennedy-Johnson—a job not particularly overworked with applicants—that McNamara typified the new liberal businessman, had considerable respect among his colleagues throughout the country and had voted for Democrats in the East, and that he came from the prestigious house of Ford. Shriver liked at least part of the idea—Ford—but had doubts if we go for Ford, we'll go for the top. He got Henry himself, a decision which lacked Henry's concurrence. And the idea of McNamara was lost in the shuffle. In December, Shriver, in charge of the recruitment drive, would call George again: How did your friend McNamara feel about Ford for Kennedy, I think. Could you find out? Because we want him in the Administration. George had warned Shriver that McNamara would not take the job, being the most conscientious of men and was just taking over a system built specifically around him. McNamara, he found out, had been asked for Kennedy. Meanwhile the Kennedy people were also checking, getting political clearance from Detroit people, chief among them Jack Conway, one of Reuther's brightest aides. Conway, too, gave McNamara high marks. Though the rest of the hierarchy was a solid Republican fortress, the members living in the same elegant suburbs, going to the same posh country clubs, McNamara was something of a maverick. He deliberated outside Detroit and away from the other people, in the Ann Arbor groves of academe. His style of life was different and so were his views: he was liberal on civil rights, and he supported Democrats from time to time, men like Phil Hart and James O'Hara. He had *not*, rather vocally not, supported Soapy Williams, disliking Williams' ties to organized labor; there were those in Detroit who noticed a surprising intensity in McNamara's opposition to Williams, as though he had a chance to be orthodox and vote Republican, he was seizing it eagerly. His liberalism on most issues did not extend to labor, about which he had a hard line: labor kept interfering with his effectiveness, it and its constant pressure were the great bugaboo in the industry. McNamara and his Democratic friend Staebler had argued regularly about labor, about the fact that American labor costs were too high, and that we were losing our competitive edge. Nevertheless, to Conway, McNamara was by far the best of the breed, an aggressive man to work with, whom you could disagree even when you disagreed, and whose mind could change.

He was called to Washington, made a favorable impression, and was offered his choice of either the Treasury or Defense. The Treasury job had little attraction; he asked one member of the Kennedy family what the Secretary of the Treasury does, and



"Why is it asked of Bob Kennedy, that they call him a computer and yet he's the one all my sisters want to sit next to at dinner?"

when told that he sets the interest rates, said, "Hell, I do more about setting the interest at Ford than the Secretary of the Treasury." If one wanted a platform for national service, then Secretary of Defense, under a vital activist President, would be greater than heading the Ford Motor Company. One could both exercise more power and do more to direct that power to ends one believed were good.

He and Kennedy got on immediately. McNamara the Puritan asked Kennedy if he had really written *Profiles in Courage*, and Kennedy assured him that he had. McNamara expressed doubts about his training for the job: Kennedy answered that he knew of no school for Presidents either. He demanded of Kennedy, and got, permission to pick his own men. And he did to an exceptional degree pick his own men (not, apparently, always, since Secretary of the Navy went to John Connally of Texas, a close friend of the Vice President). They were an uncommon group of bright, fast, analytical, self-assured men who, though they in part helped lead us into the war in Vietnam, were later, unlike other layers of the Washington bureaucracy, to turn and help lead the fight to extricate the country from it. During the Kennedy-Johnson years, it was said, the three most talent-laden places in Washington were the White House under Bundy, the Justice Department under Robert Kennedy, and Defense under McNamara.

In any case, having accepted the job, he returned to Detroit to get clearance from Henry Ford. The decision was a painful one for Ford: in giving the presidency to McNamara he had gone outside the traditional auto structure for a non-auto man and had then based an entire production system around him. Thus not without distress, Ford let him go. McNamara was, in the meantime, doing his homework, talking with past Defense Secretaries and other experts, and a week later showed up in Washington thoroughly prepared. In a week he had

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mastered the main issues before him and had singled out the major areas of work. The Kennedy group was impressed. McNamara seemed to be off and running while the rest of them were still in the standing start. He had developed that capacity at Ford, to prepare himself so thoroughly in the more intricate areas that other men, mere mortals, grew timid. The most abstract figures seemed to roll right off his tongue, seemed, coming from him, simple and clean.

The relationship with Kennedy, thus happily begun, was to continue in a state of mutual admiration and ease. In fact, McNamara was to be one of the few people working for Kennedy who managed to cross the great divide and become part of the President's private social world. Midway through the Kennedy Administration, a reporter working on a magazine article would ask McNamara who his friends were, and McNamara would answer, Well, he had lots of friends. I mean whom do you call when you want to relax, chew the fat, or have a beer? And McNamara would answer, "The Kennedys. I like the Kennedys."

His leaving Detroit, though, did involve an enormous financial sacrifice, perhaps as much as \$3 million (he had somewhat less than a million to his name when he went to Washington). One block of stock options was about to mature in just a few weeks, and Henry Ford had even graciously suggested he delay for the two weeks in selling, but such an arrangement would have interfered with McNamara's swearing-in ceremonies, and McNamara played by the rules. Anyway, he had always been far more interested in power than in money. Power to do good, of course.

IIS GROWING UP HAPPILY IN SIMPLE, ideal Cleveland. Good parents. Good values. Good education. Good marks. He was born in San Francisco in 1916 the son of Robert J. McNamara and Claranell Strange (thus the middle name, upon which his critics would so joviously seize in later years). His father, who married late, was fifty when his namesake was born. He was sales manager for a San Francisco wholesale shoe firm. The father was Catholic, the mother Protestant, and young McNamara was brought up a Protestant.*

When Bob and his sister were young, the family moved across the Bay to Oakland, which boasted a good school. They lived in Annerly, a pleasant middle-class neighborhood. More than forty years later, his teachers would recall him with pleasure. Bob always had his homework done, and was always well-behaved. In high school, Piedmont High, he received excellent marks, joined all the right clubs and honor societies, worked on the year-

book, sang in the glee club, was president, secret fraternity pledged to service. An early test put him above the norm, very bright but exceptional. From Piedmont he went on to Berk at a time when Robert Gordon Sproul was making Berkeley into a great university. Here his gift for math was beginning to show, the work coming easily that he had time to read and work in his courses. His professors assumed that he would come a teacher; he did not seem to have the drive, the hustle, which one felt went with a business career, but seemed rather on the scholarly. Vacations he spent cold-shoulder (unsuccessful) climbing mountains, learning to ski. From Berk to the Harvard Business School, where for the first time his enormous ability in accounting began to show and where for the first time he worked at applying this ability to managerial techniques. He graduated in 1939, moved back to the Bay area to work for Price Waterhouse, staying with an old friend named Marg Craig, who was a back to Harvard Business to teach, and married Marg Craig (whom everyone would consider a great humanitarian, although McNamara, much later, thought what was good in Bob, friends thought, came from Marg's generous instincts). At Harvard he taught accounting and was a particularly good, well-organized teacher, but he was restless. America's involvement in World War II was approaching. The Navy had turned him down because of weak eyes, and he was trying to join the Army when the Harvard Business School went to war.

ROBERT LOVETT HAD BEEN A WORLD WAR I AVIATOR ("I have Naval Air Wings number 57"), a young banker overseas between the wars, he had been plagued with a bad stomach, had lived on baby foods, and thus had forsworn most of the social life expected of a successful, well-connected young banker. Instead he had devoted himself to the political and military study of a decaying Europe and of the meaning of the Hitler buildup. He had predicted accurately the fall of France, had sensed that it would be a war no one could contain, a war, moreover, in which air power, mere embryo in the first world war, would become the decisive factor. He had returned to America and as a private citizen had made his own study of what America's air needs and resources were. He had made a private tour of all U.S. air plants and airfields, shocked by the inadequacy of what he found. He had already decided that with Europe at war, and given the limit of German transatlantic continental bombers, American industry could by flexing its muscles build the greatest air force in the world, and that this air force could wreak mass saturation bombing on the enemy's industrial might. James Forrestal he knew through bank connections, and Forrestal, then Secretary of War, had sent him to see Robert Patterson at Air. Lovett quickly became Assistant Secretary, and when the U.S. entered the war, his private planning was to save the country crucial, vital time. But it was

*Once, during the height of Lyndon Johnson's love affair with McNamara, the President of the United States, the Secretary of Defense, and McNamara's personal secretary called him and said, "You could even see Lyndon thinking it out—the Protestants will assume he's a Protestant, and the Catholics will think he's a Catholic," a famous McNamara-Halberstam would continue.

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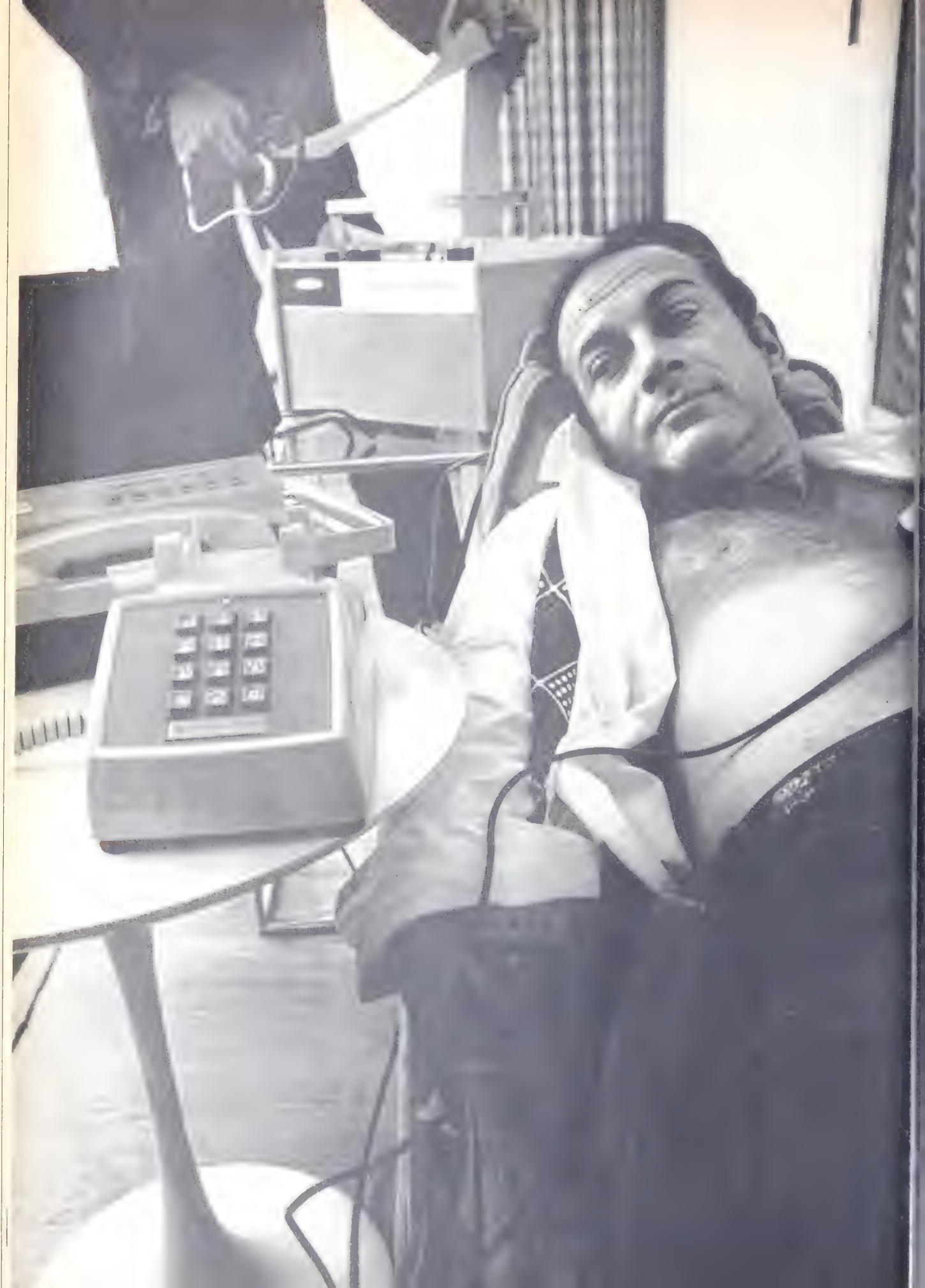
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very difficult period; Lovett could not even find out how many airplanes there actually were in the country. Lovett and one of his top deputies, Charles Thornton, had decided to try to harness American industry for the great war effort, and what they needed first and foremost was a giant statistical brain to give them a rundown on the current condition. To train the officers they needed for statistical control, the brain of this giant—which would send the right men and the right parts to the right places, or make sure that when crews arrived at a base there were enough instructors—they went to the most logical place, Harvard Business School. This was the symbolic step in America's becoming a superpower; already the real problem was not so much might as control, the careful and accurate projection of just how powerful we were. (Thus, twenty years later, when we were an acknowledged superpower, Kennedy turned for his Secretary of Defense to someone who was not so much a production man as the supreme accountant, the determination of what we had and what we needed being more essential than the qualities of the old-style professional production man who ramrodded manufacturing schedules through, who went by instinct, and who knew nothing about systems control.) The Business School readily agreed to the project, and McNamara agreed to become a teacher in Lovett's and Thornton's program. He was an assistant professor at the time, and he was so effective that Thornton soon pulled him from Harvard and attached him to the Air Force. Finally McNamara had found something on which to fasten his energy, and his curious cold passion. He had a larger cause, and those traits of mind and personality which would eventually make up his legend began to show themselves. Until then he had been another bright young man, intelligent, hard-working, able. Thornton would remember the young McNamara of those early days as being strikingly similar to the mature McNamara. ("I'm sure that now that he's at the World Bank, only the Bank exists and Defense is behind him, just as when he was at Defense, Ford was behind him," he would say.) Thornton sent him to England to work out problems on the B-17 bomber program, finally got him a commission as a temporary captain in the Army Air Force. Then he went to China with the 20th Air Force, where, it has been said, he was the best and most effective statistical officer of any unit, creating new and more exacting criteria, the creative statistician. And when the problem of organizing the B-29 program arose—to become the major project for the Air Force—McNamara was put onto it. Other men would make their reputations out of the development of the B-29, but Thornton came to believe that the real genius of the operation was McNamara, putting a group of infinitely complicated pieces together, doing program analysis, operation analysis, making sure that the planes and the crews were readied at roughly the same time; all this before the real age of computers so that he had to work it out himself. He worked endlessly and sought no credit. He held

the operation together, kept its timing right, kept everything on schedule. It was an awesome performance for a man not yet thirty.

McNamara had planned to return to Harvard after the war. His years there had been happy, he was not by instinct a businessman; he got, then or later, little pleasure from the mere making of money. Challenges fascinated him, but neither worldly goods nor profit as things in themselves. Thus why not return to Harvard and the teaching of those beloved statistics? It was amazing what statistics had done, it was awesome to imagine what they might do in the future. Cambridge, where he could enjoy the university atmosphere, talk with men who were in other fields, and yet still involve oneself in statistics and their use, was an appealing place. Throughout his life he would tell friends that the years at Harvard had been among his happiest (something no one has ever heard him say about Detroit).

But Thornton, more outgoing and imaginative, more entrepreneurial than McNamara, had other ideas. To Thornton, the Air Force had not been simply a part of a vast and impressive wartime enterprise, but something more, a case study in instant corporate success. It had gone from 2 pilots trained in the year before Pearl Harbor to 96,000 trained the year after, planes built, flight crews trained, all dovetailed. It had been a staggering task and an enormous success. And they had done it, not the old, tired men who had headed prewar companies, but this group of talented young people that Thornton and Lovett had created, young modern minds not tied to the myths, the superstitions, and the business prejudices of the past. Thornton knew there would be a reconversion from military to civilian production, and the business world would be filled with new opportunities. He saw his team, men who had gained twenty-five years of experience in four years and who had delivered. Under normal business conditions they might have attained comparable positions of power and influence until they were nearly fifty. Thornton himself, the oldest of them, was now thirty. He began to think of the possibility of selling them as a group, all that expertise and managerial talent bound together. It was not just that they could bring a better price as a group, but, more important to Thornton, if they were really to create something new and bold in the business world, then the chances were far greater that they could really affect the world and its ways. ("If you went in with one or two people you could get lost or chewed up; if you were going to convert a relatively large company quickly, you needed a group," he would recall.) He talked it over with some members of his team, and most of them were enthusiastic. Only McNamara had serious objections: he wanted to return to Harvard, the idea of business did not excite him. But he had come up with a mild case of polio and Marg with a more serious case, necessitating considerable doctor bills. ("I said, 'Bob, you got those doctor bills and you can't go back to Harvard on \$2,600 a year,' and he thought a

guess you're right,' and he was on board," on said.)

the team, there were two immediate possibilities. One was Robert Young of Canadian-Texas and the other was the Ford Motor Company. Thornton wanted to see Young, who offered him a job and he could bring two or three men with him. That seemed a better idea. The company would have to be retooled and reconverted. They knew financially it had not done well (though they didn't know how badly it had done during the preceding twenty years, showing a profit only once in 1927, in the year 1932), and it had been run over by young Henry Ford, their own age—twenty-eight—who now needed desperately to revitalize the company that his grandfather had founded and then let slip. They sent Ford a cable, in effect: bright young management team, Air Force, ready to work. Thornton made an initial contact; eight of them went out there and assessed Henry Ford, and the deal was set. Ford directed Thornton to set the salaries; they ranged from \$10,000 to \$16,000, and Thornton gave McNamara the second highest. The group became the famous Whiz Kids: Thornton, McNamara, Arjay Miller, Charles Lundy, Charles Bosworth, Jack Reith, Jim H. At, Ben Davis Mills, Wilbur Anderson, and E. J. Moore. Ford, at that bleak moment in his company's history, had nowhere to go but up: nonetheless, it was an extraordinary decision for him to have made. He was reaching out beyond the old, fully closed auto business for non-auto men, and he was hiring a group which had just come out of the most terrible war in modern times, but whose experience was not in the failure and stupidity of war, but rather in the technology of it, in the technological success of war, their chief belief being that you could control an organization by having an abundance of facts and data which could in turn be convertible to industrial production. They were, in short, purveyors of what would be called managerial art in American industry.

THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY AT THE END of the war was a very sick company. Its practices, both in production and in personnel, had an almost medieval quality to them. Under old Henry and Harry Bennett there was to have been no unionism and absolutely no sharing of authority. The public was a problem, the unions were a problem, the bankers were a problem. If Ford built a car, it was the company's responsibility to like it. And the company had no credit. Edsel Ford had tried to fight his father's policies, but Bennett had destroyed him; young Henry had led a family revolt and as a result had inherited the shell of a company, the bones and perhaps not that much more, at a time when General Motors seemed to exemplify everything modern in production and managerial techniques. What young Henry needed, above all else, was instant executives; Ford was losing nine million a month. But he needed, as one friend would say, two levels of management; one now, in-



"McNamara was in business philosophy no less than in personal life, the Puritan."

stantly, and one to come along. So in hiring the Whiz Kids he was hiring for the future, the near future, but the future nonetheless. At the same time he shrewdly covered all bets and hired a senior level of management from General Motors, men in their late forties and early fifties, who could go to work that day and help train his new intellectuals in the auto business. This was to be known in automotive circles as the Breech-Crusoe-Harder group, headed by Ernie Breech, then forty-nine, who had been at General Motors for most of his adult life, and was at the time the president of Bendix. Breech brought with him Lewis Crusoe, another high General Motors executive, now retired, and Delmar Harder, former chief of production of GM. The arrival of the GM executive group, which the Whiz Kids had not known was to happen, slowed down the latter's takeover of Ford (Thornton, restless, left after a year and a half for Hughes Aircraft, where he sensed greater possibilities, finally ending up at Litton Industries). But the system worked very well for Henry Ford. The young men were scattered throughout the company (with McNamara and Arjay Miller, who succeeded McNamara as president of Ford, working in finance). There they worked to convert the incredibly archaic, helter-skelter operation of old Henry to the new classic corporate style used at General Motors, with its highly accountable decentralized units, the different company operations turned into separate profit and loss centers where each executive would be held directly responsible, and where slippage and failure would be quickly spotted. The lead of General Motors in that postwar period was enormous: Ford had very little in the way of a factory, its machinery was badly outdated, not easily retooled. In contrast, GM had converted to war production but it had been very careful to establish in its factory and production lines the kind of systems that could be easily converted to peacetime production. Chevy thus had a massive lead; it could bring out a car for much less than it actually did, but if it lowered its prices it would kill Chrysler and bring the

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wrath of the Congress down for antitrust. ("Don't ever hire anyone from the auto industry," Gene McCarthy, one of McNamara's severest critics, later said of him. "The way they have it rigged it's impossible to fail out there.") So Chevy kept its prices higher and produced a much better car than Ford. The true difference between Ford and Chevy then was reflected in the used-car market: a two-year-old Chevy sold on the used-car market for about \$200 more than a two-year-old Ford, a very considerable gap. The prime aim of the two new management teams at Ford was to close the gap. Here Breech and McNamara combined their talents: they had to figure out how to produce a car that was at least partially competitive with Chevrolet, and at the same time make enough profit that could be ploughed back into the company to build the desperately needed plants. They couldn't do it by borrowing from the banks, Ford's credit rating simply wasn't good enough, so they did it by skinning down the value of the car, mainly on the inside where it wouldn't be seen. Ford had always been known for styling and speed, so they kept that, and worked on having a modern design, with a zippy car, good for the youth market; though eventually, and sometimes not so eventually, the rest of the car would deteriorate (as was also reflected in the used-car price). The Ford buyers seemed to know it, but curiously enough continued to buy Fords. By these means Breech got the money to buy and modernize the plants, while it was McNamara's particular genius to raise the quality without raising the cost, a supreme act of cost effectiveness. This was, of course, McNamara's specialty, and he had a bonus system to reward stylists and engineers who could improve the car without increasing the cost. The McNamara phrase—it came up again and again at meetings, driven home like a Biblical truth—was "add value rather than cost to the car." And slowly he and Breech closed the gap on the used-car differential while at the same time modernizing the company.

It was at Ford during this period that McNamara was being converted from a bright, hard-charging young statistician into a formidable figure, a legend, *McNamara* the entity, someone to respect, someone to fear, a man who rewarded those who met his standards handsomely, and coldly rejected those who did not.

If someone were to be driving with Bob during work hours, he would see it: Bob was driving, but he was thinking of grilles that day, only grilles existed for him, cheap ones, expensive ones, flashy ones, simple ones, other cars rushing by on their way to lunch, on their way home, and Bob running it through his mind, oblivious to oncoming traffic, frightening his companions. Bob, watch the road, one would say, and, if he were in a good mood, he might apologize for his mental absence. McNamara never stopped pushing—in those days he was watching Chevy, how was Chevy doing. The night each year they got hold of the first Chevy, everyone gathered around in a special room, and broke it down piece by piece into hundreds of

pieces, each one stapled to a place already laid for it, and they concentrated on it—no brain geon ever concentrated more—everyone mutter wondering how Chevy had done this or that for a tenth of a cent less, cursing them slightly, so was how they had done it.

When Thornton left, there was considerable curiosity as to who would emerge as the top W. Kid; the answer soon became clear. McNamara was brilliant at telling Ford where it was going before it got there. He set up a corporate accounting system which reduced the element of surplus in the business. His system of rewards for reduced costs provided incentive (though occasionally the view of his critics there, this system backing the rewards going to people and ideas whose efficiency would be only short-range). In addition, he had the advantage of moving in something of a leadership vacuum. Henry Ford was new, unsure of himself, particularly in the field of financial systems. To an uneasy, uncertain Ford, McNamara offered reassurance; when questions arose he always seemed to have the answers, not vague estimates, but certitudes, facts, numbers, and all of them. Though his critics might doubt that, he knew what the public wanted or what it was doing, he could always forecast precisely the Ford part of the equation. He had little respect for much of the human material he found around him, people who claimed, when he reeled off his overwhelming statistics, that they had always done the other way in the auto business. Such people when they challenged him, were often proven wrong. Slowly he surrounded himself with men who met his criteria, men who responded to the same challenges and beliefs, and he would respect their judgments. This was a formative experience in his life, because years later, when the doubters about Vietnam began to express themselves, they attempted to be people who did not talk his language and who were very different from his kind of people. They did not think in terms of statistics, rationalizing systems, and they did not support their judgments with facts as he knew them, rather by saying things like it all smelled wrong or that it just didn't feel right; he would trust facts and statistics and instincts against theirs just as he had before at Ford when confronted by businessmen who had doubted his facts and char-

IN DETROIT SOCIETY, HE WAS ODD MAN IN. The auto world represents a very special piece of American society, one in which the already exaggerated American normal gets exaggerated even more. I like a mini-Texas. Detroit feels not so much like the automobile capital as the very core and regulator of the consumer drives of this country. The city believes in building, selling, moving, above all expansion—always more, always up, a bigger car with more on it, a newer car with more comfort. The rest of the world might be content to ogle last year's car, or even the year's before that, but Detroit is perpetually on its way to the new one. At

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upper levels, the auto world is pleasantly closed in, speaking only to itself. In the rest of the country people might be tearing at one another, feeling the bitterness, say, of racial tension or international crises, but in the Detroit of the auto executive, if more cars have been sold this year than last, all is well: if you sell more cars, Detroit is healthy. Auto men talk to other auto men, auto traditions are passed on from generation to generation. Ford people live among Ford people, General Motors, among GM people: there is a Ford country club, a General Motors country club. Cocktail conversations and dinner conversations are of cars and the company.

McNamara, then, was never of this Detroit, never really, even, of the auto industry. They were backslappers, and he was never one for the slapped back, either his or theirs. Even his public-relations man was different. Other PR men specialized in expense-account lunches, plush trips, the usual lures to journalists. McNamara paid a handsome salary to a man named Holmes Brown because Brown knew a lot about the auto industry and was very well informed, and his treatment of reporters was considered by Detroit standards unusually Spartan. While his counterparts frolicked, McNamara ploughed through the unabridged Toynbee. He made a point of living in Ann Arbor among the eggheads, many of them liberals and Democrats (at Ford executive meetings, Henry Ford would occasionally mention contributions to the Republican party and then note with a certain distaste that "Bob here" would probably donate to the Democrats), reading books, buying paintings: he socialized with his colleagues as little as he could. When the dealers and their wives showed up each year, by tradition the head of Ford would show the men around for a day while the wife took care of the ladies. Normally the wives were given a fashion show. Under Marg McNamara they went on a tour of the University of Michigan Cyclotron. It was said that the McNamaras deliberately managed to be elsewhere when Henry and Anne Ford gave gala coming-out parties for their daughters.

But all this was more than just a stylistic difference with Detroit. McNamara was, in business philosophy no less than in personal life, the Puritan. The auto business is not necessarily the place for someone with an abiding faith in man as a rational being, for the buying of a car is not necessarily a rational act. Detroit has been happiest when it is selling a potential customer more than he needs, adding space, chrome, hard tops, soft tops, air conditioners, speakers, extra horsepower. McNamara not only thought the customer *should* be rational: what was even worse, in the eyes of some of his colleagues, McNamara thought he *was* rational. It pained him to approve a convertible, the idea that a customer would pay \$200 more for a dangerous car that would deteriorate more rapidly being personally offensive to him. (After he left Ford and they made a convertible version out of his beloved Falcon, he wrote a rare message to a friend at Ford—"you must be crazier than hell.")

It was as if he felt there were certain things which were good for people and other things which were bad, and that he would be the arbiter. His, so one friend, was a quiet kind of arrogance: simply knew better, and these facts that he came up with were the proof. He believed deeply in the simple utilitarian car. His opponents in the auto industry argued that this is not the way the world is, that man will opt for comfort and status even if it costs more time and has done so throughout history. One of his colleagues remarked that McNamara should have been the head of production at the Moskvitch works in the Soviet Union—no worry about frost there. A friend said of him that he not only believed in rationality, he loved it. It was his own passion. If you offended it at a meeting, you were not just wrong, you had violated something that was greater, like offending a man's religion. If you did it, showed a flash of irrationality, supported the wrong position, he would change, speaking fast, the voice like a machine gun, cutting into you: Chop chop chop. You miscalculated here. Chop. You left this out. Chop. You neglected this. Chop. Therefore you're wrong. Chop. Chop. Chop.

He was overpowering: his power was facts, and one had more, and no one used them better, firing them out, one after another, devastating his opponents (though sometimes friends would feel that there was a missing piece, that sometimes this brilliant reasoning was based, yes, on a false assumption). He was, if anything, too strong a personality: he so dominated meetings that other men felt submerged and suppressed. Sometimes his meetings seemed to less friendly eyes to have a sham quality. There would be a meeting, say, to plan a car, to set style, content, and prospective price. McNamara would arrive at the meeting with his own homework done, his own decisions made, so that he came with a fixed position. He would seemingly defer to the others, ask what they thought, yet there was an overpowering personality and ego there. He perhaps did not mean it to be that way, but despite the appearance of give and take, the whole thing would become something of a sham, the classic Harvard Business School approach of loaded dice. Those who attended the meetings learned to play the game: the McNamara request to speak freely were not to be taken too seriously. He would telegraph his own viewpoint, more often than not unconsciously, in the way he expressed the problem, and in particular he would summarize in an intimidating way, outlining point by point using the letters of the alphabet, A through J, if necessary, and his position always seemed to win out in the summation. If you dissented or deviated, he listened, but you could almost hear the finger wanting to drum on the table: if you agreed and gave pro evidence, he would respond warmly, his voice approving in tone. Gradually those who disagreed learned their lesson, and just as gradually he would reach out to men who were like him until he was surrounded by men in his own image. Those who knew him well could tell when he was angry when he was going to explode. He would become

and if you looked under the table you could
begin to pick up his pants, a nervous
done because he knew he could not control
hands if they were on the table. The more rest-
became, the more his antagonist assaulted
ses, the higher the pants would get, showing
airy legs. On bad days the pants might
to the knees, and then suddenly he would
ang bang bang. You're wrong for these rea-
licking his fingers out. One. Two. Three. He
ran out of fingers.

particularly by Barry Goldwater in 1964), he
remarkably little to do with it: the car was
ally antithetical to his position. The old GM
at Ford had long wanted to emulate the GM
a different car in each of several different
nts, different stalls in the market place (Ford-
rv-Lincoln dealers were together, whereas the
nes were sold separately). Finally they saw
chance: upgrade Mercury and slip the Edsel
ween. The decision was made in 1955, a prime
but the car came to fruition in 1958, which
bad auto year, post-Sputnik, the worst year.
stance, Buick had. When the Edsel went bad,
w. Cruise had a new look, and McNamara
s a picture of all the car divisions. He
nted some of the other divisions and put a
the Edsel.

stead of playing games with consumer tastes,
ent those years fighting the battle to keep the
ent and the simple design. He
a people at Ford, fighting with the dealers,
ys trading and swapping to hold the line. The
s wanted more frills. The dealers wanted a
he had more chrome. And McNamara
d say, all right, you can have that, but we'll
to take all the chrome off the car. Some of the
fought about the width of the car, wanting it
frame. McNamara would listen and tell them
ds which would be remembered long after).
You persist in demanding this. I'll have to take
ear away from you." The men around him be-
o shade things in talking to him, not really
just a certain hedging of the truth to please
he had to make the two-speed car a
mission. So he promoted a design which would
rm as well as a three-speed but cost less. There
considerable doubts that the two-speed would
as well, but he was finally given assurances
he wanted it to work, because there would be
ses and smiles of approval, but sadly it never
it performed durably, but sluggishly, just as
he had predicted.

he was good at Ford, no mistake of that. He
ght his system to that declining empire at just
ight time, they held the line, they did not de-
and collapse as they might have, and they fi-
grew back, in part owing to his enormous drive
pressure, his utilitarian view, probably per-

fectly suited to what Ford needed and could afford
at the time. His greatest triumph was the Falcon,
the vindication of his years at Ford, the definitive
utilitarian car, the direct descendant of the Model
T, his ultimate contribution to cost effectiveness,
a car low enough in price to compete with foreign
imports but large enough to transport an American
family around. He did not want a revolutionary
car, just a classic, simple car. It was a great suc-
cess, though not as great as McNamara had hoped:
he envisioned a million in the first year, and it went
instead to 600,000. Its success was to come just be-
fore he left Ford: it enabled him to gain the pres-
idency, and he left on a note of triumph. But after
he left, Lee Iacocca, who would eventually succeed
him, said that Bob McNamara had damn near
ruined Ford by pushing that Falcon, too simple a
car, with too small a profit for the company.
Iacocca symbolized exactly the opposite of McNamara
in the auto world. For instance, he brought
racing to Ford, and Henry liked that. Henry pictured
with his pretty new wife in Europe after having
virtually bought LeMans, an invasion of American
on D-Day. McNamara hated all that, hated racing,
and now here was Henry and the Ford name adver-
tising for it. Lee brought in the Mustang, a car de-
signed for the American consumer in just the way
McNamara's cars were not. They had looked at the
design and thought, we have a doll of a car and
people will buy it, and now let's figure out how to
build it. Lee liked bigger, plusher, dashier cars,
and to him the Falcon was a reminder that Ford
might be growing customers for GM, bringing them
into auto consumption and then as they grew
wealthier turning them over to GM, which was
stronger in the middle range of cars. So Lee was
critical of McNamara, and so occasionally was
Henry Ford, now more confident, now more his
own man, and sometimes given to making state-
ments which indicated a measure of disenchant-
ment with McNamara, that perhaps the good old-
style auto people were better than the new
intellectuals.

IT IS NOT AN EASY THING, BEING A PURITAN IN
Babylon, that is, living privately the life of a
Puritan but competing with the other Babylonians
in the daytime pursuit of profit and growth. And
the Ford Co. McNamara was an immensely com-
plicated man. He would have been a simple man
had he stayed on in a university, taught there, lived
there, sent his students out into the world a little
better for their experience with him, but essen-
tially one man, no difference between the theory
and practice of McNamara. But this was different,
he had entered business. He who had little material
drive of his own was committed to making it in the
world of profit and excess and, indeed, greed, to
hold power in this world. Thus, a complicated man,
so many more than their statutory miles apart. In
the former, he was a man who read the right books,

his years at
Ford, the defini-
tive car, the di-
rect descendant
of the Model T.

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went to local art openings, supported the local cultural affairs that needed supporting. Marg belonged, of course, to the local U.N. Society and both of them belonging to an egghead group which met once a month (no more than two drinks per person per meeting) for the discussion of a book led by one of their number, each of them in turn. Bob's book was Camus, *The Rebel*, his intellectualism even then a little self-conscious. It wasn't so much that he was philosophical as that he *liked* to be philosophical. He liked to improve himself, the ultimate self-improvement man. Later, when he arrived in Washington, he was to leave some of that city's more skeptical residents with the feeling that there was a great deal of Gee Whiz in his intellectual pursuits—he had just talked to Barbara Ward and she had said this and this. At the Robert Kennedy Hickory Hill seminars, which were a symbolic feature of the vastly overrated New Frontier culture, McNamara was a constant and deadly serious student, always as usual doing his homework, always asking an earnest question.

Yet all this involved, had to involve, a daily switchover—the driving, relentless, cost-effective president of Ford by day and the resident philosopher of Ann Arbor by night, one cold and efficient, the other warm, almost gregarious. It was as if he had compartmentalized his mind: the fine thoughts were important, but did not play a part in one's everyday outlook. If the immensity of the contradiction between his liberal instincts and the war in Vietnam was one day to cause him grief, in the same way the difference between his social and intellectual conscience and the needs of a great industry had, in this earlier time, to cause him problems. It was as if the very contradictions of our age were all within him. He could at Ford be a believer in consumer rights, hating the dealers and the way the parts system worked, with dealers jamming spare parts down customers' throats and reaping the profits on the labor costs for repairs, but at the same time he had also to be very much a part of it all because it was very lucrative. The dealers, after all, in those years did not get the choice items from Detroit unless they sold the requisite number of parts to their customers. (Just as in the Pentagon, he would be at once a symbol of an attempt to control the arms race and one of the world's great arms salesmen to other countries, because the sale of arms cut Pentagon costs, was good for the budget, looked good on the Hill, made the President smile.) He believed in auto safety, yet he never really pushed the issue until 1956, when Ford was flat beaten by Chevy and knew it. Ford was in the last year of a three-year cycle, and Chevy had a hot new car, a sharp new style, a V-8 engine, and Ford was dead. The Ford people had to go back to their car and see what they could do with it. There was little to add in the way of options, and so they decided to sell safety. It was not often, one of them said, that you got to be on the side of both God and profits. It was McNamara's idea, he had long been genuinely concerned about safety, yet it was also a last-minute

decision and a desperate one. They added safety latches, a deep-dish steering wheel, c padding in front, and called in J. Walter Thompson to do the campaign. The campaign was that I was safe, and safety was good for you, something that sounds mild enough to the uninitiated but nothing less than revolutionary within the business. Then the cars came out, and, predictably, Chevy was a great success; McNamara's job seemed to be on the line. Then he caught the flu and went to Florida for a rest. While he was gone certain General Motors executives and some of his old friends at Ford tried a coup against McNamara. Apparently, high GM officials called Henry Ford and said—look, this is serious, you're ruining the auto industry, you're selling death, the industry you're projecting is violent and ugly. With Henry's sanction, some of the former GM men, led by U. S. Soe, took over certain of McNamara's functions. This was in effect a takeover. There were rumors that McNamara was completely out, but it was in fact close to being out, and the McNamara people, that is, the people whose loyalty was more to him than to the auto business, were extremely nervous. But he rose from the ashes, saved not so much by the generosity of Henry Ford or the Ford power structure, but by the 1957 Ford and the much despised dealers, who knew they had a hot car (one of the two years while he was at Ford that Ford beat Chevrolet) and were willing to stay with the '56 in order to get the '57. The auto industry is after all a very volatile business, it goes up goes up very quickly and can come down very quickly as well. So Ford decided to cut back on the '56, minimize its losses, virtually drop it on a safety pitch; the new advertising was changed to Style, Performance, and, yes, you could barely hear it, safety. Thus the campaign died, and it was untypical of McNamara at Ford, and later at the Pentagon, that he had started with good intentions, touched with a certain expediency and power, but by a little dissembling, and had ended up not with a success but with something even worse. Ford became a part of auto mythology that safety did not sell, safety is bad and hurts business, and it would take another decade and an outsider named Ralph Nader, who did not worry about hiding his intentions or making it in the business world, to put full moral pressure on the auto industry to bring some safety and consumer reform.

When McNamara left Ford, then, most of his friends in Ann Arbor felt he left with a sigh of relief, that he had never really liked the auto industry and never really felt enough social value in it. They believed also that Marg always felt that selling cars was a little unbecoming. It was as if once he found he could make it at Ford, and rise up, he was bored with the other men who could talk only about cars; as if presented with a challenge, he had mastered it in order to give himself credibility and respectability in the world of business. He made profits for Henry not because he was interested in profits, but because his power was based on his relationship with Henry.

The mild sensation: it was a philosophy before it was a Scotch.

Centuries ago, one of the world's
wise men learned that things, as
all as life, needed a sense of
proportion. Else they soon paled.
And the idea took hold. Except,
seemed, in Scotch.

No Scotch appeared to have that
sense of proportion so necessary
for it to wear well, year after year.
So we set out to find Scotch's

golden mean. To create the one
Scotch that could lay claim to that
ultimate blend of aged mellowness
and youthful lightness.

In short, the mild sensation.

We found it by blending 45 of
Scotland's lightest whiskies.

But with one difference.

We mellowed each at least
eight full years.

Obviously, this costs us
a little more. Which seems
to be worth the price, since
when we're finished we have
something a little more than
just another light Scotch.

We have Scotch at its
lightest. And its mellowest.

Modesty prevents us from
calling it a way of life.



ND OF 8 YEAR OLD SCOTCH WHISKIES AT 86 PROOF.

THE JOS. GARNEAU COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. © 1971

Ambassador
Scotch at its lightest.

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In 1955, he was asked to give the commencement address at the University of Alabama, and he wrote a speech which said that there had to be a higher calling for a businessman than simply making money. Ernie Breech saw the advance text and insisted that it come out. McNamara was very bitter and thought of canceling the speech. Damn it, he told friends, I'm making more money for them than they've ever made before. Why can't they leave me alone? But the friends told him that they had not said he couldn't say this; they had simply refused to permit it in the advance text. So he went down there and when he got to the appointed place, he inserted it, shouted it out, so that it could be heard all the way back in Detroit.

Thus, when he was offered the Defense job, his close friends were not really surprised. He had, they thought, been looking for a larger and more satisfying stage. The only thing which would keep him would be a sense of responsibility to Henry. And there were people at Ford who were pleased, too, feeling that the company under this coldly driving efficient man had been too stifling; he had been too strong, almost to the point of suppressing other talent. And the people in Ann Arbor were pleased, too. The pleasant liberals in his book club were reassured to see this humane man that they admired so much harnessed to a new and difficult job. Robert Angell, for many years head of the sociology department at Michigan and a member of the book club, who had been impressed by the breadth of McNamara's mind, went to his classes that morning; instead of beginning with the regularly scheduled work, he talked movingly about McNamara, about how lucky the country was to have this kind of man in such a tough job—a man who was far more than a businessman, a real philosopher with a conscience and a human sensitivity. Later, when the Bay of Pigs happened, Angell and the others would receive something of a shock. How could Bob be involved in something like this? Angell, a very gentle man, decided, talking with some of Bob's other friends, that they had made Bob go along. Then he went out to Vietnam and Angell turned on his television set and there was Bob talking about putting people in fortified villages. Angell would wonder, what's happened to Bob, he sounds so different. His friends in Ann Arbor would watch him with his pointer as he crisply explained where the bombs were going. Angell would duly set off for the first teach-in against the war, held at Michigan, and he and the other friends would always wonder what had happened to Bob. They would hear that Marg had been sick, that the war had torn Bob up, but they would not talk about it with him because Bob did not come back to visit with them.

HE HAD COME IN AT A DEAD RUN. By the time he was sworn in he had already identified the hundred problems of the Defense Department. He had groups and committees studying them. He had his people, the bright young men, plucked off the

campuses or the shadow government of the Corporation and other think-tanks. They were and lucid, men of mathematical precision who had grown up in the atmosphere of the Cold War, students of nuclear power and parity and deployment whose very professions sometimes, to the hilt, seemed uncivilized. He had taken over the Defense Department for a man who had run on the threat of getting America moving again. (One told them always without overcoats and hats, moving quickly through crowds, always on the move. Kennedy had once gotten angry at Robert McNamara, a reporter for the *Herald Tribune*, because he had written that the reason this dynamic young man was able to campaign without an overcoat in the cold of New Hampshire and Wisconsin was that he wore thermal underwear.) The assumption was that we were losing our power and manhood, and there was a missile gap. McNamara had said that his first job when he took over would be to close the missile gap. But there was no missile gap, and shortly after the election, McNamara told Pentagon reporters this. It was a statement which caused considerable agitation, particularly among Republicans who had lost an election in part because of a gap which turned out not to be a gap at all. Kennedy called McNamara the next day to find out what had happened, and McNamara denied that he had ended the missile gap, a denial that met the Pentagon press corps which had heard the statement with its very own ears somewhat leery of the word in the future.

But it was true there was no missile gap, so instead of building up the might of the United States and catching the Russians, he set out to harness that might and above all to limit the use of nuclear weapons. This became his passion. Vietnam, which was a tiny storm cloud on the horizon, seemed distant, small, and manageable from the real center of man's question of survival or self-destruction. (He could be cavalier about it, however. When Taylor and Rostow had recommended sending advisers to Vietnam and upped the number of Americans to 15,000, George Ball had warned that this would mean 300,000 within five years. McNamara had thought the warning absurd, but he was for sending a few more even if we eventually had to send 300,000 to do something which staggered Ball as well as the President.) Indeed, it is one of the smaller incidents of his years as Secretary of Defense that in making his relentless arguments against nuclear weapons he had to make counterarguments for conventional forces. If the Joint Chiefs wanted to send American combat troops to Vietnam without nuclear weapons, he had to go along, since he had developed a mystique of what conventional weapons could do with the new mobility.

It was a different time then. These were the immediate post-Eisenhower years, and the Chiefs who were Eisenhower Chiefs (men like Ridgway and Taylor who believed in a more balanced strategy had been either winnowed out or more or less ignored), were men who believed that nuclear

able military posture. The entire American posture was essentially based on a willingness to use nuclear weapons. That was an eerie thought, and so some people wanted to back from it. Men such as Henry Kissinger, Harvard, had just made himself something of an intellectual reputation as a theoretician of nuclear weapons—of finding something in between blowing up the world and being able to.

A young civilian assistant in those days would never have shown his passion about nuclear weapons. He was very strongly about the risk of nuclear war—and his abiding reluctance to use any kind of nuclear weapons. He was skeptical about tactical nuclear weapons. "They're the same thing, there's no difference," he said. "Once you use them, you use everything else. You can't keep them limited. You'll use everything." It was, the young man thought, a depressive performance, not just because of the emotional abhorrence of the weapons, but because McNamara understood exactly the dangers of the situation. He knew that if the Chiefs or Congress found out how he felt, he would be finished as Secretary of Defense. The young civilian had known that McNamara was a man without conviction or emotions, but decided that this was a carefully chosen pose, an effective one to cover his feelings. We had sold the idea of nuclear retaliation to the Europeans, our whole budget was based on it, and yet here was a Secretary of Defense who did not believe in it. If the word got out of his mouth, it would mean in effect that the U.S. was militarily disarmed, and he would not be able to do his office.

Shortly after lunch, the civilian got a call from a former McNamara aide who had been present at the meeting. "You must not speak of this to anyone. It is of the highest importance. Do not tell anyone. It must not get around." The young man agreed, and then mentioned that he had heard that the President himself felt the same way about the weapons. There was a story going around in Pentagon circles that Kennedy was unreliable, at least soft on "nukes." He had been taken to visit a C base and they had shown him a twenty-megaton bomb, and Kennedy had visibly blanched. Why did we need one of these? he had asked, and it was a scandal in SAC circles because this of course was a standard bomb. "There is no difference between them," at all," McNamara's aide answered.

McNamara felt himself surrounded by hostile forces in his quest. He had no following on the staff; he noticed that his enemies did. So his loyalty to the President, which was strong in any case, was doubly strong. The President was his only patron and protector in this savage world in which he was now operating. He worked hard to control the weapons system and to change Western policy-making about it. He set out to educate not just the Pentagon but his European colleagues as well, forming the Nuclear Planning Group for them—men who were politicians first, not managers, and who thus felt themselves particularly dependent



"We had sold the idea of nuclear retaliation to the Europeans, our whole budget was based on it, and yet here was a Secretary of Defense who did not believe in it."

on their generals. McNamara pressured them year after year to hire professional staffs, and he would take extra trips to Europe in order to persuade them to have their staffs on hand. He forced them to build a table where only the defense ministers could sit, to speak for themselves with no prepared papers or set speeches. They came to the meetings and could not be dependent upon the generals (who were dependent on their colonels)—only one person from each country at the table, only four others allowed in the room. At first this did not work too well because McNamara overwhelmed them, but gradually he forced them to take political responsibility for defense positions and, equally important, build skilled professional staffs which could challenge the thinking of the military at the lower levels.

When he had entered office he had found the nuclear system surprisingly hair-trigger and chancy. The military had constructed a system in which the prime consideration was not control, but getting the deterrent into the air, no matter what; controls and safeguards were secondary. It was very dangerous, a succession of ambiguous circumstances, and the nuclear hardware might start flying. Even on the weapons themselves, the safety features seemed marginal. There was, he decided, far too great a chance that one could go off in a crash, and he insisted on other safety features being added. He evolved the PAL, Permissive Action Link, as a system to put a lock on nuclear weapons. It was developed first as a technical device to lock up all nuclear weapons not under U.S. control. Technically none of the nuclear weapons here in the United States could be used without a specific order from the President. In practice, if the Chiefs felt that communications had failed they could still use the weapons, based on their best

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judgment. It was all a very subtle thing. Once he got started with the rationale of keeping the weapons from the less Anglo-Saxon peoples of NATO, he was able eventually to slip the controls on American weapons. The military fought hard. To them the threat that the reaction time would be slowed down was greater than that a crackpot might take over a base.

McNamara was already a compromised figure. He was fighting for the highest needs of mankind, plotting against the bureaucracy, dissembling inside—but eventually the compromises he made did not really work out satisfactorily. To a degree his problem was the era (and how much the new President felt he could challenge the existing conditions, and how much he wanted to). The nation was beginning to emerge from a period of enormous political and intellectual rigidity because of the Cold War—a period which nonetheless had seen a great jump in the technological power of the United States. The growth of the sophistication of weapons and the enormous increase in their price had given the Pentagon a quantum jump in power. Its relationship with the Congress, always strong, but based in the past largely on patriotism and relatively minor pork-barrel measures, was now strengthened by a new loyalty based on immense defense contracts, conveniently placed around the homes of the most powerful committee chairmen.

How many places could he fight? If he had tried to turn the country around on chemical and biological warfare, for instance, Russell surely would have opened hearings. Did you want a fight on everything? By holding them off on the B-70, a bomber which no one needed, he almost brought on a constitutional crisis, with the Congress passing the money that the Executive branch did not want to spend. He was constantly fighting with the Chiefs, but also deciding how much each point was worth. On the test-ban treaty McNamara virtually locked them in a room for a week to fight it out with them. He made them promise that once he had broken an argument they could not go back to it, because he felt that arguing with the Chiefs was a lot like arguing with your mother: you win a point and go on to the next only to find that they are back at the first. So, for a week, hour after hour, he went through every objection they had, breaking them down point by point, until finally he won. He read his victory as a conversion. But his aides felt differently: they felt he had shown how important the treaty was to him, and as one said later, it was virtually a case of going along with him or resigning. But how many issues were worth this much effort, particularly since many of these fights were not his by tradition. It should have been the Secretary of State, not of Defense, who was fighting for a nuclear-test ban.

Yet he took over at a time when the world was changing. The threats of the Soviet Union were not the same. There was no longer a Communist monolith. (The Chiefs, for instance, were far slower to accept the Sino-Soviet split than most people in Washington, believing it finally when the Russians

massed troops on the Chinese border.) The bureaucracy around him often seemed more rigid than the needs of the world required. More missile NATO. More troops. Bigger bombers. It was at a crucial moment in history he sensed the problems and the end of certain myths and worked to correct them, yet as if finally it was all too new. His record clouded even on nuclear weapons. In 1961 some White House aides were trying to slow the arms race. At that point the U.S. had 450 missiles and McNamara was asking for 950, and the Chinese were asking for 3,000. The White House people quietly checked around and found that in effect the 450 were the same as McNamara's 950.

"What about it, Bob?" Kennedy asked.

"Well, they're right," he answered.

"Well, then, why the 950, Bob?" Kennedy asked.

"Because that's the smallest number we can go up on the Hill without getting murdered," he answered.

Perhaps, thought one of the White House aides, if we had not gone up then, the Russians might have gone up, and we might have slowed the clock.

HE COMPILED AN AWESOME RECORD in Washington in those days. He was a much-sought-after figure, a man of impressive qualities. In a flak Administration which placed great emphasis on style, McNamara was at home. He had always been a style among people at Ford, judging them not only by what they said, but how they said it. He was popular at dinner parties and was considered unusual in that he did not bore women at dinner talking about nuclear warheads. He was a friend of Jack and Jackie, of Bobby and Ethel, and yet lived simply, driving his own car more often than not, a beat-up old Ford. He was gay when the occasion called for gaiety, sober when it called for sobriety. If he made enemies on the Hill, they were at least the right enemies—Vinson, Stennis, Rivermen hardly revered by social-intellectual Washington. His Congressional appearances were impressive, well-prepared, grim, and humorless. McNamara testifying on the Hill was not someone you wanted to cross. Yet he was unbending, knew too many answers. The Hill didn't like that. He was perhaps a little too *smart*, and when Southerners say someone is smart they are necessarily being complimentary. Roswell Taylor patric cautioned him, suggesting that it would be a good idea to go over and have a few drinks occasionally, get to know the boys, humanize yourself, and your intentions. The oil in the wheels of government was bourbon. But McNamara would have none of it. He worked a fourteen-hour day already if he did his job and presented his facts accurately and intelligently, then they would do their job, accepting his accuracy and there was no need to waste time in missionary work. He had his responsibilities and they theirs, and if they could not see the rightness of what he was doing, he did not think he could woo them by drinking. Probably he was right.

was, thought the men around him, a good one. Indeed, one of them noted, "almost a bit of a better, a bit of the do-gooder, if you scratch him enough." Able, energetic, he was drafted to use because he was available, he worked better than other men, and he always had a sense of what he should serve. The harder the job, the more he would feel the obligation to take the heat for the job—something which Kennedy, cool and content to get in any unnecessary battles, much preferred. The President knew that when Goldwater's generals went after McNamara, they were going after him. But there was something about the White House staff admired about McNamara, and this was the fact that he could be humbled. When he was wrong he could change his mind. He had ego, one knew, and he was self-dramatized almost in a Bundyesque way, but he could do so without feeling a loss of face.

In the spring of 1963, when there was no real sense that a test-ban treaty was coming, the word got out that Stennis was going to hold hearings on the state of the nation's preparedness. The pre-negotiations with the Russians had come surprisingly close to a treaty, and there was a feeling that things might be moving in that direction. The threat of Stennis's hearings was a serious one. In the hearings you call in the generals who are more preparedness and lament our present weakness, you create a more antagonistic climate, you worry the Senate and you worry the President, you create a record which opponents of the treaty can work off. Some White House representatives went to see McNamara and warned him what was coming. McNamara was rather casual about it at first. He did not think that they were that close to a treaty. Anyway, if he made his case too soon, it would be easy for the opposition to counter it. Stennis have his hearings and we'll wait. The White House people bowed to his superior judgment. A few weeks later they heard that John McCone, the CIA specialist on nuclear weapons, was going to help him make the case against the treaty—McCone had always opposed the treaty—but the White House people sensed that things might be more serious than they had imagined, and this was in effect a confirmation that Stennis and McCone thought the treaty might be close. So Kaysen got together with Abe Chaves, the State Department's legal adviser, and with John McNaughton, who was an expert on arms control, and decided that their instincts about being worried were good ones. They went back to McNamara and spelled out their doubts; he listened for a few minutes and then said—I agree, you're right, and I'm wrong; it is more serious, and you're now going to have a committee to oversee the Executive branch's foreign policy. McNaughton is the chief, and you're to coordinate our case, check out who the witnesses are, and balance the record. Thus were the Stennis hearings negated.

Those who dealt with him in this matter came away impressed. This was a strong man, a sensitive man, even if lacking in political sensitivity. If he

had weaknesses, one of them was a tendency to see problems as unrelated entities, not seeing that if you solved one problem you might create another—a vision so forceful that it did not see things on the periphery—and too much impatience with people who did not express themselves or their doubts well.

The combination of Kennedy-McNamara seemed to work well. The President had a broader sense of history, and it blended well with McNamara's managerial ability, his capacity to take the problems of defense, which were almost mathematical in their complexity, and break them down. Kennedy understood the gaps in McNamara, knew that despite his brilliance he was not somehow the complete man. In 1962 McNamara, always cost-conscious, came charging into the White House ready to save millions on the budget by closing bases. Each base was figured to the fraction of the penny. Kennedy interrupted and said: Bob, you're going to close the Brooklyn Navy Yard with twenty-six-thousand people and they're going to be out of work and go across the street and draw unemployment, and you better figure that into the cost. That's going to cost us something and they're going to be awfully mad at me, and we better figure that in, too. Kennedy ended the closing-down. But in 1964, under Johnson, McNamara came back with the same proposals. Johnson, who loved economy, particularly little economies, was more interested in the idea, until Kenny O'Donnell, one of McNamara's more constant critics within the government, who would argue vociferously with Bobby Kennedy that most of the mistakes of the Kennedy era had stemmed from McNamara, pointed out that the shipyards always tended to be in the districts of key Congressmen, men like John McCormack and John Rooney, and though it saved a few million it might cost them the Rules Committee.

Vietnam had not seemed important in early 1961. Even in Southeast Asia, Laos seemed more important. The Laos lobby flourished to a considerable degree. When Kennedy had seen Eisenhower, it was the discussion of Laos which had turned Kennedy's face white—gentle admonition from the outgoing President, whose proudest boast was that he had avoided any Americans' being killed in combat during his eight years, that the U.S. would probably have to go to war over Laos, but that he, Dwight Eisenhower, would give John Kennedy his support. When the Kennedy Administration first came in, everyone was preoccupied with the Bay of Pigs, and of course, Laos and the Congo and Berlin, always Berlin. Vietnam was so unimportant that Rostow got it at the White House, Mac Bundy having given it away (Mac did not give away unhealthy countries, only healthy ones), and when a task force was created for it, symbolically, it was Defense not State which headed it, a vital insight into the way Washington regarded it—as a military problem. At Defense, it was Ros Gilpatric who headed it, not McNamara, a significant difference

It was so important that he was so philosophical as that he liked to be philosophical. He liked to improve himself, the ultimate self-improvement man.

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because McNamara liked to take the things which were difficult.

The Gilpatric committee had recommended a moderate boost for what seemed a less than healthy situation—largely fiscal reform, political reform, land reform, of course, and essentially an increase in the U.S. presence of about six thousand people, largely nonmilitary. What struck Gilpatric and the others when the issue went before the National Security Council was Kennedy's reluctance—indeed resistance—to putting in more people. There was not very much of an increase in the military commitment. Kennedy finally slipped into the recommendations of the report with irritated philosophical acquiescence. By the middle of 1961, McNamara began to sense the gravity of what was happening in Vietnam, that it was something to be reckoned with and watched, and something to protect the President on. And so a curious thing happened. McNamara did not just simply move into Vietnam and take some responsibility for it, aided by lots of bright young men at OSD. He took it over, becoming virtually the desk officer, with only John McNaughton, his most trusted deputy, eventually working with him. The other bright young men who worked so effectively for McNamara in other reaches of the Pentagon were isolated from Vietnam. It was important that Robert McNamara, who had unleashed these young men elsewhere in the Pentagon, now moved virtually alone into an area where he was least equipped to deal with the problems. Thus, what had worked for him so effectively in other areas—the challenge of the bright young men to the statistics and preconceptions at the lowest level, the ability to compete with military judgments—all this was gone.

The reasons for his decision to keep his civilians out were complicated. For one thing, Vietnam was a sensitive issue. The Joint Chiefs of Staff were already somewhat nervous about the use of systems analysis, sensing (not entirely inaccurately) that it was in effect about to become a civilian JCS, giving independent judgments; it was one thing to offer systems analysis in the technical and hardware areas, but it was quite another thing to compete with their judgment on a war. It would have immediately brought down Stennis and Rivers on him. The second reason was that although by and large he did not respect the military very much, he did think they were professional in one area: they knew how to fight a war. There was another factor, his great arrogance. McNamara, who *knew data*, would go over it more carefully than the military. Hence the portrait of McNamara at his desk, on planes, in Saigon, pouring over page after page of details about each province, each district, each company, battalion, platoon, squad. All those statistics. All lies.

Yet his eyes and instincts would never be able to come to terms with the morass of Vietnam. He studied a guerrilla war which always seemed to quantify so well—a feudal army backed up by the enormous firepower of the most powerful nation in the world, with tanks, airplanes, and helicopters, and fighting an essentially conventional war will

always have better kill statistics than a moderate peasant army which uses its limited power in the refinements of guerrilla war. Add to that the fact that all Vietnamese commanders were liars. The reports they sent in were all lies since they never dared admit that they might lose one battle or suffer heavy casualties. If the American advisers knew that these were lies, they soon found out that MACV (Military Assistance Command in Vietnam) did not want an open challenge to the reporting.

A few brief glimpses of McNamara in Vietnam come to mind. He was taken in 1962 to Operation Sunrise, a model early strategic hamlet, by the GVN (Government of Vietnam). The population was obviously Vietcong, and filled with bitterness. McNamara innocently fired away questions: How much of this? How many of those? The amazed Vietnamese official suddenly realized that he did not understand it was all false, and grandly answered his questions. . . .

McNamara arrived time after time for his on-the-spot visits, always acting out the carefully charted tours set up first by General Harkins and then by General Westmoreland, never planning his own independent promptu itinerary, always traveling with generals at his side, getting faultless briefings, ill-prepared to ask the right questions. Vietnamese colonels would burst out of their paratrooper uniforms and speak good American, confirming the new dynamism, and always there were the charts.

What was created on those trips was not a knowledge of the country, but something worse and more dangerous—an illusion of knowledge. He was getting the same information which was presented in Washington, but now it was presented much more effectively in Vietnam. McNamara was not cynical; he did not know any better. Years later, when he had turned against the war and was flying back to Washington, he talked with John Vann—one of the most knowledgeable dissenters and best-formed men in the country, a man carefully excluded from all high-level briefings for visitors (allowed in on them, significantly, only after 1965 when he became marginally optimistic)—on why he had been misinformed. Vann told him bluntly that it was all his own fault. He should have insisted on his own itinerary. He should have traveled without brass, and taken the time to find out who some of the more informed people were and talk with them.

He was always looking for his own criteria. Foreign reporters would remember McNamara in 1965 going to I Corps near Da Nang and checking on the Marines' progress there. A Marine colonel had a sand table showing the terrain and was patiently giving the briefing. McNamara was not really taking it in; his hands were folded and he was frowning a little. Finally he interrupted: Now, let me see if I have it right, this is your situation; and then it came out from him—all numbers and statistics, the many friendlies on this many operations, this many troops to attack 48 per cent of them after dark. The colonel was very bright and read him immediately like a man breaking the code. Without changing stride, he went on with the briefing, simply switching

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ing its terms. Out it came, all quantified, with percentages and indices. McNamara was fascinated now. The colonel's performance was so blatant it was like a satire, and one of the reporters began to laugh and had to leave the tent. Later that day the newsman went up to McNamara and commented on how tough the situation was up there, but McNamara wasn't interested in the Vietcong, he wanted to talk about the colonel: "That colonel is one of the finest officers I've ever met," he said.

But if he gleefully accepted information in this form, he resisted those who tried to question it. Stewart Alsop has told the story of Desmond Fitzgerald, the high-ranking CIA officer who used to brief McNamara, warning that in his opinion the statistics were all meaningless, that the U.S. was in for a rougher time than they indicated. McNamara asked him why, and he answered it was an instinct, a feeling; the CIA man received an incredulous stare and was never asked to brief the Secretary again. And there were other stories: in 1963, when Vietnam was beginning to deteriorate at a faster rate, a White House assistant would argue with him and finally McNamara would snap back and say, "You're talking well, but where are your facts? You state these things so glibly, you say the government has lost popularity recently. How much? What percentage did it have, and what percentage does it have now? Where is your data? Give me something I can put in the computer. Don't give me your poetry." The civilian would answer that his information was based on firsthand knowledge and distrust of the kind of reporting McNamara was getting. But McNamara believed this reporting, and he did not believe that civilians could know as much as the military about war, about battles, and so when the civilian mentioned his sources, McNamara scoffed. This was, he said, a prejudiced data base. "All you do is go around and find someone who's against this thing and then you listen to him. That's your data base."

And so in these crucial middle years McNamara attached his name and reputation to the possibility and hopes for victory, caught himself more deeply on the morass of Vietnam, and limited himself greatly in his future actions. It is not a particularly happy chapter in his life. He did not serve himself nor the country well; he was, and there is no kinder or gentler word for it, a fool.

THERE WAS NOT, A FRIEND of McNamara's noticed in late 1967, a photograph of Lyndon Baines Johnson on the wall of Robert McNamara's office.

McNamara under Kennedy had been a satisfied and vital man, and a happy one. Kennedy, after all, had recognized his values and abilities. They seemed in step on the great issues, and if Kennedy had been too committed to the use of force at the beginning of the Administration, so had McNamara (although Kennedy was probably more than a step ahead of him in the conversion away from force that the era had produced). But there had

been an ease in the relationship between the

McNamara, freed from Detroit, had a man who was superior to him intellectually, who had an ethical and intellectual sense one wanted in the office, and whose social life McNamara liked. (Before going to Washington he had talked with a friend and vowed that he would not be like Arthur Summerfield—also a gift of Detroit to American government. Summerfield's photograph I seemed to be in the Washington government paper every day for social doings. Bob had promised would not be like that, but what did you know—soon as Bob got to Washington, you couldn't pick up a paper without reading about him at a formal dinner party.)

He was well-filtered in the Kennedy White House. The style there was informal, with plenty of diverse opinions. Kennedy, particularly at the end of his wary of institutional wisdom and mythology, exposed his higher officials to all kinds of challenges. This annoyed Rusk no end, since the Secretary was a great chain-of-command person, and he would be somewhat offended to find himself at a meeting with some junior desk officer from the State Department speaking as if he were an equal. McNamara was well-used; he was a tempered activist in those days.

The Johnson White House was another thing. Johnson was less sure of himself on many issues, less questioning of the assumptions of the era and the Kennedy rhetoric than Kennedy himself was. LBJ seemed more awed by the luminous Eastern Establishment and by the Kennedy men than Kennedy had been. Johnson, someone who knew him well said, always had the problem of his own insecurity, particularly in the face of these luminary people. He suffered in other words, not so much from a poor education as from his own belief that he had had a poor education. His insecurity was not a problem on domestic issues because he knew after three decades in Congress that he was well-equipped there. His problem was in foreign affairs, and because he was sure in this area he lacked pride and confidence in himself. He allowed the people around him to define him, and their view of the world became his view. The challenges of the younger men to the bureaucratic chiefs were challenges to him. The basic idea was to find the best men, senior men picked by Kennedy—deans and Rhodes scholars and heads of the Ford Motor Company. Get from them the right point of view, the consensus, and then sign everybody on board. What did these younger people know anyway? And if they participated in meetings, hell, it would soon be all over Washington that there was division and dissension in the government and that he, Johnson, was a clown who did not know about foreign affairs. Unsure of himself, wanting to protect himself, he closed off channels and took the same Kennedy men, and by using them in a different way, made them different men. This would affect Rusk, who went from being Kennedy's liaison with the Hill to being a Secretary of State, and it would affect McNamara.

Johnson was unsure and McNamara was sure.

a three-year veteran at Defense, at the height of his ability and reputation, seeking to serve the President and serve him well. Because Lyndon Johnson depended on him, and because McNamara had created a vacuum, he became more assertive and more aggressive. One could almost mark the beginning from January 1964, during the brief Panama crisis when there was some uncontrolled sniping. The question arose whether American forces should go into Panama after the snipers. Johnson was sitting in the White House with a small group, and he had begun a monologue on the sanctity of contracts, a discourse with a high degree of Roosevelt in it. What a terrible thing this. By God, in Texas a contract was the most important thing there was. And then suddenly, without warning spoken, McNamara jumped up and went to the outer room and called the commander of the 1st Marine Division in Panama and told him to send out the 1st Marine Division to patrol in Panama. Some of the White House old-timers watched him uneasily; they thought it was not the way he would have behaved under Kennedy.

1964 and early 1965 were his best years. His position was the most secure in Washington. There was a new President. Rusk was Rusk, not about whom legends would be spun. McNamara was the proven factor, the man who dazzled Lyndon Johnson and the President. Lyndon's Own Bob McNamara, to whom Lyndon sent all doubters. Two officials arrived at the White House in connection with the Model Cities program, Johnson talked for a few minutes and then sent them, not to domestic people, not to Moyers or HEW, but to Bob McNamara. Talk to him about it and see what he thinks. See if he okays it.

Indeed, other Cabinet members would be summoned to the White House where Bob, charts and all, would stand and tell how he had done on cost effectiveness, the brightest boy in the money saved here, functions doubled there. Other Cabinet officers he challenged to go forth and do battle against waste, too, although some could notice a smile of disbelief on the face of the skeptical Willard Wirtz. McNamara seemed in this way to be the dominant public servant of the decade, a man who might tame the nuclear race, gave the liberals in Washington a hint, and in a good deal more than a hint, that he was their One. One sensed greatness—the McNamara Era. Expectations were high. The more one heard of the angry anger against McNamara, the more his reputation climbed. And then the war.

The war would ravage two particular reputations: Johnson's and McNamara's. For McNamara, who had been viewed by the intellectual community as a spokesman for sanity, the continuing irrationality of the war would be a professional and personal tragedy of massive import. So that even after he left office he would find it difficult to talk with his friends about the war and his role, and they would have to surmise his thoughts about it.

As the war destroyed the domestic programs of Lyndon Johnson and drove him out of office, it



"The President knew that when Goldwater or the generals went after McNamara, they were really going after him."

similarly destroyed what McNamara had done at the Pentagon. It was not merely the war itself, it was what it did to everything else. He had chosen above all else to *control* the Pentagon, and with the war he had lost control of the machinery. It had robbed him of too much time, too much energy. His proud budget, despite hanky-panky designed to keep the war from being included, would become a scandal. Rather than being a Defense Secretary for seven years, a case could be made that he was really only in charge for four. He spent his time and his resources trying to hold the generals back; yet as the power of the military grew, his own personal crisis deepened. The judgments were all shattered. It was one thing to control the generals during peacetime, for then you were playing on civilian turf and they could be dominated. It was one thing to talk with Lyndon Johnson before he made the decision, for he seemed if anything too cautious, but it was another thing to reason with him once committed.

THEY HAD TURNED TO BOMBING BECAUSE the status quo no longer worked, and because bombing was the easiest thing. It was the kind of power America wielded most easily—the great technological supercountry against a very little country.

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"Raggedy-ass little fourth-rate country," Lyndon Johnson called it, complaining once to John McCone, head of the CIA, on the lack of information coming out of Hanoi. "Jesus, I thought you guys had people everywhere, that you knew everything, and now you don't even know anything about a raggedy-ass little fourth-rate country. All you have to do is get some Chinese coolies from a San Francisco laundry shop and drop them in over there and use them. Get them to drop their answers in a bottle and put the bottle in the Pacific . . ." McCone, who was not noted for his sense of humor, sulked for two days afterwards.

But just how do you bomb and at what level? That was the question. The Chiefs were ready. They were never that euphoric about the war, but if we went in, then they wanted a massive show of force, first with the bombing and then later with the troops. If you use force, use too much. They did not like the other possibilities, the punitive retaliatory kind of raid, the tit for tat, the slow squeeze. ("Keeping the hostage alive" was the phrase, a Rostovian phrase, the idea being that if you destroyed everything they had right off, they might as well keep on fighting. The North Vietnamese, Rostow noted repeatedly, had worked so hard to build up what little industrial capacity they had that they would do almost anything they could to save it.)

And so in late 1964 and early 1965 the leadership turned slowly toward bombing as a means of striking back. They had already decided on retaliatory raids after Bien Hoa and the Brinks attack, but the awkward timing on those incidents, one right at election time and the other at Christmas, had delayed reactions. Thus a one-shot reprisal would not make a difference; the question was of a sustained campaign. So they moved toward deciding, not because they really believed in bombing, for there was a good deal of private hedging on what the bombing might accomplish ("This bombing bullshit," Lyndon Johnson called it), but because there was nowhere else to go and they did not want to send troops. They wanted to do it on the cheap. They were the keepers of the empire, protecting the empire's realm.

The iconoclast among them, John McNaughton, who took pleasure in breaking down going myths and assumptions, a secret dove who expressed his dovishness only to McNamara, would break down finally the reasons for going ahead with escalation. He found that the principal American aim was not victory, not the saving of South Vietnam, not the securing of dominoes, but the avoidance of a humiliating American defeat. To that cause he assigned 70 per cent; the second and far less important reason, keeping Vietnam and other adjacent territory from the Chinese, was worth 20 per cent. And finally the official reason, the aiding of the South Vietnamese so that they could enjoy a better and freer life, that rationale that we sold to ourselves and our high-school students, to this he gave 10 per cent. The Westerners, it seemed, were much like the Asians they always

talked about. When it came right down to it, they wanted to save face.

The Chiefs wanted a heavy campaign, with capacity to hit at almost every target—ports, cities, airfields. (There had been considerable discussion of what the Chinese Communist flashp was, and it was generally assumed that it was bombing of the airfields at Phuc Yen near Chinese border that would do it.) They proposed heavy bombing, to be increased as necessary continue until we succeeded. Thus, after the bombing started, and through 1968, despite a bombing campaign which seemed to stagger the imagination of most laymen, they would be able to say that were targets they did not get and that the method of bombing had been unsatisfactory. There was one more irony, for among the reasons given by the civilians for launching the campaign would be, in the phrasing of McGeorge Bundy: Even if it did not work they would be able to say that it had done all they could.*

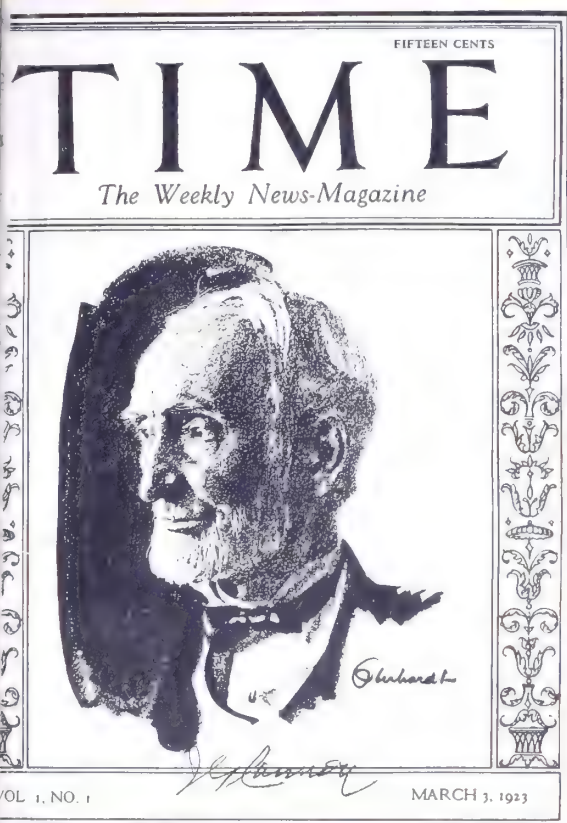
There was no way, it would seem, to beat the Chiefs at their own game. One starts off a little contemptuous of them, by fighting them, and since they demand so much, such a wider war, one gets them far less, and congratulates himself on having held the line. Then things do not work, there has not been enough force. But now their feet are at the door, and they have more authority, and there is an inevitable thrust for more force. There are no signed and sworn documents from the Chiefs saying that if the lower force ratio fails, everyone can go home. Rather there is an even greater rationale for putting more and more in; we have already risked too much, now we have to stay. ("I am going to tell you how we got in Vietnam," Lyndon Johnson would say irritably in 1966. "We have always been in Vietnam.") The civilians will always owe the Chiefs due bills. The Chiefs will always be able to say that they did not get what they asked for, with the corollary that the more they put in, the more the civilian officials are at the mercy of the Chiefs, dependent on them for information, afraid of their domestic political power. It was widely believed that when McNamara began to go soft on the war, Johnson quietly asked Earle Wheeler to his Tuesday lunches.

All this time, Johnson remained reluctant and restless, increasingly showing the signs of a bad temper and frustration to those around him. He hated the prospect of the war, and he did not believe in the bombing. (One reason he liked General Westmoreland was that Westmoreland was dovish on the bombing. He did not think it would work, or that it was a panacea, though he was finally willing to accept the argument that it might improve morale in the South.) Johnson was dragging

*This explains in large part why the intellectuals of the Hill, like Fulbright, McCarthy, McGovern, and Church, came off far better on the war. They had a better sense of their constituency, of the delicacy of the fabric of the country, and the danger of what would happen if there were a war and it didn't work out. It was not some tube experiment for them, it was a very serious business with great domestic dangers built in.

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feet, and so McNamara set out to convince him that the bombing was at least the first answer; McNamara was being pushed by the Chiefs, and Maxwell Taylor, now Ambassador, was also pushing hard from Saigon.

McNamara was, after all, not one to turn away from a challenge. The mark of him in government was his capacity to say that something could be mastered. To say that something could not work, that it was beyond the reach of this most powerful country in the world, was to fail. He hated failure. Besides he was part of that era—he wanted to win, to move Castro out of Cuba, to deny Vietnam to the Communists. He was a winner, his speeches warning of the threat of the Communist Chinese preceded those of Rusk. He would later shed much of this viewpoint, but in those days his aides would remember surprisingly moral, jingoistic judgments, that he once told a group of clergymen protesting the war and killing that there were two ways to kill a man, and one way was to kill his soul, and we were trying to keep the souls of fourteen million people from being killed. He was *into* Vietnam, already so much a part of its history, and it was becoming a very large part of his. The idea of cutting losses, as George Ball had suggested, was unacceptable. So much was already invested, it was a matter of prestige and honor. The President had been brought this far and he was one of those who had shared in the bringing. They had to go further.

He was not wholly optimistic. Later he would tell friends that he had always doubted the bombing, that anyone who knew anything about bombing from World War II was dubious of what it would accomplish. The bombing was a card to be played. But he was action-oriented, his instinct was to do something, to move something, to try something. The case study of the Cuban missile crisis was still very strong in his mind, and in the mind of the others; this was the precedent for what they were doing now. They would, they thought, use power in the same slow, cautious, judicious manner. Not too much, not too little—signaling their intentions, that is, that they did not want to go to war; rejecting the radicals on both sides; being in control of the communications all the way through. This was all fine, except that they made one fatal mistake. They forgot that in the Cuban missile crisis it was the *Russians*, not the Cubans, who had backed down, that the Cubans had been perfectly willing, if imperfectly prepared, to fight. They forgot that this kind of threat of American power had an impact on the Russians who were a comparable society with comparable targets, but little effect on a new agrarian society still involved in its own revolution. That which was so judicious in the Cuban missile crisis would finally seem so injudicious in Vietnam. The bluff of power would not work, and we would be impaled in a futile bombing of a small, underdeveloped country, an idea which appalled most of the world and increasing numbers of Americans.

And so, when he came down for it, and came down with doubts in his mind, those doubts were

not reflected in the way he pushed for it. The did not show in meetings. He was forceful, in driving, pushing, tearing apart the doubts of others, almost ruthless in making his case. George Ball dissented, it was McNamara who was the ripper. He was very strong, and he seemed to know the facts and certainties. He was good at meetings, knew how to control them and how to bide his time until the right moment. This was all done with emotion; that was a key part, it always seemed *objective*, and yet it carried conviction. When he was finished, everyone would know what to do. A modern man. "I have," someone who knew him well said, "to catch myself when he's talking in a meeting because I lose the capacity to criticize."

He was extremely tough in those 1965 meetings. Perhaps bombing wouldn't work, but what else? There? What was the alternative? Defeat? Hasty withdrawal? Withdrawal? We could no longer just sit there. His statistics showed that South Vietnam was collapsing. (The JCS had told Westmoreland in the fall of 1964 that the material he was seeing was back on the decline in the "force ratio"—the stepped-up enemy infiltration, the decline in the ability of the ARVN to mobilize—was having a strong effect on McNamara. Please send me a message. McNamara was not a JCS bomber. His strategy was slower, more restrained, more coercive, more limited. And he was worried that the President's strategy was still foot-dragging.)

In early February of 1965, he assigned two men from Defense to check on Vietcong targets against Americans. The VC had recently captured two Americans, a captain and a sergeant, and committed appalling atrocities against them, which was unusual because in the past atrocities had been used regularly against the South Vietnamese, not against the Americans. So the two staff officers were put on the phone to Saigon because McNamara wanted something to present to the President as a means of convincing him to go along on the bombing campaign. The idea was that if there were no incidents like this, the mutilation of Americans by an American President would have to react, the American public would not stand for it. The aides would spend what was to be the night of Qui Nhon on the phone to Saigon getting the atrocity information. It was all very gory, and a few days later, after the Qui Nhon attack, when they finally signed the President on to the bombing raids, the word came down from McNamara that it had been very effective with the President.

THERE ARE VARYING DATES GIVEN FOR McNamara's turn on the war, the dates varying with the degree of feeling he felt, and also the degree of action with which he was willing to fight the war. He was never from the start wildly optimistic. He thought technology would convince them that the war was not worth fighting, and that they might touch their threshold of pain. Who would have thought then that they would have a higher threshold of pain than we?



"He had chosen above all else to control the Pentagon, and with the war he had lost control of the machinery."

ptimism, or at least his ability to hide his
ism, lasted through part of 1965. In 1965,
after American troops began to engage the
Vietnamese, Sander Vanocur of NBC would
a briefing with McNamara in I Corps and
way deeply depressed. The American troops,
ed, were being swallowed up by the terrain.
was, he told McNamara, a bottomless pit.
anocur," the Secretary replied, "every pit
bottom."
ne time doubts on the bombing increased,
infiltration increased, it was necessary to
combat troops, which he helped push. He told
Westmoreland not to worry about his re-
that this was the richest country in the
Some say that his real doubts stemmed from
tle of the Ia Drang Valley in November of
when the First Cav and NVA regulars
ed into each other and fought one of the
bitter battles of the war. This was a sign that
rth Vietnamese would reinforce and would
our escalation with their escalation, raising
than lowering the level of violence.
the decisions were already made, the thrust
merican combat troops was on, and by the
the year the projected figure was for over
0. But even as he was beginning to doubt
ssibilities in Vietnam, the price was going
e possibility of disengagement was diminish-
eorge Ball's thesis that it was easier to dis-
when the ratio of American forces was lower
roving valid. The control over the generals
creasing and the capacity to reason together
yndon Johnson was dropping off. Who would
thought that the star pupil of 1964 would find
lf threatened in credibility by *Walt Rostow*?
Namara did not believe that a military victory
ossible. He would soon decide that the war
imply not worth the price, not even in terms
st effectiveness. Yet he was trapped. He had

been a part of the decisions, indeed finally a bone-
crushing advocate of the escalation. He had advised
the President. He could not—even without his al-
most supreme sense of loyalty to the office—dis-
sociate himself from Johnson, nor, for that matter,
from Rusk. For Rusk had sat next to him all those
years and had gone hand in hand with him on the
decisions.

McNamara was above all the corporate figure.
Loyalty to the boss was more important than
loyalty to one's self or to an ideal. South Vietnam
had to be saved whether it wanted to be or not—
whether it, in fact, existed or not. The case against
this position had been made earlier by George Ball,
forcefully and powerfully, that it was a civil war
and it was time to cut our losses. Ball had felt the
President wavering, felt that if he could pick up
just one more person in the inner circle his argu-
ment might prevail. He had listened approvingly
when William Bundy at one fateful meeting out-
lined the dangers of sending combat troops, the
weakness of the society, the hazards of falling into
the French footsteps. Ball had thought: here is my
ally. They had gone back to State together: Ball
suggested to Bill Bundy that they work together on
a paper extricating America from Vietnam. But
Bundy had desisted. He saw all the problems, he
had all the doubts, he told Ball, but he did not go
that far. We couldn't let Vietnam go down the
drain. The myths of the past were too great to lose
a country. So he had left Ball there, and the paper
was a Ball paper, not a Ball-Bundy paper. Rational
men making rational decisions based on totally irra-
tional assumptions.

So when McNamara began to dissent he had to
do so within great limitations. He had a problem
in that Rusk was not a man given to doubt. There
was a Secretary of State to the right of him, a man
who genuinely believed in the military estimates
of the situation. If a great power like the United

David Halberstam
THE
PROGRAMMING
OF ROBERT
McNAMARA

States put its shoulder to the wheel, Rusk would say again and again, the other side would give. (It would be one of the many paradoxes of the war that in 1967 and 1968 the major dissent against it was voiced by civilians at the Defense Department, men who were not career officers, who were there for one tour and had little bureaucratic tie. The State Department and the Joint Chiefs became natural allies.)

So McNamara was boxed in, fighting, but accepting at first the assumptions of his opponents, giving up combat troops to hold down bombings, dissembling within the bureaucracy so it would not be too obvious he was a dove. He seemed a split personality. It sometimes seemed there was a Kennedy McNamara who said one thing to the Kennedy-type people and a Johnson McNamara who said another thing to the Johnson-type people. He would lobby vigorously for a long bombing pause at the end of 1965. (State did not want one. Even then Rusk's greater consistency and commitment were showing.) But he would not opt for anything that would have any serious meaning for the North Vietnamese. The terms we offered would still be, by their definition, surrender. Significantly, he would sell the bombing-pause proposal as having among its values that it would prepare American and world opinion for a wider, more intensified war to follow.

As did most half-measures, the pause, of course, failed. McNamara's real dissent began in the fall of 1966. By then he was completely sure that the North Vietnamese would match our escalations with their own. He had tried to tell that to Robert Komer on the way back from Vietnam in the fall of 1966, saying that the war was worse than it had been a year ago, and Komer had disagreed. But McNamara insisted, even if things were the same as in 1965, they were worse—because we had invested so much more of our resources. In addition, he had become increasingly appalled at the war itself, what it did there, what it did here. He and Robert Kennedy were feeding each other's dissents, Kennedy passing on his feelings about what the war was doing to this country, McNamara passing on his doubts about the military claims from Saigon. He watched stories about military casualties particularly carefully, and he slowly began to lose his taste for the war. A brilliant Defense Secretary, but no taste for being a War Secretary, went the Washington line. His whole ethical and moral structure made him compatible with the job of Secretary of Defense. But when he became a Secretary of War, his values were threatened, he could not come to terms with his role. He could not do his job without suffering, and he suffered from the dilemma that would haunt many liberals as they faced the use of power. When he made his famous Montreal speech he was arguing against himself; it was, he would sometimes say, the system which had produced the war, leaving unsaid that he was one of the men who was supposed to control the system. He continued to try to hide his dovishness in the latter part of 1966, moving to hold the line on bombing, to keep targets away from the Joint

Chiefs, then to move the bombing to the 20th Parallel (typically pointing out that it would mean American losses and would be more effective against supply lines because one could concentrate the firepower better that way). He started to hold back the troop commitment, and he became restless, pushing peace moves without really arguing what the possibilities of peace were, given the nature of the U.S. government. Push the North Vietnamese to move faster, to pick up the pace. Push the electronic wall (which never fooled the Chiefs, they knew it was meant to eliminate the bombing). The Chiefs dragged their feet on one, and kept pushing up the price, until McNamara—the money-saver—said, Get on with it for God's sake, it's only money.

His doubts, particularly on the bombing, mounted, and in early 1967 he was bringing it as forcefully as he could to the President, though still trying to maintain a certain amount of secrecy about what he was doing. The President listened to all this, but never really believed him. Robert Kennedy, who had become increasingly important with the departure of McGeorge Bundy, had a zealous belief in the bombing. McNamara in the early part of the year had made his appeal for limiting the bombing at a very high level, and the fight had been furious—sharp and ferocious, but so quick and at such a high level that it never really touched the general bureaucracy, in large part because McNamara was operating so close to his vest. McNamara later told friends that had it gone through there would have been at least two senior military resignations.

He lost that round, but he had already decided to continue fighting. He wanted to win within the bureaucracy, for that was the battlefield he believed in. He wanted to make his case that the bombing could not win the war, that it was a subsidiary of it, and probably a useless one at that, in as strong a forum as possible. He considered using the material in a press conference, but decided that was too limited a forum. He thought also of giving a single speech, but decided that the complexity of his points might be lost; it was too much for a shot presentation.

So he looked for a forum, and meanwhile prepared his case. He pushed the Defense Intelligence Agency, his own intelligence group, but realizing the limits of this information in a bureaucratic fight—McNamara's facts confirming McNamara's theories—he wanted outside bureaucratic confirmation. State was not likely to be an ally, so he pushed the CIA very hard to set up criteria on the bombing and its effectiveness, on how much the North Vietnamese were really slowed down by it, and how much of a force they had in reserve as opposed to the force they had infiltrated into the South.

The result was powerful material, and in April 1967 when he was called to testify before the Senate committee he was well-prepared. It was just the forum he wanted. He knew about committee hearings by now, and how to make his points and news. He worked mostly by himself, with few a

until the last minute, deliberately not clear-
presentation with the White House, knowing
clearance would not come through. He rec-
the impact of what he was doing and saying;
not attack the previous bombing, but gave
limited objectives. He tried to take bombing
a means of victory, and came out against
that more bombing could end the war. He
even as he did it, that it would infuriate the
ent. Johnson summoned him and let loose a
deal of Texas anger. Shortly afterward, the
ent, wanting to make some minor point on
to Wayne Morse, suggested that the Sena-
try and see Bob McNamara. And then caught
er. "No, don't see Bob—he's gone dovish on

as an act of considerable bureaucratic cour-
a large degree he took away the bombing
the generals. Much of what would come about
B under the new Defense Secretary, Clark
el, would date to this testimony in August of
Yet there was a paradox, the man fighting
within, playing dual roles. The pressures and
s which this duality imposed—the fact that
rage was bureaucratic, that he was working
within and not challenging from without—
ormous.

was in the last months of his reign some-
of a pathetic figure. Friends worried about
lth, both physical and mental. For some the
rison with Forrestal was becoming too real.
friend from Detroit dropped by to see him
and that his speech was vague and he rambled
sly as he talked. In Washington there was
g doubt about him. Yet the conflict was
to hide some of his feelings he could still
ble. He was still capable of fighting against
icial's dovish position on a bombing pause,
en when the official had won and McNamara
st, capable of calling the official up and con-
tating him. Soon after he had made a speech
Francisco supporting the ABM, he appeared
eeting of the Carnegie Endowment. Someone
t would say, we were surprised that you went
IM, and he would answer, "Yes, but I was sur-
that there was so little outcry when I did."
as a year of conflict and tragedy. In 1969,
a young journalist named Susan Sheehan in-
ved him for a magazine article about Jacque-
Kennedy (an interview which McNamara
id to want to prolong—Jacqueline Kennedy,
he was the best-read woman he had ever met
he asked her at the end if the name Sheehan
t familiar. Yes, she said, her husband had
a correspondent in Saigon for three years
fact had done a major magazine article about
mara in 1967. That year, he said, *that year*,
In't remember anything from it, it was all a

was as if it had been preordained, as if he had
now designed it. He could not bring himself
ign. So what he did instead was drive him-
om the President, his Senate testimony sepa-
them publicly until it was only a matter of

time before the President was to make a change.

Eventually he did, bringing in Clark Clifford.
sure that Clifford, who had opposed earlier bomb-
ing pauses, was a hawk. It turned out to be a
healthy move: Clifford, unlike McNamara and
Rusk, was free of the mistakes of the past. His
ego was not attached to policy, and he was free
to think openly and clearly about it, to challenge the
assumptions as well as the minor specifics. It would
be part of the personal agony of Robert Strange
McNamara that Clark Clifford—shrewd, skeptical,
the rich man's lawyer *par excellence*, knowing
where all the great bodies were buried, with none
of the liberal contradictions at all—would be able
to make the kind of all-out fight that the good Bob
McNamara had never been able to make.

So he would leave after seven years. It was an
emotional ceremony, with the conflicts visible to the
naked eye. (Even in 1969, Lyndon Johnson, living
down on the ranch with his own frustrations and
demons, would remember that, and when he talked
about McNamara to friends it would be with sur-
prising gentleness. McNamara, he said, had been
hit by too many conflicting pressures. It was all
too much—a sadness that perhaps they had all
gotten McNamara in too deep, and a final sadness
because McNamara had ended up doubting the war,
while he and Rusk never did.)

The men who had worked with him in those
years, many of them men who had turned bitterly
on the war, would retain a special feeling about him
and for him—for the excellence of what they felt
he was as a man, a feeling that like-minded out-
siders did not frequently share. The insiders knew
more about the forces pitted against him, and in
addition they had sensed his good intentions. They
could put themselves in his place and see them-
selves making the same mistakes. Yet even as he
stepped out of office there was a growing doubt about
what he had been and what he had accomplished.
He was a tragic figure. History would be cruel
and would not judge him and that era on good in-
tentions, or on what he had set out to do, or on his
personal qualities, but finally on what he accom-
plished. The monuments he left behind were not
the ones he would have wanted. One sensed that
the further the historians were from the attractive-
ness of his personality, the chillier their verdict
would be.

Nor did his post-Administration years become
him either. It was one thing to be silent about the
war for reasons of effectiveness while he was in
government, but after he was out it was another
thing: his silence was more oppressive, more a sign
of weakness. The war went on and no one in the
country was better prepared to challenge the spuri-
ous rationalizations of it than McNamara, yet he
remained passive. His ostensible position was still
loyalty to Johnson, but war is a serious business
and seemed to some to demand a higher loyalty
than that to a President—rather a loyalty to self and
to country. And so in the end the Great Statistician
became himself a statistic, one more casualty of the
war.

"To say that
something could
not work, that
it was beyond
the reach of this
most powerful
country in the
world, was to
fail. He hated
failure."

THE DAY KHRUSHCHEV VISITED THE ESTABLISHMENT

by John Kenneth Galbraith



A FEW WEEKS AGO AVERELL HARRIMAN PH to chat and ask my recollections of the Nikita Khrushchev paid to his Manhattan house September 17, 1959—a matter of eleven years a few weeks ago. I happily complied; few occasions are etched more vividly on my memory. The occurred to me that others might be interested.

I did not remind Harriman how I happened to be present—it was not an occasion at which I really belonged. Khrushchev, having been first in Washington, had just arrived in New York at the beginning of his American tour. He had evidently a desire to meet the people who really run the United States. This to a Marxist (which Khrushchev did not omit to remind Americans he did not mean Dwight D. Eisenhower, Richard Nixon, John Foster Dulles, Ezra Taft Benson, J. Edgar Hoover, Carl Hayden, Lyndon Johnson or Sam Rayburn and our other nominal rulers in Washington. These were only the Executive Committee of the bourgeois class. It meant the people who had the money or, at a minimum, helped to pull the strings. Harriman obliged and established the sensible criterion that, to be present, a man must own or control assets of (as a rough figure) \$100 million or more. This was more than I could readily command.

However, the day before the meeting—the confrontation had not yet entered the language—Harriman phoned me to talk about matters in general and to ask for some help on a speech. (Harriman's use of the telephone is beyond anything I imagined by Lyndon Johnson. Johnson always had something in mind although you often could not be sure what it was. Harriman calls friends for a purpose but to exchange information. That occupies pleasantly an hour or more.) I promised to give the speech and then guided the conversation to the affair the next afternoon. He did not respond; it was obvious that I did not qualify. I pressed the matter, perhaps one representative of the proletariat should be present. He still demurred; conceivably it was because Thomas K. Finletter, who was our chief lawyer, had already been asked to attend in that capacity. But in the end he invited me. After some hesitation and a little persuasion, I accepted.

Two years later, talking of the forthcoming meeting between President Kennedy and Premier Khrushchev in Vienna, Prime Minister Nehru told me that Khrushchev had earlier confided in him that his purpose in getting out of Russia and around the world was to erase the unpleasant and fearful impression that all countries had formed of the Soviet Union from Stalin. I am sure this was true although during my years in India I discovered that another reason heads of government travel is that they love to travel. Dozens came to India for no conceivable reason of state. But the guns, banquets, parades, crowds, cheers, speeches, and sights are a perquisite of high position; it is for this that a man seeks or seizes office. And so often there is a warmth and enthusiasm about foreign travel that a man does not experience at home. One thing even of Mr. Nixon. Unfortunately, the leader

of the Executive Committee then in Washington. Mr. Dulles in particular, suspected Mr. Khrushchev of other and less innocent ambitions—thought he was here to make Cold War propaganda at the expense of the United States and this contest, in those days, that was very closely watched. There was also fear that he would somehow arouse the very natural and justified suspicions of the American people as to Communist wickedness. A reporter asked President Eisenhower at his press conference on the day Khrushchev reached New York if he didn't worry that millions of Americans would see the Soviet leader on television and conclude that he was a pretty good fellow after all. He discounted the danger. The *Washington Post* had a news front-page under an eight-column headline. There was also concern that Khrushchev would seize on some of the insignificant flaws in American society to conclude that the country was ripe for revolution—or that the Soviets had more support from the masses than was conceded to the classes. These fears were liberally communicated to the reporters, many of whom were fiercely indoctrinated in the Cold War battle tactics, where they were appreciably to the tension of the tour. The Administration's fears were also communicated to Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., who was currently writing good notices for his philippics against the Soviet leader in the Security Council. He was told to stick by Khrushchev's side throughout the visit. If correct, promptly, any misinformation coming from him, or accruing to, the Soviet leader. This did not add so much to tension as to a kind of inspired nervousness. At a luncheon at the Waldorf given by Ambassador Lodge on the day of the Harriman party, Ambassador Lodge thoughtfully advised Mr. Khrushchev that in New York people of every race, religion, and color lived side by side. He went on to say that "you may as well know that one American national trait which irritates many Americans must be convenient for our critics is that we do not so easily advertise our imperfections." As another Mr. Lodge turned to what the *New York Times* called the Negro problem. Conceding that racial discrimination in the United States has not been completely eliminated, he pledged that the day would come when segregation would completely disappear. In the evening at the Economic Club of New York he went to even greater heights. He told (speaking a little carelessly) of our "strict laws" against monopoly and of our high taxes for welfare and health care. He told the Soviet leader not again to refer to our system as "monopoly capitalism." "Economic imperialism" was much more accurate, he said. While his designation seems not to have caught on in the Communist world it so inspired his audience of economic humanists that night that they rose spontaneously placing arms across chests, spontaneously singing "The Star-spangled Banner." In days following, Mr. Lodge continued his civics lectures, as they were called by the press, until in Los Angeles Ambassador Poulson and others were so egregiously rude to Khrushchev that he threatened to go home. Ambassador Lodge thereafter concentrated on being a good

host and urged his companion to ignore the insults of, as he sensibly described Poulson and others, "the provincial politicians."

THE HARRIMAN PARTY was scheduled for 5:30 in the afternoon. I arrived at 16 East 81st Street at 5:15. It occurred to me that I could not be too early—I would be showing my eagerness to belong, letting down my side. I walked around the block and arrived back at the house at 5:20. It was still too early but someone was going in so I followed. Except for the Russians, I was the last to arrive.

The Harriman house was large and handsome and filled with lovely pictures—the famous Harriman collection of Impressionists and Post-Impressionists—and we were marshaled into a large, somewhat elongated circle in the library on the second floor—with others, Frederick H. Ecker of *Metropolitan Life*; W. Alton Jones, head of *Cities Service*; George Woods, head of the *First Boston Corporation*; Dean Rusk, head of the *Rockefeller Foundation*, and John D. Rockefeller III. (It is possible that the Rockefellers had drawn lots.) Presently the Russians—Khrushchev, Ambassador Menshikov, and the interpreter—arrived. Harriman took them around the circle for introductions and it was evident before he was more than halfway around that the Soviet leader was well in command of the situation. He warmly embraced Herbert Lehman (there as a former Senator as well as for the Lehman millions) and called him "my boss." Although they had never met, Khrushchev, following World War II, had been in charge of UNRRA operations (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration) in the Ukraine. Lehman had been the

"He was a very large man in a rather shapeless suit with a very large pink head and very short legs beneath the Picasso—still shines in my eyes."



John Kenneth
Galbraith
KHRUSHCHEV

head of the agency, in the work of which he had taken much pride, and it was clear that he was well pleased with the salutation. For some of the others present it might not have been completely reassuring, for Lehman was considered a rather damaging radical, his money notwithstanding. I was standing next to Henry Heald, the president of the Ford Foundation (several hundred millions and thus eminently qualified). Khrushchev, on being introduced, shook hands perfunctorily. Then his face lit up, somewhat in the manner of an indigent college president, and he shook hands again saying, "Oh, Mr. Heald of the *FORD* Foundation." Everybody shook hands. He then took a seat before the fireplace, beneath a large Picasso. Harriman and the interpreter were nearby. The scene—the very shapeless man in a rather shapeless suit with a very large pink head and very short legs beneath the Picasso—still shines in my memory. Harriman made the introductions pointing out that both Republicans and Democrats were present in the audience but omitting to add that it was somewhat less than a perfect cross section of the two parties. Then there was an interruption while he offered his guest a drink. All politicians feel they must cherish home-grown commodities and the cliché evidently transcends ideology. Khrushchev asked for some Russian vodka. Harriman explained that he had none and then in a truly inspired political gesture offered Mr. Khrushchev a glass of New York State (*sic*) brandy. In an even more heroic gesture Khrushchev sipped it.

Over the past half century the most persistent as well as the most durable advocate in either country of closer Soviet-American relations has been Averell Harriman, but he has always moved in his own remarkable way his wonders to perform. It is the movers and shakers in both countries that he has sought to move. This he considers to require not attention-catching oratory, or flamboyance of any kind, but the extremes of tact. Capitalist and Communist ideologues alike, he feels, must be provided with a formula for getting along which they can reconcile with their deeper commitment to suspicion, dislike, intransigence, bad manners, and natural belligerence. That evening, resuming after his reference to the bipartisan character of the occasion, he went on to say that all present were united in the support of President Eisenhower's foreign policy. That brought approving nods from the audience—all took for granted that as a good American he was rallying to the support of Dulles and the tough line. Then came the Harriman touch. He said that this approval extended strongly to any steps President Eisenhower might take to relax tensions between the two great powers. Were the Democrats to win the Presidency in 1960, he assured his visitor, they would honor Republican agreements to this end. Everyone continued to nod more or less automatically. Mr. Khrushchev said a few unmemorable words about Democrats and Republicans and expressed his belief, possibly even his satisfaction, that those present did, if often through their agents, rule the United States. Some-

body demurred but in perfunctory fashion, began the questions.

A WEEK OR SO AFTER THE MEETING HARRIMAN wrote a brief account of it for *Life*. Reading this I find my memory to be reasonably accurate as to what was said but very different in mood. Harriman's tact was in evidence, as in telling of the performance of his American guests. Their questions were, in fact, incredible.

Almost all began with a disavowal of Communist sympathies and a strong affirmation of faith in the American free-enterprise system. In light of the asset position of the speakers, neither disavowal nor affirmation seemed absolutely essential. All of the questions were phrased to convey information, not to challenge it. A Ring Lardner parent once responded to his offspring: "'Shut up,' he explained." On that occasion there was a slight variation. "'I would like to tell you something,' they asked." However, the questions did not convey much information, not because they were brief. As he spoke each interrogator covertly eyed the others present to see whether he was making a decent impression.

The first question came, as a matter of course, from John J. McCloy who was present both in his asset capacity as chairman of the Council on Manhattan Bank and also as the current chairman of the Establishment itself. Many people have speculated over the years as to the source of Mr. McCloy's extraordinary eminence. I have always held that it owed much to the rocklike self-confidence that he has always brought alike to truth, error, and nonsense. He was never better than on that afternoon. Wall Street, he assured Mr. Khrushchev, was without influence in Washington if it supported some legislation, that was the only way of death. And it was a particular mistake to assume that anyone in Wall Street or anywhere else was going to let the arms race to continue. Harriman afterwards quoted him as saying that "No one among the American people is trying to preserve international tension for profits. No one in this room knows of any such person." This was in pretty healthy contrast to the kind of stuff that Khrushchev encountered in Communist propaganda.

In response to Mr. McCloy's question whether Khrushchev spoke sympathetically of the helplessness of Wall Street—he referred to it as a poor nation of the United States. But he stuck discomfitingly to his belief that arms were good for business some business anyhow. Already there was indication that, while the questions might not be good, the answers would be better. They were such and improved by the extraordinarily apt translation provided by Oleg Troyanovsky, the good-looking, youthful, Quaker-educated son of the Soviet Ambassador to the United States. Troyanovsky's eyes sparkled in harmony with Khrushchev's thrusts and, as Russian-speaking reporters had already discovered, he frequently toned down his riposte that he thought a bit too abrasive. At the end of the evening McCloy came Frank Pace, onetime Director of

*John Kenneth Galbraith, former U.S. Ambassador to India, speculates about why heads of state like to travel. Mr. Galbraith was well known on his own in 1959 as the author of *The Affluent Society* and other books.*

onetime Secretary of the Army, and now an of General Dynamics, a giant among the s producers. Pace's question involved a wist. He made a compelling case for the an system by recounting in detail what it e for him—how it had facilitated his pas- om an Arkansas farm (or some economic ent) to Washington and the Bureau of the and the Pentagon, on to the leadership of the nation's greatest corporations. The nub question was that General Dynamics would liquidate its military business, if circum- only allowed, as a contribution to the peace world. It is possible that Pace was better on e than he would have been on performance. spoke, the Convair division of General ics was on the verge of reporting the largest n American corporate history as the result ill-managed venture into the civilian air- ort market. The company was saved from ptecy by its weapons business on which orth it concentrated. In the course of the on, Frank Pace got fired. Mr. Khrushchev ed his appreciation of what capitalism had or Mr. Pace and said that he well understood r. Pace supported the system.

next question I subsequently estimated at minutes—but this could have been an im- n. It was put—perhaps one could better say sed—by the Chairman of the Radio Corpora- of America, General David Sarnoff himself. Sarnoff's manner (at least to Khrushchev) est be described as imperial. He made it clear outset that no disagreement would be toler- He began with a detailed outline of the free an system of broadcasting. He continued a warm tribute to its freedom—and some sta- on the number of stations currently on the is question was punctuated by some pound- the Sarnoff breast. No mention was made ofercials. The question was itself a commercial. General then depicted the refined and varied igs that would accrue were Russia to adopt a r system employing a maximum of American umming. When he finished there was silence—solemn silence. On this question Khrushchev o the greatest heights of the meeting, perhaps of the entire visit. After a general word or e said, "Things have changed in Minsk since ere a boy."

m this point all was downhill. Mr. McCloy red with a question that was almost a ques- Was the Soviet Union willing to give up the of revolution in the non-Communist world? shchev's reply was indistinct. Dean Rusk ned silent. Harriman nodded to me and I through with a question urging Khrushchev ept the thesis of American Keynesians, such self, that the capitalist crisis was now under ol. I developed the question with care and at derable length for I had concluded that the men present could do with a lecture on mod- onomics. Many were still very suspicious of esian fiscal policy; they, as well as Mr.



Khrushchev, needed to understand the true founda- tions of American well-being. As my question con- tinued, I watched my audience out of the corner of my eye. I could see that they were following me closely. Presently I finished. Mr. Khrushchev re- plied that I was entitled to my views, that he was sure that I took them seriously and that he was glad I had confidence in the system. He added that economics is a subject that does not greatly respect one's wishes.

Outside it was still daylight, a lovely autumn evening, and a large crowd of newspapermen and cameramen were waiting. I walked out with Tom Finletter. Several reporters sensed that we might be the soft underbelly of the Establishment and tried to pump us. We remained loyal—a sense of lass solidarity is quickly acquired. But it was not quite complete. As we turned down 81st Street, Tom said, "Do you have any doubt as to who was the smartest man in there tonight?" □

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SCENES FROM THE ALMOST REVOLUTION

FRIDAY, MAY THE FIFTH HAD BEEN a pretty tough day, according to my transistor radio, a day full of demonstrations in cities all over France. Even the farmers out in the countryside were coming into the towns to demonstrate for more government protection of the small farmer and higher prices for French products. In Nantes, in Brittany, a mob of three thousand farmers and students had attacked a police headquarters with stones and bottles and then had cut down trees around it and tried to burn it down. And in Paris, people were out all over the place, and demonstrations were going on everywhere.

After I had had dinner with Louisa Gallagher and Ferenc Hofmann-Beck, I decided to go out into the streets again. I had been going out every night since Monday. I had spent a lot of time with the Students' Film Committee of the Odéon. It was quite easy to get to the Odéon, if you took the back way up the rue du Cardinal Lemoine and around the side of the Panthéon. As I was leaving the Gallaghers' apartment, Ferenc asked me to take him with me. He wanted to see it too, he said.

I was a little taken aback. I already felt that it was dangerous enough for me myself to go out. I didn't relish having the added responsibility of Ferenc, who had often confessed himself a physical coward, a hypochondriac, a hater of all forms of violence. Besides, it had finally begun to rain, making everything slipperier and more evil-seeming. The May rains the police officials had waited for so hopefully in the beginning of the month had finally come—much too late to do anything about the Revolution, now, except to make everything worse.

So I hesitated. But the crestfallen look on Ferenc's face was too much for me. "Okay," I said. "Come on, if you want to. But you have to follow me and follow my lead without any arguments. If we get separated, you're on your own." The big grin that came over his large face was almost worth the decision.

"I suppose I better take off my monocle? And put on my glasses?" he said thoughtfully.

"If I were you, I'd leave the monocle here," I said.

He nodded. "I'll do just that." And took it off with its black cord and laid it carefully on top of Louisa's fireplace mantel.

"One mustn't go around looking like a bloody

executive or aristocrat on a night like this," he said.

"What about me?" Louisa said.

"You're staying here," I said positively. "There's no question about that."

"I think he's absolutely right, dear Louisa," Ferenc said gently.

"I suppose so," she said gloomily.

When I looked back at her from the door, Ferenc Hofmann-Beck close on my heels like an over-mastiff, she looked up from the mantelpiece, where she appeared to be studying Ferenc's monocle, and smiled and nodded at me.

"Well, come on, Ferenc," I said. "Let's go and get with it."

"I'm right with you, buddy," Ferenc said. "In a term he would never have used to anyone, but meeting the Gallaghers."

I nodded. "Don't forget your raincoat, now."

"I think I had better leave my bowler here," he said. "I'll take one of Harry's caps in the entry," he said.

We went out of the apartment and down to the quay in the drizzle. It looked as though it might be letting up.

WELL, I SURE NEED NOT HAVE WORRIED about Ferenc. Underneath his layers of fat and hypochondria he had a pair of legs at least ten times as strong as mine. And when he raised his chest and showed forth that chest of his, instead of letting it droop on his belly as he usually did, he pulled a girth half again as large as mine, which was small. He was as strong as a lion, that young man, and at least as brave as a fighting bull.

It appeared the drizzle was stopping. We crossed by the Pont de la Tournelle and started up the rue du Cardinal Lemoine. When we reached the Panthéon, St. Germain, we turned up toward the rue de Maubert and made our way cautiously past the shops and restaurants which were all carefully shut and closed. The French know how to take care of their trade goods and property. Things like that have been happening to them since the beginning of the Middle Ages.

But the goddamned French have something to say about them, too. As we sauntered up the half-mile Boulevard toward the Place, the inhabitants of the apartments of the four- and five-story buildings



the ground-floor shops were out burning uncollected garbage and trash in the center street. By a sort of common consent, not led by generals or even by civic leaders, they had gathered with their brooms and mops and rakes and trees or whatever, and had swept all the mound of uncollected trash out into a row in the middle of the Boulevard and were methodically and systematically burning it up. Somebody had figured out that the center of the Boulevard would be the best place to do it in order to do the least damage to the trees of the flowering trees that lined the boulevard on both sides and helped to make Paris the city they loved and liked to live in. A hundred yards up the way, you could hear the fighting and shouting, but back here here they were, all out there to preserve themselves and their health and at the same time not destroy the beauty of their Paris. Old Paris. God, the things it had not seen were few. There was not any possibility of traffic on the boulevards anyway. And all the way down the Place Maubert there was a long line of crates, cartons, old wet lettuce leaves, rotting tomatoes and fruit rinds and garbage, all of it tended with old push brooms or sweep brushes by the little bourgeois who inhabited the street. It was enough to almost make me weep. For all of us.

When we got to the Place Maubert, it did not take

long to see that the police had invested it. Beyond the Place, the police were lined up three or four deep in their black fighting raincoats, helmets, goggles, and shields. Somehow they had worked down from the Carrefour St. Michel and established a cutoff line here all across the Boulevard. They were not doing anything at all, just standing there.

Some distance away there was a mob of citizens, on our downhill side of the street. They kept a respectful distance, fifty yards, say, and hurled insults at the cops.

There were no students, now. Mainly, they were all dark Algerians. There was not one student involved that I could see. Of course, the area between Maubert and the river was all an Algerian quarter—which had been hurt hard during the time of the Algerian War. We sifted our way through the streets until we were out in the no-man's-land between the rue Monge, where the mob was, and the police lines beyond the end of the Place. We were practically alone out there in the middle of the Place.

"Aren't we rather vulnerable out here?" Ferenc said from behind me.

"I don't think so," I said. "Really. I mean, look at them. They're not trying to hurt anybody."

"But we *are* very presentable targets," Ferenc

"Cut the shit," I growled, and then something

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strange happened to me. I discovered I had made up my mind to cross the Place, the no-man's-land, and pass peacefully through the police lines. Was I showing off for Ferenc? Was I proving that I was an old hand at the Revolution? Was I testing my own rather doubtful courage in some crazy way? In any case, I absolutely knew suddenly that those police over there would not do us any damage if we walked toward them calmly and sanely, clearly not armed with bottles or stones, and said to them, "Excuse me, but I live up there." I knew they would not touch us. I just knew it. And I kind of wanted to walk up the rest of the poor old torn-up busted Boulevard. Just to see what had happened to it in the last twenty-four hours.

I really do not know what came over me. Anyway I forged ahead out into the middle of the deserted Place and past the high stone pedestal from which the Germans had removed the metal statue of some unknown notable during the war to melt it down, and on toward the police line across the Boulevard. Ferenc was right behind me. I could hear his footsteps, and there was not one sign of faltering in them.

Then, suddenly, at the sharp corner of the rue Lagrange after the Place, just at the little *café-tabac* there, two young Algerians in dark clothes leaped out straight in front of me, shouting some insult, and one of them heaved a paving stone at the police line. Then they leaped back, and ran around the sharp corner onto the rue Lagrange.

I did not see where the *pavé* landed. It either fell short or was blocked by a shield. A couple of the policemen shouted something back which I did not understand, but the voices had a plaintive note to them, as if they might have been saying in English, "Come on! What are you doing, dumb-ass! We're not bothering you, are we?" They threw no tear gas, or anything else, in retaliation.

But suddenly my whole feeling changed. I could not be sure the police did not think we were friends of the Algerians, and were coming on to attack them. Probably they didn't. In any case, I did an abrupt about-face, with Ferenc right alongside me, and started walking slowly away.

"That was rather bad luck," Ferenc said in an even voice at my side, matching his stride to my slow one. He was indeed following my lead as I had asked.

"Yeah," I said. "It was. Come on, we'll go up here." And when we reached the pedestal, I took off across the empty Place toward the rue de la Montagne Ste.-Geneviève. Nobody contested us or bothered us.

The rue de la Montagne Ste.-Geneviève is probably one of the most picturesque streets in all of Paris. It is full of tiny but very good restaurants, and mounts steeply and twisting from the Place Maubert up to the Panthéon on top of the hill. It is the street where Hemingway placed his *bal-musette* in the opening part of *The Sun Also Rises*, where Brett Ashley is introduced. I loved to walk it and used to eat there a lot. But now the street was so absolutely full of crates and cartons and garbage

from the restaurants and the apartments above, you could hardly see any of the ground-floor windows or the painted names of the restaurants on them. It looked as though, if anyone carelessly dropped one match along it, the whole street would go up in one great whoosh of flames.

We came out on the rue des Ecoles half an hour later. Now, the rue des Ecoles runs along the front of Sorbonne itself. When I looked up that street, I could see that the place had been cordoned off by police units, and that the air was full of tear gas and smoke. I had a sudden fatigue reaction and went the other way," I said.

But at the rue Monge we had the good fortune to witness how a Paris barricade is constructed from its very beginning.

AT THE CORNER OF THE RUE MONGE and the rue des Ecoles is a lovely little park called Square Monge, with big trees behind which are visible the handsome old buildings of the Polytechnique. The park is surrounded by a low fence of wrought iron and has benches both inside on the grass and outside on the sidewalk. When we arrived, a mob of people was just beginning to tear up the concrete benches and smash the handsome wrought-iron fence. Ferenc stood back against a building catty-corner to the park, and watched.

There was not one student involved in the barricade. These people were all Parisian workers of the lowest class. There were no Algerians among them. About one-sixth of them were women, and almost without exception, they all had such rotten, mangled teeth that I felt sorry for them, and wondered how they could ever manage to eat their own fabled Parisian cooking.

They had crowbars and sledgehammers, and later we saw shovels. They shouted encouragement to each other in shrill voices and tore up the lovely little park. The women were particularly good at the shouting part. But the men worked hard, too. Whenever someone grinned at me, I grinned back. I advised Ferenc to do the same.

Directly in front of us, two men of about twenty-four began attacking the pavement with a crowbar. They were trying to force an initial opening between two paving stones. They kept at it with intense concentration. Then a slender, gray-haired, partially bald man in a light beige raincoat came up to them.

Now, I do not know the mechanics of how the eyeball, all unwitting to the conscious mind, can recognize itself in an intelligent man to recognize a familiar face. My eyeball, all on its own, can recognize an Algerian man or a Chinese man a block away by the back of his head. And my eyeball, again all on its own, can recognize an American man in the city of Paris as far away as I can see him, or her. It's something about the stance, the way they walk, as if they felt guilty, and when they come closer, some look on their faces that my eyeball knows, but which I do not, confirms me that



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are just American, that's all. And I've never been wrong to my knowledge. And by the same token of eyeball judgment, I knew immediately that the man in the light beige raincoat was a plainclothes cop.

Immediately I looked at Ferenc, and he nodded. I nodded back. This was interesting. We strolled slowly over to where the two young men, now joined by a couple of others, were still trying intently to prize a paving stone from the tightly laid pavement. The man in the light raincoat had begun to remonstrate with them about why they wanted to do it. He talked calmly and objectively: there were no police around to fight; if they prized up the street, it would only bring the police; what was it they were after?

I do not think a soul there except us two knew he was a plainclothesman. But a crowd began to collect. He was certainly a gutsy cop. Slowly the voices got louder. They were talking French so fast, all of them, that I couldn't make out what forms the discussion was taking. But several citizens were taking the side of the man in the light raincoat. They did not prevail, however: crowbars and youthful adrenaline prevailed, and when this became apparent the man in the light raincoat backed off, shrugged a typical Frenchman's shrug, and sauntered away, probably to telephone headquarters about what was happening at the rue Monge and the rue des Ecoles. Ferenc and I backed away and stood again back against the building.

It was a desperate task to wait for it took them quite a long time to get the first paving stone out. But after that it became easier. And easier and easier the more stones they removed.

Once they had a foot or two of the square stones up off their bed of sand, there was a great cheer all across the place and the shovels were brought in. And then it went fast. The men and women formed human chains to pass the stones which the shovelers were now loosening almost faster than they could be passed along. They wanted to make a V-shaped double barricade that would cut off the rue Monge from the Place Maubert downhill toward the river and would also cut off the rue des Ecoles from the west toward the Sorbonne. God knows who they were, or why they were there, or what they expected to cause or gain from it all. They were just there, and they were just doing it. To have stopped them would have taken machine guns.

It was amazing how swiftly the barricade rose. The concrete benches from the lovely little park were stuck into it, while the beautiful wrought-iron fence around the park was set in in sections along the face so that they stuck forth like spears in the crowd. The two iron lines from which the police were excluded.

"I think it's about time we moved on," I said. I had not intended that revolution man in the light raincoat.

Neither had Ferenc. "I expect so," he said calmly. Then suddenly he grinned. "Thank you," he said. "It's been a great evening."

We sauntered on down the rue des Ecoles to where it crossed the rue du Cardinal Lemoine, not

far, and turned back down Cardinal Lemoine toward our sanctuary of the Ile St. Louis.

At the rue le Regrattier we shook hands.

"It's amazing, really, isn't it?" Ferenc said in an odd voice. "Really, it is amazing."

ON SATURDAY MORNING, THE 27TH, Ferenc and I walked Louisa and McKenna, her daughter, up to the Boulevard St. Michel to view the destruction. It was unbelievable. All the way up St. Michel the streets were torn up, the tall goose-necked metal streetlamps were down, and turned over, burnt-out cars had been dragged to the gutter, sometimes encroaching up onto the sidewalk.

At the Place Maubert an innocent little newspaper-magazine kiosk had been torn completely apart and dismantled—for no apparently good reason, because it clearly had not been struck by the barricades that had gone up there later in the night. At the rue St. Jacques more tipped-over cars had been dragged to the sidelines.

Everywhere, work crews were trying to clear the streets. They were using bulldozers and those small man mobile cup-shovels and other pieces of building equipment. But this time there was no replacing of paving stones. Asphalt trucks and mobile road rollers were already pouring and rolling their hot, smelly asphalt into the place where the torn-up street had been cleared. People, students sat at the outdoor tables of the cafés, drinking a coffee or an aperitif while the fumes from the asphalt rolled over them.

But the worst place of all was the Carrefour de la Boulevard St. Michel itself where it ran up to the Place Edmond Rostand at the end of the Luxembourg. At the Carrefour itself not a single tree had been left standing. Nothing. And up the boulevard at least one-third of the lovely old flowering trees, such a beautiful and distinctive part of the Quartier, had been downed during the night and lay out in the street or up on the sidewalks almost to the storefronts. They could asphalt the boulevards, all right, but it would take a long time to replace those trees.

Hundreds of people were out strolling to view the destruction. They climbed over the trees when they had to, or passed around them when the street when it was possible. We joined the parade. It was hard to believe where last night there had been such violence and wild emotion there was now such quiet and amiable calm.

At the rue Racine there was a phenomenon I knew about, and I took the others to see it. The rue Racine was a short street which ran on at the end from Boul' St. Michel to the Odéon and on to a barricade which the students had come to call "the pure barricade." It had been there for at least two weeks and had never been removed. It was made of nothing except stones. That was what made it "pure." It had become a joke at both the Sorbonne and the Odéon. No one was allowed to put any streetlamps, traffic grilles, or traffic signs on it. I took a picture

standing up on top of it, from a squatting position in the street.

It was an afterthought, I took one of the *pavés* to save for her. I thought someday she might use it. I thought I could have one of the ground down smooth and polished and then use it with the place and date of the Paris Revolution on her.

Then, after I had taken it, I felt peculiar walking with it in my hand, as if some flic I met thought I meant to heave it at him. So I stuffed it in a pocket of my trench coat, where it hung heavily that it made me look like some semi-hunchback. So, in this odd fashion we went on up St. Michel to Edmond Rostand and had a coffee there at the big café on the corner from the Luxembourg. Everyone in the café seemed happy and cheerful enough.

That we walked over to the rue Bonaparte and down to the Place St. Germain and had a Lipp's, where everything was business-as-usual. It was funny to note that at every table there was a transistor radio and that somebody at every table had the tiny plastic plug in his ear for

the painter from our American group who was with us, too, and we went on home to her, though I think not Louisa, was shocked as I was about the old trees. Louisa seemed to think it was all part of the revolutionary game. The old saw: *If you want to make an omelet, you have to break some eggs.*

FOR SAYING GOODBYE TO FERENC and going home, I found I wasn't able to sleep. After sitting at my windows with a drink for half an hour, watching the heated glow in the sky over the city, I got dressed and went out again.

Next time I went straight up Cardinal Lemoine, past the Panthéon, down through the Place de la Bastille, past Rostand, and straight over to the Odéon. It was still the same jammed-up crowding, screeching as it had been on my other visits. But tonight, with the renewed fighting, the excitement was more intense. There were noticeably fewer countesses and their escorts with their tall, black-tied escorts "touring." Finally I found Weintraub there in the little steaming offices of the *Comité des Etudiants de la Sorbonne*.

"!" he said cheerily, and came over to me, wondering if you'd show up tonight."

"I most didn't," I said. "But I couldn't stay

because of the old revolutionary spirit." Weintraub laughed and slapped me on the back. But for the first time I thought I could detect a haunted look beneath the grin.

The usual groups of kids, all familiar faces by now, were all standing around the office. Daniel, the airman with the steel-rimmed glasses was behind his desk. The usual democratic discussion of the day was going on just the same, at full tilt.

It had become an almost religious ritual for them by now.

"What do the Film Committee kids think about all the renewed fighting?" I asked Weintraub.

"Naturally, they think it's all a deliberate ploy on the part of the government," he said cheerfully. "The government has been holding back, hoping the Revolution would 'rot' itself out, as they say. When it didn't, they decided to send the police in again against the students, to make it so unpleasant for the people that they will turn against the students, stop all the strikes, and settle down and go back to work. In other words, the new fighting is to try to win and alienate the working people from the students and destroy the solidarity."

"Um," I said. I did not know if I could subscribe to that.

"Well, that's what they believe," Weintraub said. "Especially now that talks are starting between the government and the unions tomorrow." He added, "We've got three crews out shooting the St. Michel fight tonight."

"They don't really think they've got any possible chance of winning, do they?" I said.

"We never talk about that." He moved. "Let's go in and have a coffee."

We moved past a democratic discussion of something or other chaired by Daniel, and went through the door into the "kitchen" part of the Film Committee's "offices," which by its other door led onto the tiny balcony high above the main amphitheater. The by-now almost goofy twenty-four-hour marathon discussion was still going on down there. But it had lost a lot of its energy, and most of its sense. There was a pot of stew simmering on one burner of the tiny butane hot plate and a pot of coffee on the other. There was one young couple necking on the mat in the corner but not, as far as I could see while trying not to look, doing more than that. Otherwise it was empty. "Did you see the 'hospital' on your way up?" Weintraub asked as we shut the door against the discussion. "I heard it," I said. "As I came up the back stairs."

"They've got over a hundred more in there now than they had on Wednesday," Weintraub said. He got two grimy-looking cups. "They just won't turn themselves in to the regular hospitals because the police keep a check on them all and arrest everybody." He poured the hot black coffee for us both and then sat down against the wall on a mat at the other end from the necking couple. I got down beside him, nursing the hot cup of horrible coffee.

We both sat in silence for a while. Finally, Weintraub said, "There's been another development. You know they stored all those cans of shot film at my place during that scare about a police raid. Well, they came and took them back after the police-raid scare was over, and all of them were kept out in the office there in those two big refrigerator boxes. There's no way to get them developed here in France without the police and the government confiscating them. Well, about ten days ago one of the kids on the committee came in here and took almost all of them, more than fifty, maybe sixty.

"The French know how to take care of their trade goods and property. Things like this have been happening to them since the beginning of the Middle Ages."



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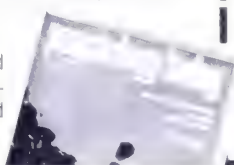
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James Jones
SCENES
FROM THE
ALMOST
REVOLUTION

sixty-five cans, that's a lot of film, saying he had a ride to Italy that night in a private car and he would take the film to Italy with him and have it developed and bring it back. There was only one girl in the office at the time. She had no authority to say yes or no and she let him take them. They've had no word from him at all since then, and they've been beginning to get worried about the film. Do you know about all that?"

"No, I don't," I said. I had not heard anything about it at all.

"Well, now they've got some garbled message back from Italy saying that he lost them all in Rome. They were 'stolen' from the back seat of his car during a riot, or after a demonstration that he went to, or something. It's a pretty garbled message. The kid who brought it back doesn't even know him. And the kid himself who took them hasn't come back. He's still in Rome, trying to get a fix on where they went." Weintraub smiled a bitter smile. "There seems to be some suspicion among the kids on the committee that he just swiped them and sold them in Rome."

"Jesus!" I said. "But that's irreparable."

"One bad apple in the barrel," Weintraub said. "That kind of a story. It sure is irreparable. Almost all the stuff they've shot from the beginning up to then. All the demonstrations. All the stuff shot inside the Sorbonne. It's more than irreparable. It's a catastrophe."

"The idealistic students," I said. "The idealistic students of the *Comité du Cinéma de la Sorbonne*."

"Yeah," Weintraub sighed. "The idealistic students, and one bad apple. They don't really know yet what really happened. They're just waiting to hear." He shoved himself up from against the wall. He had emptied his cup. I got up myself.

"Look," he said. "do you want to go down and take a look at the old Boul' St. Mich'? Have you been down there yet tonight? We can get that boy Raymond to steer us all around. He's well-known just about everywhere in the Quartier now."

"No, I haven't yet," I said. "I've been around other places, but not there. Okay, sure. Why not?"

The boy Raymond was out in the office, where some other heated democratic discussion was going on chaired by the tireless Daniel, the subject changed apparently. Raymond had sort of become my official conductor everywhere since he had first shown me the committee's offices and the balcony over the theater a week before. He said he would be glad to take us down to St. Michel.

"You'll probably need a handkerchief if we get anywhere near to the Carrefour," he smiled. "Tear gas."

I nodded and said I had one, and then he took us down past the moaning hospital and out through the kids with the chains around their necks, who were certainly not students. All of them were clearly low-class kids, grammar-school dropouts who had not even made it to *lycée*, but they were having the time of their lives with their chains and their authority as guardians of the Revolution.

Out in the street we made our way across the

crowded Place toward the rue Racine and down past the *barricade pure* to the Boulevard. There room to get past it on the sidewalk. At the Or there had been gangs of students up on the roof, armed with garbage-can lids for shields wearing weird-looking Roman or Gothic or French helmets. They had found stores of these at the theater's costuming department. They shodown from the high roof unintelligible comm while brandishing their shields. It was a real lam.

Along Racine and on St. Michel we found gangs of similarly uniformed students moving along toward the fight or else away from it. There seemed to be little order to their movement. They all wore handkerchiefs around their necks ready to be pulled up over their noses in the tear gas.

Raymond really was quite small. He spoke English at all and we spoke to him all the time in French. He was considerably older than the other twenty-five or -six. He seemed to be more reflective, sweeter-looking and more nonviolent-looking than anyone I had seen around. He had been doing graduate studies in *Cinéma* at the Sorbonne before the Revolution. He wanted to be a film director. As we moved along, he was hailed by students from all the groups we passed.

"Tell me," I said, "do you think Daniel, the chairman could perhaps be a foreign agent?"

We were standing on the corner of the Boulevard now, by the little bookshop there. The wide street was jammed with people. Small civilian cars with red crosses painted on their sides and hoods, driven by shouting students, were honking and trying to get through the press. Some were going toward the fighting and some away from it.

"I have thought of that," Raymond looked at us with smart eyes and smiled his gentle smile. "I do not think he is. He has a strange accent. That is all. Well, he is Swiss."

"He also has the look of a dedicated Communist," I said. "And those ancient-style steel-rimmed glasses of his. Very Russian."

"That is true," Raymond smiled. "But no, I do not think he is. In any case we must use what we have at hand. Shall we go on? Or stop here?"

"No, let's go on."

We were able to get down to the Carrefour, but it was only a short distance, and the actual fighting at the moment was further down toward the rue. We could see the flashes, smoke, and bursts of tear gas coming up down there nearer to the Place St. Michel, and could hear the shouts and the chant.

Across St. Germain, gangs were ripping up what was left of the street, pulling down traffic signs and streetlamps to make a barricade. Up St. Germain two hundred yards, at the rue Danton, a police cordon blocked that boulevard, but they were moving.

Suddenly, in front of us at the Carrefour, for a tough, vicious, ratlike individuals, in their early twenties I guessed, snaked up across the sidewalk and began dismantling with great efficiency the protective pedestrian railings that ran around

the sidewalk. These consisted of eight or
pipes set into the concrete and connected
One individual opened the end links with
itchblade as a lever, then carefully closed
and draped the chains around his neck.
rs equipped with hacksaws began sawing
pes at the ground to use as clubs. The
lected the pipes as they came loose. They
sed in what appeared to be army fatigues
wore the round-topped American-style
ps pulled far down onto their ears with
turned flat up. They did not talk and
fs were absolutely cold, concentrated, and
sness.

they had demolished the pedestrian rail-
snaked back across the sidewalk and dis-
as they had come, down toward the fight-

ou see those types!" I said.

ond, beside me, made an embarrassed ges-
is no longer under our control, you know.
t been since last night."

ou have a lot of them working for you at
d n."

Raymond made an embarrassed smile.
true. And not only at the Odéon."

gave me a chill up my back," I said.

oo," Weintraub said simply.

uld gladly knock those four young gentle-
with a machine pistol, and feel no qualms,"
was absolutely furious for some reason.

they would do the same for you," Wein-
d. Then he laughed, in his deepest voice.

sure they would," I said.

no longer have control," Raymond said
ically. "It has become completely out of

n't angry any longer. Certainly not at small,
aymond. "But when you did have control,

were hiring types like those," I said. "Tell
you not find a philosophical discrepancy

you students declare are the aims of your
on and in the fact that you hire gutter
oopers like that to fight for you?"

iled ruefully. "Of course, it is there. But the
nd the government forced us to it. I could
out on those barricades and fight like that.
n't have a chance."

are small, but you are not smaller than
ur boys," I said.

not smaller than half the policemen in uni-
ther," Raymond said. "It is not a question
ize. It is a question of the temperament. Of
tality. I could not do it."

lots of the students have."

, but you do not know that in the fighting,
fighting, they were fighting always side by
h boys like those four."

I did not know that," I said.

only answer I can give you is that when we
on, when the Gaullist government is toppled
placed by a truly Socialist government, we
to rectify all the bad things we had to do to
it."

"Yes," I said. "And the government says that, 'It was funny to
note that at ev-

too."
"I know it," Raymond said. "I know they do.
But it is the only honest answer I can give you."

"And you really think you can overturn de
Gaulle?"

"That is why we are out here," Raymond said.

"You see?" Weintraub said to me.

We were still standing near the corner of St.
Germain. Behind us a spluttering, chattering noise
started up, loud even in the noise of the fighting.
We turned around to look. A crowd of people had
gathered around one of the huge old flowering trees.
It was impossible to see what was going on and
we walked back up to look. Two young men had
attacked the big old tree with gasoline-driven chain
saws. They looked absolutely hysterical. As the saws
cut through the tree, the crowd around moved fast
suddenly, to get out of the way.

"We better get back," Weintraub shouted to us.

We backed off further up the Boulevard, watch-
ing. There was a warning shout, and the great tree
came down into the Boulevard, where a group of
students had cleared a space for it and were hold-
ing hands to hold back the crowd. I looked at Ray-
mond and he shrugged sorrowfully.

"I guess I have seen enough," I said. "Let's go
back to Odéon." Further up the Boulevard on our
way to the rue Racine, two other youths with big
double-bitted woodsmen's axes were attacking an-
other of the big trees.

"It will take a long time for your government to
rectify that," I said as we turned into Racine, "don't
you think?"

"I hate to see it as much as you do," Raymond
said. "Believe me, if I were giving the orders, I
would not give such an order, or allow it. But now,
now nobody is giving orders. It is completely out
of hand."

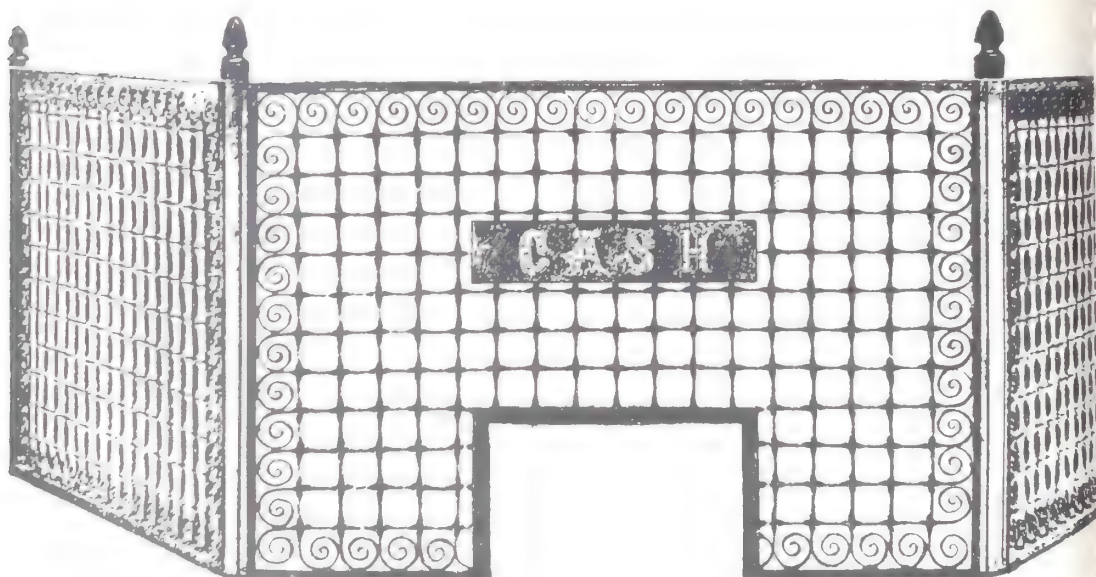
"I do not think you can win," I said bluntly. "De
Gaulle is tough. And the people will get tired of
the discomfort and the misery. The workers will
take what they can get from the *Patronat* and give
up and go back to work. And they will be worse off
than before, even with their pay raises. Because
what your Revolution is doing to those trees along
the Boulevard, it is also doing to the national econ-
omy of France."

"At least we will have made an impression,"
Raymond said. "Our existence will be proved."

At the corner of the rue Monsieur-le-Prince I left
them and cut back up toward the top of the Boule-
vard and the rue Soufflot. I could not stand the
thought of going back to the Odéon with them, or
even without them. The narrow old street was filled
with a thick mist of tear gas that made my eyes
smart badly. I had to pick my way over the remains
of barricades and debris, and around the weirdly
dressed student fighters who moved along it. At the
top of the Boulevard at the Place Edmond Rostand
where the crowds ceased, I stopped just once and
looked down the strife-torn Boulevard, then went
on home by Cardinal Lemoine feeling very very
down. □

REFLECTIONS OF A GILDED CAGE

A devious payoff in Vegas, where the cage means Nirvana and the man inside has to better know a con man from a thief.



IN EVERY PROPER GAMBLING HOUSE there is a gilded cage. That is where the money is; that is where the winners go for their payoff. It is the gambler's Nirvana. On those happy occasions, he fondles his gold and the goading passions within his breast are stilled as he approaches perfect beatitude. One of the first things I learned as a young man behind the window of a gilded cage was that there are two very different kinds of winner, both having dissimilar, even irreconcilable ideas of what it means to win. For the true gambler, winning is merely a symbol; he is rarely interested in the actual value of the money or what it might buy. He is counting coup, and it has been the action of the play, rather than any material value, that has scratched his everlasting itch. For the man who gambles but is a non-gambler, on the other hand, material value is what it is all about; he is seeking quick money, and usually needs it. Desperation is his companion, just as damnation and salvation are his perpetual alternatives. But for whatever satisfaction a man gambles, the gilded cage looms before him like the right side of Judgment Day, a bar of reckoning where just deserts will be paid. He seeks it like the Christian heaven.

And then there are those who approach the cage by more devious means. Thieves have the same burning desire to tap its riches, whether by means of marked cards, shaved dice, counterfeit chips, bad checks, or any other route mind can conceive and body carry out. The objective is the same, even though the instrumentalities vary. For players and road agents alike, the cage is there to be made. For the man inside the cage the big problem is to

know a player from a con man and both from a thief. To recognize him for what he is in the casino is frequently difficult, if not impossible, as was borne out by the following episode, one of the more memorable I experienced as a casino cashier in Las Vegas. The story is true, except for the need for changing of a few names.

To tell it we must go back to a Thursday night, the midsummer of 1947. It was a typical midweek night at the Las Vegas Club. There were a dozen or so live ones at the front crap table betting silver dollars and chips to the drone of the stickman; the same table hosted half as many and five shills; the roulette table was shut down. The wheels and 21 tables were busy, but with nothing big showing. Along the back side of the room two Pan games, the only Pan games in the house where you can bet less than a dollar, were frequented by their usual clientele: prospectors, sweaty construction workers, unemployed shills, and assorted seedy-looking characters with no visible means of support. The Faro parlor, in the rear of the casino and directly across from the cashier's cage, was filled, as usual, with optimists. The Faro Bank was hidden behind a crowd of onlookers and kibitzers. Nick the gambler was giving the Bank a play, and we had him bet for \$80,000. Aside from the latter, most of the action was offered by tourists, many of them nervous whose play is marked by indecision: they wander around a lot, making a few bets, then switching to another game or layout, or perhaps marking a Horse Keno ticket, then back to a crap table or roulette wheel. Others shuttle incessantly between the slots and the Bingo parlor. The beer bar

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R. C. Padden

business with this crowd. There is a tireless humanity through the glass doors which the Club's front, some coming into the conditioned air of the casino, while others pass onto Fremont Street and the balmy heat of night.

Those of us who worked in the downtown is kind and tempo of business was called "id," and that is what kept the joints solvent the nut day in and day out. At this time he action in Las Vegas was downtown. The ho and the Last Frontier, comfortably out on Highway 91, were bigger and fan- the volume was down on Fremont Street. Siegel—called "Bugsy" if he couldn't possibly had just built the Flamingo, a fabulous re- the idle rich. As it turned out, there weren't idle rich to make it pay and Siegel got his t out of his head by way of dismissal. Even the Flamingo flourished under subsequent man- and set the style for what the Strip has come.

With the swing shift I had taken over the age from the day man at six o'clock. It was eight-thirty and I was in good shape: fill slips d, payroll made up, credit rundowns stud- es from the previous shift counted down and f. From here on, it was a matter of making extending credit, and standing off the who would try to make the joint. A gambling s a sitting duck to every con man or outlaw nes through; he is invariably convinced that t scam that you have never seen before. Once y great while he is right.

OFTEN HAPPENS ON A NIGHT like this, there is a sudden increase in activity all over the more people appeared, as out of thin air; the of action, that clicking song of silver and the whirr and clang of slots, the babble of rose in volume and intensity. The pit boss, we shall call Corey Slatter, sent back to the or four trays of twenty-five-dollar chips for r one craps, which meant that someone had a chips out. I couldn't see the table because of owd pressing around the Faro Bank, but I have to; you could hear the shrieks and sup- ons every time the shooter came out. The r crap table quickly filled out from overflow, g its shills, and a standby crew prepared to e third. Another call issued from the pit, this or two trays of hundred-dollar chips—that's 0 worth. This suggested one of two things: some railbird had an impossible streak going igh roller had lit. Or maybe both. It happens ay sometimes. Against all odds, a tourist one pass after another, holding the dice for or thirty minutes. Word of the hot hand goes the street like magic and every sharpshooter running. And so while the tourist jacks off ce at a silver dollar a pop, sharp operators bet nd to the limit. When the hand is finally over, ated tourist cashes in his pile of silver for a

few twenties, while the sharpies cash in thousands.

Needing to keep ahead of the game, I flashed the blue light, which brought the bouncer at once; he had been sweating the action and could fill me in. "It's a guy who came in about ten minutes ago; he's betting three or four hundred on the front line and taking odds and laying propositions. He's got about eight grand out in front of him and playing with both hands."

"Do we know him?" I asked.

"I've never seen him before; he's a big, sporty-looking bastard and plays like he knows how." With that, the bouncer turned and pushed hurriedly through the crowd in the direction of the pit, half-fearful of missing out if the high roller should hand out a few of those golden chips as tokens.

About a quarter-past-nine my favorite cocktail waitress brought me a burger from Fong's Silver Café. She had been serving the pit alone most of the evening and welcomed a brief rest. "How's our high roller doing?" was my question as I bit into the sandwich. "He had about twelve thousand out last I saw. He hasn't taken a drink yet, but I got him a cigar and he gave me a twenty-five-dollar chip." "That's because you're so sexy," I explained. "Maybe it's just a down payment for later." She tossed her blond head and wrinkled her nose at me. "No, I don't think he's out to get laid; his mind is on those damned dice." "Have you been over to the Faro Bank lately?" I queried, wondering how Mr. Nickolas Dondolas was making out. "I've served a few drinks over there, but didn't take any notice of the markers. You know how touchy Sam is. Somebody told me that he is winning now." Just then the pit boss decided to buy drinks for the players and squeezed off a few clicks on his tin cricket, which was her signal to move in. She grabbed her tray and blew me a kiss. At the door she turned as the cricket sounded off again. "Some nights I could jam that kids' toy right up his nose." And then she was lost in the crowd.

When the pit boss came back to the office for new dice and cards a short time later, I learned that the high roller's luck had turned. The dice were cold and he was losing back heavily, stubbornly continuing to bet the pass line. "Do you think we stand to win anything from him besides our own money?" I asked. "We've got him in the box for about a thousand dollars that he bought in with; all the rest is ours," answered Corey. "But he has a big roll of cash in his pocket, and the way the dice are rolling we'll have that before very long." "A typical gambler," I thought to myself. "It's not really a matter of winning or losing; it's the action, he's in it for the action. That's the narcotic. Winning prolongs it; losing suspends it—until more cash can be hustled. If you could get that into a pill or needle, it would be bigger than junk and sex combined."

The casino began to thin out around midnight. For the first time since coming on shift I could see old Sam Gordon, the Faro dealer, and the Greek. Nick happened to look up and, catching my eye, lifted one hand and faintly smiled. There was no

R. C. Padden
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doubt in my mind now: he was winning and would get out. He was fantastic; you could almost never get him in so far that he couldn't get out and beat you, if for only a few thousand. It might take days; this session had been going on for some fifty hours without a break. The dealers and casemen were exhausted after an eight-hour shift. The unrested Greek remained fresh and indifferent to anything but the game.

Corey came in with the box from craps number three which had been folded, trailed by the bouncer carrying the chip racks. As he opened the box and began to count the drop, I paid off the dealers. "This one is pretty light, maybe twelve, thirteen hundred," Corey mused, "but number one is going to be fat." The high roller, he informed me, was now in for another \$20,000 of his own, all cash. There would probably be again that much from the other players. "Unless our friend is wearing a money belt, I think we've about got him cleaned." My reaction was automatic. "Are you going to let him go on the rim if he wants to keep on playing?" "That will depend on what you can find out about him," Corey replied. "If he wants more than a few hundred I'll send him back to see you. But if he asks, I've got to let him have a couple of hundred for walking-around money as a matter of courtesy. He might want a girl or a few drinks." Leaving it that way, he lit a cigarette and headed for the can.

CASH-OUTS HAD BEEN LIGHT ALL EVENING. Considering the volume of play: if the trend held, it would be a good night for the house. They were coming faster from craps number one now, seven hundred to one guy, three-fifty to another: his girlfriend cashed out twelve hundred. It looked like the game was breaking up. I hadn't seen the high roller and assumed that, having blown his wad, he'd simply hit the street, with or without his walking-around money. That's when I spotted him bearing down on the cage: big, about six-three, heavy in the shoulders and flat in the belly: his clothes were expensively tailored, classy. A light felt hat was pushed back over curling black hair that had grayed at the temples: eyes dark, almost black in color: his nose had that broken look: jaw big and heavy with a hard set to it, grimly clenching a cigar that stayed in one corner of his mouth as he spoke. "My name is Jordan. I'm here to arrange for some money." Just like that: he had muscle in his voice. "Are you now," I thought to myself. But aloud, "What kind of arrangement did you have in mind, Mr. Jordan?" He read my look and moved back a half-step. "I want to give you a check for a couple of thousand; you hold the check until tomorrow afternoon. I'm having money wired out here from Little Rock in the morning; by afternoon I expect to have an account opened up at the Bank of Nevada across the street." "Do you have credit established anywhere in town?" I asked, knowing very well that he didn't. "Never been here before," was his reply. Standard procedure for qualifying credit in a situation like this was to probe the player, giving

him ample opportunity to establish his reliability and to lie when you would know that he was telling the truth. As soon as you caught him lying, the game was over. If his answers were straight, you kept on going until he convinced you, one way or the other. You see, the gambler is not the one in a gambling house that takes a chance; all is said and done. With this guy I decided to go it quick. "Who do you shoot craps with in Little Rock?" I asked. He answered without batting an eye. "I've played a lot at Gus Vinney's Palace Club, but lately the heat's been on and most of the games are floaters." "Have you seen Gus lately?" I asked. "No," was his reply, "he's out of town right now." Indeed he was. Mr. Vinney had been caught between a corrupted sheriff and a corrupt politician and was doing a bit at the state pen. There seemed no doubt that our high roller was one of his customers. I decided to frost the cake. "Where else do you know in Little Rock?" He pushed his hat back farther on his head as he wiped sweat from his face. "Oh, hell, I know ever so many that plays—Joe Scarzy, Willie the Lump, Grady, Mickey McCann—" I recognized all the names, but the last one was especially well known. "Where do you know Mickey from?" I asked. "Vinney's mostly, but I've run into him at other games in other places, and I've done some business with him." That did it for me; I figured I had the guy made now. Mickey McCann was one of the wildest crap shooters I'd ever seen. He kept a fleet of reefer trucks on the roads filled with black-market butter: when he got paid off he headed for the best gambling joint and played until he or it was busted. We beat him for \$175,000 one time, and he was one of his trucks.

Corey had come up while we were talking, and had heard most of our exchanges. Now he turned to Jordan, "What did you say your business was?" The big man flexed the muscles in his jaw and clamped down harder on the cigar. "I didn't," he said, but he had muscle in his look. "Give him what he wants, Bob," was Corey's reply. He had reached the same conclusion that I had: our high roller was a black-market operator. He would probably give me a big bundle if we handled him right.

Having sent Jordan back to the pit with the money, I had just enough time to make preparations for turning the joint over to the graveyard cashier who arrived shortly before two. After we settled up a balance I filled him in on Jordan and other matters that required continued attention. Leaving the cage at the end of a shift always gave me a feeling of relief, of responsibility suddenly lifted, which I celebrated with a drink. Walking past the Bank and the beer bar, I turned through the back door into the lounge, where my favorite cocktail waitress was waiting for me. She had our drink lined up, and I could tell by the look on her face that she had had a good night. "I'm going to give you a drink," she teased, flashing the \$65 I'd scored in tips. "Better yet," I assured her, "I'm going to let you pick up the tab for the next month or so." "Night."

ELIEVED TO PUSH THROUGH the glass doors
Club the following night. Not because I
to put in a shift, but because it had been
at day. My shirt was sticking to my back,
walking a couple of blocks. Once inside,
of action assailed my ears, and without
I began to ease the joint as I made my
e rear. It is no accident that the cashier's
found near the rearmost wall. Winners,
ashed out, must pass by every temptation
use in order to reach the street with money
The weak ones don't make it. Out of the
my eye I saw Jordan, belly up to the crap
d playing like his life depended on it.
osed the Pan games my nose jerked, and I
mental note: "Got to remind Henry to
he upholstery on those chairs; they smell
piss." The source of that problem, I re-
as in some of the bums and winos who sat
If it was left to me I'd throw the damned
on out, players and all. It was Friday, and
I expected to find the casino busy, as it
is going into the weekend, I was momen-
surprised by the size of the crowd. You
walk in a straight line. Every game was
l by people pushing up to the tables, look-
a chance to play; others just milled about.
glimpsed a cluster of loud-mouthed guys
funny hats and remembered, somewhat
that we had a convention in town.
ged by players seeking credit, cash-outs,
the pit, tourists in search of souvenirs, and
wanting to cash personal checks, or who
wanted change, it took much longer than
count down the day man and strike a bal-
ut we finally did so, and now it was all
ain. I wished that it was somebody else's.
I cashed a lot of checks, which I thumbed
quickly, then I turned to the hold checks.
Jordan picked up his stiff," I remarked, re-
the file in the cash drawer. "Yes he did,"
lied, "and he has a limit of \$50,000." "Did
7 call Little Rock about him?" I wondered
No. Corey talked to his partners about him
y decided to let him go for fifty," was his
talked to Jordan for a while this morning."
d, "and I think he's good for that much,
a lot more."
ther learned that the Greek had finally
for some rest, about five hours, and had
turned to the game, and was nearly even.
going to be a bitch of a weekend," Roy
as he collected himself for departure. "By
lock this afternoon we'd had a couple of
and I don't know how many drunks bounced.
reminds me, Bob; if some toothless con-
peer with a hangover should inquire, his
re in the side drawer. One of the porters
hem in a pile of puke under a 21 table."
that's the kind of weekend it was.
chief occupation on Monday was to put the
back together again and see how we did. Jor-
d had been in and out, finally going for the
and. When I came to work that night his

checks were in the hold file. Tuesday night they
were still there, and I asked Corey about it the first
time he came back to the cage. "Damned if I know
what the story is," he responded. "Nobody's seen
Jordan since Sunday night, when he told me that
he'd pick up his checks on Monday." "How much
of the fifty did he lose to us?" I asked. Corey had
already asked himself the same question and had
an answer: "From what I can tell, all of it, and
maybe a little bit more. The only other place he
played was next door at the Pioneer; he beat them
and then came back here and dumped it."

I thought Corey was being a little optimistic,
considering the confusion that had reigned over the
weekend. As for me, I was getting that feeling,
like I'd been had.

Corey was plainly relieved when later on that
night the high roller called to say that he would be
right down. But he didn't look like a high roller
any more when he walked through the door of the
gilded cage. In fact, he didn't look like the same
man. He was wearing a cheap black suit, a string
tie, and a black hat with a flat brim. His whole ex-
pression and semblance had changed; the hard lines
of his face were gone, as was the restrained belliger-
ence of his former manner. I thought I could see a
slight stoop in his shoulders. Corey ushered him
through the cage into the back office, where he and
his partners had been going over the weekend
sheets. This had been our biggest weekend of the
year, even though the Greek had got out and
beaten us for twenty G's.

The back office door opened a short time later
and Corey and the high roller emerged. "Give me
Jordan's checks, Bob, and fifty dollars." I handed
them to Corey, who placed them in the high roller's
hand. "Goodbye, Mr. Jordan," was all he said.
Jordan turned without a word and slowly walked,
stoop-shouldered, through the casino to the doors
and out onto the street without a backward glance.

"Who the hell was he, Corey?"

"The most prominent Baptist preacher in Little
Rock, he says."

"What was he trying to do?"

"Beat the Devil, I guess. Says he had a compul-
sion to be a gambler for years; read all about it;
studied it; dreamed of it. Finally decided that if
he was going to have any peace of mind he would
have to wrestle the Devil on his own ground. He
laid plans, bought some clothes, withdrew his life's
savings, and headed for Las Vegas."

"How did he know about the Paradise Club and
McCann and all the other people he mentioned?"

"Easy. He studied a lot of Grand Jury testimony
taken in gambling and racket investigations. As a
man of the cloth he was a civic crusader against
vice and corruption." I gave Corey a long look. "Do
you really buy it? I mean, what the hell—he could
also be one of the great con artists of our time. If
he had won, we'd never have known. But he lost,
and so he put on his loser's suit and beat the rap.
How about that?" Now Corey gave me a longer look.

"We'll never know, will we, Bobby boy?"

And we never did.

"We could a bar
hand over down
the street like
maple and every
shaggy-haired
comes running."

John Corry

MRS. LIEBERMAN OF BALTIMORE

The life and times of an organization lady.



I WAS FED UP WITH VOLUNTEER WORK," Mrs. Lieberman said. "I mean, how many presidencies can you have?" Mrs. Lieberman, being about forty when she chose to leave volunteer work as a way of life, which was a way of life she had more or less settled on when she was eight or nine and would put up a card table outside her home and collect money for the Fresh Air Fund, could not, of course, leave it for just any old job; it would have to be something special, contributing to the public weal and being associated with a cause. Mrs. Lieberman always has been compelled to do good things in the world, and when she was forty she became the community director of Planned Parenthood of Maryland, which was then an organization of three ladies toiling on the third floor of an

old row house in Baltimore, and now, fifteen years later, is eighteen persons roaming around in an old building. Planned Parenthood of Maryland did not grow this way *only* because Mrs. Lieberman joined it, although no one can be exact of where it might be now without her. Mrs. Lieberman is very good at doing things, and she is bright, too, and she is one of those women who is always going about and doing things for other people. Her mother, who was this way, too, was the president of Hadassah in Baltimore, and when Mrs. Lieberman talks about her, she says she was a "dynamite," and when people who know Mrs. Lieberman talk about Mrs. Lieberman, they say she is a "dynamite," too. "I just have to get involved," Mrs. Lieberman says. "I'm a people person, a human thing person. I *detest* Scrabble and this kind of thing." In fact, Mrs. Lieberman gets involved with all classes and sorts of people, nearly all of whom she will call "sweetheart," or "darling," and nearly all of whom sooner or later will get the training of Mrs. Lieberman as one of their very close friends, even when she is getting them to do something they might really rather not do.

On Mrs. Lieberman's last birthday, a few dozen of her very dearest friends turned out for a surprise party, and the lady who organized it had invited only those people who had "a complete and crazy devotion to Netsie," which is what everyone calls Mrs. Lieberman. Actually, people who truly are Mrs. Lieberman's nearest friends are a great deal like her. They are deeply involved with one another, and they are given to good works. One woman is in Planned Parenthood, another in mental health, another in speech therapy, and another is doing graduate work in public health. (One other very dear friend cannot work, but that is because her husband is a Baltimore Oriole, and so she must entertain him.) Now, none of the women, including Mrs. Lieberman, needed to find a job, their husbands all being highly successful men, but all of them did, until they were past the first flushes of youth and about into that part of their lives when they were expected to become matrons. Mrs. Lieberman was the first to break away, and even she wait-

Contributing editor John Corry continues this month his portraits of unheralded Americans, their lives and professions.

had died, judging that her mother would not be comfortable if she knew her daughter was not only in a non-Jewish organization, but in one which she got paid, too. There is no word for charity in Hebrew, although there is a word, *tsedaka*, which means *justice*. Either you have it, or you don't, and if you have it you do not share it. Mrs. Lieberman sees her decision to take a break from her past, although probably not, and the impulse that put her mother into Planned Parenthood, even if her mother would not have approved of it.

Mrs. Lieberman and her friends live in what Mrs. Lieberman calls the Golden Ghetto. It more or less begins at Sinai Hospital, which was built by Jewish doctors who once were regularly excommunicated from practicing in other hospitals in Baltimore, and it includes a country club that requires you to give a certain amount of money to Jewish charities before he can become a member. There is a wide street full of monumental synagogues. Mrs. Lieberman calls the rue de la Shul. The neighborhood is very Jewish, and Mrs. Lieberman has scarcely had even one Gentile friend until she came to college and was married to Alfred Lieberman, who is a doctor. Mrs. Lieberman's father grew up in Richmond, Virginia, and when she was married she had six Christian girls as her friends, but when Mrs. Lieberman was a girl, she knew more, the man who owned the swimming pool was far from where she lived could post a sign that said, "No Dogs or Jews Allowed." When Mrs. Lieberman went to Goucher College in Baltimore, she was very pretty and very bright, going through college on straight A's, but being Jewish she was not, of course, accepted by a sorority. One friend she says, was dropped from one when the sorority sisters discovered she had Jewish grandparents. Partly, Mrs. Lieberman says, she left the college to do volunteer work and went to Planned Parenthood so she could involve herself in a larger world.

"BUSY, I FEEL LIKE President Nixon's paranoia," Mrs. Lieberman said cheerfully one day. She drove to a housing project, where a social worker had invited her to talk about contraception. The housing project was all black, and in times of crisis Mrs. Lieberman had visited it often for the Planned Parenthood. Of late, however, the militancy was mostly males, had decided that family planning was only another way that whites committed genocide against blacks, and so Mrs. Lieberman had not been around the housing project for a while. "I can never really tell," she said, "how many people will show up. There might be a couple hundred, or there might be only two or three. Now, with all that talk about genocide, I just don't know at all. Oh, the only way we can handle the militants is not to embarrass them. We don't antagonize the Catholic Church, and our relations with the diocese are really quite good. The diocese does not give us alone." When Mrs. Lieberman arrived

at the housing project, there was no one there at all, although by the time she started to speak there were seven mothers, who had brought with them nine children. "Hi, children. Hi, mommy," Mrs. Lieberman said to the last woman who came into the room, and then she said that she was Annette Lieberman, and would they please tell her their names. The mothers did, and then Mrs. Lieberman asked them if they had ever heard of Planned Parenthood, and what did they think about before they had children, and what did responsibility mean, and where did they go when they wanted sex information. Then she told them that the only sure way to prevent a pregnancy would be to have their husbands sleep on the roof. All the mothers smiled except the youngest one, who was only sixteen. Then Mrs. Lieberman unfurled some charts, which had titles on top like, "A Baby is Made," and "The Rubber," and began her lecture. "I remember a teacher telling me this, and this is how I remember it best," she said. "Menstruation is nothing more than the tears of a disappointed womb." Even the youngest mother smiled a little, and then Mrs. Lieberman was talking about condoms, first saying that shepherds in Biblical days had found that a sheep bladder could work for them, and then saying that some of the kids today were using Saran Wrap, although this was hardly any good at all. While she talked, Mrs. Lieberman showed the ladies an aging, yellowed prophylactic, into which she had stuck her index finger, although she soon forgot it was there, and began rubbing her ear with it. "Now, mothers," she said, flipping over a chart that said "I.U.D." at the top, "there are several kinds of what are called intrauterine devices. and the first time that we know of their being used also goes back to Biblical days." A small boy wandered up, and Mrs. Lieberman patted his head and rubbed his shoulder with the offhand way of people who are around children a lot, and when she bumped into a little girl she picked her up, and held her while she talked. Mrs. Lieberman said that the early camel drivers knew there was nothing worse than trying to get a pregnant camel to move, and that they had discovered that if they stuck a pebble in the camel's uterus, the camel would not get pregnant. This, Mrs. Lieberman said, was the first intrauterine device.

Mrs. Lieberman talks about twice a week, but she never knows when she is making sense to anyone besides herself. "I don't know if I'm getting through to them," she said after she had left the housing project. "You're always so afraid of being patronizing. I used the word 'balls.' Is that patronizing? Should I have said something else? But I wanted to make sure that everyone knew what I was talking about." Mrs. Lieberman sounded discouraged, burdened as only those people can be burdened who forever try to foster what they think of as the public good, and when she is burdened she is not at her best. She is an exuberant woman, full of warmth and energy, but smart enough and compelled enough to know that her rewards may only be small ones.

MOSTLY, SHE FINDS HER REWARDS IN her family and her faith. "I am a Judeophile," Mrs. Lieberman says, meaning that she is warmed by Jewish traditions, and, "I am a Jewish mother," she says, meaning that she has spent her adult life hovering about her family, and her friends, and their families, and worrying about them all, and then worrying that she is worrying too much. "I can be an absolute bitch, too," Mrs. Lieberman says. "I had a hearing problem, and Alfred operated on me. Alfred is the kindest and gentlest of men, and a wonderful doctor. But I was *miserable*. *Rotten*. I kept saying to the nurse, 'If he can't get it done just wheel me back to the room.' I was an *absolute horrible bitch*. I don't know how Alfred stands me." This is Mrs. Lieberman worrying in her own way again, although mostly she operates in such a flurry of warmth and affection, and cool administrative sense, that the worrying is not apparent.

The Jewish mothers of America are among the world's great fund raisers and administrators, the sensibility that they bring to their families being approximately the same sensibility with which they can raise a million dollars, or run a charity, and without them there would perhaps have been no state of Israel. Mrs. Lieberman has this sensibility, which allows her to bathe everyone in sight with warm broth, without ever losing sight of just why she is doing it.

Here she is at a restaurant, with a minister who is trying to raise money for a good cause and a lady who runs a small foundation. Mrs. Lieberman has brought them together so they can talk, but there is a fashion show going on in the restaurant and a model is making quick little swoops around the table where they are sitting. "Darling," Mrs. Lieberman says to the model, "it's very lovely, but we have some important business to discuss." "Oh," the model says, "you mean you want to be left alone?" "Yes, sweetheart," Mrs. Lieberman says, and turns to the lady who runs the foundation. "Bessie, darling," she says, "you know we're not taking you to lunch only because we're trying to raise money. We love you anyway." Mrs. Lieberman is absolutely in control, and she turns now to the minister. "Al, dear," she says, "why don't you explain to Bessie what you're doing." The minister explains that he is trying to raise \$20,000 for a pregnancy-counseling service, and that his church already has put up \$10,000, and that there is a new test that can determine within minutes if a girl is pregnant. Mrs. Lieberman breaks in herself only when the foundation lady or the minister shows signs of flagging, or when there is something on which everyone can agree. "Oh, he's a you-know-what," or, "He's full of you-know-what," she says, when the foundation lady mentions a man she thinks is reprehensible. Part of Mrs. Lieberman's true genius, tested in ten thousand committee meetings and discussion groups, is to bring people together and to get them to do things, which is what a large part of community-service work is all about. Mrs. Lieberman is involved in, among other things,

Hadassah, the Council of Jewish Women, the American Civil Liberties Union, Americans for Democratic Action, the Brandeis University Women's Committee, a Central Scholarship Committee, her Temple Sisterhood. She is also the president of her Phi Beta Kappa chapter, and as a member course she is called on every year to take lectures in her neighborhood for things like fibrosis and muscular dystrophy. She says she simply cannot say no when someone asks to contribute her time and talents, and that if she cannot do it herself she will find someone who can. "A living religion is based on people," she says, "I don't give two hoots what happens to me after I've got to do things here, now. I must do them."

In fact, Mrs. Lieberman will do what she wants. She works for Planned Parenthood by working about fifty hours a week for it. When Mrs. Lieberman was graduated from Goucher in 1941, the editors of the yearbook wrote an essay about their coming of age, and called it "Goucher Takes a World View." It began, on the wild night that was election eve, 1940, "As we bent to our radios we heard the voices of the states declaring the people's choice," and then she went on to talk about "the Red Cross course . . . a knitting that went on with the intensity of a desire to do what we could." This is quaint, but the course, with knitting and Red Cross courses, is of some vanished innocence, but as any of Mrs. Lieberman's contemporaries can tell you, that was terribly important then. Some of Mrs. Lieberman's preoccupations, Hadassah, for instance, seem a little quaint, too, calling up feelings about the Hokinson ladies, even though Mrs. Lieberman is a good-looking and most of her ladies are, which Helen Hokinson's were not. There is something funny about Hadassah and organizations like it—anyway, to judge by the number of jokes about them—and Mrs. Lieberman, acting like a mother before her, might be just a scream, but that ladies like them do things that no one else does. When the refugee ship *Exodus* sailed to Palestine in 1947, Mrs. Lieberman's mother was asked if she could get together enough linens, bedclothes, and towels for the whole ship. She did, of course, and when her daughter got to Planned Parenthood in the 1960s and was asked if she could do something for the organization, she did, of course. When Mrs. Lieberman arrived, or came about, as she likes to say, Planned Parenthood and the idea of birth control were not held in much esteem in Maryland. Madame Pandit, Nehru's sister, arrived in Baltimore at about that time to attend a conference on population control, and when the newspapers carried her picture they declined to mention anything about Planned Parenthood, even to note why she was there. Nonetheless, Mrs. Lieberman was running all around Maryland, telling to anyone she thought might listen, and a year or so the State Board of Welfare had directed its caseworkers to tell some of their volunteer mothers that something like Planned Parenthood at least existed. Mrs. Lieberman didn't think that was quite enough, however, and so the following

Board of Welfare ruled that the casework-
I tell all their welfare mothers about
Parenthood. Then, a year or so after that,
because Mrs. Lieberman was still running
d Maryland, Planned Parenthood was al-
put some of its own people into welfare
at were run by the state.

are not monumental things, but they are
gible, either, which is what you can also
t the things that Mrs. Lieberman's mother
When that lady was sixty-six she had a cor-
forcing her to give up what always had been
ous life, and confining her pretty much to
bedroom. Consequently, she spent her time
publication called *Sponge*, which was put
the volunteer ladies at Sinai Hospital. Mrs.
an also hates to waste time, and when she
nothing else to do she has involved herself
olical campaigns. Her persuasion always has
eral, and her social concerns always have
modern, although she is not disposed to
s Liberation, and this bothers her. "I over-
ainst Women's Lib," she says, "and I don't
y I do. There's something about it, or may-
e's something about me." Mrs. Lieberman
her hands in a gesture of despair, indicat-
thinks there might be something about her.
Lieberman is conscious of herself, and she
about how well she is doing with other
a concern that once or twice has led her
ne of our age's murkier pastimes. Once, two
Episcopalian priests, invited Mrs. Lieber-
attend some sensitivity-training sessions for
ders. Mrs. Lieberman went because she
it might make her more effective, but the
dissolved into ugliness when one of the lay
getting down to where he was really at,
at Mrs. Lieberman was just another Christ-
later, Mrs. Lieberman and two friends went
five days of group-behavior sessions, which
Lieberman says were really "intellectual exer-
Subsequently, one of the friends had a nerv-
akdown. The other divorced her husband.
unlikely that Mrs. Lieberman, having surd-
d herself with her family, her work, and
ends, will ever suffer either of those things.
not talk about her husband without saying
e kindest man she has ever known. She can-
c about any one of her three sons without
he is beautiful. Victor, who is twenty-five,
rst in his class at Yale, declined a graduate
ship in Southeast Asian studies, and elected
in a housing project in New Haven and teach
blic school. Marc is twenty-one, and after
been miserable in a military school, went
h Reed College in three years, and then
to Israel, where he works as a proofreader
Jerusalem Post, and hovers between becom-
abbi or a doctor. Jack, who is seventeen, goes
uaker school in Baltimore and wants to go
Vassar. Victor's politics are out on the Left,
believes that Israel is the aggressor in the
East, which leads to battles with his family,
specially with Marc, who is a passionate

Zionist. Mrs. Lieberman says, however, that the
battles will never get out of hand because Marc
and Victor, after all, are brothers. Every week the
members of the family send Marc a tape cassette,
full of news and trivia, and Marc sends one back
to them. Jack records a tape saying that he thinks
he is about to domesticate a squirrel that is hang-
ing about the house, and then he asks Marc what
books he should be reading. Marc tells Jack he is
happy to hear about the squirrel, and then he sug-
gests that Jack read *Fathers and Sons*, *Madame
Bovary*, *Anna Karenina*, *The Idiot*, and anything
by Knut Hamsun. Mrs. Lieberman tells Marc who
the guests were for Sabbath dinner (there are
always guests), and Marc thanks her for all the
household goods she has sent him in Israel, but he
says that a bed frame got lost in the port of Haifa.

Almost certainly, if Marc asks for another bed
frame Mrs. Lieberman will get one to him. Mrs.
Lieberman does not like to say no, and besides that,
she likes to give things to people. When a man she
had never met before told her that his son was a
baseball fan, Mrs. Lieberman called the owner of
the Orioles and got him to send the man a baseball
signed by the team. Another man, whom she knew
only slightly better, saw a mobile in a gift shop and
remarked to her that his children would like it.
Mrs. Lieberman bought it for them. Her friends say
this is not unusual for Netsie, and the owner of the
gift shop says that the best thing that ever hap-
pened to her was to have Mrs. Lieberman set up
her office just across the street. Mrs. Lieberman has
many enthusiasms, and her friends are one, and
giving them gifts is another, and inviting them to
her home is one more. She will have thirty-five
people over for Seder, mixing in a number of non-
Jews among them, after first calling for a van and
getting the living-room furniture carted away so
they will all have enough space. Mrs. Lieberman
works at friendships, and she tends to regard her
very dearest friends as being something special. "I
really think," she will say, "that we do have an
unusual group here." After the war, the Lieber-
mans were one of a half-dozen couples that set up
a discussion group to talk about the great perplexi-
ties of our time. The discussion group expanded
and then kept going for nineteen years, meeting
one Saturday night a month, and eventually the
children of the members got to take part, delivering
earnest talks to their elders when they were on trips
home from college.

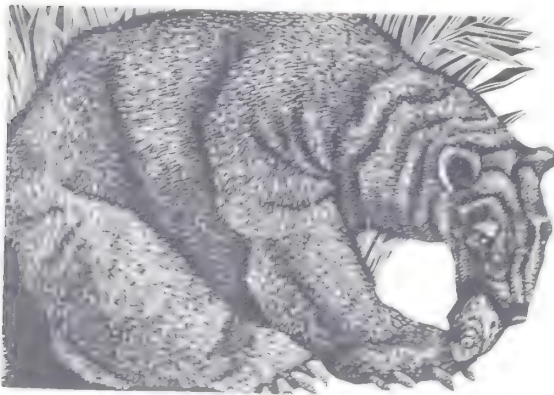
It is, in fact, a warm, comfortable, and even pro-
ductive circle, with ideas and attitudes getting
passed from one generation to the next, and only
the ways of expressing them ever changing much.
Victor, the son who is out on the Left, who fought
Marc over Israel, always said that he would marry
only a Jewish girl, which is what he did. Not long
ago he gave his parents a gift, along with a card
that said, "To my mother and father, whose dili-
gence, love, and concern for the oppressed helped
mold my life outlook." Mrs. Lieberman, who says
the same thing about her own mother, was touched
by it.

"The Jewish
mothers of
America are
among the
world's great
fund raisers and
administrators."

Edward Hoagland

THE WAR IN THE WOODS

When a grizzly mauls a man the real destruction it does is with its mouth . . .



EVEN IN THE PRESENT DAY there are a few individuals scattered about the world who have a power of communicating with animals that corresponds, perhaps, to ESP. It is more easily believable, however, since we can see that animals themselves, both wild and domestic, communicate with each other across the barriers of species and of habitat. Bits of filler about these people appear occasionally in the understrata of the news: some herd-man or charcoal burner in a corner of Afghanistan, a leopard hunter, an elephant driver, a racetrack groom. The best animal trainers undoubtedly have had this special capacity along with their daring and verve, but more often it seems to be a man who does not put the gift to any especially profitable use, who lives humbly, as snake charmers and village madmen do, and whose insights bring him as much sadness as gaiety—whose allegiances are torn. I've known trainers who at least were acquainted with the Berlitz equivalent of animal talk, the phrase-book forms—how to arrest the attention of a wildebeest or comfort a whistling swan—and once I heard a first-hand description of the real article, a wandering fellow who appeared, Pied Piper-fashion, at a zoo animal dealer's and asked for a job as a cage hand. He went into all the cages and soothed the pandas who were just off the boat, encouraged the toucans, and babbled softly to the llamas, gesturing, mumbling, making small sounds. He lived in the sheds with the animals for as long as he stayed, and was a queer, inoffensive, skinny person of no recognizable age, with a timid, energetic stoop like Danny Kaye's. Animals of every type hurried sociably to meet him at the bars when he drew near, following him as far as their cages allowed: an immediate reaction from the first day. He was invaluable as an employee. The creatures who were on hunger strikes took food, and none of them injured themselves in struggling to escape while they were being crated. And yet the prisonlike routine saddened him—being warden, and then shipping

them off when telegrams from around the world arrived. Soon he was on the road again, with his suitcase.

This was thirty or forty years ago. The demand for such a singular changeling to spring out of the woodwork has lessened as the rest of us see that animals, have less to do with animals—even a pet boy is becoming quite a rarity. The animals that we know something about are manufactured commodities: our million steers like cardboard cutouts, and our frenetic, force-fed hens. Most of the animals that the pet shops come out of virtual factories now, and dogs are notable because they go three-fourths the way in preserving a semblance of an interrelationship between animal and man. They go so far as to understand English, they cringe on cue and look laudatory for reasons that are as intense as they are inexplicable. Dogs really want to reach us, and when they do, by kindness or our wizardry, our amazing imitations, bring them joy.

Interestingly, though, some of the wild animals make advances to us too, like porpoises and primates and certain birds. Campers often find a camp weasel or mouse hanging about, and mount lions on many occasions have poked their heads under a tent and sniffed the sleeper in his sleeping bag peaceably and curious—the big tracks came and went—or bounded invitingly around, while the hunter pulled the eiderdown over his head. Both the Indian tribes and early settlers developed legends of the friendliness of mountain lions to travelers and the children which, if exaggerated, must still have contained a core of truth. In the southwestern United States Indians even revered them—it was believed that their urine, in drying, hardened into a protective stone—and in Argentina they were known as "Christian's friend." Wolves did not establish a reputation for curiosity about human beings, but wolves are related to dogs and the ferocious Red Wolf is outvoted in folklore by numerous more sympathetic prototype stories of wolves on the Indian subcontinent.

He has written four books, including *Cat Man*, a collection of essays.

Before this article is one of the essays in his book *The War in the Woods*.

He has written this month by Random House.

Rome and Italy, and even in Vermont. Ethan Allen, leading a search party, found little girls, aged five and seven, who after a few hours were in the company of a timber wolf. Of course, among the duchies of the animal kingdom there are plenty of creatures who feel no fear of man at all, or for kinkajous either. Still, even the most backboneless, they do perhaps feel an affinity with the pulse of life itself. Reptiles eat and relish, preferring twisting, living prey, rather than the better; and recently a small boy, overboard in the Atlantic, was rescued hours after going to a large sea turtle which was swimming on the surface at a stately, level pace. Presumably this act of keeping him afloat was not an act of mercy on the turtle's part (though some may know about "drowning"—they drown by catching them from below by the feet and holding them underwater). The turtle probably just found him comfortable with the boy, animal-to-animal, without any rudimentary comradeship, so that it has no objection to being utilized as a life ring.

Bears are NOT AS CHUMMY, HOWEVER; hence our term "bearish." They are exorbitant eaters. They must sleep for six months at a stretch and they sleep enormously in order to be able to sleep, so that in connection with people is that they like to eat the foods that people do. The strangely lonely accord a puma gives evidence of as it touches the nose of a man lying down, or when it follows him for half a dozen paces, pacing each foot exactly in his footprints, playing hopscotchlike games—this is not the bluff bruiser like a bear. Bears are lugs, they have dim eyesight but superb ears and a heavy nose, maybe the best on earth. They're too, and they've distinguished between their front and hind limbs so long and diligently that they have acquired different shapes. They really eat food, eating ingeniously, omnivorously, from horse plums, wild apples, parsnips, lupine, Solomon's seal, Epilobiums, and beetles, rhubarb, and watercress and fish and carrion meat. Zoos feed them with whole-grained bread baked with molasses and vitamins. Naturally they're broader-beamed in the front, though since they can kill game (polar bears are an exception), their mouths are modest in dimension. They have a set of teeth tucked inside but the mouth isn't really proportioned like cleavers and axes, they don't eat desperately, the way shrews do; instead they are leisurely, they fatten like a woodchuck, moving from feast to feast as between cheer-ups, scooping fruit, pruning the branches with their paws. They like our leavings too, if they find a dump, and people who eat bears report that meat tastes much the same as our meat tastes to cannibals, or like the other famous one, the pig. Bears may be tall and rangily stocky, squat, and with a pot, the short

bear perhaps heavier than the large-looking fellow, just like the many varieties of man; and with their overall man-shape and size, their spirited minds, their manlike wails and grunts, they have intrigued people for centuries. In societies where they didn't serve as a manhood test, they were captured alive and employed as crude gladiators in underground arenas, fighting dogs and bulls. The gypsies made them dance for coins, training them by torturing their feet with heated irons. Grizzly Adams, the mountain man, slept with his bears on cold nights (as some of the gypsies must have), and bear rugs were standard bedding throughout the northern hemisphere at times—they're still *de rigueur* for "dens."

Bears are fairly casual about how they pass the winter. Protected from the snow by their warm coats, they just roll in under a fallen spruce when food gets short, pulling a few boughs over themselves, as often as they take the trouble to search out a cave. They choose the north side of a mountain so that the sun won't melt them out, but don't necessarily trek back to the same area year after year. They hibernate singly; cubs are born to a mother every other winter while she lies in a doze, waking only to bite the umbilical cords. Sometimes a woodsman on snowshoes will notice a rhythmic succession of puffs of steam rising from a tiny hole in the cover of snow and know that he's passing a sleeping bear. It's as personal as an experience I once had, of finding in mud alongside the Bowron River a grizzly's tracks so fresh the water was still trickling into them.

Bears are a kind of shadow of man, a tracery or etching of him, as mutes and schizophrenics and idiots sometimes are—a view of him if he'd stayed in the woods, among the rocks, instead of becoming community-minded. The "wild-man-of-the-woods" whom northwestern Indians fear wears a bear's shape, though he is humanoid in his sexual proclivities—he catches Indian girls; his face and his coat are a mask. Even a real bear's face is quite a mask, from the standpoint of an animal trainer. The stolid, terse muzzle, the small, practically hidden eyes, the thick short fur overgrowing the features, give the trainer no window to the bear's emotions such as he has in a lion's great eyes. A tiger's white whiskers, as flexile as they are, are worth a good deal toward saving the trainer from harm, and the expressive lip, the subtle, definitive index of roars are worth much more—not to mention the tail and the curl of the toes. By comparison, a bear's lips hardly move, he has no whiskers to mention, no particular tail, and blocks for toes, and though he may occasionally chop his jaws before attacking, emitting a low breathy growl, often he won't. His hasty antics when he meets you on the road and prepares to make good his escape cause you to wonder which way he actually intends to go; and a trained bear, losing the restraining element of fear, becomes even more bouncy, cryptic, and clownish.

Grizzlies do roar and *waw* and make all the faces of Baal, but grizzlies have not been trained in re-

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cent times and they can pretty well be written off, relegated to the paleontologist. In a few spots they are managing to make a stand, feeding on the moose that hunters wound—inland grizzlies with bush to roam. The polar bears—"sea bears"—are in a worse predicament, being hunted with airplanes. Part of the bears' plight may be our own, although they need so much more space that they are being squeezed off the earth sooner than we. The black bears are more apropos, being gerrymandering scroungers who manage to fit into any dab of forest that presents itself; in any few square miles of tangled growth they can set up house, eating beechnuts and leopard frogs, and render themselves almost indiscernible. But in those woods, that concealed bear is like the mercury in a thermometer or the bean in a jumping bean. He moves so fast (when once he moves) when you come upon him that you know he's the forest's reason for being, or the nearest thing to a reason for being that you will ever see.

I TALKED TO A MAN WHO HAD LAIN HELPLESSLY under a grizzly. He was living in Manson Creek, a settlement of twenty citizens in north-central British Columbia where the mail was delivered every second week. He was a clear-faced, well-built, balding man in his late thirties, and a disaffected philosopher, a man who had read mightily on his own but had no one to talk to, who had left Indiana University, estranged from his wife. He read half the night by the light of a Coleman lamp and wrote during the day, hoping to finish a book; but he liked the rough life, skiing out to look at wolf kills, and though he worried about his marriage, so far as I could tell he was holding up sturdily under the pressures of isolation, except that he needed to air his thoughts.

The encounter occurred when he was driving along a dirt road that wound for a couple of hundred miles to a mining camp. He'd stopped his car and climbed down a bank, aiming for a promontory where he hoped to see into a valley. Instead he blundered into a bowl-like depression a dozen yards wide in which a grizzly, waxing fat with the hunting season, was feeding on a moose carcass. The moose had gone there to die and the grizzly's quick nose had found it. The brush was wet, the wind blew loudly in the fellow's face, so that the bear may not have scented him, or may have scented him and waited. At nearly the same instant they saw each other, close-up—the bear's head lifting, bloody and aswarm with flies. This shocking sight, really before he could take it in, was followed by the impact of the bear bashing him over. Flung as if hit by a bus, he was not immediately reactive, yet the bear seemed loath to bite him. It lurched and bunched its neck, he said, and swatted at him, raging. Lying on his back, he drew up his feet as a buffer. It was so big he saw it as a shape then, without color, but in the same factual detail as if he were a third party observing. And though its charge had knocked him sprawling, a sort of disgust or revulsion, apparently, a wish not to contact him with its mouth, kept it

from grappling him more closely. Reaching his legs, it raked and gashed him, roaring with but reluctant to use its mouth.

He said he'd had no nightmares to confirm memory of the accident (he thought of it as nor did he expect any. And he was not a sentimental man who would falsely anthropomorphize the behavior; he was living in the bush to write philosophical study and take a breather, not to feed the finches. The bear started leaving bumps against the moose, lunged over it, paused, unable to pull itself away, as if the of being interrupted when eating was too obvious for it just to be able to back away from him. It seemed "torn," he said—wanting for cover and yet standing in the middle of a little amphitheater, boiling with insult.

When a grizzly mauls a man the real destruction does is with its mouth: in bedside interviews, who have been bitten have described the extremely catastrophic damage inflicted on their series of chomps. Even so, in most cases they survives; the bear bites near his neck but quite get there, and runs off, leaving him but alive. This bear, likewise, torn between a previous abhorrence of approaching my informant, the urge to wreak havoc on him, hesitated, bled, and swaying, chopping its jaws. Finally it attacked again, lacerating his sides, pummeling him when they were interposed, reaching around his boots as he lay balled-up on his back and kicking deaf to himself, probably shrieked. Outweighed by several hundred pounds, it growled a bass banshee, but it was so absolutely aghast at proximity—holding its face away as if at the sight of him—that its blows were just tentative. The bear found dozens of scratches on him after but not many substantial hurts, though one had cut through his wallet and through the lining in the wallet. And for my friend, as well, the first terrible glimpse and charge were over, the really ghastly horror of the experience was the stench of scent. He could avoid watching the bear, he couldn't escape its smell. And, as soberly and methodically as he was speaking to me, he could describe it either, except as odious suffocation, violent, vile aversion. It was not like pyorrhea like a garbage pit; it was everything fetid, scarifying and strangling rolled into one dense, dark cloud which was more frightening than injuries and pain. Hunters call the smell caustic and go wild with excitement when they catch a whiff, but he was lying right underneath the bear which was its source.

IF BEARS USUALLY GO to such considerable lengths to avoid our company, why do we search for theirs? It seems to be in order to count coup, at the taxidermist's, where the bears arrive dead in trucks, you notice that the youngster who in charge of rugged work, like sawing off their legs, does it with an Homeric zest. "You see how we do it?" he tells them, rolling their corpses and

ortorted mouths. A hunter after grizzly a thousand dollars or more in transport simply to get to grizzly country, and in and bear hunters are usually bear hunters the bears are so wary and shy. Only cent of those killed in Vermont, for in- e been inveigled to their deaths with bait. at have been tracked down with hounds, st fall prize to hunters who "stand and the official Fish and Wildlife phrase— in the woods carrying a gun, maybe when they happen to pitch upon a bear. on several hound hunts, as well as stand- ounts and ambushes. But hound hunts are c ones; also, the hounds, being agents, . Grizzlies have seldom been hunted with ough some of the Indians did, adding to the pack to give it extra authority); n running down black bears, which are dangerous nor the size of a King Kong, roblem is finding dogs gritty enough to ear—make him come to bay. The smell is odness knows, and the bear, though big and thick-skinned, cannot run faster than ecially in the fall when he is necessarily himself (very old bears die during hiber- ause they haven't been able to fatten up . Therefore if a bear is lurking around, no nting dog will have much difficulty scent- r catching up; the feat is to conquer him nim scrambling up a tree. When they con- ear, most dogs stop dead a moment, then swing around and dash for home. Some a call a bear hunt successful if they can n their hounds by the end of the day. On mornings, the local radio stations broadcast or "a Walker hound lost on the Long Trail zen's Notch."

the Walker breed, others that can be n bear are the Blueticks, the Black-and- bones, and Plotts; and Airedale blood is s bred into a pack for extra grit. Basically, two jobs—the strike dog's and the hold rking alone, the strike dog finds a cold s works at it till he approaches the bear s him feel uneasy enough to get up out of bed. He needs to have an excellent nose and ctive voice which carries well, and to be a self-sufficient sense but not too fast, since f the pack is not released until he is full-out h track. The hold dogs, fast as fickle light- a scrimmage, specialists at "pulling fur," ghters who will risk their skins. The bear for twenty miles altogether, fighting wher- can set his back against a ledge or a big only running on again when the hunters r. States like New York and Pennsylvania lawed trailing bears with hounds because nk the animals have a hard enough time and the contest does include a quite peculiar ement. Besides the metaphorically turncoat f the dog's role—who leads his master to uture, to a woodcock or a slew of truffles— a mameluke-style madness too. The dog is

kept chained the whole year to focus all his person- ality on his brief spurts of work, then let loose for a few weekends in the fall to run and run and run, trying to crowd in a lifetime's excitement before he's chained up for another year. Dogs are very much like other animals (watch a mother training her pups), except for the one central dislocation that they are no longer able to collect their food. Even hunting dogs, when lost and starving in the woods, can't, and so with this linchpin removed, they're like a Chinese girl hobbling on bound feet for her husband's accommodation, or like the birds which feudal young ladies kept, which didn't require caging because the front of their bill was broken off —they couldn't pick up their own food from the ground and only ate from their possessor's hand.

A bear's about the biggest game. Foxes are for horsemen in open country, and coon hunting is not much of a sport; it boils down to just watching the dogs do a job. The raccoon doesn't run very far before climbing a tree once he is chased in earnest; the dogs only have to unravel the evidence of where he is. Bobcats are a better quarry because the chase is more complex. The cat has a poor nose but compensates for the handicap with his eyes and ears and will slip through the boondocks for many miles, using marsh ice and deadfalls to confuse the scent—the females are said to be harder to tree, as if they valued their lives more hotly. Bears, being so large, so manlike anatomically and yet lusciously furred, wily and yet raunchy, "understandable" but possessing a beast's stamina, are way ahead of the other North American game animals as prospective adversaries. They can kill dogs—they're brutes—but since their pleasures, their sense of play and diet, their cast of instincts, their strategy or reasoning, are within a realm which we can reach by an effort of empathy, we can pretend that we're Jack-and-the-Beanstalk and they're a personal sort of Goliath, which is both fun and very bolstering.

THE VERMONT SEASON EXTENDS THREE MONTHS, starting September 1. During September a bear's coat is so flimsily rooted and thin that you can see right through it, so a scrupulous hunter doesn't shoot the bears he runs across but restricts himself to training and conditioning his dogs for the grueling, more businesslike pursuits of October, when the woods still belong to him. In November the deer hunters are everywhere and any hound is shot on sight. This bloodless September stuff suits me fine, however. My companion is Paul Doyle, a gentlemanly, diffidently chatty insurance man in the town of Orleans, Vt., whose engrossing hobby is chasing bears. As a hunter he is compelling and leaderly, and young men gather about him; he's in his forties and has a family of four daughters but no sons. He's a good-humored, resourceful talker, making it all as individualized as he can. He talks about the game as though they were a bunch of comic understudies for mankind, a shrewd and shadowy tribe whose delight is playing jokes and tricks: if the bugger outsmarts him and the dogs,

"Bears are a kind of shadow of man, or etching of him, as mutes and schizop- hrenics and idiots sometimes are . . ."



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that day he gets away. Doyle is dry, doubting, but rather fond when mentioning the residents of the many farms we pass as we roar around by truck on the dirt roads toward various hunting grounds. He receives frequent calls from people who think that a coon is threatening their chickens or their corn, or who claim they've seen a bobcat's track. The tracks are often illusory and the wind may have blown down the corn, but it gives him a chance to chat awhile and maybe write some insurance. For eighteen years he himself farmed, and he grew up on one. Besides, he enjoys people and is a man whose hunting is primarily combative, the dogs being deputies and proxies. He's not the type of hunter who prefers the company of animals and who would just as soon sneak across somebody's woodlot on the way to a kill as first go to the house and get acquainted with the owner.

Here are three hunts. Doyle and I and his three dogs, which are a Plott-and-Bluetick cross, rode in an International Scout, a jeep-like truck, and Bob Cody and Eric Gilfallen, sidekicks of his, rode in their own vehicles behind, each with a pair of dogs. Eric, who brought along his little son, is a trainee for IBM, a sloping-nosed, blue-eyed fellow just growing out of being callow, a modernized young man whom I tended to like better each time we met. Bob Cody, a bus driver in Burlington, puts up a tent on Doyle's lawn on weekends for the sake of these hunts. He's a kidder, a stanch-looking, husky person who tilts and fusses with his square-billed cap like a coach giving signals.

On the first hunt, we went to the Duck Pond Road in the township of Glover, a defunct jigsaw road, scarcely navigable, that twists past abandoned farmsteads and log houses for a dozen miles. Tuffy, Doyle's strike dog, trotted ahead, urinating repeatedly as he warmed to the occasion. He was butter-footed in the beginning, as stiff as if he were walking on ice, having hunted in Holland, Vt., the day before and treed a yearling, which the hosts and landowners there shot. He has grasshopper legs, a long gazelle waist, and a broad face for a dog, providing plenty of space for his teeth and for his smelling-chambers inside. He's even blacker than a bear, and he doesn't lope or pace the way a wolf does, for instance: his gait is gimpier, pointier, pumpier, dancier; his legs seem to dangle—long girlish legs—and there's a trotting-horse quality to him—he has a thin tail and shaky, mule-jigging legs. His ears flop incongruously, like a cartoon puppy's, and yet he sniffed like a jackhammer as he started hunting more smoothly, after relieving his bowels and getting the excess of high spirits out of his system. The stark, gaunt persona of a working dog, whether a sled, hound, or attack dog, emerged—the scarred face flattening like a Janissary's, the eyes going gaily daft. His tail swung with the degree of interest the smells he encountered aroused. Checking the sides of the road, he knew that we were after bear, not the raccoons of August, when he had first been exercised, and so he only honored coon signs with a moment or two. When he found a bobcat's trail he “opened up,” as the saying

is, his voice falsetto when he first used it, but went into the woods and led him back.

The chokecherry bushes along our court fully fruited, and we found clumps where must have rummaged, stripping leaves and branches and treading down the surrounding. But this was action of a week before, there scent for Tuffy, and though we generals of the score, the soldiers who would have to the bear and fight him for us had nothing to. We poked around an old millrace and an old site, where a porcupine as round as a turn lurking down among the salty timbers. We into a pond, looked at the crumpled barns and layouts—eighteen abandoned farms, they was all lovely and elegiac—the farms where lived anymore and the dense second-growth, ness which is slated to be leveled again even for a superhighway.

A heavy dew had made scenting ideal but was no bear scent. We drove over to Barton in the next town and, leaving the dogs in boxes, searched for some traces of bear in a neglected orchard grown up with spruce and maple, a place where once in a long while a man seen in the daylight sitting on its ample run raking apples up. Doyle walked ahead of me, reversing softly, hardly audible. We found a skeleton, well picked and scattered, and lots of deer droppings, which, although pellety and soft, soften up in September when the deer eat them. No bear turds, however. Then Bob Cody crossed a smudged bear print beside a stream, old for Tuffy to get going on, but since the dog chattered appealingly, we had lunch, let Eric, who had been cooped up in the jeep, climb the rocks and stretch his legs, and freed the dogs from their boxes to drink.

Bob seemed to grow beefier and more phlegmatic as the heat increased and as our schemes were appointed. Eric became less adenoidal and more cent, more like somebody's husband, more up, agreeable, and witty. Old man Doyle, whose hair is gray, was wearing his farmer's chore clothes, lumpy and tough, his big jaw masticating gum, his eyes narrowed and inaccessible. It was a lieutenant's face (though he has never been in service) and a face such as full-time big game guides wear. His enthusiasm for hunting devolved late: if it had seized him as a youngster he would have gone out West to where the wildlife was large. He trapped bears before he hunted them while he was milking cows for a living—lured them with spoiled fruit in a ravine. The first he caught was a three-legged bear which lay low until he came to check the trap—he was also patting his electric fence for a branch that was growing through the wire. He wouldn't have noticed he had done except that the trees were peeled completely for yards around, where it had suffered. Bear traps, toothed mediocrally, are the cruelest of tools. Legally Vermont outlawed them, but before Doyle and many another farmer had stored them away in souvenir status, after a private disc-

ed to be rougher on bears that bayed
now. He still carries a slingshot to sting
but, if nobody along wanted a trophy,
put the animal through an ordeal of
ur hours anyway, running it up a tree
it down to the ground again, he and
if kids with him firing bullets into the
to its head. It would have to fight the
the movie cameras, and "tree," then
own and "tree" yet again, being hit with
is rear end all the while, and run for its
tale. If it injured a dog or if anything in
o went wrong, of course it was a dead
old a few bears that he shot to unsucces-
nts from the city. But all that was in the
f his thirties. Now, he lets the animal off
ning if no one along "needs a bear," as
-that is, someone who hasn't already at
ot shot a bear. And sometimes he remi-
sy pathetically about how the whole world
at seemed to fall in on a bear he caught last
ing chased so far and suddenly finding
ounded by more dogs and human beings
ld seen in a lifetime.

EVERY YOUNG MAN NEEDS to bathe in
at least once, if only his own. The prob-
t nobody else can do it for him before-
t there are many more young men than
vadays; automobile accidents take the
ears. Bear is a big word; Doyle uses it as
e can; it makes for a better hunt. By now
an old hand that he orchestrates the hunts,
g the sequence of excitements as well as
s and the bear. In preparation for our next
checked all week for tracks as he drove
n to town making his rounds, and the next
we went out to Brownington Pond and let
se in the labyrinthine cedar swamp which
behind it. Tuffy peed on fifteen trees, and
, and Doyle and the two younger hunters,
the gearing-up process, imprinted bears'
mud by thrusting their bunched knuckles
resent the toes. (In contrast to the black
grizzly has claw tips marked way out in
ich you may miss at first, like a delayed
(.)

over and chokecherry bushes were tram-
thorn apples, crab apples, and cranberries
sampled, and there were scatterings of real
oo, scuffed and undiagrammatic. Tuffy
a dried bear stool aggressively. Though he
lin-black, his two partners, Jeff and Zeke,
tty brindled brown, with reddish eyes, Jeff
t. Weighing sixty pounds, they stand thigh-
man and, like Tuffy, have a fanatic, glassy,
look, an hysteric look, like slaves from the
Buck Rogers. They were rattling their
ust the panels of the truck, whimpering to
ing each other in their impatience. Jeff is
st dog—if he jumps a bear he can get half
head of the pack, although he hasn't quite
voice or nose as Tuffy. Zeke ranks as the

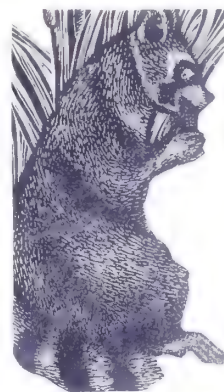
second most useful dog because his nose is best,
but he is not as tough or bear-minded as Tuff; he'll
tie himself up trailing a coon. Tuffy is worth maybe
\$400 and was bought from a famous string of dogs
in Olympia, Washington, that destroys a hundred
or more bears a year in some of the seed-woods
of Weyerhaeuser.

This second hunt turned into the classic variety.
As it grew plain that at last they all were going to
be given something to do, the crated dogs howled
pathetically to be let loose. Tuffy had struck a fresh
track, voicing the news with abrupt, hornlike barks
in monotone at fifteen-second intervals. Guessing
that it might be a sow bear with cubs who would
therefore only circle within a mile or two when
she was pursued, Doyle released Zeke to help Tuffy,
thinking he'd put in the other dogs later. But the
bear, a young male, streaked straight to the east in-
stead, through the township of Brownington toward
Charleston, territory which no doubt was familiar
to him from his nightly meanderings. With Zeke
and Tuffy ragging him, he followed a series of
nearly impenetrable swamps that Doyle calls Bear
Alley and that connect in a seven-mile rectangle
bordered by hard-top roads and other barriers. Neil,
Eric's little son, had been left in the truck with the
main radio, and he saw the top of the bear's head
rushing through the grass, aiming for a sag between
ridges of high land, with both dogs hard after him.
Since Neil couldn't manage to operate the radio,
however, we tramped through tamarack, cedar, and
pine, jumping brooks and stumbling through the
muddy sloughs, because in order to hunt bear on
foot you really have to outbear the bear—go where
he goes. The red shirts with buckskin vests looked
like a combat uniform and the men in them slogged
about in confusion and listened painfully.

At last, hearing the dogs' mournful-sounding,
hectic barks above us in the cut on the ridge, we
ran for the three vehicles to try to head the creature
off at one of the old logging roads which intersect
Bear Alley. A bear's a beast, but once he has been
treed and let go he will tree the more readily on
the next hunt because of the experience. It doesn't
induce him to become fiercer; like the dogs, he is
being trained for the later time when you decide
to kill him. The bears fare best who take a risk,
such as swimming a lake or plunging through a
populated area where the dogs are seduced and
bewildered. Otherwise the bear had better simply
stay on the ground and battle grimly, taking the
gumption out of each hound individually, until
they drift home one by one and he is left in silence
to go his way. Of course for the bear the paradox is
that such a truculent nature will get him into
trouble in other situations in a settled region like
New England, and furthermore he doesn't know
until late in the game that the dogs after him aren't
just an unusually pertinacious gang of farm collies
who are being followed by hunters.

Finally, we all raced for a notable big pine on the
crossroad that severs Bear Alley from farmland and
from higher, open ground at its east end. Sure
enough, just as we got there we heard Tuffy and

"He moves so
fast when you
come upon him
that you know
he's the forest's
reason for being,
or the nearest
thing to a rea-
son for being
that you will
ever see."



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Zeke arrive, hectoring the bear in the tangle of brush and trees. The bear stayed out of sight so Doyle let loose Jeff, who was frantic, and Bob added his two mature dogs, Belle and Duke, and Eric his two pups. We could hear the ki-yiing when the bear clipped somebody: with so many in the fight he didn't have time to take hold and chew. Smelling us, he didn't come in our direction, and as soon as we moved toward the sounds of scrapping, he started right back toward Brownington Pond again, since there were no rough mountains at hand for him to turn into. "He won't stop to eat cherries!" Doyle shouted, laughing. He said the dogs don't know enough to stop and listen for each other, they only hear their own yelping, but now that they were in a tight pack none of them was going to lose its bearings.

Paralleling the swamp, swinging into it from time to time on the gridwork of lumbering roads, we could interpret the noises of the chase and see tracks spattered here and there. The bear treed about quarter-to-ten, after some final sparring, having run five miles on this, his second lap. He was in a jungly patch of marsh next to a pasture filled with Guernseys and junk autos. The cows seemed to be curious more than upset.

We got the farmer's permission to drive as close as we could. Doyle put some bullets in his revolver in case of an emergency: cameras and rifles were unlimbered too. The bear was seventy feet off the ground, in the crotch of a tall poplar, the only impressive tree around. A woodpecker was pecking a rotted spar nearby, and the bear himself, perhaps because he was so high, apparently did not recognize that this was a life-and-death meeting, or else he was maintaining his dignity. He seemed as removed from our mundane glory-whoops and the dogs' inane tromboning as a bear in a zoo: or maybe every wild animal by now has come to look like an animal in a zoo. He twitched his nose, lifted his head to see if there weren't a branch higher still, and opened his mouth a little, like a gorilla yawning, playing it close to the vest, not wanting to draw attention to himself in case we were ready to go away. He licked his paws for the moisture on them, because he must have been very thirsty. He was resting, Doyle guessed that he was three or four years old and weighed upwards of two hundred pounds, though he was a bit thin for this time of year. He had large, lengthy arms, a handsome, straight, substantial head and did not appear panicky, just uncomfortable and uneasy. In the beginning he pushed his tongue out of his mouth because he was thirsty and hot, but later he did it as a signal of pugnacity, looking down at the dogs and tilting his head slightly, as if he didn't wish to show us he was looking down. Animals are alert to note where another animal is looking, and many of them—from bighorn sheep to wolves—scrape their tongues in and out through their teeth to indicate a willingness to fight.

Throughout, Bob Cody shrieked and yelled, at a pitch: Eric crowed and thumped the tree trunk with a post. They encouraged the dogs to yelp and leap

as high against the tree as a man could have, they excited them so much that Duke began to tussle uproariously. The bear was up that I had to walk away a hundred feet from him. He leaned back on his rump above us, at the tops of other trees and at the branches of the poplar above him, as if for an avenue higher. As he became increasingly unbalanced, he moved his gray muzzle in confidential rumination like a traveler who finds that the traveling companions with whom he's penned are in fact gades. Eventually, while the dogs were being plined and the cameras were clicking, which were festively busy at the base of the tree, he came down. Altogether he'd had nearly a good rest. His long, relaxed, powerful, gorilla-type grasping the trunk slung him upwards or downwards or around the tree with very little effort.

Much hollering on our part, guns were going again. He paused, however, halfway down, balanced in place like a telephone lineman and watched and looking off. His life hung in the balance, although he didn't know that. The hunters didn't know that his life hung in the balance, they knew they'd shoot him to save the dogs, but they didn't really comprehend that he'd be hurt. Which is the trouble with most hunters, and when one of them shoots another, the shooter usually collapses, vomits, has to have his rifle taken away immediately, has to have his remaining companions sleep beside him, hold and comfort him, reassure and protect him, even keep him from violence to himself. Suddenly the man realizes he has been dealing with the miracle of death.

But after considering, the bear climbed back up. Doyle cut a twig for a toothpick and told them, "You beat the son-of-a-gun! That's all we want. Between the dogs' baying, the Choctaw yelling, and Bob's banging a pole against the tree for the camera, there was a terrific noise. I noticed that although I couldn't smell the bear himself, I could smell uprooted grass and bark falling off the tree. He was extremely discomposed by all this stirring up there. After ten more minutes, he came almost all the way down, making no fuss whatsoever, just swinging down feet first in a crotch with his long forearms clutching the trunk. His vigorous body like some ancestral figure seemed to be hoping that we were prepared to let it stay there a day if he simply came down, uncontentious and nonchalant. It's hard to keep a good bear up there, as Doyle had said, but we didn't give in to him. He hung overhead for a long while, chopping his jaws softly and snarling—a fluffing, breathy sound. Then he climbed clear up again. The noble proportions of the tree and the bear's moxie were made manifest in a perfect treeing.

Since the cameras were empty and this was supposed to be an exercise, Doyle and the others caught their dogs. Immediately, even before we leashed them, the bear came skidding down, as a fireman. When he was six feet from the ground, he leaped straight out for cover. One of the dogs got loose, unfortunately, so that they all had

the single dog would not come to grief. The bear for two or three more miles, back to Charleston and the notable big pine. Bob in the two jeeps, knowledgeably rounded to an intersection, contrived to be just as he emerged in a clearing. Let me say, they intercepted the dogs while he was breaking brush within their hearing.

LATER, WE ATTEMPTED somewhat wistfully to recapitulate these triumphs by taking a dog lay between the hills: frost tufted the fields of hardhack, and the evergreen listened to a farm boy shouting at cows in the distance. The scenting conditions were ideal: we washed the traces away but a dousing of water and accentuate whatever there was. We led the dogs on leashes into the brush to get a fast glimpse of the bear if Tuffy, who was out ahead, found his way through the mud, the streams, and the falls, we saw an osprey's nest and paths of porcupines. Deep in the swamp there was a shanty where several lumberjacks had lived. There was plenty of bear sign too, though a little recent. Tuffy was puzzling along an unbroken trail: we listened to him respectfully, without tangents whenever he turned. We climbed a hill and waited. He was on a beechnut tree to the south, croaking like a chicken; then he was in a sugar orchard. Eric and Bob went off to the posts on crowns of hills around the swamp. "The needle in the haystack," said

Eric, tired of waiting for Tuffy to strike something. So we drove around to a crossroads and then on and drove to the town of Westmore, where we searched in various orchards, finding deer beds and tracks at the bucks had stripped when rubbing their antlers. At midmorning we went to a cow carcass which a woman had buried in the snow, using her tractor, and which she said she was digging up. Unlike so many tips, however, the report turned out to be true. The evidence of gnawing and chewing at the black remains was so clear that the tack which he had taken through a swampy woods toward the hiding place where he was waiting the day. Spirits surged, and though the weather was dry, for his sins we tromped round the carcass for another hour or two with all due solemnity, generating in ourselves the sensation that the war in the woods hadn't actually ended a century ago—that we were needed, that we were exhuming the week-old carcass of a cow in a national emergency.

We drove back to the notable white pine at the Bear Alley, where we had listened to the dogs in the screen of trees. It wasn't far; and indeed we found tracks—faint, hand-sized imprints in the road, like Sanskrit underlying the surface of the many tire and boot marks. This may be the bear whose endeavors we had just been expecting at the cow's grave, or even the same

bear we had treed in the poplar. He had to eat something, after all, and bears aren't overly plentiful today. Necessarily, there will be more and more of this business of letting the bear go after treeing him: bears will be run up a tree quite regularly; it will be a kind of bearbaiting. Bears may be one of the group of animals whose welfare will become associated with the paper industry, since they hide in the pulp woods. I think that Doyle probably would spare all those his dogs tree except that earning the \$100 guiding fee pleases him. It's not the sum of money, which doesn't seem as much to a busy insurance agent as it might to a man who was still milking cows for a living, but rather the role in which he earns it: professionally guiding hunters. A hundred dollars is little enough to pay for a bear in the 1970s, and enormous numbers of hunters in Massachusetts and New York are eager to pay it. Sight unseen, they call him up and say flatly that if he can find them a bear—if he knows where one is hiding out—they will be up in four hours, right then and there, any time, any day. It puts him in a quandary.*

I STOPPED AT THE TAXIDERMIST'S NEXT DAY. BY coincidence, a bear had just been brought in, lying in a pickup truck. It had been shot in Franconia, New Hampshire, and was a male of seven or eight (the sex organs had been removed by the game warden), weighing perhaps three hundred pounds. The hunter, a wiry long-haired man from Hollywood, Florida, was inside the shop consulting about prices. He had a sharp and knowing tipster's face, clever and gay. His wife had come along for the ride. She was pregnant and pleasant-looking, wearing white lipstick, her hair rinsed a white-blond. He was as short as she, and they appeared to have achieved the marriage-of-friends that most of us seem to be heading for. The bear lay on its back, its legs extended upwards, each one bent differently, so that its posture was like a man lying *in extremis* next to the site of a catastrophe. In height it might have compared to a fourteen-year-old boy, but it was built like a barrel. After its head had been sawed off, what remained looked as a prisoner must look after visiting the guillotine, a circle of vital red stuff jamming its neck. It looked truncated and shortened and uncompleted, like an uncolored figure in a coloring book. The paws also were cut off to be mounted and all the rest of the bear, in its ragged September coat, was thrown away. After asking whether they ought to cut off "steaks," the Floridians tooled out of town in search of a covert where they could dispose of the trunk and legs. They were flirting and celebrating because, as the fellow said, this was a big event. Thousands and thousands of guys are out in the woods and in a lifetime of hunting you may only manage to see one bear. □

*A mark of Doyle's swing toward conservationism is the fact that although during the 1969 hunting season as a whole his pack of dogs treed fifteen bears, only seven of these were shot; eight were spared.

"The bears face best what the risk, such as swimming a lake or plunging through a populated area where the dogs are seduced and bewildered."

BOOKS

The first Panther she ever met

Radical Chic & Mau-Mauing the Flak Catchers. by Tom Wolfe. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$5.50.

A year ago January, Leonard Bernstein gave a party, toward the announced end of raising bail money for Black Panthers indicted on charges ranging from the grave to the false, but also out of motives far more elusive and complicated. The main speaker for the occasion was Field Marshal Don Cox (Panthers don't seem to bother with lesser titles), whose talk was seeded with "right on" and "the pigs" and "look, man," quite the sort of verbal effects, he must have sensed, that would bring his audience to a proper climax of delight and fear. It was an audience aglow with Beautiful People, in their colorful dress and creamy affluence. Beautiful People from the theater, music, publishing, and, of course, The Media. One of them, Mrs. Cheray Duchin, wife of a bandleader, trilled out the line that must surely win her a portion of immortality: "I've never met a Panther—this is a first for me!"

Reading these words in "Radical Chic," Tom Wolfe's maliciously entertaining report of that memorable evening, I found myself beset by memories. Some were of vibrating ladies who a few decades ago could adore equally Stalin's "democratic" constitution and Paul Robeson's physique. Others were of Joseph Schumpeter's writings, in which the great economist argued that modern society would disintegrate not, as Marx had supposed, through inherent economic contradictions, but from an inability to hold the affection of its citizens ("unlike any other type of society, capitalism inevitably . . . creates, educates, and subsidizes a vested interest in social unrest"). And still others were focused on characters from literature (for it's life that imitates art, not art life), such as James's Princess

Casamassima (who tells a young anarchist bookbinder arriving at her country estate, "I wish you had come in the clothes you wear at work")—characters who even in the late nineteenth century had already grasped, so much better than Becky Sharp, that the really impassioned social climbing was no longer the rush to scamper up but the hunger to hurry down.

Tom Wolfe has never been one of my favorite writers, and until this new book I had looked upon him as a pop journalist carrying the aromas of discotheque and boutique. I had felt about his earlier books—with their strung-out psychedelic titles (*The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby*) and their stuccoed and rococoed style—that they were clever in a trivial way. His talents were real, if slightly decadent: that catty mimicry which draws out voices of people he wants to put down, draws them out and out and out, so that even if they're just saying hello they begin to sound like dolts; that naïve fondness for verbal sound effects (someone enjoys a bite of food and Mr. Wolfe renders it as "Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm"); and that snobbism which fixates on marginal details of manner and appearance in order to pass sentences of dismissal for inadequacies of style. All of these faults can still be found in Mr. Wolfe's new book, but they are less obtrusive and more rigorously subjected to the discipline of a serious theme. It's as if having hit upon important subjects must lead to a chastening of verbal mannerisms, though a chastening not yet complete.

The evening at the Bernsteins' begins with a gentleman named Leon Quat, a lawyer and political operator, about whose resources of background one can only guess. He starts with his left foot: "Whatever respect I have had for Lester Maddox, I lost it when I saw [Hubert] Humphrey put his arm around his shoulder . . ." Does Quat really suppose that warmed-over Shelley Berman gags will get him far in Leonard Bernstein's drawing room? But Quat makes a quick recovery, starts

talking about the outrages, them real enough, committed by the Panthers, and then introduces Field Marshal. "Cox is silken, well, about nineteen feet behind, a white silk shade with an Empire lap. . . . Or maybe it isn't silk. Jack Lenor Larsen mercerized something like that, lustrous but more subtle than silk." Mr. Wolfe is fond of brand names.

Once Cox starts talking, even the room "is drinking in his performance like tiger's milk, for the first time as it were. All love the tone of his voice which is Confidential Hip." Not that details Mr. Wolfe can then go past for he senses that he has something important in hand here—more important than whether that shade is mercerized cotton. He sees that what thrills the audience is the Panther combination of cool style and real threat, what fascinates these people is the toughness of black dress, black voices, black anger:

. . . Christ, if the Panthers don't know how to get it all together, as I say, the tight pants, the tight turtlenecks, the leather coats, the shades, Afros. But real Afros . . . funky, natural, scraggly . . . wild.

These are no civil-rights Negroes wearing gray suits three sizes too big— . . .

—these are real men!

Shoot-outs, revolutions, pictures in Life magazine of policemen grabbing Black Panthers like they were congs—somehow it all runs together in the head with the whole thing how beautiful they are. Sharp blade.

The Field Marshal completes his raising a nervous frisson when he gets to the matter of guns and self-defense, and then Leon Quat, zeroing in on checks, takes over. Leonard Bernstein pledges his fee for the next performance of *Cavalleria Rusticana*: "I cooly," that will be four figures takes over again, in reply to a question about the Panther "community programs," and then stumbles danc-

he says money is gotten in the neighborhoods: "The only money we get, what we get from the merchants in the black community when they come for donations, which they come, because they are the exception in the black community. . . ."

silence. Doesn't the Field Marshal now where he's at? Doesn't he have a good portion of his audience, wish, maybe not very feelingly, but Jewish nevertheless?

nee-ut. What the hell is Cox into that for? . . . For God's sake, don't open that can of worms. Even in this bunch of upholders, kulls there are people who figure out just who those merchants are . . . and just how they are getting their donations, and we've been talking about that little issue all evening, and we can't bring on that ball.

is jumpy, the Field Marshal is not; but the moment is saved. Suddenly there is a much more interesting question from the rear." The Field Marshal of the Beautiful People: "You call to give a party?"

is eerie point in reading "The Field Marshal of Chic," I fell into the sin of overreaction. All the other foolishness and confusion by Mr. Wolfe I had myself experienced in their earlier incarnations, but this time, I felt, cannot be, for if true it is, it is a proposition I am reluctant to accept. So I made inquiries, and he told that so far, despite the rage that spread across the East Side of Manhattan after Mr. Wolfe published his piece in *New York Times*, no one has publicly claimed responsibility for anything up nor has anyone been able to sue him.

re we have it. Richard Feigen, the Field Marshal, "replica 1927 Yale man, and Eaton Square hair," with his Radical Chic reaches its highest point, "breaks in to save the Field Marshal Leon Quat by asking "from the Field Marshal's heart, 'Who do you call to give a party?'"

II

moments follow. Otto Preminger, one of the few guests whose character hasn't entirely melted, tangles with the Field Marshal: "you said zis is not a repressive country in de United States, don't beleef zat." And again: "You can't eefen listen to de kvestion. You can only answer de kvestion?"

things seem about to get too

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rough, Felicia Bernstein, all silky earnestness, gets up to read a piece from *The New Yorker* in which Roger Wilkins quotes a black friend as saying, "Roger, I'm going to eat with you. I can't help it." And in response, "'That's marvellous!'" says Lenny" though whether his enthusiasm is for his wife's recitation, or the unnamed black man's sentiment, or both, isn't made clear by Mr. Wolfe.

A bit later, Mr. Bernstein, "the Great Interrupter, the Village Explainer . . . Mr. Let's Find Out," gets into a discussion with the Field Marshal about violence, guilt, and expensive apartments, and then in a stroke of psychological relatingness, such as can link a Panther from the streets of Oakland with the guests in his living room, Mr. Bernstein suggests how he and his friends understand the feelings of oppressed blacks: "God, most of the people in this room have had a problem about being unwanted!" Blood in his eye, Tom Wolfe takes off.

There it is. . . . Lenny is unbeatable. Mental Jotto at 3 a.m. He has done it. He has done it. He has done it. . . . movement into a 1955 Jules Feiffer cartoon, Rejection, Security, Anxiety, Oedipus, Electra, Neurosis, Transference . . .

There comes another moment of dance: Otto Preminger asks the pointed question: "Is it all right for a Jew to leave Russia and settle in Israel?" Again, Wolfe's observation is very sharp.

Most people in the room don't know what the hell Preminger is driving at, but Leon Quat [does] . . . The hell with that little number, that Israel and Al Fatah and U.A.R. and MIG's and U.S.S.R. and Zionist imperialist number—not in this room you don't

Quat, either a remnant or reincarnation of an earlier political moment, takes over in his experienced way, steers past a few more touchy questions (the guests do ask some good questions, but how easily satisfied they are with foolish or evasive answers!), and the meeting ends with a burst of fraternity. "Power to the people!" exclaims Quat, and the Beautiful People all rise.

III

Interwoven with his narrative Tom Wolfe provides a fair portion of evidence that Radical Chic has become—who can say for how long, a season or even two?—a fashion among the more stylish segments of our upper classes.

Here, for instance, is a priceless column from *Vogue*, adding to its gallery of starved models a recipe for "Soul Food"

The cult of Soul Food is a form of Black self-awareness and, to a lesser degree, of white sympathy . . . It is as if those who ate the beans and greens of necessity in the cabin doorways [ah, those Georgia cabin doorways so warm in the memories of Vogue readers, where ole mammy was singin' and the banjos strummin'] were brought into communion with those who, not having to, eat those foods voluntarily as a sacrament.

Then there's Mrs. Carter Burden who, as *Vogue* reports, "with the help of a maid, is learning how to keep house." (I learn you must, that's the way to do it.) And there's still another party at which Masai Hewitt of the Panthers runs off a little about the matter of burning buildings ("We're Maoist revolutionaries . . .") but Murray Kempton—good old Murray!—"cooled things down a bit."

In his speculations about Radical Chic, Mr. Wolfe refers back to the nineteenth-century French term, *nostalgie de la boue*, which means literally "nostalgia for the mud."

. . . this sort of nostalgie de la boue, or romanticizing of primitive souls, was one of the things that brought Radical Chic to the fore in New York Society. . . . Nostalgie de la boue tends to be a favorite motif whenever a great many new faces and a lot of new money enter Society. New arrivals have always had two ways of certifying their superiority over the hated "middle class." They can take on the trappings of aristocracy, such as grand architecture, servants, parterre boxes, and high protocol; and they can indulge in the gauche thrill of taking on certain styles of the lower orders. The two are by no means mutually exclusive . . .

What Mr. Wolfe says here seems to me right, though not sufficient. In the past few years there have been other factors at work, not least of all a new segment of literary-academic intellectuals for whom Revolution has become a plaything, who lend their blessings to the New Left and sometimes to groups like the Panthers. Mr. Wolfe sketches in the role of an influential paper like *The New York Review of Books* in creating symbolic links between the Upper East Side and Berkeley, the Beautiful People and the campus entanglements.

The chief theoretical organ of cal Chic. The New York Review of Books, regularly cast Huey N and Eldridge Cleaver as the Bolivar and José Martí of the ghettos. On August 24, 1967, New York Review of Books page 10, by printing a diagram for the making of a Molotov cocktail on its page.

But such remarks merely scratch surface and one wishes Mr. Wolfe been a little more venturesome in analysis. He would then have faced a number of problems, which he does mention but not with sufficient care or detail: the fact that many of the people he talks about are Jewish, only a generation or two removed from the great tradition of Jewish labor and socialist movements and still capable of being stirred by rhetoric which they associate, gratefully or not, with the deprived heroic lives of an older generation. Growing vaguer and more sentimental with the passage of time, such memories can easily become treacherous in their effects. For if it is to be moved by the idealism of olden tradition, it is also necessary to make critical distinctions in relating tradition to the present.

The money of the Beautiful People is often new, and new money is notoriously insecure. Still more insecure their sense of where they belong when they are, in the social and cultural worlds. At least some of the people working in such mass-culture industries as television and radio—this applies to Mr. Bernstein—suffer from feelings that their work is not intrinsically worth doing, that their relation to serious culture is parasitic and exploitative, and that they are satisfying neither their personal nor intellectual needs. Doubt as to the moral worth of one's work is a terribly corrosive force, and it can lead not only to psychological disturbance, but also to a feverish search about for excitements and palliatives. The kinds of people who work in the media, often very talented, have a perception to experience intense satisfaction, but seldom the discipline to go beyond it; and their guilt, as the publicity that puffs up and enlarges their egos, makes them especially vulnerable to ideological claims of the latest cultural-political fashion. A persuasion that they ought to put themselves before people doing

Certainly, in reading Mr. Wolfe's account, one can't help feeling that only was there a failure of nerve in Mr. Bernstein's living up to something much more troubling than the alleged abandonment of intellectual standards only part of the story. I sense, which I admit to being a little bit, yet to develop with sufficient maturity that a Schumpeterian crisis is passing through the upper classes of our society, just as there is a paralysis of belief among the educated bureaucratic elements of the ruling classes in the Communist countries. The bourgeois society itself seems remarkably stable in the West and to claim the loyalty of a larger proportion of the middle and lower classes than ever could in the past: but parts of the bourgeoisie, especially the more restless and less productive segments, have lost the conviction of their own value to their usefulness, their indispensability in the social scheme. And the Beautiful People, whose work and play make them into a kind of exposed nerve, register this uneasiness as a special severity.

What I am saying here has any significance at all, we may be witnessing the first signs of a very deep crisis such as, in the past, has been known itself first among the ruling classes, or, what is more likely, those internal realignments or shifts within the ruling classes in the decadent and decadent strata drop out new recruits, drawn from lower and more aggressive groups within the ruling class, to move into new slots of power. The Beautiful People are, of course, marginal to such a process, as are those marginal to most fundamental social movements: but the psychic vibrations and experience could signify some of the not yet entirely visible changes in our society.

IV

It has a nice, if sardonic, sense of irony that led Mr. Wolfe to follow the lead of Radical Chic with "Mau-mau the Flak Catchers," an understatement of reporting on how young militants in San Francisco have to improvise charades of conformity (to "mau-mau") in order to get the white bureaucrats of the poverty program (the "Flak Catchers") to get themselves a few grants. Both pieces deal with is social hypocrisy and cant, the reduction of life to theatrics, and the way certain

resourceful blacks learn to adapt the worst methods of white society in order to muscle in for some of the take. Just as the Field Marshal was using a mixture of authentic desperation, revolutionary posturing, and racial anger to overawe the affluent whites at the Bernstein apartment, so, in Mr. Wolfe's account of it, "going downtown to mau-mau the bureaucrats got to be the routine practice in San Francisco. The poverty program encouraged you to go in for mau-mauing. They wouldn't have known what to do without it."

In the language of a decade ago, Mr. Wolfe's theme is the fate of the hustler, the very skill with which he brings off his hustle being the ultimate source of his demoralization. Jeremy Lerner wrote an essay a few years ago, "Initiation for Whitey," in which he gave a first-rate analysis of the phenomenon Mr. Wolfe describes. Puncturing the sentimental myths about the wholeness and charm of "the culture of poverty," Lerner wrote that for all its saving graces, "its toughness, flexibility, and hard-boiled humor, the culture of poverty is self-defeating and self-perpetuating." People systematically deprived materially are forced systematically to deprive themselves spiritually. Lerner's description of the hustle, an outlook that sees "society and personal relations as a series of power games," is very much to the point:

There is truth enough to such a view—especially when one is looking up from the bottom. But hustling as a mode of activity or an outlook finally cannot comprehend the various problems which have to do with learning, training, saving, postponing—and other attitudes necessary to achieve full economic participation in an increasingly technological society... In some cities—though no one likes to admit it—the hustling view of life has caused Negro youngsters to turn down decent jobs in favor of a more free-wheeling style of livelihood. The philosophy of hustling must be undermined and destroyed by any poverty program worthy of being taken seriously.

By Mr. Wolfe's testimony, in his vivid and funny piece, the poverty program did nothing of the sort. In San Francisco, and no doubt other cities, mau-mauing soon got to be a fairly exact science. Here, for instance, is Chaser, an expert confrontation-stager, as he gives a briefing to some of his friends before they go to the local OEO office:

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You don't forget. If then you go down town, y'all wear your ghetto rags . . . see . . . Don't go down there with your Italian silk jerseys on and your brown suede and green alligator shoes and your Harry Belafonte shirts looking like some supercool toothpick-noddin' fool . . . you know . . . Don't nobody give a damn how pretty you can look . . . You wear your combat fatigues and your leather pieces and your shades . . . your ghetto rags . . . see . . . And don't go down there with your hair all done up nice in your curly Afro like you're messing around. You go down with your hair stickin' out . . . and sittin' up! Lookin' wild! I want to see you down there looking like a bunch of wild niggers!

For what Chaser and people like him understood at least as well as Max Weber, Georg Simmel, Emile Durkheim, and other sociological giants of the past century is the function of "role playing" in modern society. The "militants" had to act out certain expectations of the white bureaucrats, otherwise they would be out in the cold. The "Flak Catchers" really knew very little about the black ghetto; they had to be persuaded that "mass pressure" was being exerted upon them; and in their eyes "mass pressure" could consist of no more than a few-score "militants" who in reality might have little or no support within the black community. Brilliantly alert to the political bewilderment and psychological insecurity of the poverty officials, the "militants" would stage a tough confrontation, work on the masochism and guilt of the "Flak Catchers," gain the momentary satisfaction of making Whitey feel afraid, and threaten that if they, the protesters, were not satisfied, then new and still more fearful figures of anger would rise from the ghetto to harass the bureaucrats.

Ninety-nine percent of the time whites were in no physical danger whatsoever during mau-mauing. The leaders understood through and through that it was a tactic, a ploy, a game. It was a taunt, a hurt or endangered somebody at one of these sessions, you were only cutting yourself off from whatever was being made out of the riots, the money, the influence. The idea was to terrify but don't touch.

Meanwhile they had sized up the pretentiousness and inadequacies of the poverty program far better than any social analyst:

It took them no time at all to see that the poverty program's big projects, like manpower training, in which you

would get some job counseling and some training so you would be able to apply for a job in the bank or on the assembly line—everybody with a brain in his head knew that this was the usual bureaucratic shuck. Eventually the government's own statistics bore out the truth of this conclusion. The ghetto youth who completed the manpower training didn't get any more jobs or earn any more money than the people who never took any such training at all. Everybody but the most hopeless lames knew that the only job you wanted out of the poverty program was a job in the program itself. Get on the payroll, that was the idea. Never mind getting some job counseling. You be the job counselor. You be the "community organizer."

For his candor of description, Mr. Wolfe has been attacked by some reviewers as hostile to blacks or insufficiently sympathetic to the poor. I am certain, though, that if Chaser and his friends in San Francisco were to read "Mau-Mauing the Flak Catchers," they would enjoy it enormously and appreciate the finesse of its humor. For in truth Mr. Wolfe isn't writing about the poor at all, or at least not mainly about the poor; he is writing about a layer of street entrepreneurs, the hustlers who batten off both the poor and their bureaucratic supervisors. Whether Tom Wolfe is sufficiently sympathetic to the poor really doesn't matter in this context: I assume that he too has his share of human feeling. What does matter is whether he is giving us accurate descriptions of at least a portion of reality such as other and perhaps more high-minded reporters ignore. And so far, in all the attacks, ranging from the soft piety of the reviewer in the Sunday *New York Times* to the tight-lipped anger of *The New York Review of Books*, no one has challenged him on the ground of accuracy. I take that to be significant.

V

Reading both of Mr. Wolfe's essays one sometimes has the feeling of watching two groups of extremely bright children who have become terribly restless, one group because it hasn't enough of the world's goods and the other because it has too much. Let's come back to those who have too much.

There is something utterly wrong with a society which enables men like Richard Ottinger and Nelson Rockefeller to gain political power through spending millions of family dollars. There is something equally wrong with

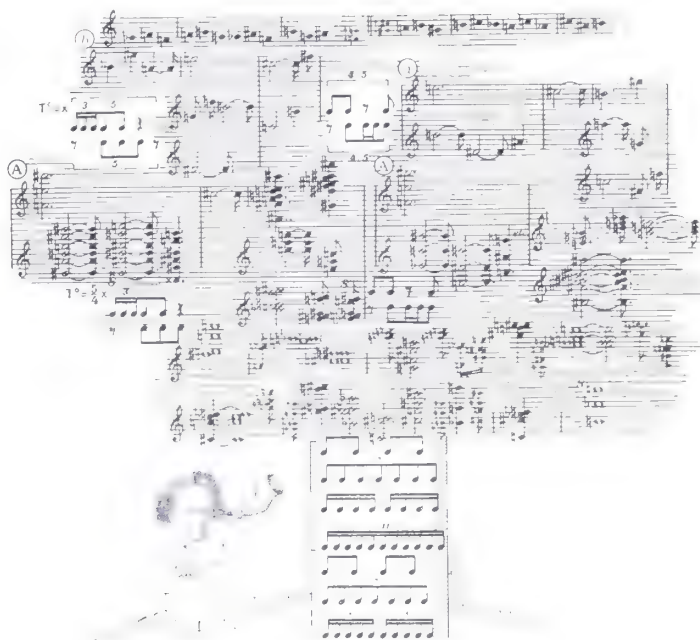
a society in which the wild kinds of people who came to the Bernstein party gives them a prominence beyond anything of their numbers, intelligence, or contribution. My own view, I expect to see dismissed as that of a Socialist, is that this country's fundamental redistribution of income and wealth, at least part of it, can be achieved through progressivism. Far more than the current talk about Revolution or the "mau-mau," such a policy would be truly radical. One finds it unimaginable, however, a rash of Japanese Side parties in behalf of a

Meanwhile, given the trend that prevails, people with too much money are going to have too much power, a power they can use with all degrees of sense and sensibility. Those who applauded Field Marshal at the Bernstein party to celebrate the result of the subsequent public caution is the better part of good and henceforth they would turn themselves to personal expansion would be a decided pity. In their own ways they must have been guided by social conscience. Fashion hunting, keeping up with the Joneses, no doubt played a role. But with such motives there are also good ones, too.

People with lots of money can use it for ends beyond personal pleasure. To do that requires some intellectual discipline: you have to take trouble to find out the nature of the causes to which you give your money for which you sign your checks. The wealthy people want to help you propose to establish a Maoist dictatorship in the U.S., well, all right, they have a right to do that. But they know that this in fact is what they are doing, and must be prepared to take the consequences. They cannot delude themselves into supposing they are concerned with good works when the blacks or civil liberties. As it happens to be Bernstein or Ottinger or Guggenheim, you must check out in advance the character of the Panthers have indulged their blatant anti-Semitism.

I can understand, or think I do, the Beautiful People should find it rather Field Marshal more "exciting" than such lifelong civilian fighters for civil rights as Roy Wilkins and Bayard Rustin. But the criteria for political commitment oughtn't to be those by which one watches a spectacle or yields

ly listening?



CONCERT BUSINESS, one hears, is in a bad shape. Audiences are down. Prices are high. Young people are not sup- porting serious music. Inflation has driven ticket prices too high for most people. Concert artists are hard put to make a

living, which may or may not be true. There have been hearing much about the decline of the concert business for years. But are there really serious problems? One wonders how much lamentation is what Julius Hurok, who runs Carnegie Hall, refers to as Hurok Syndrome.

Julius Hurok was a concert manager in the 1920s. He handled some important engagements, and often sold out with great fanfare. But he is now heard his cries and lamentations as always running a losing battle, no matter what he put on, he is now so he claimed.

After listening to Kashouk and his couple of hours, Sol Hurok, who is beginning to make a name for himself as an impresario, put the blame on Kashouk.

"Kashouk," Hurok wanted to say, "you always lose so much money. How do you stay in business?" He looked at Hurok in aston-

ishment. His most recent book is *Lives of Composers*, a biographical study of composers from Bach to Mahler. He is senior editor of the New York Times.

"How else can I make a living?" he answered.

TO BLOOM, THERE ALWAYS IS a Kashouk around, and Bloom is skeptical of some alleged figures showing heavy losses. "The more complaining you do, the less people are apt to ask for money," he says. "Not everybody in the concert business is that way, but a lot are, and they get away with it. Who shows figures? Has anybody ever seen Hurok's books? Has anybody," says Bloom, in a spurt of honesty, "ever seen mine? Figures to me have always been very suspect."

Bloom, known as the philosopher of concert managers, concedes that there are areas where business is down. Those are counterbalanced in areas where business is up. Kurt Weinholt, the chief operative of the biggest concert agency in the business, Columbia Artists Management, agrees with Bloom. The concert business is spotty all over the United States, he says. In some cities, activity has increased, in others it has gone down, and he sees no discernible pattern. One thing is certain, and it is that there has been little change over the years following World War II (the Depression decades, of course, posed an entirely different set of problems): big-name artists and organizations con-

tinue to draw, as they always did.

The Chicago Lyric Opera reports its best season ever. "The people around here have a lust for opera," a spokesman says. Kurt Herbert Adler, who runs the San Francisco Opera, is happy. He too is having his best season, with almost 93 per cent of all houses sold out. The Seattle Opera reports its most ambitious, most highly supported season. At the New York City Opera the performances are almost all sold out. At the Metropolitan, where overall attendance is a little down, there have nevertheless been some weeks this season where box-office takes have broken all records.

The irony is that all of these organizations operate in the red. Opera, symphony—these are expensive toys. The more sold-out houses, the greater the deficits, because every performance must necessarily operate at a loss. Running expenses are phenomenally high, and ticket prices are as high as they can be pegged without losing the audience. Government money will have to come into the picture, eventually, to save the performing arts in America. It cannot be said often enough that the United States is the only country in the world where a government ignores its artists. As a result, performing-arts organizations in this country are in desperate straits. But that is not for lack of

public support. More people are going to concerts than ever before.

WHERE THERE HAS BEEN a decided change in the concert business involves the solo recital, especially in New York. But even here the situation must be carefully examined. At any time, there have been only a relatively few musicians who had the mysterious magnetism that would fill concert halls the world over. Some forty years ago, in a day of powerful and individual virtuosos, only a dozen at most could be counted upon to sell out at every concert. Concert managers would go crazy trying to fill halls for the other artists, some of them great ones. In those days one could pick up student tickets for such tremendous musicians as Mischa Levitzki or Josef Lhevinne for 25 cents. Or one could get tickets where only the admission tax had to be paid. Or, if one had any contacts at all, there were countless free tickets to be had. Managers would, and still do, "paper" a hall to get people in. Anything to prevent an artist playing to a half-empty house.

But a New York recital was mandatory. In a way it still is, though its importance has diminished. The idea for a New York concert, and especially for a debut recital, was to get good or (hopefully) rave reviews, which seemed to impress the managers in the provinces. A sheaf of highly favorable reviews could sell an artist, even make his career for a while (though in the long run, of course, an artist must make his own career). In those days there were a dozen or so New York newspapers, many of them with influential critics. There also were the music magazines, especially *Musical Courier* and *Musical America*.

Now there are no magazines, and only one newspaper that really counts around the country: the *New York Times*. As a result, young artists are more and more reluctant to give New York debut recitals. There is no longer even any guarantee that the recital will be covered, as honest managers are forced to tell their clients. "One newspaper," says Anne O'Donnell of New York Recital Associates, "is not enough for balanced reviews. A bad review in the *Times* is no longer offset by other opinions." The music critics on the *Times*, perfectly aware of the problem, can do nothing about it, and they curse the day when the *Herald Tribune* and the other newspapers went under.

Even artists of stature have in the

past decade been avoiding the rigors of a New York recital. They get around it by other means. They may confine their appearances to dates with orchestra, in which case they get the publicity, the exposure, and a built-in audience. Or they may appear on one of the subscription series around town, such as the Hunter College Saturday night concerts, or the Great Performers at Philharmonic Hall, or on one of the Carnegie Hall-backed series, or at the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. That way they get their normal fee and do not have to worry about taking a loss at an ill-attended concert. The subscription-series manager takes care of everything.

Younger artists have a harder time, as they always did. The geniuses on the order of a Heifetz, Horowitz, or Taubert never had much trouble: their unusual gifts were recognized from the beginning. Unfortunately, genius on that order is rare, and it seems to be even rarer today. Young instrumentalists today are invariably good, but they seem to lack the magic, the personality, the supreme confidence (call it arrogance, if you will) that so many of the older generation had. They are emotionally tight, and they tend to sound the same way.

All over the world we are getting a class of pianists and violinists best described as competition types. They all have won competitions. To win competitions, you have to impress judges. To impress judges, often a pedantic lot, you have to play with careful and literal brilliance. Literalism means strict adherence to the printed note. Something unknown to virtuosos of the Romantic period. A young artist, no matter how brilliant or imaginative, is not going to win competitions unless he plays in a pretty strict manner. That is supposed to show his "musicianship." (Historically this is all wrong, but that is another story.) And so we get these accomplished young people, all sounding alike, all accuracy and spit-and-polish (conductors, too), all failing in the central idea of being a great artist, and that is to impress one's own personality on the music without distorting the essential meaning.

SMALL WONDER, THEN, THAT audiences have not taken this breed to their hearts. Antiseptic playing is great for the clinic but not for the concert hall. The young people come and go, but most of them under no circumstances can make a career, because they have so little of themselves to offer. That includes Van Cliburn, whose reputation

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the audience. It conceivably
the composer's fault, you know

Anyway, when one speaks of audiences, it should be remembered there is no one audience. There are many audiences. There are opera audiences and even here there are sub-audiences. Many will attend only Italian opera. Many others would not be caught near such an "inferior" kind of Italian opera, and will attend only Mozart or Wagner performances, or a symphony audience. There are opera lovers' audience that would never attend a piano recital but will turn out for Tebaldi, Sutherland, or Callas. There are those who come only for piano recitals. Surprisingly for opera lovers are responsive to all kinds of music, though there are some, who are the backbone of the industry. The Metropolitan New York, an average in some twenty million people, with a steady concertgoing audience (I guess they say) is about thirty thousand. Managers presumably should know though the figure does look a little like Kashouk Syndrome?

There are, of course, certain operating today that were not in evidence before the war. In big cities people are increasingly loath to stay out at night. With ticket prices at unprecedentedly high, an evening at the theatre or opera for a suburbanite means a baby-sitter, parking and what not, cost a small fortune. Television has made inroads. And, they say, the people are not supporting serious music, though that argument has something smelly about it. Did you *ever* support serious music? In the 1930s, there were cries that jazz cared for nothing but Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, and the other jazz band. All the experts went around saying that we had to bring young people to the concert halls or music would die. They are still saying it, and music is dying. On the contrary, it is, despite the Kashouks, surprisingly healthy. Jazz music, through history, has not been a very popular art form (and in the Anglo-Saxon nations it has been less popular than in other countries), but it always has managed to sustain enough enthusiasts to keep it going. It will always continue to do so.

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body, the spirit, and physical love....

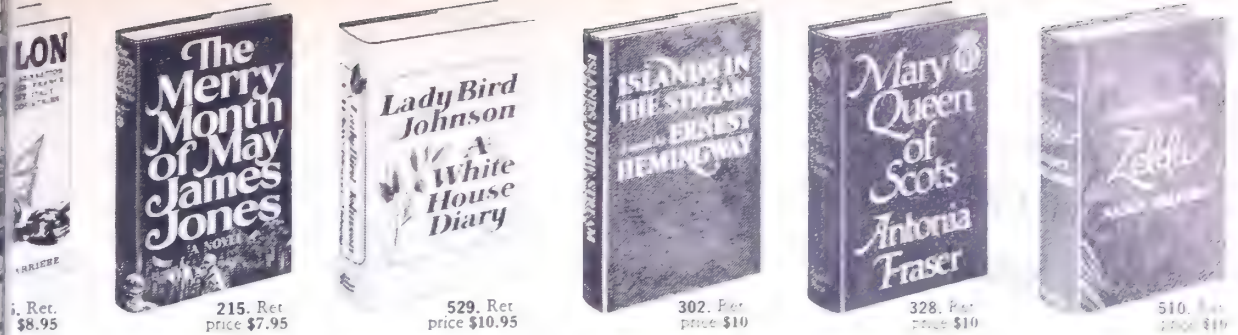
THE PRISON
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Exquisite Martell. There's nothing lost in translation.

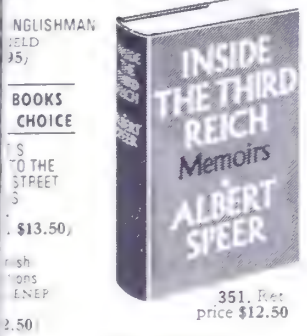
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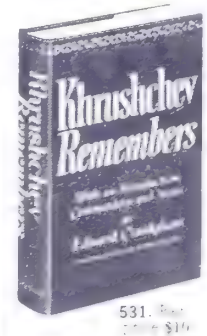
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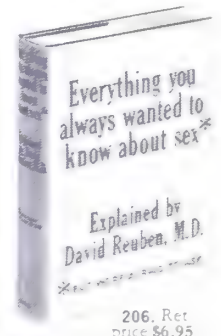
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Harper's Magazine

FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 242 NO. 1450

MARCH 1971

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ABOUT THIS ISSUE



In devoting virtually our entire March issue to Norman Mailer's analysis of the Women's Liberation movement, the editors of *Harper's* wish to reassert our belief that Women's Liberation is a development of very great significance to the future of American society—certainly this movement is showing itself to be a major force in the social and cultural sphere currently surrounding us. We believe

that Norman Mailer, as Norman Mailer has the deep understanding of the issues raised by what may be—in the parlance of the Women's Liberation itself—"the last of the great transformations." Far from being simply the preserve of an extreme or "elite" minority, as many people have thought, and far from being merely the latest of the fads of mass publicity, this new radical impulse is the body of our institutionalized distinctions. Sex touches nothing less than the very heart of our traditional arrangements for day-to-day existence. For this reason the magazine has devoted extensive discussions of the movement from the beginning; and for this reason, we could never have felt the discussion quite complete nor what we take to be our most serious obligation to public understanding unless we had evaded the necessity for a direct confrontation with the central, troubling issue of sex.

Norman Mailer—as the readers of this magazine certainly know—has many times before plunged into realms of social or intellectual turbulence, brought back a tale from which we were to glean a new clarity about ourselves, our lives, our country. Indeed, it is his special mastery as a writer that he has been able to move unblinkingly through the most perplexing of issues or events, say what he has found there, and, in so doing, uncover for us the largest of their implications. This present essay—our which we are particularly grateful to be the publishers—moves with Mailer's characteristic courage and humor into perhaps the most perplexing, not to say the most profound of all the private relations between men and women.

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There are two books that create an instant impact on you and your family, then leave you with peace and a lot of understanding and are really fun to read. Both are up to date and are written from the inside. Books like these — and I suggest, make this could be two more books — can completely change your attitude, perception of human nature, and of yourself, and help you better understand the nature of your children and your life and family.

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من أجل أن يكون لدينا دالة متصلة في كل نقطة من نقاط المجال، يجب أن تكون الدالة متصلة في كل نقطة من نقاط المجال.

LETTERS

Kissinger

It appears to me that Joseph Kraft should have stated what is really wrong with Henry Kissinger's present relationship with the national government. The facts are laid out in the article ["In Search of Kissinger," January] but no conclusion is reached as to the real issue, and that is: should Mr. Kissinger be the Grand Vizier in fact of our military and foreign affairs to the exclusion of the Congress and members of the Cabinet?

Any decent person has compassion for the terrible occurrences regarding Mr. Kissinger's family at the hands of Hitler and is sympathetic as to his personal family affairs, but these things are part of his background, too, the same as his education, and may or may not affect his mental outlook, and the latter patently or latently. Likewise, his middle-aged "swinging" foolishness could possibly be a symptom of something deeper in his nature, especially when considered with the other proclivities he has exhibited, *i.e.*, secrecy, recklessness, and the like.

Mr. Kraft admits that he is troubled, but does not say why. He concludes his article by kidding himself that perhaps it is all for the best since Mr. Nixon wanted a technician, an intellectual to handle his foreign and military policy. He does not make a decision, Kraft that is, as to whether Mr. Kissinger, with all of the disturbing things in his background, is the proper person for the job and whether he is doing a proper job. It doesn't really take a psychiatrist to see that there have been some shaking traumatic experiences suffered by Mr. Kissinger and that he has said and

done things following the same which indicate something other than a normal mental outlook. The results, including Cambodia and his comments on Kent State, clearly demand further investigation as to his fitness to control—and when his policies are followed, he is in control—our country's domestic and foreign posture. . . . No offense meant, of course—since the President *could* stand on his own hind legs, and Mr. Aiken (God bless him) and other like-inclined members of the Republican party *could* publicly state *their* position instead of "pussyfooting" around. They might get hurt, as Wayne Morse and Albert Gore did, but I'll bet they would feel good about it—good and clean.

J. D. CROW
Canadian, Texas

Populist

David Halberstam's analysis of Senator Gore's defeat ["The End of a Populist," January] is masterful, especially his perception of the many shifts that have taken place in the Tennessee electorate since Gore moved from the House to the Senate in 1952. I think, however, the very qualification which makes Halberstam so perceptive of these changes, namely his prolonged absence from Tennessee, has caused him to overlook the most elemental of all the reasons Gore lost.

Albert Gore cooked his own goose. He did this by the time-tested, guaranteed-effective device of not coming back to his home state often enough. The more Gore gained in national stature, the more we heard: "Gore has turned his back on Tennessee." Now, Albert Gore never in his entire thirty-two years

in Congress turned his back on Tennessee.

But he did not do the only thing that could have saved him from taking this shibboleth from taking eventually flowering as a "catch-up" ball.) I really think he had kept his fences mended in a manner of Estes Kefauver), he have withstood the impact of his against Haynsworth and Carvel guilt-by-association with Fulbright and even Brock's no-holds-barred of a campaign.

Now, how could a thirty-year veteran commit such a blunder? as Halberstam points out, in previous elections Gore had little to do and did little campaign, compared with his opponents, yet he won. Thus, I think, he came to rely on his own invincibility. Second, as Halberstam points out, Gore always believed truth would win. Since it was true that he had turned his back on Tennessee, it was therefore necessary to combat the accusation.

SANDFORD H.
Norfolk

Howe

Irving Howe's review of Lett's *Sexual Politics* is even revealing of the sexual bias of Lett than the book supposedly is of the Middle-class Mind of Kate Lett [December].

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LETTERS

Mr. Howe regards the central of the book, the exploitation of by men, as a gross exaggeration relationship between the sex neglects to mention two points repeatedly by Miss Millett and to her argument concerning the nation of women by men: in m torical societies women have no paid for the work they perform if a woman were to leave her h he could have her forcibly retu him. Most people would agree th conforms to the definition of the slave relationship. Although Mi lett describes the position of wo that of a slave, we must rememb slavery is not always dismal. slavery was a common social inst the slave of a powerful man frea fared better in terms of materi fare, influence, and power than t age freeman: nonetheless he wa slave and subject to his master case is similar for the wife t most of history: no matter ho she might rise she was still sub her husband. It is a shame, but i states of the United States the h still has legal jurisdiction over hi labor (i.e., he can legally forbid to work outside the home) as over her earnings, insofar as trols her property. . . .

Following Mr. Howe's exam should like to present a reco from my own childhood whic trates, as his does, how in the op classes life is hard for both m women. While his example exhib patient virtues of his mother, c implication those of his father. ample depicts a recreational of the oppressed noted by Miss but totally ignored by Mr. Ho mother had a charwoman who once a week to do the heavy w arrived at eight o'clock and start by doing the family wash. Th scrubbed and waxed all the floor afternoon she did the ironing. o'clock she left not to go home start work cleaning an office. quently came to work black and over. Her husband drank and v drank he beat her. He made hi washing windows on skyscra New York City—it was a stink and drinking helped a little. Th is that working like a dog for does not necessarily exalt the male relationship to one of mutu respect, trust, and equality. It often does make a distinction the miserable, exploited male

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LETTERS

doubly miserable, doubly exploited female.

NARCINDA R. LERNER
Mountain View, Calif.

Sexual politics is a valid, workable term which Kate Millett defines at the outset. I cannot help but think Howe is a bit middle-class (or mid-Victorian) himself in his aversion to it. . . .

Millett is well aware that other classes of women and other people suffer economic deprivation and oppression. She says: "Among the poor the female is subject to greater indignities than anywhere else, as she is the only creature over whom an *exploited man* can claim superiority" (my italics). Yes, men are exploited, too, and Millett also mentions the exploitation of the blacks and draws the obvious parallels, but she is not trying to speak for everyone. She does not attempt to provide solutions, perhaps because it is largely a personal matter, over and above the more obvious and urgent political-economic measures which must be taken. . . .

Certainly Howe cannot intend his homage to struggling Jewish husbands and wives of the Thirties as a glorification or justification of oppression or as a rationale for the oppression of women: men suffer, so women must suffer too. No one should have to be economically deprived. This also applies to Howe's tribute to men as fighters of wars and protectors of women (surely that's a little antiquated). There is nothing glorious or wonderful about it, and men are not doing anyone a favor by fighting wars, least of all themselves. Wars are an abomination, and *no one* should have to fight them. . . .

KEIKO YANAGA
Hamden, Conn.

All right, already! I won't read Kate Millett. Mr. Howe has convinced me that such an exercise would be a dangerous confrontation. But his own middle-class, male values show up, despite his superior logic and his erudite exposition of Freudianism. . . .

The mention of the Virgin Mary as the most important woman in Western history seems strange in this context. Was she valued as a person, a personality in her own right? Certainly she was the great symbol of the female-mother-pedestal complex eschewed by Millett. I would hardly expect her name to appear in an index of influential "persons."


MARY L. BRADFORD
Arlington, Va.

Not yet having read *Sexual* I cannot judge the fairness of Howe's review. However, I feel Howe's reference to the "content" today rages among our intellectual professional classes . . . for of life . . . for those who find some "fication in family life" raises a valid objection to the *tone* of Women's Liberationists' attitude toward marriage and motherhood. Equally important—because it provides one possible *source* of that tone—Los Angeles clinical psychologist A. Faber describes as "a critical, destructive, amoral liberal education, a perversion of the Western intellectual tradition, which is to develop the unrelated to feelings and values." Mr. Howe's comment identifies the ritual malady which today afflicts only some of the Establishment, also some of the groups working to humanize that Establishment, including it of racial, sexual, and class discrimination.

Thus an established woman, a professor who years earlier had selfishly helped both of us academically could bemoan his "lack of productivity." "All he left were some useful children, but that's not enough of a contribution!" . . .

Women's Lib extremists often unaware that today's time- and money-consuming children will be torn from employers and colleagues, friends, and spouses. The exacting anti-intellectualism and self-destructive behavior of many adolescents who compulsively career-focused and have been "too busy" to encourage in I-thou relationships, should not that if twenty-four-hour child-care facilities replace the family, the today's youth against parents smother them with possession rather than listen to them, and against educational institutions which reward publication rather than inspire teaching which *touches* students and them models of how to live with reality, soon will seem mild in mothers as well as fathers refuse aside the single-minded pursuit of career goals during the first thirty years of each child's life, who value their children to value and nurture kind of nonexploitive human relationships based on loving, caring, and ing, rather than on convenience all feminists seek?

HELENE S. WEINSTOCK, M.A.
Riverside



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THE EASY CHAIR

After the revolution: the end of the Age of Affluence?

ONCE UPON A TIME, two professors at the same university wrote two books, both on aspects of the American future. They were published almost simultaneously. One was very good; the other was not. The poorer book was excerpted in *The New Yorker*, it got respectful and sometimes rhapsodic reviews in many national publications, its paperback rights sold for \$375,000, and it promptly became a fashionable cult-object. The better one has not, at this writing, been reviewed anywhere except in the *Yale Daily News* and is never likely to become either a best seller or the subject of conversation at chic dinner parties.

For publishers and writers, this set of facts may look discouraging. O Justice, where are you? But let's not be too hasty. After all, many a good book—including *Moby-Dick* and *Walden*—attracted practically no attention until long after publication, while many a best seller survived hardly a year. So I would be willing to gamble, out of some years of publishing experience, that by next March the faddish book will be virtually forgotten and that the sounder one will grow in influence for a decade or more. The next generation of undergraduates may find, indeed, that it is required reading in many colleges. I don't propose to review these books; that is the business of another department. But I do think it might be useful to explore some of their implications—perhaps unintended ones—for what they suggest about the way we may be living in the United States during the years just ahead.

John Fischer was editor in chief of Harper's from 1953 to 1967, and since then he has been a contributing editor to the magazine.

The Greening of America by Charles Reich, a law professor at Yale, is an evangelical tract, an exhortation to all of us to come and be saved by conversion to Consciousness III. By that he means the life-style currently favored by many adolescents of the affluent middle class: hedonistic, hairy, impulsive, anti-rational, anti-organization, and contemptuous of the straight society. Never mind about Consciousnesses I and II. As everybody must know by this time, they are Reich's put-down terms for the values and tribal customs of most American adults in the past and in the intolerable (to him) present. I have never met Mr. Reich, but he sounds like a spiritual cousin of Norman O. Brown—an aging Ponce de León, wistfully soaking himself in the waters of the youth culture.

In his eyes, American history is an unrelieved nightmare, and the Corporate State in which he thinks we live today is inhuman. He proposes to end it, not by violent revolution (unnecessary) or reform (a laugh), but apparently by magic. Once we have all attained the proper state of consciousness, "the power of the Corporate State will be ended, as miraculously as a kiss breaks a witch's evil enchantment."

IN HIS BOOK, *After the Revolution?* Robert A. Dahl, a political-science professor at Yale, attacks some of the same evils belabored by Reich. He is equally—though more coherently—bothered by the irresponsible power of the modern corporation. He too is deeply concerned with the failure of American society to live up to its ideals: racial justice, a fair degree of economic equality, and a more democratic politi-

cal system. Along with Reich, Dahl believes that "the old patterns of life are losing out," and cherishes the hope of a better future, maybe. But he finds all similarity between the two.

Dahl's style is lucid rather than lyrical. His argument is tight, reasoned, not apocalyptic. Neither he nor Reich count on a miraculous kiss about the changes this country must undergo. He knows they demand hard work, sacrifice, and self-discipline—qualities despised by the Consciousness III crowd. Authority is being challenged everywhere, and democracy "has always been a potentially revolutionary device." Democracy has never been completely realized anywhere, so any system that calls itself democratic is vulnerable to the charge that it is not "really" what it claims to be.

Can this charge be met? Is it possible to devise a system democratic enough to be generally acceptable, powerful enough to get the world's work done and to settle international agreements which always boil down to every group of people? What form of democracy might work best in different circumstances—in a community of a dozen families, in a giant corporation, and in some future world government? What can be done to cure the ills that afflict so many people—especially the poor, the black, and the young—that they feel powerless, lacking any effective voice in the decisions which shape the future? These are the main questions that Dahl sets out to answer; and to me, at least, his answers are persuasive. The society he envisages doesn't look like the happy pastoral anarchy that Reich longs for, but it clearly would be a better than the America of today.

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A I R W A Y S

BUT BOTH WRITERS FORESHADOW the Bend of the Age of Affluence—Reich explicitly and with glee, Dahl only by implication. I suspect they are both right, in different ways.

The moral basis of our prosperity is, of course, the work ethic and the Puritan tradition, for reasons which R. H. Tawney pointed out long ago in his *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*. The men who made America rich, from George Washington to Andrew Carnegie and Henry Ford, believed that hard work was not only a duty but a virtue, one which God would reward in hard cash. Most of our corporate executives probably believe much the same thing today.

The structural basis of our prosperity is, just as obviously, the American talent for large-scale organization. This talent produced the modern corporation and the great government agencies—the Federal Reserve Board, TVA, Maritime Commission, Department of Defense, and dozens of others—which complement it. Mass production is not possible without such organization: neither is the research which has turned out such innovations as the computer, space vehicles, atomic power, and plastic martini glasses. Such organization demands hierarchy, discipline, and long-range planning. It depends, moreover, on a great many people who are willing to save: that is, to deny themselves immediate gratification in hopes of reward at some later date. Savings are essential to fuel any productive economic system, capitalist or socialist: though authoritarian systems have the advantage of being able to force saving, to a considerable degree, while democratic systems must rely on voluntary self-denial.

Although much of *The Greening of America* strikes me as pure moonshine, unsupported either by facts or logic, I believe it does make one valid point. A growing number of young people clearly are rejecting the Puritan tradition, the work ethic, hierarchical authority of any kind, and the very idea of organization. Because they pride themselves on being Now People, reveling in spontaneity and instant gratification, both saving and rational long-range planning are abhorrent to them. Such Consciousness III attitudes may wear away as they grow up: having a couple of babies to feed is a sobering experience. But if they do persist, large-scale organizations—corporate and bureaucratic—may eventually find it hard to man their hierarchies. Can you imagine a General Electric junior executive who insists on

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making his decisions with the help of tarot cards and the *I Ching*, rather than a computer? And on the assembly line, flowing tresses and love beads could be downright dangerous.

Perhaps this is what Reich means by the "miraculous" ending of the Corporate State: it's hard to tell.

PERSONALLY I HAVE A GOOD DEAL of sympathy for many of the notions burgeoning among the young. After I had worked successively for the Associated Press, the federal government, and the Army, I decided at a fairly early age that I never again would have any part of a big organization. Since then I have managed to make a living of sorts by free-lance writing and in publishing, where the typical firm is relatively small. Moreover, I enjoy living in a small community, although it isn't exactly a commune. Like my hippie friends, I prefer woods and meadows to concrete: I raise as much of my household's food as my organic garden will produce; and I usually dress much the way they do, in jeans and a work shirt, putting on a tie only for funerals and trips to the city—almost equally sad occasions.

But, as I knew from the start, this kind of life-style is not compatible with making a lot of money. If large numbers of people should opt for something like it, the gross national product is bound to slide off pretty steeply. I don't regard that as a bad thing. Indeed, as I have argued here in recent months, I don't believe that this country can long survive at its present rates of consumption of raw materials and of filth-production.

Nevertheless, I am not as sure as a lot of Reich's admirers that they will find voluntary poverty a happy way of life. For one thing, I've been poor—hungry-poor—and it wasn't much fun. Besides, many young people not only are uninterested in making a lot of money, which is to their credit: they also seem unable to tolerate the minimal labor and self-discipline necessary to make a bare living. "Living close to nature" can be a backbreaking business, as any subsistence farmer will testify. (Does the Hog Farm commune actually raise any hogs?) And I don't see how the creative kids are going to make it by handcrafting sandals and jewelry to barter among themselves. Nor can they survive as "street people," ripping off a parasitic existence on the fringe of the affluent society, once that society goes out of business. For a good many of the

Consciousness III crowd, then, the future may not be quite as green as Mr. Reich predicts.

DAHL HAS NOTHING TO SAY, explicitly, about the affluent society, or the growth in Reichian attitudes which seems likely to undermine it. Instead he has drawn an intellectual road map to guide us toward a more nearly perfect democracy. It is probable, I think, that America will move in that direction: indeed, in my view we have been heading that way, with a good many violent zigzags, for decades. Like all ideals in an imperfect world, a perfectly democratic system can never be attained—but if we keep edging toward it, American society will become more just, more equal, and more evenhanded in the distribution of power. As a by-product, I suspect, it also will become less affluent. For the economic machinery which has made the United States rich is primarily the creation of the prosperous middle class: traditionally, that class has run the machine and has been its chief beneficiary. But as power—both political and economic—shifts away from the middle class to the hands of the poor and the formerly disenfranchised minorities, I suspect that our fabulously productive economic machine will begin to strip some gears. Specifically, we can expect a falling off in the rate of savings and productive investment, and a continuing—perhaps uncontrollable—inflation.

The process already is under way. Organized labor has seized for itself much of the power which once rested with management: and, as a onetime union member, I have no doubt that in many ways the country is the better for it. One result, however, is clearly bad for everybody, including labor. Wage rates keep rising steadily year after year—and, as we have recently seen, all the muscles of government apparently are unable to halt this inflationary spiral. Perhaps nothing can halt it, short of breaking the unions—and even in a far-from-perfect democracy, that is politically impossible.

Now that public employees have learned the trick from the industrial unions, their wages are shooting up too. Garbage haulers, teachers, bus drivers, and policemen can hold a pistol at the head of any mayor, and often do, in defiance of no-strike laws. True, some of them have long been underpaid. But their present fast catch-up is forcing city after city to the edge of bankruptcy, pushing taxes to suicidal levels, and

driving industry out into the docks.

Other underprivileged and oppressed groups are following the example. Welfare clients are organizing to demand a better deal: some are guaranteed income or negative income tax, therefore, looks inevitable in the next few years. Cesar Chavez succeeded in organizing migrant workers—always thought to be unorganizable—and as a by-product, Chicanos are rapidly gaining economic and political clout. Negroes, being elected to office in unprecedented numbers throughout the country, the consequence that blacks are beginning to get the municipal and patronage jobs long denied them.

Such gains are simple justice, but they also are making America a less humane place, although that may be hard to believe in these days of lamppost socialism. For example, the new census figures indicate that the number of families living in poverty has dropped from 16 per cent to 10 per cent within the last decade.

For two reasons, however, such gains are likely to result in a lower rate of savings, and thus a slowdown in economic growth. First, low-income families, even when they rise above the poverty line, spend practically all they earn, and who can blame them? Years of living on sow belly make them deserve a steak now and then. Second, the middle class, which has done most of the nation's saving, also pays most of the taxes. If the taxes promise to keep rising on the state and local taxes—many middle class families will find it hard to give anything away. Besides, in the continuing inflation they have little incentive to save. Why put a dollar in the bank, when it may be worth only a few cents a few years from now?

IN ONE OF THE MOST interesting sections of his book, Dahl touches on another possible development which might also threaten American democracy. That is a change in the government and the great corporations.

They are now the most undemocratic institutions in our society. They are perpetuating autocrats, responsible to nobody. And they wield enormous power. General Motors has more receipts about the same as the national product of Sweden, as he points out. Its employees and their families roughly equal the population

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New Zealand. Its outlays are "larger than those of the central government of France or West Germany." When a strike closes it down, the whole economy slumps. Under these circumstances, "to think of General Motors as *private* instead of *public* is an absurdity." Nevertheless, according to the official American mythology, General Motors—like the other corporations which dominate our economy and much of our politics—"belongs" to its stockholders, to whom its management is theoretically answerable.

In fact, as we all know, the individual stockholder does not and cannot exercise any real control over the management of the typical big corporation. (Exceptions are a few firms—Ford, DuPont, the Hughes Tool Company, which are still controlled by a family or individual.) Forty years ago, Berle and Means, in their classic, *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*, demonstrated how completely ownership had become divorced from management. Today the separation is even more complete, because the controlling stock interest often is held not by individuals, but by mutual funds, bank trust departments, and pension funds. As a matter of policy, they normally want nothing to do with management: if they disapprove of the way a firm is being run, they merely sell their stock. As a consequence, the management of a big corporation is a free-floating quantum of power, behaving however it likes, subject only to the market, bankruptcy, a takeover bid, the occasional intervention of government, or the sting of a Ralph Nader.⁶

If we are in the midst of a long-continuing democratic revolution, as Dahl suggests, society is not likely to tolerate such unbridled corporate power forever. Yet it is hard to hit upon a better alternative. The bureaucratic socialism of Russia is even worse, less efficient, and less responsive either to consumers or to employees. The democratic socialism of England doesn't look too good either. Witness that country's chronic economic crises, and the frequent, paralyzing strikes in its nationalized industries. Other semi-socialized states, such as Sweden and Australia, are too different from America in size and character to offer useful models.

The best recent book on this subject that I have seen is *The American Corporation: Its Power, Its Money, Its Politics*, by Richard J. Barber (Dutton, \$7.95). It is more revolutionary than any document yet produced, to my knowledge, by the New Left.

Dahl suggests, cautiously and tentatively, that the system of "self-management" developed in Yugoslavia be worth considering for adoption here. Workers' councils, mainly elected by employees, have a considerable voice in the management of enterprises, from factories to hospitals to the postal service. To be sure, planners and the League of Communists also have a voice, and in a very decisive one. Nevertheless, the Yugoslavs do seem to be creating a decentralized socialism, with a fair deal of genuine worker participation. It is more productive, apparently, than the Russian system, and far less unsound and oppressive. Though aware of the difficulties in launching such a scheme to the American mind, Dahl thinks it might prove better than any other alternatives now in vogue.

I too would be glad to see experiments in this direction. Let me say I can't think of any reason why a system of directors elected by employees would be less successful in hiring and firing executives than our present system, which in practice are usually nepotizing and dominated by management. But there is one objection Dahl does not mention. Employees almost certainly would not want that a firm pay out a bigger share of its income in wages, and devote less to research and investment in new products. If they did not do so, they would be replaced by their worker-representatives. Today, undistributed profits plowed back into corporate expansion make up a big slice of the national income. Once this source of income shrinks, technical innovation and productivity are bound to shrink proportionately.

Undemocratic as it is, the American corporation has been phenomenally productive. Any scheme to make it more democratic in governance, it seems to me, is likely to be less productive and the society less affluent.

Again, that might well be a bad thing. But if we do move toward a more equal and democratic society, whether by the Reich or the Dahl path (which we ought to do so with our eyes open), we are aware of the price we'll have to pay. We may find that it simply isn't possible to have a "really" democratic society and a prosperous one at the same time. Perhaps then the motto on the door of God We Trust, eventually replaced with a new one: "I Am Equal."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE/MARCH 1970

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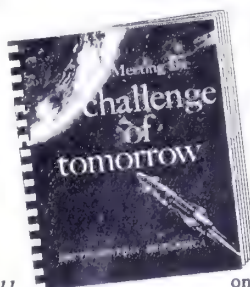
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PERFORMING ARTS

Movie studies: read all about it

OF ALL THE BOOKS ABOUT movies that I've recently seen, the only one that gives us a sense of what it is like to live and work in Hollywood is *Additional Dialogue*,* a collection of letters by the screenwriter and member of the Hollywood Ten, Dalton Trumbo. Drawn mainly from the period when he was blacklisted for refusing to answer questions about his political affiliations for the House Un-American Activities Committee, they are an enormous, pleasant surprise. Mr. Trumbo's politics were not mine, his aesthetic, based mainly on the encouragement of "progressive" tendencies in the industry, as manifested in a long series of scenarios that have never particularly appealed to me, seems inadequate to so rich a medium, but he is surely one of the most engaging characters ever nurtured by "the industry."

He went from a job as the highest-paid writer in the business to jail with shocking suddenness and reemerged to begin a decade-long scramble for survival on the black market, where he actually prospered—mostly, as he says, because of his enormous vitality, his feisty survivor's instinct, and, I should think, because of his unfailing, humor-touched combativeness. The letters reveal him wheedling for dough, bucking up fellow writers having trouble making it underground, and squabbling with everyone who attempts to bilk or affront him. He was a born scrapper (it would have required more than a gaggle of Yahoo Congressmen to get him down), and I found his letters, which include dandies to his son and eldest daughter, giving advice on how to cope with the onset of sexual maturity, absolute delights. One should, of course, read them for the sense they give us of a living man's presence, but I know of no book that gives us a better sense of how Hollywood as a social system worked, the exact dimensions of the way fear and greed interacted to produce both blacklist and black market. Trumbo is a tremendously shrewd, though entirely casual sociol-

ogist, and his style—rich and funny—is an accurate measure of the man. It occurred to me that virtually no one who has mumbled literary incantations over the entrails of movie history, virtually no critic who has taken his screenplays to task and delighted in calling him a "popular-front hack" (to borrow one of the milder terms of opprobrium from one of his most distinguished liberal enemies), can match him for the vigor of his prose, the variety of his concerns, or the combination of passion, compassion, and irony that informs these letters.

IT COULD, OF COURSE, BE argued that style is not the most significant consideration in evaluating popular studies of a popular medium. They are intended, after all, as either entertainments or as workhorses, that is, as compendiums of useful information in which the prose need only efficiently carry a large amount of information in relatively restricted space. The fact remains, however, that there is very little writing about film that offers the reader much in the way of simple pleasure, let alone the higher stimulation of artfulness. In this respect I should say that most of the writing about movies falls well below even the modest imaginative standards we have come to expect of the movies themselves. Between doltish evocations of nostalgia and the scholarly mumble, there ought to be some civilized middle ground where we can all meet, and one might reasonably expect to find it in criticism, which is, after all, written by men and women who have consciously set themselves up as arbiters of taste and standards.

In his new collection, *Movies Into Film*,* John Simon, for instance, asserts that "the ideal critique is itself a work of art as well as an explication of and meditation on the work of art it examines," and with that phrase occurring in the first paragraph of his introduction, one reads on at first hopefully, but then, alas, with a growing sense of disappointment. It is not that Simon's taste

or standards are faulty. On the contrary, he seems to me, despite his reputation as the Fastest Gun in the West, an excellent superficial guide to the good and what is bad on the contemporary movie scene. If his opposition to Godard's work seems a trifle hypocritical, it should be recalled that his critical supporters are similarly unreasonable, the most difficult undertaking in movie criticism today is a truly judicious consideration of a director's work. For the rest, his comments seem to me to stand up well, even when he is considering work for which temperamentally he has little feeling. For example, his praise of such films as *Bulldog* and *Downhill Racer*, his distrust of the stable talents of Barbra Streisand, is much nearer the mark than his disparagement of these stars, and her idolatry of this star. Still, his extended analyses of Bergman's recent output is not only intelligible, but an explication of Bergman's enigmas far sounder intellectually than Kael's occasionally interesting but sophomoric attempts to get around the formidable obstacle Bergman presents her when the populist spirit is unbridled. As a result of the consistency with which he applies a narrow and superficial understanding of aesthetic, I would, as a consumer of movies looking for a new slant, turn to *The New Leader* rather than to *The New Yorker* as my first sheet of choice.

But there must be a reason why, in the face of an irritable fascination, I turn regularly to Miss Kael and only occasionally to Simon. That reason is, of course, style. The fact is that, very simply, Kael is a more interesting writer than I am, not to say slightly crazy, literate, and to observe her trying to make her liking for movies that violate the customary critical canons, the likes of those that achieve for

**Letters of Dalton Trumbo, 1942-1962*. M. Evans & Co., \$12.50.

*Dial Press, \$8.95.

Richard Schickel is film critic for a founder of the National Society of Critics. One of the books on movies he has written is *The Disney Version*.



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PERFORMING ARTS
tinction but leave her cold emotion is to watch one of the great hits in the business. The child spills, the aggressive daring of tricks, the quirkiness of her judgment the willingness with which she personal exposure, the delight self seems to take in her performance never less than fun and is often inspiring. She lives, eats, breathes movies, her involvement with one of her vital signs, and she tampers with that involvement with her very being.

I don't know if that's good (or anyone), psychologically speaking but so passionate an involvement with work is a sure sign of the dedicated artist or, to go directly to the point Simon raises, of the critic capable of turning her work into art.

In contrast to Miss Kael, his writing is dull indeed, lacking a brightening metaphor, the apt simile. His strategy, more often than not, is an extensive plot outline, paragraph or two on the direction, a few lines on the acting and possibly photography, and a conclusion that summarizes his views of the work in question. His only notable literary vice is the cheerless pun, inserted occasionally as a form of interior decoration, and whatever color or excitement there is in his work derives from his impatience with the shoddy, his war with the pretentious. For the most part, however, his reviews, as a group, are a difficult lump to swallow, with pleasures we may derive from the spectacle of watching him defend his and rigid standards against the new assault our times mount against them.

Why should this be so, and in particular, should it be true of one as obviously intelligent as Mr. Sainte-Beuve said the whole of criticism lay in "just characterizing" and if that is not the final word on a subject it is certainly the necessary word. Which means it is impossible to justly characterize movies if you fine your vocabulary, as Mr. Kael does, to the language—I almost call it clichés—of formal criticism. It is for him in the case of Ingmar Bergman because Bergman alone of the world's directors has found a consistently function as an auto artist. He has a small studio that effect, his to completely command what he wants to. He has a small, loyal group of actors utterly responsive to him and his artistic preoccupations that he can realize them with

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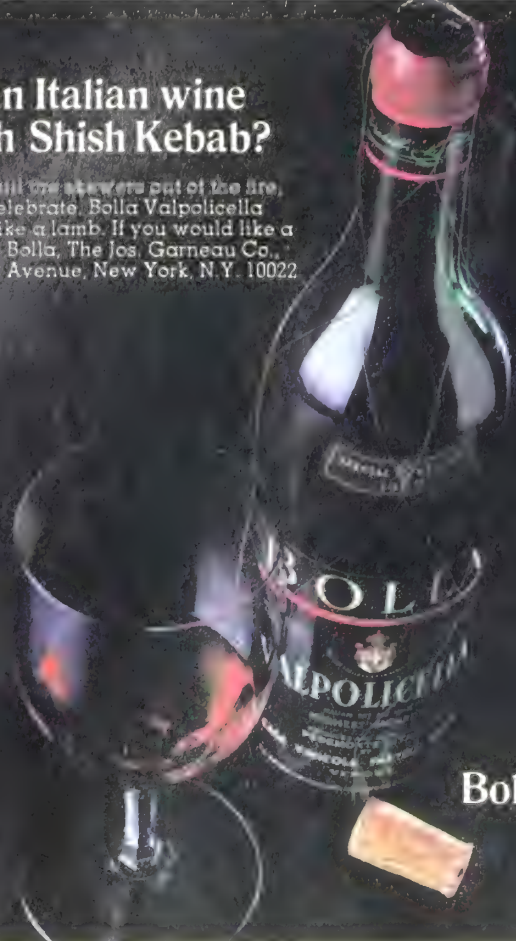
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PERFORMING ARTS

limited means—a handful of play-
that bleak island where he has set
past four films. One may, therefo
front him as one confronts a n
albeit a quite prolific one, since
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THUS A BEGINNING TO THE
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Charles Dickens.

sure, movies have shown—in
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adduce just one example of
ean. Mr. Simon chastises four
erent movies—*Pretty Poison*,
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iling to achieve the dignity of
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me that only the last two have
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political moral? Similarly
ison and *We Still Kill the Old*
th have such strong elements
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o chide them for their lack of
rtues. Finally, there is *Patton*,
one of the films that contains
of potentially tragic stature.
orically speaking, the general
easure up—too much of a nut,
d if anything, the darling of
gods and scarcely their play-
their victim.

in fairness to Mr. Simon it
e noted that to one degree or

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PERFORMING ARTS

another he rather liked these as did I. And, indeed, some of icisms are well-taken. *Patton*, for vigor, and for all the richness of C. Scott's portrayal of the title, finally, too broad a cartoon to I with entire seriousness. There is last analysis, something a little minded about Z, a cuteness al other two movies that mars the a reasonable man would have to their failures are failures of det in designs that are entirely app to the art of film and that no man need refer to the art of tra gain a critical purchase on the deed, it seems to me that, thro Mr. Simon's manful efforts to st ies into the traditional categori his efforts at "just characteriza

But not all the time. There a obviously worthy films that can adequately discussed in the sense. And certainly I do not h the opposite orthodoxy, which such films are merely "litera not, therefore, true to their medium. Next to the novel, fil to me the most generously com of all forms and, intelligently capable of pleasing us at al imaginable level. (I bring this to rest Mr. Simon's assertion, a piece of my juvenilia, that movies should only aspire to taining, a term that no longer meaning for anyone.)

I should add that as many m as the result of overreaching th as for lack of aspiration and, i revert to the discussion of tra a moment, I should say that our times do not very easi up their secrets to the trag "Tragedy" is a word that con readily to *Daily News* rew seeking quickly to dignify crimes, than it does to the serio

The point is that melodram accurately reflects our time so any other dramatic mode, the sense that we are lucky if we modern life, any sort of resoluti matic or otherwise, and that m than not periods are set to s thought and action by accide than by reason or by art. Thus to me the nervous, improbable sations by which the meloe generally brings his tales to an seem more satisfying than the sions reached by more earnest thoughtful artists. This seems pecially true of the movie melists, for since the end of Worl

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Then there was the time Bob threw his back out. The medicines really gave him relief from the pain. The flu missed us . . . and I guess we should give the vaccine credit. And our doctor did come up with something that stopped those miserable headaches of mine. They were a nightmare while they lasted.

I had almost forgotten about the scare we had with Jimmy's ears. The doctor said it was a serious infection . . . something that could have deafened him for life. The antibiotic he prescribed cleared it up in a few days.

I've read somewhere that the average American spends about eighteen dollars a year at the pharmacy for prescriptions. Of course, our medicine bill for last year was higher than that . . . but, when I consider the values received, I've got to feel it was worth the money. We spent a lot more just patching up the old car and never thought twice about it.

Another point of view . . .

Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.



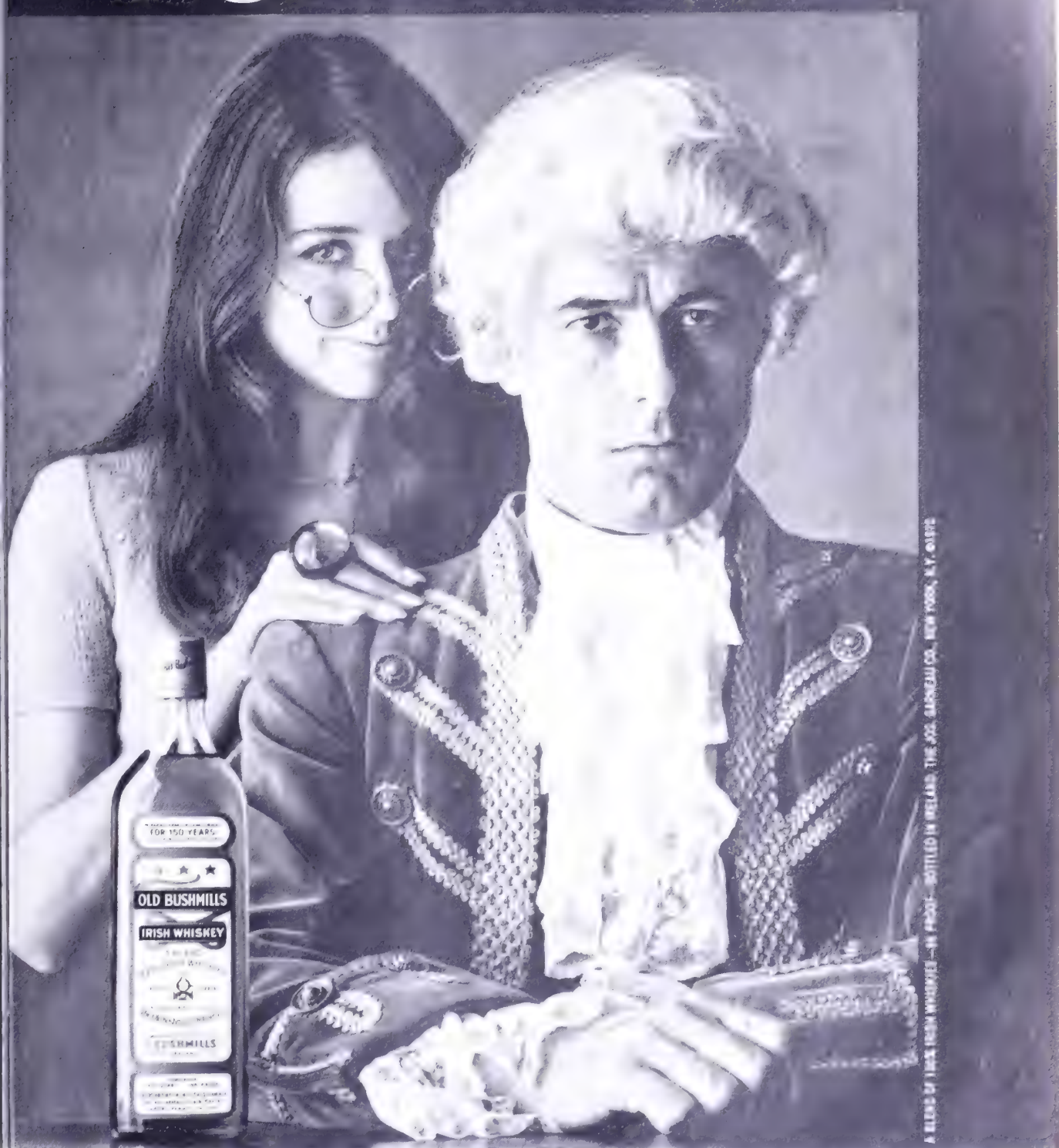
PERFORMING ARTS

there has been a great advance in the ability of moviemakers to render real reality more accurately and suggest, with jump-cuts and zooms and the rest of the new arsenal of technical devices, the manner in which we perceive reality. To a critic like Manny Farber, committed as he is to the pleasures of the more conventionalized dramatic narrative, the more abstract visual design of the older American film, this seems a step in the wrong direction—and he is, as we shall see, a very amusing and persuasive one on that score. But it seems to me that what has happened has been an increase, to the detriment of the nearly exquisite, in the irony of movies, which is that the more they look and seem so "real," the more they are, in fact, nearly as surreal as the daily newspaper or my own—or your own—life. The wackiness of movies, which is so deliciously amusing, ain't funny no more. And neither is life. Why doesn't that make it a tragedy or a necessity for tragedy in film? The answer simply retreats farther and farther into the realm where Mr. Simon, with his other totally rational mind, can't reach it. Which is why Miss Kael, at the other point of the critical triangle, and Andrew Sarris, seem so much more interesting, so much more relevant, than Mr. Simon.

In any event, little as Simon likes the majority of the films that pass muster with him, Sarris, Miss Kael, and the other leagues drive him into a veritable state of pigeonholing. In his introduction to the book, he is busy stuffing his fellow toilers into their neatly labeled boxes, and he does so with a passion that transforms the chronic dyspepsia with which he views the passing movie scene into a full-blown ailment. He asserts, film critics and reviewers, and in the former group he places himself and three people who are to be his friends. Among the latter he places, not unnaturally, a number of his own. I have raised his ire. I think it is sufficiently clear that the transformation of movies into film is neither so simple nor so advanced as Mr. Simon thinks it is. He has over half the stuff he reviews in his own definition of movies) nor such a high regard for it as he believes it to be, which is why my sympathies lie with the other two terms movie reviewers.

And that sympathy is quite understandable. For it seems to me that all the other "movie reviewers" he lists as "movie reviewers" are on the basis of the seriousness and the lengths with which they engage the subject, entitled to his classier term. Miss Kael, Andrew Sarris, Penelope Spheeris, Manny Farber, Parker Tyler.

Bushmills. The whiskey that spans the generations gap.



A BLEND OF THREE IRISH WHISKIES — IN PROOF — BOTTLED IN IRELAND — THE J.G. SAMPSON CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. ©1992

15 years, a whiskey from Bushmills has been with us. Beguiling us in a smooth, polished and lighthearted fashion.

15 generations have refined it. The verdict: Near perfection. Bushmills. Full of flavor. But not heavy-handed about it. Flavorful. But not overpowering. Bushmills. It reflects the past with a lively flavor that is all today. Compare it to

your present whiskey. You needn't purchase a bottle. One sip at your favorite pub will tell you why Bushmills has intrigued so many generations. It is, simply, out of sight.

BUSHMILLS

IMPORTED FROM THE WORLD'S OLDEST DISTILLERY.

Sontag, however much one disagrees with them at times, are surely "film critics" if anyone is. He segregates them for their "demotic or idiosyncratic" definition of art, but only the first named could be called "demotic" in her views and then only some of the time and, as I hope I've made clear, film is an idiosyncratic art if ever there was one.

But let's take a simpler distinction between the critic and the reviewer. Walter Kerr once remarked that the former writes for those who already know the work in question, the latter for those who have not yet been exposed to it. Implicit in that definition is the idea that critics have more space, more time to fill it, and, conceivably, more thoughts to fill it out. By that standard, only the first three named, with their weekly deadlines, would be barred from the honorific Simon withholds. But all are energetic souls, and intelligent ones, and all appear to have virtually unlimited space at their disposal. They are as truly essayists as Mr. Simon is. More truly so, for Mr. Simon's weekly columns, here cut apart so he can form chapters on related topics ("Sex," "Politics and Society," etc.—categorizing again) are really no more than little anthologies of brief notices, in most cases running only a few paragraphs in length. I said at the outset that he was not a bad consumer guide at the thumbs-up, thumbs-down level. But what he's doing, whether he admits it or not, is . . . reviewing. And while it may not be an exalted calling, it is not entirely dishonorable. The only dishonor is in pretending to be something you're not.

A true critic, by Mr. Simon's standards, is William Pechter, who has also been known to bemoan the low state of movie reviewing just as if there once had been a golden age to which we could all look back nostalgically. He, too, writes long pieces with exemplary seriousness and to occasional good effect. In his collection, *Twenty-four Frames a Second*, he is willing, even eager, to concede the status of artist to men like John Ford, to attempt a balanced view of Godard (after having rather gone off the deep end about *Breathless*), to demonstrate why *The Wild Bunch* is both a more arresting and a more honest study of violence than *Bonnie and Clyde*, to make intelligent distinctions between early and late Fellini. And yet the whole performance is dispiriting, and again I think it's a matter of style. Mr. Pechter has an aca-

demical sort of mind, and there is in his work a self-conscious, nattering tone that is finally maddening. He has been too much at his books, and so constructs elaborate, boring defenses whenever he is revising or attacking received opinion. And sometimes he writes a great many words about nothing at all. For example, he gets to worrying that problem which is nearly as old as comedy itself, namely, the death of comedy. The occasion is a wretched film by the wretched Philippe de Broca, and we are pleased to discover, after a few thousand words of wrangling-with himself, that it is through seeing *The Five-Day Lover* that Mr. Pechter has discovered the reason why such enterprises as Joseph Heller's *Catch-22*, Bernard Malamud's *A New Life*, and the movie *One, Two, Three* also failed. We are entitled, after all his trouble—and ours—to a sizable payoff, but this is what we get: "... comedy, whatever its impulse toward anarchy, requires a certain stable and cohesive social structure to sustain its existence." It must be really awful to subject yourself to the tortures of such lengthy ratiocination in order to come up with a truism of that kind. Or to emerge from a bout with Buñuel bearing the information that his struggle is not with art but with the world, and that his pessimism, "far from being depressing, is elating."

Mr. Pechter, of course, calls Mr. Simon "a philistine," passion leading him into a grossly inaccurate term, but in writing like Pechter's we begin to sense the price we pay for the conversion of "movies into film," which is a deadening of the language in which we discuss movies, a deadening that betokens the end of a genuinely human response to the medium and its passage into those realms where even an artist as approachable and alive as John Ford begins to recede from us. Mr. Pechter simply cannot believe that an artist he so warmly admires can be so unself-conscious. So he undertakes to rescue him by bringing up to the level of conscious choice certain themes and preoccupations in Ford's output that the artist was undoubtedly unaware of and to find them present in some works where they are apparent only to the critic's willful eye. Now obviously it's part of the critic's job to point out congruities in a body of work. But it falsifies that work, and our perception of its creator, to insist that they are the product of conscious design. Indeed, in the case of a natural like Ford, as with many other moviemakers, it is precisely when he be-

comes self-conscious that he, though you would not guess that Pechter, who is here not so much practicing criticism as conferring an arbitrary degree.

In any event, if the body of film-like criticism continues to grow, the next generation will have to be taught to "appreciate" the likes of John Ford in a ludicrous situation. Finishing I want to cry, with Eugene O'Neill's character, "What did you do with the booze, Hickey, there's no life

THERE'S LIFE APLENTY in Manny Farber, and he who should have been among the first is among the last to have his essays on film collected. *Active Space** is the title and "democratic" doesn't begin to describe his "stance" (to borrow a word from Pechter) is that of the dismayed observer. Once, one is to understand, the things called movies and in the distractions known, for the sake of convenience, as actors moved through at great speed in constantly repeating patterns greatly pleasing to the eye of the painter Mr. Farber also had, in those days, not a moral except art for art's sake—in his mind and the movies had not even a mind. Primitives, innocents, of what you will, the Hollywood created these wondrous, quite different patterns as they ground out their figures under the inhuman pressure of the factories known as studios giggling maniacally in the daydreams (Manny Farber was one to analyze their dream work. It was bad after the war, and judging the collection, he hasn't really liked anything from America since Ford went pretentious and Orson Welles and Raoul Walsh and the old gang were supplanted by Hermann Mankiewicz, Wyler, Huston, and the old new breed in Hollywood. Bergman and the *nouvelle vague* over and captured the sensibility of the liberal Eastern intelligentsia in a set critical fashion. In short, Farber has been long in the wilderness and it has led, I must say, to some passions—for pretty good Douglas Sirk for perfectly terrible Samuel Fuller half expects a song in praise of Elia Kazan or Edgar G. Ullmer not yet . . . and yet Mr. Farber and Mr. Simon and Pechter will never find a language appropriate to his idiosyncrasy, idiomatic, yet capable of

*Praeger, \$7.95.

The mild sensation: it was a philosophy before it was a Scotch.

times ago, one of the world's
men learned that things, as
as life, needed a sense of
portion. Else they soon paled.
and the idea took hold. Except,
emed, in Scotch.
o Scotch appeared to have that
e of proportion so necessary
e to wear well, year after year.
we set out to find Scotch's

golden mean. To create the one
Scotch that could lay claim to that
ultimate blend of aged mellowness
and youthful lightness.

In short, the mild sensation.

We found it by blending 45 of
Scotland's lightest whiskies.

But with one difference.

We mellowed each at least
eight years.

Obviously, this costs us
a little more. Which seems
to be worth the price, since
when we're finished we have
something a little more than
just another light Scotch.

We have Scotch at its
lightest. And its most modest.

Modesty prevents us from
claiming it's the best.



Ambassador
Scotch at its lightest.

ing detail with superb precision. He writes about movies as most of us think and sometimes actually manage to speak about them, but can rarely, the weight of written culture being what it is, get down on paper. He can speak of Orson Welles's "cruddy middle-peak period" and his effort, career-long, to make space "prismatic and a quagmire at the same time" and at least start to limn the outlines of an enigma for us. Or he can give us a hook on which to hang and inspect all our half-developed thoughts about how movies have changed over the past twenty years by writing: "Since the days when Lauren Bacall could sweep into a totally new locale and lay claim to a shamus's sleazy office, a world in which so much can be physically analyzed and criticized through the new complex stare technique has practically shrunk to nothing in terms of the territory in which the actor can physically prove and/or be himself." Or, even better, these two key passages from his seminal 1952 essay, "The Gimp": what, he asks, are movies nowadays, and he answers:

Well, icebergs of a sort, one-tenth image, action, plot, nine-tenths submerged popular "insights" à la Freud

or Jung, Marx or Lerner, Sartre or Saroyan, Frost, Dewey, Auden, Mann, or whomever else the producer's been reading; or they are Dali paintings, surrealist fun-houses with endless doors leading the spectator to inward "awareness" and self-consciousness, and far away from a simple ninety-cent seat in a simple mansion of leisure-time art and entertainment, or they are expressionistic shotguns peppering the brain of that deplored "escapist" with millions of equally important yet completely unrelated pellets of message—messages about the human personality and its relations to politics, anthropology, furniture, success, Mom, etc., etc. The trick consists in taking things that don't belong together, charging them up with hidden meanings, and then uniting them in an uneasy juxtaposition that is bound to shock the spectator into a lubricated state of mind where he is forced to think seriously about the phony implications of what he is seeing.

A little later, he adds this despairing note:

Any attempt to resurrect the old flowing naturalistic film that unfolds logically and takes place in "reasonable" space seems doomed to look as old-fashioned as the hoop skirt. For better

or worse, we seem stuck with a surdly controlled, highly mannered overambitious creation that feels everything in modern art and lowers it so that what you see is actually on the screen but is in your own mind, partly on screen, and partly behind it.

He was more prescient than he knew. Simon and Pechter were moving up behind him and now Farber is in only little magazines. And I'm in a bigger one, for I must confess being a product of my time, and be a little bit afraid to write of Bergman of *Shame* that, "There's much lust for naturalism that's zling how he keeps being seduced by a soupy, pretentious symbolism of characters become anonymous in a charred landscape and sink into the pathos of a Käthe Kollwitz 'despair' drawing." I mean, how one speak so casually of an artist whom we have all invested so much. And yet, how true the insight was: the triumph of Bergman's next film, *Passion of Anna*, so obviously comes from the fact that he has finally waded up out of the soup. And how nearer the mark Farber is than we are with his endless exegesis of the film, or Pechter, with his conclusion not going to see Bergman film since the hair started to grow on his chest.

One would have to say that his vision is a narrow one, that he is willing to concede enough to the new films. But the fact remains that he is the least sentimental of critics—he states the previously untold truth as James Agee on this point—that he sees them as he sees them, without regard to current community standards or cultural tradition, literary or anything else that will impede his perception of his perceptions. He is the complete movie critic, for to me I attempt to practice that trade, and it seems possible for anyone to do so: he has an uncanny ability to see a film (and to get a sense of an actor's performance, a director's gift for just "self-characterization"). Reading him is like taking a course in shock therapy—pain and pleasure are twined, and a new awareness comes out of the world, and of ourselves, as a result. He's a freaky, funky, funny guy—one who has courageously re-entombed his passion in a sarcophagus of linguistic and cultural pretense, and are the richer for his willingness to make his "idiosyncrasies" public.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE MAY 1969

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Whatever became of what's-his-face?

pressive doors yawn wide. A man still in his twenties, and enthusiastic, resumé in hand walks in. The doors close, and he is allowed within the corporate world. He becomes quietly anonymous.

ly the scene by the thousands of men. Engrave a company, departmental, or educational or professional name on the doors. The principal players as male, white, black or white, young or old; it doesn't seem to matter very much.

He is in a very short time they are in to look and act anonymous anyway.

Our young man was out to see the world when he was hired, but it was before he knew he had to see the organization first.

The organization is rigid with policies and staffed with managers who know how to say no. If not yes, he is likely to seek a more invigorating climate. Worse may be just give up, keep his head down and mouth shut, and spend twenty years of payments on a retirement cottage.

He doesn't have to be that way.

Every organization undergoes a process of hardening of the arteries? No, we say.

Preventive medicine starts with something as basic as respect for the worth of the individual, practiced as well as preached.

When Harvey's promotion opens up a slot, we don't look for a replica of Harvey to plug in.



(Because who, in all the world, is exactly like Harvey?)

Corporate life can be beautiful.

We start by defining the job objectives. Then we give the job, along with plenty of latitude in achieving those objectives, to the individual whose skills, experience, character, and *attitude* most impress us.

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NORMAN THE PRISONER OF SEX MAILER

I THE PRIZEWINNER

NEAR THE END of the Year-of-the-Poly-morphous-Perverse (which is to say in the fall of '69) there were rumors he would win the Nobel. Then a perfect flurry. An inquiry from the New York office of UPI. Would he cooperate to the extent of keeping them right up on his whereabouts for the next full "find out why," he said. His secretary had not been for him long, and they were still unattuned to each other. "Yes, I'll tell him," she murmured into the phone and looked up with eyes so rich in admiration she had been confronting the Honorable Ex-Supreme Justice Arthur J. Goldberg. "The word from Stockholm is you're going to get the Nobel Prize." "Impossible," he said. After twenty-one years of public life and the equivalent of a Geiger counter in his brain to measure the radiation of advancements and awards in the literary salients, wedges, and vectors of that aesthetic battlefield, "I can't talk to him," she said. "I'll talk to those hard scraped wire-service voices with a Scotchman's accent at the other end. "We've reason to believe it's going to be announced in the next few hours, and we would like to be able to reach you then." "If it could, he countered, call his secretary at the number

just used, for she would be in touch with him. And hung up feeling nothing at all remarkable.

"Aren't you excited?" she asked.

"No."

"You amaze me."

"I'm not going to get it, for one thing. There's been some mistake. For another . . ."

The truth was that he was not absolutely certain. Half a year ago, on that spring day he had been awarded the Pulitzer Prize, advance notice had come via a *New York Times* man. It was therefore possible the news was accurate again. Even so, he would not want the Nobel. Not this year. It was a season of large and little deaths for ten thousand seedlings of the psyche. His wife and he had parted this summer—his fourth wife!—split after near to seven years. A considerable part of him had been used up and used up again in relocating his soul. Yet after a marriage had gone to the guillotine, the deaths in oneself were small compared to the loss one sensed of all those delightful potentialities in the children which depended on the taking together of the daily bread. Sorrow lay its protection over him like a shawl on the bones of an arthritic. What monstrous timing it would be to win a prize now and smile one's mouth out over a reception of congratulations. But then if his life presented any pattern, it was of just such monstrous and maladroitness. By that logic, he would be certain to add FNPW to his name this afternoon. Not Vladimir Nabokov, Famous Nobel Prize Winner; not Robert Lowell, FNPW; not Saul Bellow nor Malamud nor Günter Grass nor Yukio Mishima nor Jean Genet. Not—he knew three or four

Mailer's book Of a Fire on the Moon, about the Apollo 11 flight, was published in January by Little, Brown and Co.

g at children and be as a result thus mind-empty at
solitaire pleased him, knew he could immerse him-
ne unintriguing subtleties of the thousand acts of
d timing which made the difference between efficient
trophic keeping of house—could do all this for year
r and never write another word, be content, honor-
gued, empty of doubt about his worth, free of dread,
deposited to his moral foundations, but in no un-
that the most interesting part of his mind and heart
emned to dry on the vine. Yes, he could be a house-
six weeks, even for six years if it came to it, even
hout help if it came to it, but he did not question
ould have to give up forever. So he could not know
ne would have found it endurable to be born a woman
ould have driven him out onto the drear avenues of

question therefore was not so much answered as hon-
his summer experiment: his ego, at least, was rested.
pner had not contemplated his ego in weeks. He did
to when his dungarees were dank with the water of
he knew at last what a woman meant when she said
smelled of grease. In fact, he now possessed an opera-
tion of remarkable banalities. "The children almost
e mad," was rich in context to him, and he could
ave done without the lament of the truly wasted. "I
ve a thought to myself all day." They were clichés.
re also paving blocks at the cross-roads of existence.
ld deny after an experience like his own that all the
ions might just as well originate here.

2

WHILE THE PRIZEWINNER WAS PASSING
through this particular summer, the
particular part of his ghost-phallus
which remained in New York was
very much in the residence that he
one been indulged, but was at-
tently being chewed half to death by a
squadron of enraged Amazons, an hon-
of revolutionary (if we could only see them) vaginas.
report arrived in a call from *Time*. Since it was his
or clichés, he could allow himself to think that of the
time on its spiral had wrought, none was so remark-
e present state of his cordial relations with the Editor.
d been a period in his life when *Time* solemnly took
in the backyard every few weeks to give him a going-
return he had never been able to strike back with
n a little rhetoric on *Time*'s iniquity until the mighty
when he captured the mistress of a Potentate of
at lady, in the final phase of an extended liaison,
t certainly been on the lookout for the particular
ow who would most outrage her Boss. The Prisoner,
sh out of Bellevue, gave money's worth. If, in a story
ce written called "The Time of Her Time," the pro-
nad been fond of referring to his sexual instrument
venger, now the Prizewinner whammed nothing less
taliator in and out of Vengeance Mews (thereby col-
good share of the poisons the Potentate had cer-
t behind) and was so intent on retribution it took
ths to recognize that the dear pudding of a lady in
was inserting his fast-rusting barb was a remarkable
st as interesting, complex, Machiavellian, and spir-

itual as himself. The experience marked him profoundly (to a
marriage and one of his children indeed!). He was never
again so good a revolutionary—in fact, he ended as a Left
Conservative.

Well, that was years ago, more than seven. He was another
vessel now. Ditto America, twice transmogrified since Eisen-
hower days. Relations between himself and the Editor of
Time—not to be confused with the Potentate who was long
since gone—had become cordial yet wary, like logrollers from
separate villages who bob and smile at one another when
occupying the same log. On this day the Editor had an offer.
He wished to send one of his best reporters up to Maine to do
a cover story on the author's reactions to the most prominent
phenomenon of the summer season: the extraordinary surge
of interest in Women's Liberation.

The air became naturally electric. It was not that either of
them had simple lusts. The Editor, a sophisticated cigar if men
were ever to smoke, was the first to agree equably that a cover
story *could* be the kiss of death. And the Author, while cour-
teous to the point of insisting that such a story in *Time* was
bad only for the innocent and for the ambitious (when it ap-
peared out of phase to the movements of their career) now
was forced to confess that with all due respect he did not wish
his face on a cover. This cost him half a true penny, for he
had a film, *Maidstone*, which would soon be released—just so
soon as he found a distributor who (1) liked it, (2) would
pay for it, and (3) would not cheat him blind, and since the
three items were to anyone who knew the film business tri-
angularly exclusive (since a distributor who liked a film
could not dream of paying for it—wasn't it enough he liked
it?—and a distributor ready to give you money had calculated
already how he could steal it back) there were inclinations
he could detect in the sliding of his gut to have the cover story
and use it in part to talk of his film (which he loved and
thought superior to nearly every movie he saw). But the
image of his children, those five separate beauties, all cap-
tured into cavorting for *Time*'s still camera did not make him
happy. One hardly knew what it might do to them. Besides,
he was wifeless and his mistress was in the kitchen. She was
too proper to be photographed, too proud to be passed over.

The objections half-stated, indicated, or merely hinted, the
Editor came to the nut of the mission. There was no intention
to make a study of the Author at home, of his family, of his
private life, no, the desire was to get his opinions on Women's
Lib—he was, as he knew all too well, perhaps the primary
target of their attacks.

No, said the Author, he had not realized.

"Well, you may as well face it. They seem to think you're
their major ideological opposition."

Now he was tempted. To be the center of any situation was,
he sometimes thought, the real marrow of his bone—better to
expire as a devil in the fire than an angel in the wings. His
genius was to mobilize on the instant. Eight bright and razor-
edged remarks leaped to his tongue at the thought of what he
could say about the ladies of the Liberation, and yet the tired
literary gentleman in himself curbed the studhorse of this
quick impulse. Only a fool would throw serious remarks into
the hopper at *Time*. The subject was too large for quick utter-
ances: the need of the magazine reader for a remark he could
repeat at the evening table was served best by writers with
names like Gore Vidal: besides, it was improvident. He would
be giving up substance—which is to say not making money—
doing it for nothing but the possible promotion of his film,
yet he knew the High Media well enough to recognize that

on the moment he agreed to a cover story a process had been initiated which would eventually deposit him in a box of condensed quotations on the middle of the page of a longer story about someone else. To bite and win a cover would certainly be corrosive to any iron in the spine of his long-soaked integrity, but to bite and lose!—the dialogue ended as politely as it began.

The prisoner of wedlock did not brood over the conversation. For once he seemed to have made the correct decision. There was a tissue of communion between the children and himself, all too easily poked through, so it was nice that the largest woe of the weeks in Maine was the speed with which they passed. Only once in a while did he have time to remember that there was a crowd in the jail of New York with blacks and Puerto Ricans overcrowded in their cells, and ghettos simmering on the American stove, a world of junkies, hippies, freaks, and freaks who made open love at love-ins, be-ins, concerts, happenings, and on the stage of tiny theaters with invited guests, plus a world of subway-goers, grim as flint and cobblestone, funky as swamps in the long armpit of dim-lit transit cars. And there were the legions of Women's Liberation. He had a vision of thin college ladies with eyeglasses, no-nonsense features, mouths thin as bologna slicers, a babe in one arm, a hatchet in the other, gray eyes bright with bale-fire. It was hard to think of himself as one of their leading enemies. Four times beaten at wedlock, his respect for the power of women was so large that the way they would tear through him (in his mind's eye) would be reminiscent of old newsreels of German tanks crunching through straw huts on their way across a border. He was a devout believer in the theory (which he had developed himself—*there* were his most honored beliefs!) that a chart of the social world equal in complexity to a great novel existed in better or less detail in everyone's unconscious, and therefore everyone was forever bringing his own chart up to date. Obviously there was now work to do on one's own. By the logic of survival, the Editor of *Time* had to be a man whose nose for oncoming trends was so acute that they could feed computers off his judgment. So the wave of Women's Lib, whether on the scene for a summer, a year, an era, or the duration of a great turn of the wheel of history, was then very much a phenomenon to rough in quickly on his unconscious chart of the world's existing fields of force even if he had not received a clue this summer in the blue fjord of noble Somes Sound.

There had of course been intimations for the past year or more, but he had chosen to ignore them. Sitting at lunch one day in the Algonquin with the wise, responsible, and never unattractive manifestation of women's rights embodied in the political reporter of *New York* magazine, sitting at lunch when Gloria Steinem first asked him to run for mayor (and so slipped the terminal worm of political ambition into his plate) he should have had a clue, for in response to his protestations third time around that he would certainly not run, she had smiled and said, "Well, at least I won't have to explain you to my friends at Women's Lib."

"What could they have against me?"

"You might try reading your books some day."

In an interview he had once said, "Women, at their worst, are low sloppy beasts." He made reference to this now, and added, "I thought the next question would be, 'What are women at their best?' but the question never came." Enormously fond of his stratagems, he gave a Presidential smile to Gloria Steinem and added, "I would have replied that women at their best are goddesses."

"That's exactly what's wrong with your attitude."

"Exactly what's right," he answered with a mouth full of food and oncoming polemical gusto.

But the topic was obviously too large for lunch, besides, Miss Steinem wished him to consider the campaign. So he did not have a chance to expatiate on the delicacies of his thought, and how every theme he had considered was ready to pass with profit through the gaps of women, their character, their destiny, their life as their tyranny, their slavery, their liberation, their subordination to the wheel of nature, their root in eternity—no (metaphysician, no Doctor of Dialectics could have been prier at the thought of traveling far on the Woman Question. He was forever pleased with himself at how cleverly he had buried this as yet undisclosed vision of women in his fiction. (His fictional concerns after all were invariably with his own kind. No, he would yet disclose his views. But in the interim, his favorite indulgence to issue irritating remarks—"You are low sloppy beasts,"—or better! they would yet bite him for this—"The fact of the matter is that the prime responsibility of a woman probably is to be on earth long enough to find the best mate possible for herself, and conceive children who will improve the species." Yes, that calculated to set people on their interest. (He was also a firm believer in the untested hypothesis that a reader could not feel true pleasure unless the hook had been seated and one begged for it to be released. Obviously the PW had never worked out the first corollary of the premise, which is that many readers might as well go near his books, merely listen to reports on them.)

Running for mayor, he ran into the redoubtable Bella Abzug in a small meeting of ladies in a small upstairs suite in an old building in lower Manhattan. The question could it have been Women Strike for Peace?—was covered in good part of solemn, sensible, efficient, maternal, dispassionate, aged, and not unsympathetic women, ladies who listened carefully and argued passionately with him. And at the end was Abzug, an embodiment so well named that the candidate could tip his hat to the great novelist in the Lord!—Bella, a future Congresswoman with bosoms which spoke of milk, carnal abundance, and the firepower of hard-boiled gunboats.

"Listen," said Bella, "you came here to get our support but we're here to look you over. We don't throw our support away for nothing. We hate phonies and we find you don't size up." She gave him the flat look of a furniture store employee unimpressed with the antique value of the heavy antique which would soon be humping on his back. "Your record on the war in Vietnam is okay, nothing spectacular, but your views on women do not impress us. In fact, your views stink. We think your views on women are full of shit." She had a voice which could have boiled the fat off a driver's neck. It was as full of the vibrations of power machines which rout out the grooves in wood. And the candidate listened to her intently, a few twitching in the reflex of upbringing four decades old, shuddering involuntarily at the palpable smack of the last phrase on its way into the candidate's face. Others nodded somberly at the sound of the word, as if to say they as women, intimates of the disreputable, the mighty and the low, had more of a right to the word than the men. And the candidate, squeezed by schedules, with brain fatigue and his own amateurism, mired in the middle of an endless set of days with nothing but public relations, candidate's warmth and the repetition of the same words leaped into happy rejoinder at this broil. "Listen, Bella,

red, his voice large for the first time in weeks, "don't n a dilettante on Vietnam. I was telling them to hang photo upside-down when all of you were still singing Lyndon." Shameless. He was quoting himself from *ies of the Night*. But that was the trouble with politics. lered every pride.

ere do you get away with this?" asked Abzug. rthermore,"—it was the first time he had ever used so d a banquet word, but he saw its political function now, rmore was full of narrative promise, and so helped you l a yaw in the floor—"Feu de mort, I can tell you that less of my views on women, as *you* think you know women in any administration I could run would have voice, more respect, more real opportunity for real ent than any of the other candidates would offer you. is our campaign promise of Power to the Neighbor- but an offering to Women's Liberation? Do you think in Badillo" (a reference to his nearest ideological op-) "respects you more because he'll come in and kiss collective ass? You know perfectly well I'm the only ho's ready to talk straight to the people of New York less of their political ideas or mine and confess my es, and save this city by the only way it can be saved— ing the power back to the people who live in this city. of the other candidates is ready to tell you ladies that?" as the best short speech he had gotten off in days. His st deficiency in politics was that he could not usually mself. Yes, a good speech, that he could tell by the ng of Bella Abzug's regard, and indeed there was noth- promising, so warm, so indicative of a hearty future itics as the melting of a battle-ax. He was enormously f Bella at this instant. For it was her stentorian force. llying wall-slammng style of address which had awak- im, given him strength for the moment. So it was the f the meeting he remembered, rather than the more l and intelligent colloquy which followed on the merits women's march to Washington. And he ignored en- the reference to his views on women which in fact did me up again except for his tacit recognition that the sion had been concerted and intelligent, nay more to int than some of the oratorical gymkhana at his own eetings.

ing intimations—that was all. Months later, perhaps a ear later, a book arrived, one of the half-dozen that (He was forever receiving books or bound sets of gal- ith the cool or fervent hopes of the editor enclosed— mes he thought it would be easier for young authors to a fortune by playing the numbers than waiting for an shed author to bless a book which came unsolicited in il.)

s book, however, had a letter attached which informed at *Thinking About Women*, by Mary Ellmann, had more ces to his own name in the index than any other writer l he comment? Pleased at this evidence that the wave ice again on the way, and he was the name of that wave, covered instead that the references were pinpricks, pinpricks, caustic pinpricks, aloof—one hardly felt int—and disdainful pinpricks, on occasion pricks which onceivably unfair. Forty such pricks. He did not read ill—after ten, he gave up the thought of finding mercy . Ellmann's club. The book was dismissed. Nonetheless, ing *About Women* intrigued him now and again, for it ell written, even if its analysis of his work was reminis- f the calisthenics an FBI agent might assign a Weath-

erman. "Keep those push-ups coming" was not unequal to "...always thrashing quality. At his best, he has a desperate bravado, a last-standness which becomes a way of extracting some vitality, like clotting blood, from defunct opinions. . . . It will not be admitted, by Mailer, that even the bowels move without personal meaning, the sewers reek with messages. . . . One is reminded of the fundamental grimness with which Norman Mailer thinks of every pickle or ice-cream cone as an index of intestinal morality,"—yes, that was fair, for it suggested a colloquy between the liver's passions and the justified claims of the spleen, the spirituality of the lungs in conflict with the wage demands of the muscles, all subjected at last to the logic of intestinal morality where the funerals were planned, yes, sharp criticism always kissed your thought up another notch. His strength was to love the job a good critic could do on him—in this regard, he was equal to one of those prodigies of paradoxical health who thrive on operation after operation—his literary vitality seemed to derive from being exposed. But a critic who took unfair advantage (when there was all that real meat to slice!) was like a surgeon who mashed his thumb on the edge of the incision before sewing it up. Now, sad to witness, the lady—like many a male critic before her—was beginning to tip the scales. She could not speak with balance about *An American Dream*. "His imagination is offended by a combined odor of clam shells, salt marshes, female bodies and sickening brews—'perfumes which leave the turpentine of a witch's curse.' Choking with sexual disgust (fresh sheets! fresh air!) he describes a nose's nightmare. The witch herself is dead, Mailer smells her unwashed corpse."

But this was no longer a metaphorical FBI agent treating him like a Weatherman—this was a lady kicking him in the nuts. All that sexual disgust attributed to him, all that imputation that he was crying for fresh sheets, all suggestion that it was his association of clam shells and female bodies, were actually a set of connections which existed only in her mind. Her mind was on the clam. Yes, for her witch's unwashed corpse to be arbitrarily thrown in with his witch's turpentine curse was straight abuse of the critic's function. Ellmann's nostrils were too hairy with the heat to kill. So he closed the book without embarking on it, closed her book with the firm prejudice that if she could not be fair to him, she could not be fair to her theme; yet closed it with sour regret, since the lady wrote well.

Somewhere in this time, he glanced at an article by Kate Millett in *New American Review*. He read only a few lines, but it was enough to think she wrote like a gossip columnist. "*An American Dream* is an exercise in how to kill your wife and be happy ever after." He forgot Millett, even forgot Ellmann, forgot them to so nice a point in the labors of trying to create a modicum of style about technology and the moon that he was not certain which of the two ladies was being discussed when first he heard talk of a book, indeed of a bible of liberation which newspaper reviews intimated would succeed at last—hoarse was the phlegm of the snicker—in separating the female from her womb. The book was *Sexual Politics* and the author proved to be the second of the ladies he had not bothered to read. Six weeks after his conversation with the Editor of *Time*, Kate Millett's face was on the cover.

He did not know why a lack of such literary niceties as fair quotation and measured attack should bother him more in women. Was it because a male critic who practiced such habits could not go far—the stern code of professionalism in other men was bound to cut him down; or was it because unfairness in women rubbed that larger question (with its affiliate



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editorial office of *Rat* (where the last piece appeared) had been seized in a coup d'état by shock troops from Women's Liberation. It was doubtful such militant ladies would accept writing which came through the transom. Besides, there were always more examples to offer.

CROTCH CLAWERS

*And Mother Rapers of the World:
come out of your stinking womb
that is no part of the woman who gave you birth.
[Heads—how things about me
(I am sick of playing your game)]*

*You say that i, a woman,
should be more sensitive
to the ways which you oppress me*

*At the same time, i, a woman
am by nature a bitch.
Well your coldness
it turns me bitchier by the hour.*

*Self-fulfilling prophecy:
Women are evil, sneaky and wicked.
Shit.*

*You are the one who asked for it.
Tomorrow a couple of Father Fuckers
may be on your ass.*

—Pati Trolander
*(I have only been alive 14 years, how am i
going to feel 10 years from now?)**

Already the style had crossed the Atlantic. Published in Upper James Street, Golden Square, London, *The Female Eunuch* by Germaine Greer, a work to "inspire and incite any woman with any pride, imagination and sense of moral responsibility."*** had been able to produce the next quotations.

The worst name anyone can be called is cunt. The best thing a cunt can be is small and unobtrusive; the anxiety about the bigness of the penis is only equalled by anxiety about the smallness of the cunt. No woman wants to find out that she has a tuat like a horse-collar; she hopes she is not sloppy or smelly, and obligingly obliterates all signs of her menstruation in the cause of public decency.

Women still buy sanitary towels with enormous discretion, and carry their handbags to the loo when they only need to carry a napkin. They still recoil at the idea of intercourse during menstruation, and feel that the blood they shed is of a special kind, although perhaps not so special as was thought when it was the liquid presented to the devil in witches' loving cups. If you think you are emancipated, you might consider the idea of tasting your menstrual blood—if it makes you sick, you're a long way to go, cunt.

A wind in this prose whistled up the kilts of male conceit. The base of male conceit was that men could live with truths too unsentimental for women to support (hence the male mind was gifted with superior muscles just so much as the back): now women were writing about men and about themselves as Henry Miller had once written about women, which is to say, with all the gusto of a veterinarian getting into the glisten of the chanere in a show mare's dock. What a shock! The prize-winner recognized all over again that he had much to learn of man, a familiar topic.

*Pati Trolander, "Crotch Clawers," *Off Our Backs*, p. 10.

***Germaine Greer, *The Female Eunuch* (London: Macmillan & Kee Limited, 1970), publisher's blurb.

****Ibid.*, pp. 39, 50-51.

THERE WAS AN IDEA at the end of Women's Liberation which was mentally radical and so could be ignored unless he were willing to cease thinking of himself as a revolutionary. Well, he was willing in well-oiled pockets of all his numbered pleasures, but the country

Damn smog! Damn filthy polluted anomalous greed-mongering monster-breeding machine of an inchoate land—it forced him daily back to the all but used-up revolutionary of the 1920s.

So the revolution called again, close to farce, that it might be needed. drug-leached, informer-infested, indiscriminate, picking up of all the roots, yes, spoiled young middle-class men with fleas in their beard and rashes doubtless in their blood, were accelerating each other now to accelerate America to the straightest fascism of them all. And agents provocateurs in every cell. Yet he could not condemn them. Society, in itself, blissfully void of revolutionaries, would expire in the welter of the most liberal sentiments and the foulest air, if not for the total ecological disruption of the universe, if not for the insane economic imbalances of the cities did not burst first. In the center of such cauldrons, who could know if the inability of men to administer a world which would not do itself was ultimately the fault of all those women who had exhausted the best of their men, or if the blame belonged to the men? Still, his sympathies remained with his own sex. He had begun this remedial reading with the firmest male prejudice of them all, which is that women might possess the best half of life already, he was never to encounter any competition among female writers that a firm erection on a dead fellow was the adventurous juncture of ego and courage. His attitude in Women's Lib remained therefore repellent precisely the dull assumption that the sexual force of a man was the luck of his birth, rather than his finest moral production. Not his—here, full blast, came genuine conservatism—their local gift passed along by something well achieved by their mother, his father, or farther back the line.

Yes, men were relatively fragile. Never to doubt it. He had seen too many women down too many men, some with a campaign of applied force masterful as Grant on the way to pomattox, some by the simple frustration of what was wanted in her mate at the best of times—not for nothing had he considered the first of Hemingway stories to be "The Happy Life of Francis Macomber." Before the deep subtlety in an attractive and dishonest woman, how much more chance for an honest lover than a brave bull? And before the depth of rage in an unattractive woman, a man could look for home life on the assembly line.

Of course, the claim could hardly be entered that men were helpless before women. It was a near-equal war after a brutal bloody war with wounds growing within and surgeons collecting the profit from either sex. But finally his measure of these matters, he had seen too many men fail to accomplish what they desired because a woman had ground them down, and had seen even more women who discovered what they desired, and on the consequence to hobble their men. "The great question that has never been answered, and which I have not yet been able to answer in my thirty years of research into the feminine soul, is: does a woman want?" Not for nothing had Freud be-

farewell to
the ugly cigarette.
Smoke pretty. eve.



Hello to Eve. The first truly feminine cigarette—it's almost as pretty as you are. With pretty filter tip. Pretty pack. Rich, yet gentle flavor. Women have been feminine since Eve. Now cigarettes are feminine. Since Eve. Also with menthol.

author of the remark; not for nothing were women in the Liberation forever quoting it since now they believed they were ready to offer their reply. Out of the silence of the centuries came the reply. It was: the reality of the rib is equal to the reality of Adam. If the penis, at rest, might be 10 cubic inches, whereas an average man or woman was probably 3,000 cubic inches, ergo, men and women were 99 $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent identical, or as 299 parts in 300. What—who cannot hear the argument!—what of the womb and the testicles? the breasts and ... But of course the argument did not yet exist—it was only a tendency. Listen!

Life in this society being, at best, an utter bore and no aspect of society being at all relevant to women, there remains to civic-minded, responsible, thrill-seeking females only to overthrow the government, eliminate the money system, institute complete automation, and destroy the male sex.

It is now technically possible to reproduce without the aid of males (or, for that matter, females) and to produce only females. We must begin immediately to do so. The male is a biological accident: the Y (male) gene is an incomplete X (female) gene, that is, has an incomplete set of chromosomes. In other words, the male is an incomplete female, a walking abortion, aborted at the gene state....

The words are from SCUM, the Society for Cutting Up Men. The author, who comprised the total membership of SCUM, is Valerie Solanas, who fired a gun into Andy Warhol and almost succeeded in killing him. It is to the honor of the editors of an anthology on Women's Liberation, *Sisterhood is Powerful* (a title of obvious totalitarian propensities) that the SCUM Manifesto is included, since it is hardly difficult for enemies of the sisters to score points at this place. Yet the SCUM Manifesto, while extreme, even extreme of the extreme, is nonetheless a magnetic north for Women's Lib. All their lines of intellectual magnetism flow away from Adam's rib—male manifesto to suggest that woman is no more than a phallus come to life—and converge on Valerie Solanas and her Manifesto. Even the word, scum, will give a quiver to any woman with memories of a mouthful of unwanted semen in her throat. "Being an incomplete female," the Manifesto goes on,

the male spends his life attempting to complete himself, to become female. He attempts to do this by constantly seeking out, fraternizing with and trying to live through and fuse with the female, and by claiming as his own all female characteristics—emotional strength and independence, forcefulness, dynamism, decisiveness, coolness, objectivity, assertiveness, courage, integrity, vitality, intensity, depth of character, grooviness, etc.—and projecting onto women all male traits—vanity, frivolity, triviality, weakness, etc. It should be said, though, that the male has one glaring area of superiority over the female—public relations. (He has done a brilliant job of convincing millions of women that men are women and women are men.) The male claim that females find fulfillment through motherhood and sexuality reflects what males think they'd find fulfilling if they were females.

Women, in other words, don't have penis envy; men have pussy envy....

Pussy envy! Three quarters of the men in the world, bewildered by complexities for which there was no solution, no precedent, no leader, and no guide, must by now be ready to lay down the dread weight of a man and pick up the onerous burden of the woman. Pussy envy. Yes, three quarters of the men in the world might have it by now, have it just as secretly

*Valerie Solanas, "Excerpts from the SCUM (Society for Cutting Up Men) Manifesto," *Sisterhood is Powerful*, p. 514.

as the ruling classes of the nineteenth century must have for the simple life of the farmer, the worker, and the girl; yes, the argument that women were a social and economic class exploited by a ruling class of men, that they were finally the largest and most exploited class of the world more exploited than workers, colonial peoples, and (since women were everywhere exploited and when laboring class, or colonial, twice exploited) was an argument which could at last begin to exist in the everyday of consciousness.

Yes, studying the reply he was obliged to recognize that no matter how prejudiced in favor of the men, the life of the argument was still on the side of the women: for if the men were the true aggressors in this primal war, what could be done? If smog, civil war, foreign war, drug wars, the male's loss of confidence that he could properly run the world were insidious female accomplishments—then, of course, success was Satanic, and the world was lost. Once decided, however, that the men were to blame, and there was hope: the liberation of women could open every social disease to the beneficent examination of a new human light. No choice but to remind himself that he had not set out to collect the most entertaining exhibits of a new intellectual fashion but rather to explore the revolutionary ideas which emerged from these collective pamphlets, books, and bible of Women's Liberation and explore them with all awareness that they were two centuries' ideas, and so might be artfully designed to advance the fortunes of the oncoming technology of the state. What a paranoid supposition was this! Yet how reasonable. Perhaps reason and common sense come together as the world goes on.

3

W

OMEN WERE INDEED A CLASS. I saw them in terms of their economic treatment. There the statistic was clear and overwhelming. One could of course make a formal study of this subject. The PW was sufficiently interested with magazine readers to know that the age of technology had left the world with an inability to respect writing which lacked the authority of statistics (even if they passed over the numbers and went straight to the dialogue). So he was used to paying the formal price of offering a few digits and wheeling in a few legislative proposals, and would do it here again, and soon!—but always performed this expository chore with the resentment that it was only a convention and so would encourage the reader to desert him for a period (which was always agreeable to a writer as it is agreeable to a lover to require that at just this point in the act, the sweet female mind has begun to think of nothing less than the land list).

Nonetheless! In 1964, income for a working female was \$3,710; for the male, \$6,233. Therefore the median wage for women were barely 60 per cent of the wages of men. In America who earned more than \$10,000 a year, only 2 per cent were women. In the professions, 7 per cent of the doctors were women, 3 per cent of the lawyers, and 1 per cent of the engineers. In America—where one did not expect such differences—even men opposed to Women's Liberation were willing to agree that the economic exploitation of the female was a condition in need of amendment.

and with Valerie Solanas, we know the argument pushes that point—indeed the prizewinner, first encountering economic argument, could tell by his readiness to offer that he was covertly hoping women would thereby be helped, and knew, by the depression which followed, they were. The women were also looking for a cultural revolution and a sexual revolution. The real argument was that women could not obtain economic equality without either of these. Of course, most women (in common with the male of the animal) hesitated to look for the real argument, so he was obliged to mention that just as more Negroes had joined the NAACP or the Urban League than had joined the Black Panthers, so female groups divided in the same proportion: more belonged in sympathy to the moderate demands of women's rights than the radical demands of feminism. (Of course we know whether we would rather read the Urban League or the Black Panthers.) Still—he could not escape his informational responsibilities—the largest part of the women's movement was founded by Betty Friedan of *The Feminine Mystique*, had nothing less than 2.5 million members, was called NOW (National Organization for Women) and looked to achieve its demands through lobbying and legislation. Its Bill of Rights, adopted at a national conference in Washington, D.C., had eight liberal rallying points, eight legislative points of pressure guaranteed to separate the left of the Democratic party from the right (and thereby remind his readers from his prose) for these eight even abbreviated, called for a Constitutional Amendment giving equal rights under the law to women, a law banning discrimination in employment, "immediate revision of laws to permit the deduction of home and child-care expenses for working parents," "child-care facilities established on the same basis as parks, libraries, and public schools," "the right of women to be educated to their full potential equally with men . . . at all levels of education," "revise welfare laws to provide women with more 'dignity, self-respect, and self-respect,'" the right of women to go back to work "after childbirth without loss of seniority . . . and be granted maternity leave as a form of social security." Finally, "the right of women to control their own reproductive lives by access to contraceptive information and devices, and by repealing penal laws governing abortion."*

But firm points, and pussy envy being what it was, years went by before the last of those reasonable demands became a legal commonplace given the fibrous legislative growths in many a state constitution, but woe to the politician who was not quickly conversant with them: as far as the federal government could take just care of the needs of the people, so the federal government would not take more and more intimate care of these needs—the power struggle between the Old Guard and the New Deal would find new issues every decade, every year: the Bill of Rights of the National Organization for Women would have no facility to be the center of these new issues. So a series of exposés of corruption in child-care centers, of ultra-Mafia Modern in new co-ed dormitories, of the right to leave and income tax revision for the working woman, balanced by oil tax reduction for pollution-free gasolines, his cynic's blood was reinforced by the iron of a radical pamphlet, a modest article on mimeographed sheets with a plain cover, modest even to the price, 30 cents, and the address, an unassuming address, 3800 McGee, Kansas City, Mo.

*(National Organization for Women) Bill of Rights," *Sister Power*, pp. 513-514.

The author was Linda Phelps, a name he had not particularly encountered before, and her article was nothing famous, but reminiscent of the best of old socialist and trade-union writers and so was a way of reminding him again that women everywhere were certainly learning how to write on many a male subject. Bearing the somewhat Leninist title "What Is the Difference?" the piece gave him nostalgia for a nonexistent time in which he had thought in just such a forthright fashion. Of course, the article was also to the point on the difference between liberal and radical feminism:

In contrast to NOW's concrete list of legislative proposals, Women's Liberation appears vague because we talk about solutions which aren't apparent to most women, solutions which don't exist at all in anything we can point to in the U.S. like new families, the liberation of children, the end of traditional notions of masculinity and femininity. Yet this problem should not be surprising when we consider that it has kept women in their place for so long.

We have made two basic contentions about a program of women's rights—that women will not respond to an appeal to live the kind of lives they see men living and that if they tried to do so in large numbers, they would cause a crisis in society. The two reasons are interconnected. . . . The women's rights movement will never get anywhere, it seems to me, as long as it sees the problem as equal participation in American life, because women will never risk whatever positions of security they do have and move for anything less than NEW LIVES.

*The system must be seen as a whole. . . . Since 1945 we have spent one trillion dollars on military expenditures and \$25 billion of that on weapons which were obsolete as soon as they were produced. Our priorities are not day-care centers and hospitals; our priority is preserving our empire, as we have demonstrated by our activities in Viet Nam. It is useless to think that women are going to get what they want and be able to live as full human beings without facing and changing this vast system of waste and exploitation which is our present economic system.**

Linda Phelps was probably right, he concluded with gloom; once again, women (and men as well) would not get anything fundamental without changing the economic system. And yet . . . Beyond Linda Phelps was Valerie Solanas, even as Robespierre was beyond Rousseau. A murderous inflammation of the will was inevitably waiting if power came and the revolutionary was not its equal, just as the devil was obliged to enlarge from a spore to a fever if a clerk put on the majesties of a king. Purple metaphor, but he was not a prisoner for nothing. Somewhere at the end of the line was the enigma of revolution. If there had been a period when he believed completely in the tonic overhauling of the state and had written his prose with fingers trembling with anger at the Establishment, he had by now lost that essential belief in himself which was critical to the idea that one could improve the world (and knew he might not regain that belief until he had written the novel of his life and succeeded in passing judgment on himself—if indeed one could) no, now there were days when he wondered if that continuing revolution of reason which the Renaissance had begun was not a war to liberate man, but to pollute him by the wastes of his vanity, huge scientific vanity now destroying every natural act of nature. Right on! Women's Liberation, if it accomplished nothing else, had pushed him back into an obsession he wished to quit—which was whether the revolution was the most beautiful or diabolical idea of man—a hateful question: be-

*Linda Phelps, "What Is the Difference?" a pamphlet (3800 McGee, Kansas City, Mo., no date), pp. 1-2, 4.

cause thoughts about the revolution were never too far from thoughts about the size of his waist and the potential humphreys of his ass. Yet he was perversely happier with Solanas than with Phelps, happier because Solanas enabled one to laugh at men and women handicapping the final line on one another. Whereas Phelps, with her modest prose, was drilling holes in concrete—"What if she's right?" was again his gloomy thought.

Still, no quiet answer was going to give him rest. Beyond the economic revolution and the cultural revolution was the sexual revolution the author did not mention: perhaps there was in her style a hint of that modest aversion to the discussion of sex which delineates the good socialist. Yes, beyond Phelps was still the sexual revolution and there was a true work in coming to terms with that. For a forecast of the terms, who better to call upon than Kate Millett?

*A sexual revolution would require, perhaps first of all, an end of traditional sexual inhibitions and taboos, particularly those that most threaten patriarchal monogamous marriage: homosexuality, "illegitimacy," adolescent, pre- and extra-marital sexuality. The negative aura with which sexual activity has generally been surrounded would necessarily be eliminated, together with the double standard and prostitution. The goal of revolution would be a permissive single standard of sexual freedom, and one uncorrupted by the crass and exploitative economic bases of traditional sexual alliances.**

The style is suggestive of a night-school lawyer who sips Metrecal to keep his figure, and thereby is so full of isolated proteins, factory vitamins, reconstituted cyclamates, and artificial flavors that one has to pore over the passages like a business contract. What explosives are buried in those droning clauses, those chains of familiar aggregates (of words).

1

IN ALL PREVIOUS CONSIDERATION of class warfare there had been at least the assumption that the design of human beings was adequate, unbiased, functional, and not particularly in need of alteration. It was assumed that if the working class took over the functions of the ruling class, they would still be able to act with the conventional organs of men. But the ultimate logic of the sexual revolution required women to stand equal to the male body in every aspect—how could this equality prevail if women in competition with the other sex for the role of artist, executive, bureaucrat, surgeon, auto mechanic, politician, or masterful lover should have to cry quits every now and again for months of pregnancy plus years of uneasy accommodation between their career and their child, or else choose to have no children and so be obsessed with the possibility of biological harm, worse, the possibility of some unnameable harm to that inner space of creation their bodies would enclose?

One could speak of men and women as the poles of the universe, the universal Yang and Yin, offer views of the Creation such abstract lands as seed and womb, vision and firmament, fire up a skyworks of sermon and poem to the incontestable mystery that women are flesh of the Mystery

more than men—it would not diminish by a coulomb electric of wrath in the eyes of those women whose stationary principles are Jacobin. It was as if the High Geist of the Jacobins had returned to state. "It was enough to sever the heads of the aristocrats. The time come to get the first Aristocrat of them all. Since He do women at a disadvantage, such Work must be overth-

What a job! Men were by comparison to women as meat; men were merely human beings equipped to through space at a variety of speeds, but women were beings traveling through the same variety of space, possession of a mysterious space within. In that pre-flesh were psychic tendrils, waves of communication to conceivable source of life, some manifest of life coming human beings from a beyond which persisted in remaining most stubbornly beyond. Women, like men, were hungings, but they were a step, or a stage, or a move or nearer the creation of existence, they were—given man's powerful sense of the present—his indispensable and only relation to the future: how could a woman compete, contained the future as well as the present and so lived a cal life on the edge of the divide? What punishment to into the future with the pile driver's clang? whose ear heard the loss of a note in the squawk of the static womb was a damnable disadvantage in the struggle with men, a cranky fouled-up bag of horrors for any woman would stand equal to man on modern jobs, for technology the domain of number, of machines and electronic control of plastic surfaces, static vibrations, and contemporary. Yet through all such disturbance, technology was still on conformity of practice. If it could adjust to rhythm the ebb of mood, and the phasing in and phasing out of in the men and women who worked its machines, none such adjustments were dear to technology, for each demand from a uniform beat demanded a new expensive contraption, best operator was the uniform operator, and women by unmentionable womb, that spongy pool, that time not with a curse, dam for an ongoing river of blood, rhythm seemed to obey some private compact with the How this womb, unaccountable liaison with the beyond, ruptured every attempt at uniform behavior!

Did women get into automobile accidents? Count more than half their accidents came on a particular day of the month—just before and during menstruation, the time of that week. So, too, were almost half of the female admissions to mental hospitals in that week, and more than half of their attempted suicides, half the crimes committed by women prisoners. "Yet her knowledge of the womb, the womb: most women do not actually feel any of the activity of their ovaries or womb until they go wrong, as they nearly always do. Many women, one might say too many women, have illnesses in organs that they have virtually ignored all their lives, the cervix, the vulvae, the vagina and the womb, a man trying to take cognizance of this might have to go to an existence where carcinoma of the cock and balls would be to the common fate." Yes, afloat in some river of time, one did not see (womblike was the metaphor of Thomas Wolfe, a victim of "unpleasantness, odour, stainings which take up anything from a seventh to a fifth of her adult life until the menopause . . . fertile thirteen times a year when she expects to bear twice in a lifetime . . .") yes, a victim of relationship to certain murmurings of eternity, it is not unnatural to react with rage against a mystical communion

* Kate Millett, *Sexual Politics* (Garden City, New York: Doubleday, 1970), p. 62.

demns her to diapers, dishes, and the foul shock of
ng cramps, not to mention an unbroken string of
her attempt to take over control of the world from
the defeat was built in.

*was never free. Her relative physical weakness and
pendence on the man during her continual pregnan-
ce him an advantage he only consolidated and never
ished....**

here that feminism had always come to a halt, and
sion of women as a class would terminate before the
is advantage and burden of her womb. Now she
be a class and became a privileged element of na-
er to the mysteries than men.

nonetheless intolerable. So deeply had woman en-
o the spirit of the age—into the clang of the pile
d the squall of the static—that no intellectual gift
o dear as the right to think of herself as an exploited
that power she was ready to turn the purse inside
h Work must be overthrown!" Discussions of radical
assed even beyond the sexual revolution with its in-
n a "single standard of sexual freedom" all permis-
hierarchies of moral precedence bombarded, all
gies withdrawn. Yes, the argument went beyond that
eseable time when monogamy and legitimacy would
when distinctions between heterosexuality would
adolescent sexuality and extramarital sexuality all
part of that huge revolutionary statement that all
igh or low, by any hole or any pit, was pleasure, and
was the first sweetmeat of reason. Whatever stood
y of reason was foul.

onception stood in the way of reason, for conception
arkation on a train whose stations were obligation
That was no pleasure, no more than the bleedings
omb. So, contraception became woman's most inti-
duction to the abilities of technology to solve deli-
blems. What an unpleasantness to discover the abili-
limited—"that one woman in three... on the pill
nically depressed."**Still, faith in technology hardly
l. It was merely a question of replacing middling
es with superior techniques. A spin-off, for example,
alics offered hope for quick abortion.

*ular curette, with a hole in the side of its tip, is in-
ed into the uterus. The curette is attached to a tube,
um pump, and a receptacle; a slight negative air
re loosens the fetus, which is sucked through the
nd passes down the tube into the receptacle. The
process takes about two minutes...†*

LOGY SUCKS would appear on no placards carried
omen. The Work of the Aristocrat had first to be
ed. His vaults. His buttresses. His heavenly arch.
and riddance to the days of honest abortion when
rnails of the surgeon were filthy and the heart of a
vent screaming through a cave as steel scraped at the
ere she touched the beyond. "Shit. no." said the
Suck the fucker out."

reams of horror and guilt were not what women
far from it—they searched for a technique which
reate a proper instrument for them, a cutting tool for
ited class. Tentative suggestions arose. From a lady

more, Section I.

(r. p. 48.

da Cisler, "Unfinished Business: Birth Control and Women's
n," *Sisterhood is Powerful*, p. 264.

named Dana Densmore, from a journal called *No More Fun
and Games*:

*In lower animals it is common for the creation of the
new cell and the early stages of its growth to take place
within the body of the female, where it takes nourishment
from the body of the female. The female human being is
also equipped to do this. However, there is no more reason
for her to continue to bear this burden suggested by the
anatomy.*

*Man freed himself from this burden, this inconvenience,
this inadaptability by fashioning clothes. Similarly, he is
perfectly capable of turning his imagination, his technol-
ogy, to free himself from the burden, the inconvenience,
and the inadaptability of nourishing the new organism in
his own body during the first nine months of its life. It is
not in man's nature to accept passively any limitations of
nature. His imagination constantly seeks new ways to
free himself from it.*

But the meaning is muffled. One hardly knows the extent
of the suggestion. It is better to go directly to the Chief Engi-
neer of Women's Technology, to the Surgeon-General of the
female Armies of Liberation. Ti-Grace Atkinson states the
case.

*The first step that would have to be taken before we
could see exactly what the status of sexual intercourse is as
a practice is surely to remove all its institutional aspects:
We would have to eliminate the functional aspect. Sexual
intercourse would have to cease to be Society's means to
population renewal. This change is beginning to be within
our grasp with the work now being done on extra-uterine
conception and incubation. But the possibilities of this re-
search for the woman's movement have been barely sug-
gested and there would have to be very concentrated re-
search to perfect as quickly as possible this extra-uterine
method of pre-natal development so that this could be a
truly optional method, at the very least.**

They would lift the embryo from that incarcerating womb,
handle it with all the care a gourmet offers an oyster as he
slips it into his throat, but they would slide it into a tube and
then presumably some species of plastic sack with a culture
placenta on a petri dish, and a window cut into the bag so
that the liberated mother could monitor weekly progress if
she wished. The metastasis of technology had proceeded far
if it was the women who now respected it most. Extra-uterine
gestation was a feat which would yet be applauded by colonies
on the moon, and man seemed ready to become a disease
which could travel across the stars, while embryos for future
use, essential on those trips, would be kept in racks of deepest
womb-freeze. Yes, we were coming to the end of that extra-
ordinary long road which had begun with the taking of pills
to direct one's mood. It was critical to keep the ego captain
of the ship. But Atkinson was ready to go further. Perhaps
she was in command of a logic which would not cease.

*...in order to improve their condition, those individuals
who are today defined as women must eradicate their own
definition. Women must, in a sense, commit suicide, and
the journey from womanhood to a society of individuals is
hazardous.*

Still further: it did not look as if there would be remission
of guilt.

*Some psychic relief was achieved by one half the human
race at the expense of the other half. Men neatly decimated*

*Ti-Grace Atkinson, "The Institution of Sexual Intercourse,"
Women's Liberation, p. 45.

*Mankind by one half when they took advantage of the social disability of those Men who bore the burden of the reproductive process; men invaded the being of those individuals now defined as functions, or "females," appropriated their human characteristics and occupied their bodies.**

If technology was the assertion of men who were not notably gifted at arts of war or love (and so acquired their sense of the masculine by daring to work with forces they did not comprehend) then virility had become abstract, a quality blank as plastic, an abstract power over the employment of techniques. Virility was no longer to be measured "at the root of the belly where the phallus rose thick and arching . . . gold-red, vivid . . ." no, D. H. Lawrence was obsolete. He who had no command over modern bodies of technique was out of it.

Yet if past revolutions had been the attempt of the exploited to define themselves as men, and present attempts (since power was now technological) were to achieve command of techniques, then the female revolution. Women's Liberation itself, would have an inbuilt tendency to technologize women: what was most absurd about Atkinson became therefore what was most seminal about her ideas—women might yet have to perceive themselves as "Men who bore the burden of the reproductive process," indeed they would have to if power possessed some intrinsic ability to intensify the masculinization of a human ego. Whatever could be the fruit of the logic?

But kaleidoscopes came on the mind of a victory of women. Would they not rush to cut a bypass into the buttocks of man so that feces might leave by an inlaid tube? The mucus membrane of the anus could then proceed to give all men cunts. They might sew a perma-flesh of sponge and casing on the labia majora with a purse of plastic testicles to pump it full. All the men and all the women would then have phalluses and holes. For certain: they would never fuck themselves—they would just sing praises to the command of a logic which did not cease.

But the PW had obviously come too far. In entering such concepts as women who are Men occupied by other Men, it was obvious that he had jumped from peak to peak of the discussion, and now was isolated in an impossible place, obliged to enter on a to-the-lions romance with Ti-Grace Atkinson and the extra-uterine womb, or else admit defeat, look for rescue from his pinnacle and begin again. Any attempt to comprehend the oncoming revolution of women, which moved too rapidly away from the question of who did the dishes, was in danger of missing the clue to the argument, which was: what is a man? and what indeed is the passion to be masculine? Without such a notion, anyone who believed that women could do no worse than men at delivering us from world crisis and air pollution would be forced to move inch by inch, screaming in protest, nonetheless all the way, into General Atkinson's army. For her logic is impeccable, unless the passion to be masculine (at least as it could be detected in those Men who were born with the phallus) was something more than a species of preening for the navel, was, in fact, a passion to be masculine rooted in the flesh and existence of a Creation deeper than reason. The argument, therefore, had become a hunt, and the game was no less than the nature of that passion. The prizewinner, brought down from Atkinson's peak, was ready on the literary instant to send out his expedition. He had found the very Kenya of the subject. It was the book called *Sexual Politics*

* Atkinson, "Radical Feminism," *Women's Liberation*, pp. 33, 36.

by Kate Millett, and once having read it, he might have chosen that text even if he had never seen the author. On *Time* or been aware of the publishing phenomenon of its appearance, for it was a book as unwittingly obsessed with the nature of men as a child born blind from birth was absorbed in imagining what a landscape was like. So the PW would learn little which was new about women from the pages of *Sexual Politics*, he could console himself with the fact that he had picked up a bit already from the years of his life and the startling injections of woman's new writing, enough to make him feel he could not begin to evaluate his relocated view of the world of ladies until he had reconnoitered his comprehension of it. And there was the land of Millett for a game reserve. It was her! If it was a chopped-up land with pits and whole areas of topography missing, still it would take him into a new terrain occupied by mountains and jungles in the territory of D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller, Jean Genet, and himself. The discovery of the passion to be masculine began with her. Of course he would use her book—it had twenty-five years of experience behind him!

Yet before he could begin, he recognized with uncertainty that there was country still to be traversed between the land of Atkinson and the land of Millett—all that prior thicket of polemic and concept which revolved about Freud, penis envy, the virtue or vice of the clitoral orgasm. Sexual theories underlaid like belly dancers in every bend.

5

AS THE ROOMS in which one male came to resemble one another, as a motel room in Hong Kong came to resemble a motel room in Dubuque) so came the single penis to become currency. Ergo, it was difficult to envision the single penis as a standard as a free market for a species of primitive capitalism. The entrepreneur with the most skill and enterprise and the most funds could reap the highest profit—the adoration of the most successful mates and mistresses in that ubiquitous bisexual world where men and women were as interchangeable as coins in a cash register. Of course, that was yet to come. The single penis standard was only at the beginning of its era. Stud and Angel Queen would still end as junkies in the gutter or Manson on the page which came first in last year's issue. There was a world out there of technology, and it was not to be used for other purpose.

The more he thought about it, the more he saw a potential ambiguity in the single permissive sexual standard. Was it the beginning of the technologizing of sex, or a call to go deeper? Before the oncoming free market of sex, capitalism certainly stood parodied as the attempt to displace the fundamental competition of life over to work, money, family, and church. Yes. It was possible that dread of an open sexual competition had been pervasive enough to throw up civilization itself as the first and largest dike to hold back the unruly feminine waters.

Masters and Johnson . . . began treating a series of couples with severe, chronic frigidity or impotence. . . . For the women, none of whom had ever experienced orgasm, after five or more years of marriage, treatment consisted of a gradual training of the husband to use the proper technique.

tial to all women and the specific ones required by his . . . Daily sessions were instigated of marital coitus wed by prolonged use of the artificial phallus (three to hours or more). Thus far, with about fifty women red, every woman but one responded within three weeks ost and usually within a few days. They began at once perience intense, multiple orgasms.*

average female with optimal arousal will usually be fied with three to five manually-induced orgasms; reas mechanical stimulation, as with the electric vibra- is less tiring and induces her to go on to long stimula- sessions of an hour or more during which she may have ity to fifty consecutive orgasms. She will stop only when lly exhausted.**

doubt the most far reaching hypothesis extrapolated n these biological data is the existence of . . . woman's bility ever to reach complete sexual satiation in the pres- of the most intense, repetitive, orgasmic experiences, matter how produced. Theoretically, a woman could go having orgasms indefinitely if physical exhaustion did intervene.†

ould these preliminary findings hold . . . the magni- of the psychological and social problems facing mod- mankind is difficult to contemplate.††

oman would not and could not and soon enough might ot to be satisfied, so fear of that natural woman must ested at the heart of the itch to build a civilization. at why did that woman desire such endless satisfaction? it to suck out the juice of the universe, or to conceive l more mighty than any child yet conceived? A man spend his life looking to answer the question.

relevant data from the 12000 to 8000 B.C. period indi- that precivilized woman enjoyed full sexual freedom was often totally incapable of controlling her sexual e. Therefore, I propose that one of the reasons for the delay between the earliest development of agriculture (12000 B.C.) and the rise of urban life and the beginning e recorded knowledge (c. 8000-5000 B.C.) was the ungov- able cyclic sexual drive of women. Not until these drives e gradually brought under control by rigidly enforced al codes could family life become the stabilizing and tive crucible from which modern civilized man could rge.‡

power of moderation in man had triumphed in place , and what was moderation but the power of common drenched in all its buried paranoia? Since paranoia so the keen ability to predict a result from a carefully ed cause, so the power of moderation had also helped ate that technology which would yet stifle the world with k of moderation.

efore the damnable descent of the PW into the argu- of liberated women was obliged to continue. The ries of the feminine orgasm, as revealed by their litera- continued to wash over him. What abuse a man had to The counterattack had begun. He read the following ge from *The Sexually Adequate Female* with something

ry Jane Sherfey, M.D., "A Theory on Female Sexuality," *Sister- s Powerful*, pp. 221-222.

J. H. Masters as quoted by Dr. Mary Jane Sherfey in "The Evo- and Nature of Female Sexuality in Relation to Psychoanalytic ," *The Journal of the American Psychoanalytic Association*, 4, January 1966, no. 1 (New York: International Universities Inc.), p. 792, as quoted in Millett, p. 118.

erfey, as quoted in Millett, p. 118.

erfey, "A Theory on Female Sexuality," p. 222.

id., pp. 224-225.

close to nostalgia for the pompous Freudian certainties of the Fifties:

. . . whenever a woman is incapable of achieving an orgasm via coitus, provided her husband is an adequate partner, and [instead] prefers clitoral stimulation to any other form of sexual activity, she can be regarded as suffering from frigidity and requires psychiatric assistance.*

That went down nowhere with his Amazonian ideologues.

The facts of female anatomy and sexual response tell a different story. There is only one area for sexual climax, although there are many areas for sexual arousal; that area is the clitoris. All orgasms are extensions of sensation from this area. Since the clitoris is not necessarily stimulated sufficiently in the conventional sexual positions, we are left "frigid."**

Nor would they pitch camp there.

All this leads to some interesting questions about conventional sex and our role in it. Men have orgasms essentially by friction with the vagina, not the clitoral area, which is external and not able to cause friction the way penetration does. Women have thus been defined sexually in terms of what pleases men; our own biology has not been properly analyzed. Instead, we are fed the myth of the liberated woman and her vaginal orgasm—an orgasm which in fact does not exist.

What we must do is redefine our sexuality.**

Joy was in their delineation of the inferior senses of the vagina against the prides of the clitoris.

The clitoris is a small equivalent of the penis, except for the fact that the urethra does not go through it as in the man's penis. Its erection is similar to the male erection, and the head of the clitoris has the same type of structure and function as the head of the penis. G. Lombard Kelly, in *Sexual Feeling in Married Men and Women*, says: "The head of the clitoris is also composed of erectile tissue, and it possesses a very sensitive epithelium or surface covering, supplied with special nerve endings called genital corpuscles, which are peculiarly adapted for sensory stimulation . . . No other part of the female generative tract has such corpuscles." *The clitoris has no other function than that of sexual pleasure.****

Whereas, they were quick to point out, the inside of the vagina, that very interior which according to Freudian partisans was the precise home of the orgasm, was in fact

...like nearly all other internal body structures, poorly supplied with end organs of touch. The internal entodermal origin of the lining of the vagina makes it similar in this respect to the rectum and other parts of the digestive tract.

The degree of insensitivity inside the vagina is so high that

among women who were tested in our gynecologic sample, less than 14% were at all conscious that they had been touched **

Those specimen women had been tested by Kinsey. One can conceive of the laboratory conditions, and the paralysis of all senses which may have sat on the women, lying there, vagina open, numb as a dead tooth to that inquiry beneath the probe of the investigator's sterilized eye. Still! Only 14 per cent felt a thing. What a confusion! What a blow to self-

*Frank Caprio, M.D., *The Sexually Adequate Female*, p. 78.

**Anne Koedt, "The Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm," *Women's Liberation*, p. 37ff.

esteem for any man! "The vast majority of women who pretend vaginal orgasm are faking it to," as Ti-Grace Atkinson says, "'get the job.'" Damn hot spot of a clitoris. What had happened to Blake's most lovely idea that "Embraces are comingslings from the Head to the Feet"?

What of his own poor experience? All lies? He felt a hate for the legions of the vaginally frigid, out there now with all the pent-up buzzing of a hive of bees, souped-up pent-up voltage of a clitoris ready to spring! yes, if there were women who came as if lightning bolts had flung their bodies across a bed, were there not also women who came with the gentlest squeeze of the deepest walls of the vagina, women who came every way, even women who seemed never to come yet claimed they did, and never seemed to suffer? yes, and women who purred as they came and women who screamed, women who came as if a finger had been tickling them down a mile-long street and women who arrived with the firm frank avowal of a gentleman shaking hands, yes, if women came in every variety—one could hardly reach the age of forty, call it forty-seven, soon to be forty-eight, without knowing something of that, even the most modest of men could know something of that—then how to account for the declaration that vaginal orgasm was myth, and friction upon the clitoris was the only way an excitation could discharge? No, he had boobed along like the other men, mind trying to fix a reasonable balance between the dictum that the best of feminine orgasms was vaginal against his experience which seemed to speak of a splurge of orgasms in women which came not so near to being defined, orgasms which spoke back and forth, until Emily Dickinson herself might have cried, "Where the button, who the hole?," orgasms which came from you knew not where, (From Heaven, was the unvoiced hope.) Now the bitter gruel—women came uniquely from the clitoris. That was the word: the rest was lies. Women, went the cry, liberate yourselves from the tyranny of the vagina. It is nothing but a flunky to the men.

Men fear that they will become sexually expendable if the clitoris is substituted for the vagina as the center of pleasure for women. Actually this has a great deal of validity if one considers only the anatomy. The position of the penis inside the vagina, while perfect for reproduction, does not necessarily stimulate an orgasm in women because the clitoris is located externally and higher up. Women must rely upon indirect stimulation in the "normal" position.

*Lesbian sexuality could make an excellent case, based upon anatomical data, for the extinction of the male organ. Albert Ellis says something to the effect that a man without a penis can make a woman an excellent lover.**

But what was the name of this author? Why, her name was not Shears but Koedt.

*Aside from the strictly anatomical reasons why women might equally seek other women as lovers, there is a fear on men's part that women will seek the company of other women on a full, human basis. The establishment of clitoral orgasm as fact would threaten the heterosexual institution. For it would indicate that sexual pleasure was obtainable from either men or women, thus making heterosexuality not an absolute, but an option. It would thus open up the whole question of human sexual relationships beyond the confines of the present male-female role system.***

If the tender concern of this view left a man confronting the clitoris like a twitch before the switch of a dynamo, the recovery of some vanity was not necessarily going to be

achieved by any sops thrown him. If there were medical descriptions to puzzle through, the mind's eye had to coil late the draperies of the outer vagina to this Latinate text

*... clitoris, labia minora, and lower third of the vaginal junction as a single, smoothly integrated unit when traction is placed on the labia by the male organ during coitus. Stimulation of the clitoris is achieved by the rhythmic pulling on the edematous prepuce.**

So the vagina had been reinstated, by a third perhaps had been reinstated, but a man still had to abandon pleasure and palpitating upper two-thirds, all that now condemned to be neuter and nerveless—he had a glimpse of how Tories acted when India was lost.

Was he ready enough for the counterattack? He was proud in fact to go. He would treat these ladies to a bit of male insight on the relative comparison of clitoris to penis, yea, as a eel to a curled anchovy, as a shrimp to a cucumber—those were the dimensions they preferred to ignore! And was off on a wailing anger at Woman's ubiquitous plenitude of orgasms with the plastic prick, that laboratory dildo, that vibrator! He would yet have more to say on the female orgasm than the ladies had themselves, yes, he would, but his anger calmed by the little misery of knowing he was not really unhappy to come across the sweet if liberal sexology of Germaine Greer, the English lecturer from Warwick U and Upper James Street, Golden Square. It was a sign of age to lean upon the compromises of the liberal heart.

The banishment of the fantasy of the vaginal orgasm is ultimately a service, but the substitution of the clitoral spasm for genuine gratification may turn out to be a disaster for sexuality. Masters and Johnson's conclusions have produced some unlooked for side-effects, like the veritable clitoromania which infects Mette Eiljersen's book. I accuse Greer of hile speaking of women's orgasms as resulting from the "right touches on the button" she condemns sexologists who [denigrate] "...the stimulation of the clitoris as part of the prelude to...the 'real thing.' What is in fact the 'real thing' is a qualitatively different sensation, for the clitoris is not a part of the vagina."

"This is the heart of the matter! Concealed for hundreds of years by humble, shy and subservient women."

Not all the women in history have been humble and subservient to such an extent. It is nonsense to say that a woman feels nothing when a man is moving his penis in her vagina: the orgasm is qualitatively different when the vagina can undulate around the penis instead of a vacancy.

"Qualitatively different." Like blinded Samson, or Oedipus reduced, the pride of a man could bow in gratitude before the restorative crust thrown by the lady Greer, why, she would even remark "if the right chain reaction should happen, women might find that the clitoris was more directly involved in intercourse, and could be brought to climax by a less pompous and deliberate way than digital massage," could even go on to such bestowal of equal status as to grant:

Women's continued high enjoyment of sex, which continues after orgasm, observed by men with wonder, is not based on the clitoris, which does not respond particularly well to continued stimulus, but in a general sensual response. If we localize female response in the clitoris we impose upon women the same limitation of sex which he has stunted the male's response. The male sexual ideal of virility without languor or amorosness is profoundly desolating: when the release is expressed in mechanical terms

*Sherfey, "A Theory on Female Sexuality," p. 228.

**Greer, p. 42 ff.

ght mechanically. Sex becomes masturbation in the
ny women who greeted the conclusions of Masters
ohnson with cries of "I told you so!" and "I am nor-
'will feel that this criticism is a betrayal. They have
ered sexual pleasure after being denied it but the
at they have only ever experienced gratification from
al stimulation is evidence for my case, because it is
dex of the desexualization of the whole body, the sub-
on of genitality for sexuality.*

ld have been tempting to rush through this breach in
en's lines with the cry, "You're guilty once again of
al crime, you are all as Eve with your envy of the
at is not yours!" He was tempted, for the cry was not
its ring, and he was raw with listening to the buried
ness of female voices.

ere was a difficulty. He did not believe in penis envy.
women were the inheritors of a curse which passed
the generations of their sex from the first Garden,
ard to see why penis envy must be the spine of the
psyche, no, not hard-core penis envy at the age of four
ntemplating a loss of diapers on a naked boy of three.

would seem that girls are fully cognizant of male
macy long before they see their brother's penis. It is
uch a part of their culture, so entirely present in the
itism of school and family, in the image of each sex
nted to them by all media, religion, and in every
l of the adult world they perceive, that to associate
h a boy's distinguishing genital would, since they have
ed a thousand other distinguishing sexual marks by
be either redundant or irrelevant. Confronted with so
concrete evidence of the male's superior status, sens-
n all sides the depreciation in which they are held,
envy not the penis, but only what the penis gives one
pretensions to.**

that was Millett at her best, and penis envy was a
upon the complexity of the female just so much as
nvy was a canard on the male, no, it might be more
to believe that God had established man and woman
asymmetry of forces which was the life of the aes-
nan with his penis, woman with her womb—yes, cer-
nat must be in the conception of the human project if
(with Woman) loomed large in the works of the Lord.
l with such fine and resonating sentiments, the pris-
as obliged to conclude that the repression of ghetto
s was to be felt in the cruel and unreasonable pinch
d's concepts. What a cramp on philosophy was the
on complex with its insistence that the bottom of all
ear in man was his fear that the penis would be lost;
PW had often been tempted to write in parallel to
that fear of losing the penis did not create other fears
n as it was the final product of social fears, that one
for example—let us enjoy the example—not be afraid
uniacal Amazon in a dark alley so much because one
bored the terror from the age of three that the penis
e lost at a clip, as from fear that the huge murderess
ne was so dangerous, so voracious, that nothing, not
e's buried prick, was safe; to the contrary, the PW
en thought that the castration complex was more likely
trauma which had struck Freud personally, struck him
stant of his circumcision. No mean trauma. That the
ring, sense-shattering pain after birth should explode
senses from there, *there!* in *that* region of the body,

r, p. 3.

lett, p. 187.

would be cause enough for later fear of castration. Freud
never cared to question the rite of circumcision but we can
suspect how his unconscious must have worried the possibility
that circumcision was the fastest way to relocate libido from
the genitals to the brain and the mouth. (Which is fuel for
every bigot who used to declare New Yorkers were fast talk-
ing and slick, but since circumcision is now fast practice in
many a hospital—"They trimmed his little old twig in less time
than I could open my gums to say, 'Leave that boy alone,'"
moaned the red-neck—the suspicion is reinforced that civiliza-
tion has appropriated the rite because technology has need of
populations whose mental energy predominates over genital,
a fat remark! Once stated, it is so full of unhappy mass that
one can strain his back trying to remove it from conscious-
ness.)

So the PW was inclined to follow the possibility that Freud
had displaced the trauma of his circumcision and thereby had
made the grand error of assuming that his unique set of blocks,
inhibitions, and inchoate anxieties, plus the field of snarls
between his mind and his groin, were the universal castration
complex (and indeed his modest sex life gives every indica-
tion of whole areas of desire sufficiently cauterized to be
thought of as gone and amputated). Yet once deprived of
anything like some average use of his genitals, it is not incon-
ceivable Freud made the reasonable error of projecting his
envy of other men's penises over to women. In any case, from
the best or most unhappy of motives, we have inherited the
concept of penis envy. Now, that extraordinary range of hos-
tilities, just and unjust, which a woman can muster toward
a man, will be given such a label at exactly the moment a male
feels he is dealing with a force directly opposed to him and
void of love, when a woman is in short acting like a male
muscle, or may it be like a male ego? Yet is that penis envy
we see then in the hard concerted look of her eye, or is it penis
contempt? We are long familiar with male contempt of the
pussy and, lately, with pussy envy. Now penis contempt may
as well accompany the others, for the look in the woman's eye
bemoans the fact she is not a man, since if she were a man, or
better still, a woman with command of a phallus entrusted to
her, she would know how to use it, God she would know how
to use it better than a man, which is of course a fair portrait
of a woman thinking across the gulf of sex: whereas the man
knows a phallus is not a simple instrument but a contradic-
tory, treacherous, all-too-spontaneous sport who is sometimes
the expression of a part of oneself not quite under Central
Control, indeed often at odds with the will. If this seems odd
or exaggerated to women, they can be reminded that in the
profound pussy envy of men there is the simple even senti-
mental suspicion that it is easy to be a woman—one need mere-
ly lie back and all Heaven will come into the cunt. Any woman
reading such a thought and amusing herself at how far such a
simple assumption is removed from those maddening regions
of frustration which lie between an open vagina and whole
satisfaction may do well to recognize that demands upon a
man are intricate.

The PW was thereby back again in the enigma of orgasm,
and the drear fear of attempting to comprehend it. And if he
was not even near understanding his own, how did he think
himself qualified to be onto the coming of a woman? Yet if
life abounded in mysteries (and he was first with the passion
to say yes) it seemed to him comprehension was acquired of
the mysterious by the same way one went to faith—by a leap
(which perhaps is why he was never able to rid himself of the
thought that suicide via jumping from the nineteenth floor

was a religious act, could be no less) but we are all immersed in ideas which are extreme—if only to escape the paranoia which sits on those who cling to common sense—so he preferred to believe that the Lord, Master of Existential Reason, was not thus devoted to the absurd as to put the orgasm in the midst of the act of creation without cause of the profoundest sort, for when a man and woman conceive, would it not be best that they be able to see one another for a transcendent instant, as if the soul of what would then be conceived might live with more light later? A beautiful idea—it will curdle in the air of its print. Sex is reason, sex is common sense, sex is ego and prudence and scum on the sheets as the towel is missed on the pullout, sex is come by your kink and freak will I on mine, sex is fifty whips of the clitoris pinging through with all the authority of a broken nerve in the tooth, poor middle-class bewildered plain housewives' libido coming in like an oil well under the paved-over barnyard of a bewildered cunt, modest churchgoing women with plastic vibrating dildo. The sanction of all science is here, white and sterile pharmaceutical mass, black as goat dung goes the popping of the libido on laboratory lane, and the brain is flushed with the winning adrenaline of ego: "I'm a middle-aged woman and I came fifty times," yes, the lady in the lab was the Story of O: women had been built to come when open—whether tortured or pampered they would come when open, and men could come when at last they could open, and one could come out of a cornucopia of choices or from a single highway deprived of any other exit, but the come was the mirror to the character of the soul as the soul went over the hill into the next becoming. What desire had technology to calibrate this being-within-a-being when the human was the unit, and the groupings of unit were blocks of social use? Sexual technology could best be served by orgasms which came on the beat of societies' best machines. What value would be attached to the mirror of the sexual

moment when orgasms could be measured by periodic count? What regard given to orgasms stunted as lives, as mean and fierce and squashed and cramped as the men and women whose history was daily torture, nor that of theory ever offered to coming as far away as the hunt and the devil's ice of a dive, orgasms as collision of a truck, or coming soft as snow, arriving as riches of a king in costume was there for some, and slipping with the sneaky heat of a slide down slippery slopes—each of your life looked back at you then, but who would stare into that eye if it was poorer than one's own? One had to take the leap without real knowledge, go up a wall of clitoral-medical polemic, go above that debris of sexual-technical, and land on the statement that a field of nerves in the upper waters of the vagina had as little to do with fair placement of the real seat of the orgasm as the notion that gray matter in the skull case of the brain was equally unirrigated by a network of nerves was there was indication that the head was not the seat of thought. The more remarkable the orgasm, the higher it would fly along a nerve, there in the squeeze of the act, the come might arrive as a dribble or in a transcendental rush, but privates could be wired with wires all unattached, even as there was telepathy and reference to the phone.

So the vaginal orgasm was safe—still safe for him as held by a net of metaphor suspended from a nonexistent but he went on reading with no lack of fear in his heart, ferocity of these fifty clitoral laboratory orgasms lost to a mission into the plastic ether of some scalded libidinal filled psychosocial air. Where would their message go? Nothing, he believed, was ever wholly lost, no curse, no of wasted come. But we are already on to the men, for passion to be male. Angels and devils are collecting to embrace at Revolution Hall.

III THE ADVOCATE

BY ANY MAJOR LITERARY perspective, the land of Millett is a barren and mediocre terrain, its flora reminiscent of a Ph.D. tract, its roads a narrow argument, and its horizon low. Still, there is a story they tell of Kate Millett when the winds blow and lamps gutter with a last stirring of the flame. Then, as the skirts of witches go whipping around the wick, they tell how Kate went up to discuss the thesis at her college and a learned professor took issue with her declaration that the wife of the hero Rojack in a work called *An American Dream* had practiced sodomy with husband and lovers.

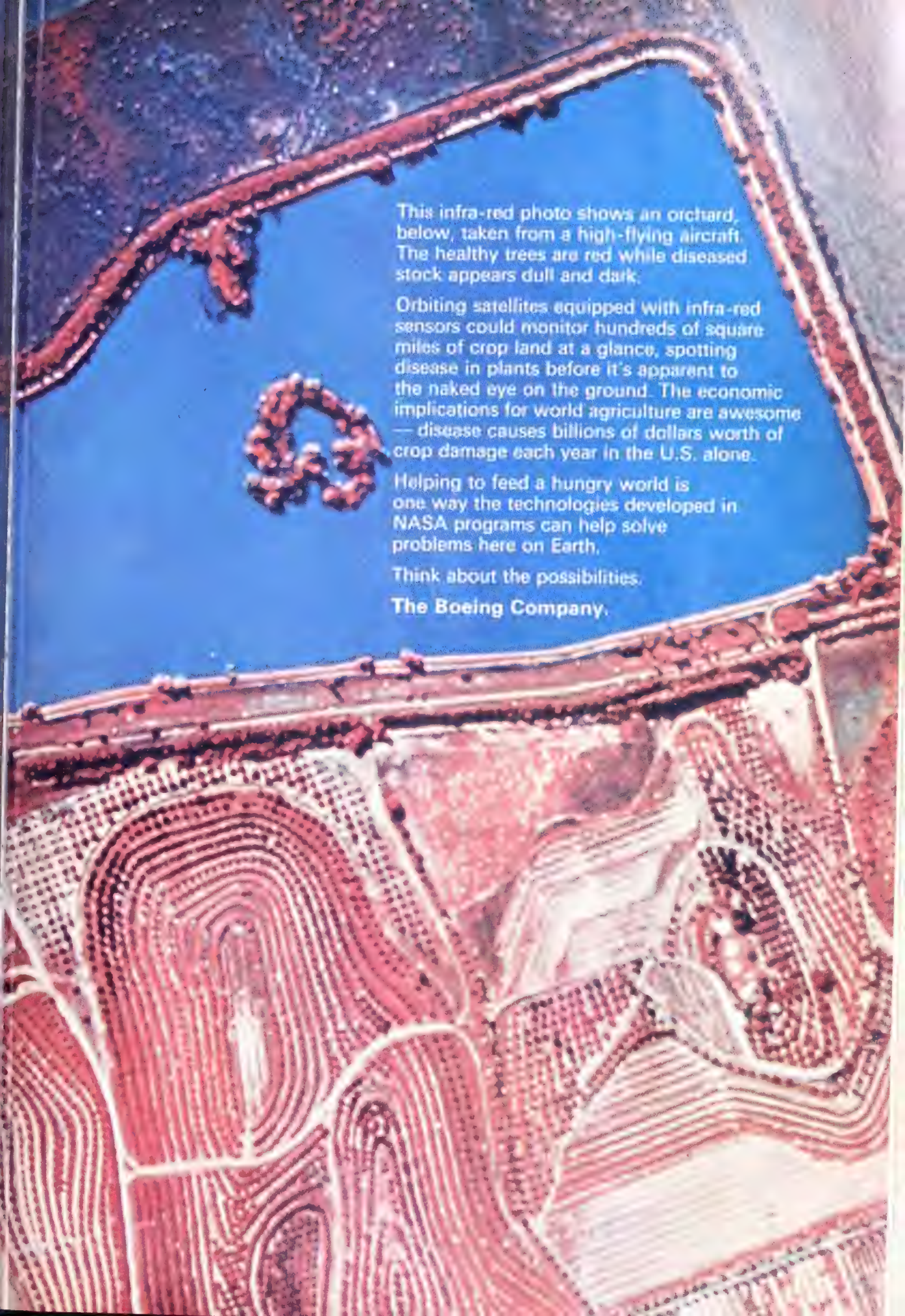
"No, no," cried the professor. "I know the author, I know him well. I have discussed the scene with him more than once and it is not sodomy she practices, but analingus. It is for that she is killed, since it is a vastly more deranging offense in the mind's eye!"

It is said that Kate turned pale and showed cold sweat upon her skin. But she was not a future leader of millions for nothing,

ing, her argument depended on sodomy, and the argument was to ignore forever what did not fit; he appeared with this good passage:

... here is where one must depend on the forceful role of sodomy in the book, she admits that she has been enjoying this very activity with her new lovers. Now sodomy is a specialty in which our hero takes personal pride. That he boasts to her face that his mistresses far excel her in this activity, the notion that his wife is committing serious adultery is evidently too severe a trial on his patience. ... he promptly retaliates by strangling the upstart. Mrs. Rojack is one of those Celtic sporting women, and it is not easy work ...

Well, it could be said for Kate that she was nothing but a pug-nosed wit, and that was good since in literary circles she had not much else. Her lack of fidelity to the material read was going to be equaled only by her authority in characterizing it—analingus was yes as sodomy—and the other her distortion were nicely hidden by the smudge pots of indignation. So her land was a foul and dreary place to



This infra-red photo shows an orchard, below, taken from a high-flying aircraft. The healthy trees are red while diseased stock appears dull and dark.

Orbiting satellites equipped with infra-red sensors could monitor hundreds of square miles of crop land at a glance, spotting disease in plants before it's apparent to the naked eye on the ground. The economic implications for world agriculture are awesome — disease causes billions of dollars worth of crop damage each year in the U.S. alone.

Helping to feed a hungry world is one way the technologies developed in NASA programs can help solve problems here on Earth.

Think about the possibilities.

The Boeing Company.

a stingy country whose treacherous inhabitants (were they the very verbs and phrases of her book?) jeered at difficulties which were often the heart of the matter, the food served at every inn was a can of ideological lard, a grit and granite of ill-considered dogma, and the endless conceptualization on every ridge, stacks of such clauses fed the sky with smoke, and musical instruments full of the spirit of intellectual flatulence ran in the river, and the bloody ground steamed with the corpse of every amputated quote. Everywhere were signs that men were guilty and women must win.

What then has happened to our promise of a varied terrain of mountains and jungles, of explorations into the work of novelists known for their preoccupation with the needs of men? Has it disappeared altogether, or is it that any trek across this bog of flatland, swamp, and grinding sands of prose is no more than a skitter across a rhetorical skin, a steamy literary webbing whose underneath, once upturned, reveals another world, a circus of subterranean attractions? But they are to be glimpsed only by digging up each quotation buried in her book. For each corpse was so crudely assassinated, then so unceremoniously dumped, that the poor fellows are now as martyrs beneath the sod, and every shroud is become a phosphorescence of literary lights, a landscape of metaphorical temples. Yet if we are able to find such a literary world, when entrance requires no less than the resurrection of the corpses in her graves, what is to be said of her method? Can she be an honor student in some occult school of thuggee (now open to the ladies via the pressures of Women's Liberation)? It is possible. For Kate is the perfect gun. It is as if she does not know why she kills, just senses that here the job is ready to be done, and there the job must be done. It is almost as if some higher tyrant has fingered the quotes, has said, "They are getting too close to a little divine sense here -bury 'em deep in shit, Kate-baby."

"It's fuck or be fucked," writes Millett, quoting Miller. Except it is not Miller she is quoting—even if she gives him words and puts them in quotation marks. Did an editor discover a discrepancy? There is a footnote: "This is the sense of the passage." But it is not the sense, Miller writes: "We were a merry crew, united in our desire to fuck the company at all costs. And while fucking the company we fucked everything in sight that we could get hold of . . ."²⁸—a merry observation, not a bitter one. But Kate's version works more effectively to slip a reader the assumption that Miller is a racist who jeers at his secretary's death: "She commits suicide eventually, but in business, 'it's fuck or be fucked,' Miller observes," although now we know this has not been his observation. In fact, the suicide isn't even mentioned at that point in *Tropic of Capricorn*—it's mentioned twenty-eight pages later in an opposite context where Miller, discovering that the secretary is about to be fired because one of his

Henry Miller, *Tropic of Capricorn* (New York: Grove Press paper,

superiors doesn't want a Negro in the company, come defense, describes her indeed to his superiors as "ex intelligent and extremely capable." To himself, he "when she was angry she was magnificent . . ." Miller gun to fall in love with her. But we may as well er passage:

I told her quietly that if she were fired I would quit. She pretended not to believe it at first. I said I meant that I didn't care what happened. She seemed to be very impressed; she took me by the two hands and she held me very gently, the tears rolling down her cheeks.

That was the beginning of things. I think it was the very next day that I slipped her a note saying that I was crazy about her. She read the note sitting opposite me and when she was through she looked me square in the eye and said she didn't believe it. But we went to dinner on that night and we had more to drink and we danced and while we were dancing she pressed herself against me lasciviously. It was just the time, as luck would have it, that my wife was getting ready to have another abort. I was telling Valeska about it as we danced. On the way home she suddenly said—"Why don't you let me lend you a hundred dollars?" The next night I brought her out to dinner and I let her hand the wife the hundred dollars. I was amazed how well the two of them got along. Before long word got out it was agreed upon that Valeska would come to the house the day of the abortion and take care of the kid. The day came and I gave Valeska the afternoon off. About an hour after she had left I suddenly decided that I would take the afternoon off also. I started toward the burlesque on Fourteenth Street. When I was about a block from the theater I suddenly changed my mind. It was just the thought that if anything happened—if my wife were to kick off—I wouldn't feel so damned good. I spent the afternoon at the burlesque. I walked around a bit, in and out of the penny arcades, and then I started homeward.

It's strange how things turn out. Trying to amuse the children, I suddenly remembered a trick my grandfather had shown me when I was a child. You take the dominoes and you make tall battleships out of them; then you gently pull the tablecloth on which the battleships are floating until they come to the edge of the table when suddenly you give a brisk tug and they fall onto the floor. We tried it over and over again, the three of us, until the kid got so sleepy that she toddled off to the next room and fell asleep. The dominoes were lying all over the floor and the tablecloth was on the floor too. Suddenly Valeska was leaning against the table, her tongue halfway down my throat, my hands between her legs. As I laid her back on the table she tucked her legs around me. I could feel one of the dominoes under my feet—part of the fleet that we had destroyed a dozen times or more.

At this point, Miller goes off into a reverie about his father and his boyhood (which is his way of protracting the act). A nostalgic reverie follows with memories of biographies in boyhood books, Teddy Roosevelt, San Juan de the Maine, Admiral Dewey, Schley and Sampson. The writer:

Well, he has certainly fucked her, and fucked her w

ving an abortion, and left us with an image of a making love to a black woman while thinking of fill, and one hundred twenty-one pages later he has loaned her as lost her to his friend Curley, but the have been given by Millett of a boss using his black shamelessly, and jeering at her suicide, is warped. o damned pleased to have someone fuck her without is in context the bitter and painful remark of a man me love for a woman who when alive "was picked by the human worms who have no respect for anything has a different tint, a different odor."

st note is, of course, antique. Only a comic liberal ak today of respect for people with different tints. e of *Capricorn* came out in 1939 and is about the when it was still radical to believe whites and blacks ke love together, the work of Miller is in fact a to the remarkable sexuality of the Twenties, and expect in a book called *Sexual Politics*, which cont- t titled "The Sexual Revolution, First Phase: 1830- at much would be made of the Twenties, and the filler in relation to it. But "Sexual Revolution, First 30-1930," while it includes nothing less than a brief feminism plus a view of nineteenth-century attitudes omen in the work of the Brontës, Mill, Ruskin, Hardy, Wilde, and Engels, is egregiously mistitled. e is nothing in it from 1900 to 1930, nothing of the d war and the Twenties, nothing of Fitzgerald, rowley, and Caresse Crosby, nothing of Prohibition, l. Daisy Buchanan, Brett Ashley, Hollywood, jazz, arleston, not a word from 1920 to 1930, a decade ly as interesting in the emancipation of women as ten years since the decline of Rome. But such an might have called for another hundred pages, which ly Millett didn't have in her head. The Twenties are ly any thesis-monger with an ax. That may be why ver once looks at Miller as some wandering trou- f the Twenties who carried the sexual revolution he cities of the New World and the Old, no, Miller labeled a "counterrevolutionary sexual politician," s to that tidy part of her thesis which will neatly see 060 as a time of sexual counterrevolution. She would ready, plans drawn, subdivisions staked and sold, with the thundering horror that Miller is an arche- e map of the Twenties, is about the times and ary if we are willing to grant that any equivalent the Renaissance would by that measure also be a ary, since no revolution ever picks up momentum profound change in the established consciousness e. Just as the Renaissance was a period in which d, as perhaps never before in history, to allow them- pursue the line of their thought and embark on ex- with the idea that such activities were good and themselves and so did not have to be initiated with blessing or forced to scurry under the shadow of e taboo, but rather the world was a theater, and laboratory open to the adventurer with an inquiring the Twenties were a species of sexual renaissance an emerged from the long medieval night of Vic- with its perversions, hypocrisies, and brothel dis- es, and set out to explore not the world, but himself, of Victorian reason with his buried sexual pocket, as himself, Henry Miller, with his brain and his balls timate and continuing dialogue of his daily life, eant that one followed the line of one's sexual im-

pulse without a backward look at what was moral, respon- sible, or remotely desirable for society, that one set out to feed one's cock (as man from the Renaissance had set out to feed his brain) and since the effort was pioneer in the very real way that no literary man with the power to shift con- sciousness had ever given that much attention before to the vagaries and outright contradictions of a stiff prick without a modicum of conscience, no one had ever dared to assume that such a life might be as happy and amusing as the next, that the paganism of a big-city fucker had its own balance, and such a man could therefore wage an all-out war to storm the mysteries with his phallus as a searchlight instead of his mind, because all sexual experience was valid if one looked at it clearly, no fuck was in vain, well, it was a sexual renaissance sure enough, and it depended on a rigorous even a delighted honesty in portraying the detail of one's faults, in writing without shit, which is to say writing with the closest examination of one's own. Miller was a true American spirit, he knew that in a nation of transplants and weeds the best was always next to the worst, and right after shit comes Shinola. It was all equal to him because he understood that it is never equal—in the midst of heaven a hole, and out of the slimy coruscated ridiculous comes a pearl: he is a demon at writing about bad fucks with all the gusto he gives to good ones, no fuck is in vain, the air may prove most tran- scendent at the edge of the vomit, or if not, then the nausea it produces can give birth to an otherwise undiscovered project as the mind clears out of its vertigo. So he dives into the sordid, portrays men and women as they have hardly been painted before, a girl having her period in the middle of an orgy, cock, balls, knees, thighs, cunt, and belly in a bast- ing of blood, then soap and towels, a round of goodbyes—a phrase or two later he is off on the beginning of a ten-page description of how he makes love to his wife which goes through many a mood, he will go right down to the depths, no cellar has maggots or rats big enough to frighten him, he can even write about the whipped-out flayed heel-ground end of his own desire, about fucking when too exhausted to fuck, and come up with a major metaphor. Let it be introduced by Kate Millett:

One memorable example of sex as a war of attrition waged upon economic grounds is the fifteen-franc whore whom Miller and his friend Van Norden hire in the Paris night and from whom, despite their own utter lack of appetite and her exhaustion from hunger, it is still necessary to extort the price.

Let us see what Millett is talking about. Here is Miller.

And then she commences a hard luck story, about the hospital and the back rent and the baby in the country. But she doesn't overdo it. She knows that our ears are stopped; but the misery is there inside her, like a stone, and there's no room for any other thoughts. She isn't trying to make an appeal to our sympathies—she's just shifting this big weight inside her from one place to another. I rather like her. I hope to Christ she hasn't got a disease.

In the room she goes about her preparations mechanically. "There isn't a crust of bread about by any chance?" she inquires, as she squats over the bidet. Van Norden laughs at this. "Here, take a drink," he says, shoving a bottle at her. She doesn't want anything to drink; her stomach's already on the bum, she complains.

"That's just a line with her," says Van Norden. "Don't let her work on your sympathies. Just the same, I wish she'd talk about something else. How the hell can you get up

any passion when you've got a starving cunt on your hands?"*

Up to this point, Kate's description has been a reasonable summary. Now she goes on with:

As sex, or rather "cunt," is not only merchandise but a monetary specie, Miller's adventures read like so many victories for sharp practice, carry the excitement of a full ledger, and operate on the flat premise that quantity is quality.

"How the hell can you get up any passion when you have a starving cunt on your hands?" We are installed on the heights of chivalry. Can any author ever recover from this point? But Miller is following the logic where it leads—out of the deepest dungeons will the logic of cock lead him to the towers of metaphor:

Precisely! We haven't any passion either of us. And as for her, one might as well expect her to produce a diamond necklace as to show a spark of passion. But there's the fifteen francs and something has to be done about it. It's like a state of war: the moment the condition is precipitated nobody thinks about anything but peace, about getting it over with. And yet nobody has the courage to lay down his arms, to say, "I'm fed up with it...I'm through." No, there's fifteen francs somewhere, which nobody gives a damn about any more and which nobody is going to get in the end anyhow, but the fifteen francs is like the primal cause of things and rather than listen to one's own voice, rather than walk out on the primal cause, one surrenders to the situation, one goes on butchering and butchering and the more cowardly one feels the more heroically does he behave...

It's exactly like a state of war—I can't get it out of my head. The way she works over me, to blow a spark of passion into me, makes me think what a damned poor soldier I'd be if I was ever silly enough to be trapped like this and dragged to the front. I know for my part that I'd surrender everything, honor included, in order to get out of the mess. I haven't any stomach for it, and that's all there is to it. But she's got her mind set on the fifteen francs and if I don't want to fight about it she's going to make me fight. But you can't put fight into a man's guts if he hasn't any fight in him.

Victories for sharp practice? Excitement of a full ledger?

Van Norden seems to have a more normal attitude about it. He doesn't care a rap about the fifteen francs either now; it's the situation itself which intrigues him. It seems to call for a show of mettle—his manhood is involved. The fifteen francs are lost, whether we succeed or not. There's something more involved—not just manhood perhaps, but will. It's like a man in the trenches again: he doesn't know any more why he should go on living, because if he escapes now he'll only be caught later, but he goes on just the same, and even though he has the soul of a cockroach and has admitted as much to himself, give him a gun or a knife or even just his bare nails, and he'll go on slaughtering and slaughtering, he'd slaughter a million men rather than stop and ask himself why.

As I watch Van Norden tackle her, it seems to me that I'm looking at a machine whose cogs have slipped. Left to themselves, they could go on this way forever, grinding and slipping, without ever anything happening. Until a hand shuts the motor off. The sight of them coupled like a pair of goats without the least spark of passion, grinding and grinding away for no reason except the fifteen francs, washes away every bit of feeling I have except the inhuman

one of satisfying my curiosity. The girl is lying on the edge of the bed and Van Norden is bent over her, a satyr with his two feet solidly planted on the floor, sitting on a chair behind him, watching their move with a cool, scientific detachment; it doesn't matter if it should last forever. It's like watching one of those crazy machines which throw the newspaper out, millions and billions and trillions of them with their meaningless headlines. The machine seems more sensible, crazy as it is, and more fascinating to watch, than the human being in the events which produced it. My interest in Van Norden and the girl is nil; if I could sit like this and watch this single performance going on at this minute all over the world my interest would be even less than nil. I wouldn't be able to differentiate between this phenomenon and a rain falling or a volcano erupting. As long as that spark of passion is missing there is no human significance in the performance. The machine is better to watch. And these two are like a machine which has slipped its cogs. It needs the touch of a human hand to set it right. It needs a mechanical

I get down on my knees behind Van Norden and examine the machine more attentively. The girl throws her head on one side and gives me a despairing look. "I can't use," she says. "It's impossible." Upon which Van Norden sets to work with renewed energy, just like an old goat. He's such an obstinate cuss that he'll break his back rather than give up. And he's getting sore now because I'm tickling him in the rump.

"For God's sake, Joe, give it up! You'll kill the poor girl."

"Leave me alone," he grunts. "I almost got it in a minute."

But it is just this last fillip of male humor, that fat man the farmer working his bull into the calf, the prideful man unable to get their hands in the short hair which enrage the filly most, blinds her with such anger that she misses the point. Miller will make in another few lines—the quintessential performance that lust when it fails is a machine.

You can get over a cunt and work away like a billy goat until eternity; you can go to the trenches and be blown to bits; nothing will create that spark of passion if there isn't the intervention of a human hand. Somebody has to put his hand into the machine and let it be wrenched off if the cogs are to mesh again. Somebody has to do this without hope of reward, without concern over the fifteen francs.

But again, what sort of victory is this for sharp practice? The only sharp practice is in her assessment of the jaded Literary lawyers cannot do criticism, they can only write briefs, and Kate holds court in the land of Millet and Henry. He has spent his literary life exploring the wars of sex from that uncharted side which goes by the name of lust and it is an epic work for any man; over the centuries most of the poets of the world have spent their years on the other side; they wrote of love. But lust is a world of bewildering dimensions, for it is that power to take over the ability to create and convert it to a force. Curious force. It inhibits all the attributes of junk. It dominates the military, other habits, it appropriates loyalties, generalizes character, leaches character out, rides on the fuel of almost any emotional gas—whether hatred, affection, curiosity, even the pressures of boredom—yet it is never definable because it can alter to love or be as suddenly sealed from love, and the more intense lust becomes, the more it is indefinable, the more of the ridge between lust and love is where the light is luminous, then blinding, and the ground remains unlit. Henry, a hairy prospector, red eye full of lust, has walked these ridge lines for the years of his literary life, getting

*Quoted from *Tropic of Cancer* (in the Grove Press paperback, this and the passages following appear on p. 141 ff.).

mosquitoes by name blown in every corner and the ozones of the highest lust on many a cloud-precipice. While cunts are merely watering places for boscaige, fodder, they are also, no matter how—it is the private little knowledge of lust—that indis- step closer to the beyond, so old Priapus the ram perhaps a cunt, smelly though it may be, is one of the symbols for the connection between all things.”

slipped the clue across. Here is a clue to the lust of a man to scour his balls and his back until he is die from the cannonading he has given his organs, through which he has dragged some futures of his as a clue which all but says that somewhere in the passions of all men is a huge desire to drive forward seat of creation, grab some part of that creation in a sink the cock to the hilt, sink it into as many hilts old it: for man is alienated from the nature which him forth, he is not like woman in possession of an ce which gives her link to the future, so he must possess it, he must if necessary come close to blow- lead off that he may possess it. “Perhaps a cunt, ough it may be, is one of the prime symbols for the n between all things.”

rse Kate will put it in somewhat less commendatory

case of the two actual women . . . who appear in s world amidst its thousand floozie caricatures, per- y and sexual behavior is so completely unrelated n the sexual episodes where they appear, any other might have been conveniently substituted. For the e of every bout is the same: a demonstration of the self-conscious detachment before the manifestations ower order of life. During an epic encounter with the only woman he ever loved, Miller is as clinical was toward Ida: Mara just as grotesque: “And on ight and slippery gadget Mara twisted like an eel, as- n’t any longer a woman in heat, she wasn’t even a ; she was just a mass of indefinable contours wrig- and squirming like a piece of fresh bait seen upside through a convex mirror in a rough sea.

ad long ceased to be interested in her contortions: t for the part of me that was in her I was cool as a nber and remote as the Dog Star . . .

wards dawn, Eastern Standard Time, I saw by the condensed-milk expression about the jaw that it was ening. Her face went through all the metamorphoses ly uterine life, only in reverse. With the last dying it collapsed like a punctured bag, the eyes and ls smoking like toasted acorns in a slightly wrinkled f pale skin.”

piece for a corporate body of ideas. Kate has neg- state that it is another of Miller’s descriptions of t of fucks, of a marathon of lust-fuck in which he is ch he loathes. It is, precisely, not typical of the act ara, but then here is what he wrote just before the she quotes:

I returned to resume the ordeal my cock felt as if it made of old rubber bands. I had absolutely no more g at that end: it was like pushing a piece of stiff down a drain-pipe. What’s more, there wasn’t another e left in the battery; if anything was to happen t would be in the nature of gall and leathery worms drop of pus in a solution of thin pot cheese. What ised me was that it continued to stand up like a ner; it had lost all the appearance of a sexual imple- ; it looked disgustingly like a cheap gadget from the

rackle minus the bait. And on this bright and slippery gadget Mara twisted like an eel.*

It is curious that she will find these extended descrip- tions of the horrors of near-dead ice-cold bang-it-out fucking to be odious, as if she is the Battling Annie of some new prud- erv, yet Kate is still the clarion call for that single permis- sive sexual standard where a man’s asshole is the democratic taxpaying equivalent of any vagina (which by extension may allow us to propose that the large intestine is equal to the womb). Of course, it is denigration of woman she protests, the reduction of woman to object, to meat for the cock, woman as a creature of comes who can tune the prick and allow man to adjust his selfish antenna toward the connection of all things, it is the lack of Miller’s regard for woman as a person which she claims to abhor, yet in another part of the land of Millett, on page 117 of *Sexual Politics*, Kate is all but invoking praise for Masters and Johnson because they “prove that the female sexual cycle is capable of multiple orgasms in quick succession, each of which is analogous to the detumes- cence (sic), ejaculation, and loss of erection in the male. With proper stimulation, a woman is capable of multiple orgasms in quick succession,” she repeats, hardly able to contain her- self, and goes on to sing of the clitoris as “the organ specific to sexuality in the human female,” yes, the red-hot button of lust gets its good marks here, even as she approves by impli- cation of the methods used to make the Masters and Johnson study, yes, those vibrators and plastic dildoes are honorable adjuncts of sexo-scientific endeavor as opposed to the foul woman-hating billy-goat bulb of old Henry. What a scum of hypocrisy on the surface of her thought, bold sexual revolu- tionary who will not grant that such a revolution if it comes will have more to do with unmanageable metamorphoses be- tween love and lust than some civilized version of girls-may- hold-hands-in-the-suburbs. It is the horror of lust, and yet its justification, that wild as a blind maniac it still drives toward the creation, it witnesses such profound significations as, “Her face went through all the metamorphoses of early uterine life, only in reverse.” And the clue again is upon us of that moment of transcendence when the soul stands in the vault of the act and the coming is its mirror. Yes, even fifty clitoral comes in white-hot vibrating laboratory lust is a mirror (if only of the outer galaxies of nausea) but it is not love but lust, good old scientific lust, pure as the lust in the first fierce fart of the satyr.

How Kate hates old Henry for this: that he dares to be an energetic scientist but is without a smock, that he does his lab work out of the lab, and yet is so scientific that his amours are as case histories. “Personality and sexual behavior is so completely unrelated that . . . any other names might have been conveniently substituted.” How she bangs away at him! “Miller is a compendium of American sexual neuroses,” says lab assistant Kate; Miller articulates “the disgust, the con- tempt, the hostility, the violence, and the sense of filth with which our . . . masculine sensibility surrounds sexuality.” “Sheer fantasy . . . exploitative character . . . juvenile ego- tism . . . brutalized adolescence . . . anxiety and contempt . . . masturbatory revery . . . utter impersonality . . . cruelty and contempt . . . humiliating and degrading . . . sadistic will . . . gratified egotism . . . total abstraction . . . arrested adoles- cence . . . cultural homosexuality . . . compulsive heterosexual activity . . . authoritarian arrangements . . . absolute license . . . truly obscene ruthlessness . . . virulent sexism . . . a child-

**Sexus Vol. II* (Grove Press paperback, 1962), pp. 180-181.

ish fantasy of power..." Conceive of these items of abuse, alive as nerves. They twitch in every paragraph for twenty pages. What an apostle for nonviolence is the lady.

Yet the irony is that a case can be brought against Miller. He is so completely an Old Master at his best (he is, in fact, the only Old Master we have) that the failure of the later works to surpass the early ones is a loss everywhere, to Miller, to literature, to us, to all of us. For he captured something in the sexuality of men as it had never been seen before, precisely that it was man's sense of awe before woman, his dread of her position one step closer to eternity (for in that step were her powers) which made men detest women, revile them, humiliate them, defecate symbolically upon them, do everything to reduce them so one might dare to enter them and take pleasure of them. "His shit don't smell like ice cream either," says a private of a general in a novel, and it is the cry of an enlisted man whose ego needs equality to breathe. So do men look to destroy every quality in a woman which will give her the powers of a male, for she is in their eyes already armed with the power that she brought them forth, and that is a power beyond measure—the earliest etchings of memory go back to that woman between whose legs they were conceived, nurtured, and near-strangled in the hours of birth. And if women were also born of woman, that could only compound the awe, for out of that process by which they had come in, so would something of the same come out of them: they were installed in the boxes-within-boxes of the universe, and man was only a box, all detached. So it is not unnatural that men, perhaps a majority of men, go through the years of their sex with women in some compound detachment of lust which will enable them to be as fierce as any female awash in the great ocean of the fuck, for as it can appear to the man, great forces beyond his measure seem to be calling to the woman then.

That was what Miller saw, and it is what he brought back to us: that there were mysteries in trying to explain the extraordinary fascination of an act we can abuse, debase, inundate, and drool upon, yet the act repeats an interest—it draws us toward obsession, as if it is the mirror of how we approach God through our imperfections. *Hot*, full of the shittiest lust. In all of his faceless characterless pullulating broads, in all those cunts which undulate with the movements of eels, in all those clearly described broths of soup and grease and marrow and wine which are all he will give us of them—their cunts are always closer than their faces—in all the indignities of position, the humiliation of situation, and the endless revelations of women as pure artifacts of farce, asses all up in the air, still he screams his barbaric yawp of utter adoration for the power and the glory and the grandeur of the female in the universe, and it is his genius to show us that this power can survive any context or any abuse.

Let us relax a moment on the moralisms of Millett.

They are not only pushovers, they are puppets. Speaking boy to boy about another "fuck," Miller remarks, "I moved her around like one of those legless toys which illustrate the principle of gravity." Total victory is gratuitous insult; the pleasure of humiliating the sexual object appears to be far more intoxicating than sex itself. Miller's protégé, Curley, is an expert at inflicting this sort of punishment, in this instance, on a woman whom both men regard as criminally overambitious, disgracefully unaware she is only cunt: "He took pleasure in degrading her. I could scarcely blame him for it, she was such a prim, priggish bitch in her street clothes. You'd swear she didn't own a cunt the way she carried herself in the street. Naturally, when he got her alone, he made her pay for her high-

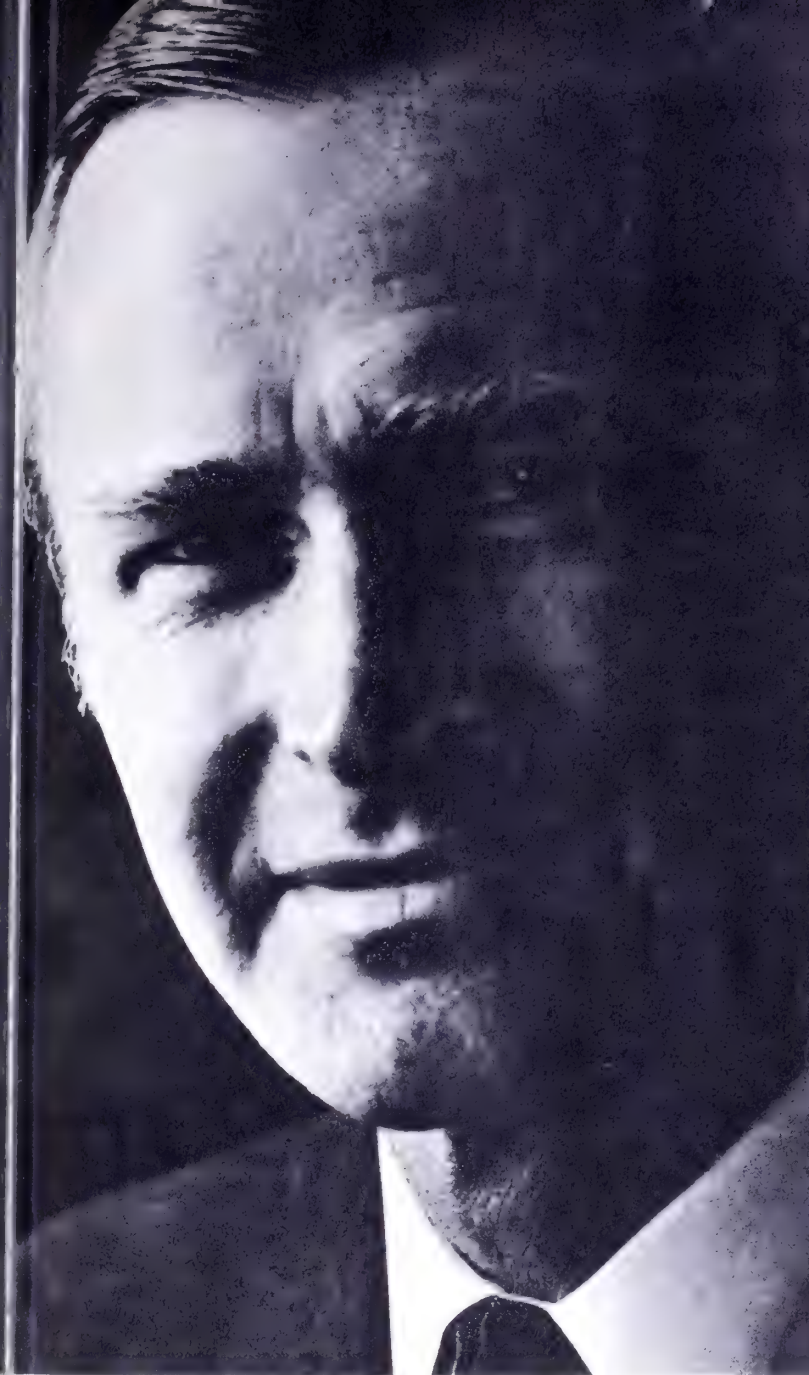
falutin' ways. He went at it cold-bloodedly. 'Fish it,' he'd say, opening his fly a little. 'Fish it out with your tongue!'. . . once she got the taste of it in her mouth, she could do anything with her. Sometimes he'd stand behind her hands and push her around the room that way, like a wheelbarrow. Or else he'd do it dog fashion, and while she groaned and squirmed he'd nonchalantly light a cigarette and blow the smoke between her legs. Once he played a dirty trick doing it that way. He had worked her into such a state that she was beside herself. Anyway, afterwards he had almost polished the ass off her with his back-screw, he pulled out for a second, as though to cool his cock off, . . . and shoved a big long carrot up her twat."

The last sentence was supposed to read: "he pulled out for a second, as though to cool his cock off, and then very gently he shoved a big long carrot up her twat." Obviously he had not wished to weaken her indictment by softening the force of the shove—that was where she once lost Miller. His work dances on the line of his dialectic. Millett hates every evidence of the dialectic. She has a flatiron, which is to say a totally masculine hard-hat has more curves in his head. Look how the hardness of the description as Millett has excerpted it is softened by other nuances by what immediately follows.

. . . very slowly and gently he shoved a big long carrot up her twat. "That, Miss Abercrombie," he said, "is a so-called Doppelgänger to my regular cock," and with that he hitched himself and yanks up his pants. Cousin Abercrombie was so bewildered by it all that she let a tremendous fart and out tumbled the carrot. At least, so how Curley related it to me. He was an outrageous liar, but be sure, and there may not be a grain of truth in the rest of it, but there's no denying that he had a flair for such tricks. As for Miss Abercrombie and her high-tone Narragansett ways, well, with a cunt like that one can always imagine the worst.

A page later, the dialectic has whipped him clear. In a description of the "best fuck" he ever had, and the statement of the case is pure Henry, for the girl "was a mute who had lost her memory, and with the loss of memory she had lost her frigidaire, her curling irons, her teeth, and her handbag. She was even more naked than a fish, and she was even slipperier . . . It was dubious at times whether I was in her or she in me." He is in heaven. A cornucopia of encomiums inundate us. Never has he stated his case so

She just stood there quietly and as I slid my hand up her legs she moved one foot a little to open her crotch a little more. I don't think I ever put my hand into such a crotch in all my life. It was like paste running down her legs and if there had been any billboards handy I could have plastered up a dozen or more. After a few moments, just naturally as a cow lowering its head to graze, she turned over and put it in her mouth. I had my whole four fingers inside her, whipping it up to a froth. Her mouth was stuffed full and the juice pouring down her legs. Not a word of us, as I say. Just a couple of quiet maniacs working in the dark like gravediggers. It was a fucking Parelli and I knew it, and I was ready and willing to fuck her brains away if necessary. She was probably the best I ever had. She never once opened her trap—not that night nor the next night, nor any night. She'd steal down that in the dark, soon as she smelled me there alone, plaster her cunt all over me. It was an enormous cunt, when I think back on it. A dark, subterranean labyrinth fitted up with divans and cosy corners and rubber teeth syringas and soft nestles and eiderdown and multicolored leaves. I used to nose in like the solitary worm and



Robinson, John H., b. Piedmont, March 20, 1923; graduate of U.C. Berkeley School of Business Administration; joined Harper Robinson & Company 1947; founder and president of Circle Airfreight Corporation 1959-. Chief executive officer of Harper Robinson & Co., Harper Robinson Shipping Co., Container Specialists Organization, Western Navigation Corp., Pacific Intermodal Corp., Chairman, San Francisco World Trade Association, V.P., National Air Freight Forwarders Assoc., Dir., S.F. Chamber of Commerce, S.F. Marine Exchange, Korean-American Chamber of Commerce, Member, Dept. of Commerce Regional Export Expansion Council and Western International Trade Group, International Federation of Forwarding Agents Assoc.; m. Patricia Younger 1958; ch. Suzanne and Michael; address: 545 Sansome Street, San Francisco, California.

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myself in a little cranny where it was absolutely silent, and so soft and restful that I lay like a dolphin on the oyster banks. A slight twitch and I'd be in the Pullman reading a newspaper or else up an impasse where there were mossy round cobblestones and little wicker gates which opened and shut automatically. Sometimes it was like riding the shoot-the-shoots, a steep plunge and then a spray of tingling sea crabs, the bulrushes swaying feverishly and the gills of tiny fishes lapping against me like harmonica stops. In the immense black grotto there was a silk-and-soap organ playing a predaceous black music. When she pitched herself high, when she turned the juice on full, it made a violaceous purple, a deep mulberry stain like twilight, a ventriloquial twilight such as dwarfs and cretins enjoy when they menstruate. It made me think of cannibals chewing flowers, of Bantus running amuck, of wild unicorns rutting in rhododendron beds. . . . It was one cunt out of a million, a regular Pearl of the Antilles. . . . In the broad Pacific of sex she lay, a gleaming silver reef surrounded with human anemones, human starfish, human madrepores.*

But Henry won't be allowed to rest for long. Squirt-bomb at the ready, Millett is laying for him. Something in the fling of the imagination is odious as a water bug to her.

Throughout the description one not only observes a vulgar opportunistic use of Lawrence's hocus pocus about blanking out in the mind in order to attain "blood consciousness," but one also intuits how both versions of the idea are haunted by a pathological fear of having to deal with another and complete human personality. . . . One is made very aware here that in the author's scheme the male is represented not only by his telepathic instrument, but by mind, whereas the perfect female is a floating metonymy, pure cunt, completely unsullied by human mentality.

But why is Kate now so prim? Doesn't the single permissive sexual standard offer depersonalization via the wallop-and-suck of the orgy? Kate is reminiscent of one of those nice-nellie scourges who used to tyrannize the back pages of the *New York Times Book Review*, yes, it is as if Miller deprives her of the right to have a mind by so splendiferous a description of the cunt, yes, just as any hard-working intellectual in the 1950s was livid at the intimation that some blacks might have more genital orientation than Freud had prescribed for the human lot, so is Millett now properly incensed. Stretched with every adrenaline of overkill, her mind next to rigid with fear that women might have some secret but fundamental accommodation to Miller's lust that brings them into just such absurd positions, she is therefore always missing the point of her case, she is always pushing into that enforced domain of equality where the sexes, she would declaim, "are inherently in everything alike, save reproductive systems, secondary sexual characteristics, orgasmic capacity and genetic and morphological structure. Perhaps the only thing they can uniquely exchange is semen and transudate." Good laboratory assistant Kate. She is a technician who drains all the swamps only to discover that the ecological balance has been savaged. She is also one of those minds, totalitarian to the core, which go over to hysteria, abuse (and liquidation at the end of the road) whenever they are forced to build their mind on anything more than a single premise. The real case against Miller is not that he is all wrong, and cocks and cunts are no more than biological details on human beings so that we are even unable to distinguish semen from transudate when suffering from a cold, no, the real case is that Miller is right, yet Ibsen's Nora is also

right when she says, "I have another duty, just as My duty to myself. . . . I believe that before every I'm a human being—just as much as you are. . . . rate, I shall try to become one." What have we not in novels that there will be never a character like Nora against his men? For it is our modern experience, not filled with every appreciation of sex and women's rights, counter women with an equal appreciation, and the continues with what new permutations only a novel can begin to explore since the novelist is the only philosopher who works with emotions which are at the very edge of the system, and so is out beyond the scientists, doctors, psychologists, even—if he is good enough—the best of his citizenries who work at philosophy itself. If it is easy to rock when, like Miller, he comes close to stumbling off the word-system, we know his best and wildest ideas will come the ones most quickly attacked by literary technologists like Millett since such ideas lend themselves to confetti in ideological mincers. Miller, a hero twice, to take a long time to take it up by writing books he could not have one would ever publish, a writer with the individuality of a giant, was still so lacerated by the loneliness of his ideas, concepts that his later works often thin out into successive editions of the earlier ones, and he finally hooks his moorings onto what has become for us the same old literary field of flesh and cunt. The knowledge of our age is different. The fields are an endless treasure to him, but we have the riches of our contemporary love, and so can only tip our noses, are looking for an accommodation of the sexes, we react, calls out for an antagonism—"the eternal battle with woman sharpens our resistance, develops our strength, enlarges the scope of our cultural achievements." Yes, he cries out, "the loss of sex polarity is part and parcel of the larger integration, the reflex of the soul's death and coincident the disappearance of great men, great causes, great wars. The ram wandering the ridges has come back as a rooster and the tablets are in his hands. "Put woman back in her rightful place."

But the men moving silently in all retreat pass through by. It is too late to know if he is right or wrong. They have breached an enormous hole in the line, and the question is only how far back the men must go before they begin to establish a front. Confusion is at the crossroads, showing the way back to Lawrence?

2

SOMETIMES THE PRISONER thought likely that women had begun to draw respect from men about pregnancy lost its danger. In 1891 Simmelweis uncovered the cause of puerperal fever, and the door opened over from the midwife, or the anesthesia, antiseptics, obstetrics, and delivery by fluorescent light were able to replace boiling water, the lamp by the bed, and the long drum roll of labor. Women began to be insulated from the dramatic possibility of a fatal end. If that had once been a possibility reason for them to look at their mate with eyes of love or hate but know their man might yet be the agent of their conceive then of the lost gravity of the act, and the displacement of man from a creature equally mysterious to her (since he could introduce a creation to her which could

**Tropic of Capricorn*, pp. 182-183.

m) down to the fellow who took lessons on how to wife from Masters and Johnson and bowed out to sons of his superior, a vibrator (which, reminiscent power concentrated by corporations in the plastic every supermart, had obviously the virility to ring disembodied case-history buzzer). Enough! The men made for the third time, and can rest. It is, like ant, an exaggeration. What is more to the point is mark that "the sexes are inherently in everything reproductive systems," etc.

sister Kate," would reply any lady from the centre, "reproductive systems are better than half of could have been right, for how much will impress us the danger of our death? But technology, by example, man's power over nature, reduced him before women; mark is no longer absurd—it has become the sum-line of thought which looks to prove that difference between men and women have been exaggerated, are re shaped by the condition that humans-with-phal-lus generally grow up in a masculine culture, and humans-as in a feminine milieu, thereby exaggerating the effects. Even before they could speak, their separation defined by the way they were handled, whether ruggedly or tenderly, how sentimentally spoken to, "Hiya, guy! little girl," and in the language they were soon to receive numberless indications to shape their consciousness in such ways as to make them more masculine as boys, and more feminine as girls. (And indeed, since English had no separate nouns, the thought occurred that feminism had originated in England and America precisely because conditioning to be masculine or feminine was less explicit in our language.) Culture had obviously created the polarity of men and women, enough to embolden one to say, "Whatever the real differences may be, we are not to know them until the sexes are treated differently, like." Yet, by every evidence of style, the sexes were growing similar, for whether equipped with phallus or not, they came accoutered in pants and long hair, and the sex had been incubating for more than a little while.

student in a graduate class at Harvard, some years ago was a member of a seminar which was asked to judge which of two piles of a clinical test, the TAT, had been written by males, and which of the two piles had been written by females. Only four students out of twenty identified the piles correctly, and this was after one and a half years of intensively studying the differences between men and women. Since this result is below chance, that is, this would occur by chance about four out of a thousand times, we may conclude that there is finally a consistency in students are judging knowledgeably within the context of psychological teaching about the differences between men and women; the teachings themselves are simply obvious.*

is it possible that women had come to identify themselves with the value of qualities the culture suggested were male and so had begun to give answers more representative of men of what was considered manly or desirable? The prisoner had also to take into account that "The judges, chosen for their clinical expertise, to distinguish heterosexuals from male homosexuals on the basis of widely used clinical projective tests—the Rorschach inkblot, and the MAP, was no better than chance." Latent

Naomi Weissstein, "'Kinder, Küche, Kirche' as Scientific Law: How Constructs the Female," *Sisterhood is Powerful*, p. 212.

homosexuality had become as responsive to test questions as overt, a way of concluding that by any psychic measure heterosexuals were as homosexual already as the homosexuals. Either that, or such qualities as masculine and feminine, heterosexual and homosexual, did not exist in any way we understood them. How natural then for Millett to push on from the argument that sex was not so much of the organs as of the mind, to the point that "one must really go further and urge a dissemination to members of each sex of those socially desirable traits previously confined to one or the other while eliminating the bellicosity or excessive passivity useless in either." The remark opened the door to eugenics, and beyond was the very stuff of experimental control in the extra-uterine womb. It was the measure of the liberal technologist and the Left totalitarian that they exhibited the social lust to make units of people, a cerebral passion reminiscent of the early days of civil liberties when the liberals who knew least about blacks were most eager to insist that there were only environmental differences between Negroes and whites, and it was the blacks who had finally to emphasize "we were Black before we were born."** Nonetheless the evidence could not be ignored that men and women appeared to be biologically more similar than the prisoner had yet recognized. While Greer could offer the happy information that the "degree of distinguishability between the sexes can vary from something so tiny as to be almost imperceptible to a degree of difference so great that scientists remained for a long time ignorant of the fact that species classified as distinct were in fact male and female of the same species."**Still, by all accounts, every mammal, male or female, lived for its first embryonic weeks in the female state, which is to say we all began as females. Only in the second month did the action of the hormone androgen move human embryos with y chromosomes over into development as males.

*Up to the seventh week the foetus shows no sexually differentiated characteristics, and when sexual development begins it follows a remarkably similar pattern in both sexes. The clitoris and the head of the penis look very alike at first, and the urethra develops as a furrow in both sexes. In boys, the scrotum forms out of the genital swelling, in girls, the labia.***

Yes, the similarities in embryo were profound. For if gonads were removed from a female embryo before the first six weeks, she would still grow into a normal female, she would even go through all the regular changes of puberty if, in the absence of the excised ovaries, hormones were fed her. But if the fetal gonads were excised from an embryonic male before the first six weeks, he, too, would develop into a female.

It was never advisable, when knowing little of these matters, to elaborate any thesis upon them. Who was more to be disrespected than the philosopher who built his system upon scientific conclusions he could not evaluate. How absurd, for instance, were those arguments which would sanctify the power of men by stating that science had shown that the man determined the sex of the child since his sperm contained either male or female chromosomes, and only one or the other would reach the ovum. Caught in such arguments it would appeal to the prisoner to point out that the scientists who announced such results were hardly bestowing power on the female ovum to call across the diminishing sea, "Here, here, sweet little x girl chromosome, come to me," or "Stay where you are, nasty vain ego-swollen y sticker chromosome." It

*I'm afraid this is from Ron Karenga. (cf. *Look*, January 7, 1969)

**Greer, pp. 25, 28.

seemed evident to the prisoner that the determination of the sex of children was probably as much up to the women as the men, indeed, it was nice to think that it may even have depended upon the qualities called forth by the fuck, but he was back again here to the cramped grasp he held of these ultra-microscopic biological matters, a cause perhaps of his cynicism about the power of scientists to state with real certainty that the sexes were actually as similar in embryo as they might appear, and that indeed, but for the single different x or y chromosome, we were all as one sex once. Yet he did not know but what he believed it anyway, believed the sexes were originally as one, believed it not on the scientific evidence which was vastly too scanty, but on the metaphorical feel, the metaphysical drift, if you will, of his own thought, which found it reasonable to assume that the primary quality of man was an assertion, and on the consequence an isolation, that one had to alienate oneself from nature to become a man, step out of nature, be almost as if opposed to nature, be perhaps directly opposed to nature, be perhaps even the instrument of some larger force in that blind goat-kicking lust which would debase females, make all women cunts, that being a man was by this extreme sense not even altogether natural, not if the calm of the seas is seen as the basic condition of nature, that man was a spirit of unrest who proceeded to become less masculine whenever he ceased to strive, that the phallus was the perfect symbol of man, since no matter how powerful a habit was its full presence, it was the one habit which was always ready to desert a man. So it would not have surprised him if biological sex began in the womb at that point when embryos were females all but too late, *homosoma with the*—When some *come* (the) of selection took place in the first days of embryonic life? Who could know if the power to be male might also rest in the grasp of that just-formed embryo who was sometimes conceived with a soul capable of choice or even of mission, who could know it was impossible for the embryo to pick up some confidence or detestation of the future from the communicating waves of the womb and the nutrients offered by the mother, and so could have the power to embark on the mightiest decision of the life which was yet to come, the decision to separate oneself from nature to the extent of becoming a man. Did it happen on a stroke with no evidence ever of metamorphosis from x to y, or of y back to x in the electron microscope? For, indeed, such theory spoke of the power to decide not to be male just as well. Yes, such vision invoked gulfs of choice between the sexes so great that the surface of man and the surface of woman (which is to say the part of their minds responsive to tests) would tend to come together in every simulation of the similar to which civilization had bent their brain, for equally great was civilized dread at the intellectual consequences of a concealed but vast difference between men and women.

Of course, such ideas were wild, they were loose, they would be called lamentable. Yet his aversion remained to the liberal supposition it was good that men and women become more and more alike; that gave him a species of aesthetic nausea as subtle and complete as the sense of displacement which comes upon one in an airplane when it is learned that the sweet and gentle soul in the next seat is the product of surgical virtuositities which have extended his life.

Why at this point did he think with admiration of Millett? Why then of sturdy Millett next to such an invalid and such an aversion if not for her political genius in perceiving that any technologizing of the sexes into twin-unit living teams

complete with detachable subunits (kids) might yet contend with the work of D. H. Lawrence. Not, of course, any love of children—it would not be until his last book one of Lawrence's romances would end with the heroic, tranquil, and fulfilled, no, Lawrence's love affairs more likely to come in like winds off Wuthering Heights, never had a male novelist written with more comfort for women—heart, contradiction, and soul: never had a loved them more, been so intimate to the tides of the moment, and so ready to see them murdered—his work the consequence, huge fascination for women. Since then he was also the sacramental poet of a sacrament, since he believed nothing human had such significant tender majesties of a man and woman fucking with it was also the most appalling subversive to the single, sive sexual standard: the orgy, homosexuality, and evitable promiscuity attached to a sexual search repellent and might yet repel many of the young as they become with the similarity of the sexes.

Indeed, which case-hardened guerrilla of Women's Liberation might not shed a private tear at the following passage

"And if you're in Scotland and I'm in the Midlands, I can't put my arms round you, and wrap my legs round you, yet I've got something of you. My soul softly flaps the little pentecost flame with you, like the peace of flogging. We fucked a dame into being. Even the flowers tucked into being between the sun and the earth. But it's delicate thing, and takes patience and long pause."

"So I love chastity now, because it is the peace that comes of fucking. I love being chaste now. I love it as snowdrops love the snow. I love this chastity, which is the pause, the peace of our fucking, between us now like a snowdrop, forked white fire. And when the real spring comes, when the drawing together comes, then we can fuck the little dame brilliant and yellow . . ."

Yes, which stout partisan of the Liberation would read words and not go soft for the memory of some bitter love of love they had burned behind. Lawrence was dangerous. So delicate and indestructible an enemy to the cause of Liberation that to expunge him one would have to let Millett herself. If she is more careful with Lawrence with Miller, acting less like some literary Molotov, if her respect for quotation is in this place more guarded, even functions as a critic and so gives us a clue to the meaning of Lawrence's life and work, she has become twice at hiding the real evidence. So she rises from abuse to night-school legal briefs—it is crucial to her case that Lawrence be the "counterrevolutionary sexual politician," terms him, but since women love his work, and remember she is obliged to bring in the evidence more or less fairly, only distort it by small moves, brief elisions in the quotation, the suppression of passing contradictions, in short bring all the evidence on one side of the case and harangue them but a little further. Since she has a great deal of evidence, only a careful defense can overthrow her case. For Lawrence can be hung as a counterrevolutionary sexual politician of his own words and speeches. There is a plethora of evidence—in his worst books. And in all his books the unmistakable tendencies toward the absolute domination of women by men, mystical worship of the male will, detestation of democracy. There is a stretch in the middle of his book out in such unread tracts as *Aaron's Rod* and *Kangaroo*.

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y feeling arrives that perhaps it was just as well
 died when he did, for he could have been the liter-
 r to Oswald Mosely about the time Hitler came in,
 en ingest a comprehension of the appeal of fascism
 and Wyndham Lewis, for the death of nature lived
 the air of the contract between corporate democ-
 technology, and who was then to know that the
 of fascism and technology would be even worse,
 elerate that death. Still, such fear for the end of
 is superficial. He was perhaps a great writer, cer-
 ved, and abominably pedestrian in his language
 ducts of experience burned dry, he was unendur-
 tic then, he was a pill, and at his worst, a humor-
 he is pathetic in all those places he suggests that
 d follow the will of a stronger man, a purer man.
 ceivably not unlike him-self, for one senses in his
 and in the spoiled airs of his impatient disdain at
 could not intellectually dominate that he was a
 boy, spoiled rotten, and could not have commanded
 rymen to follow him, yet he was still a great writer,
 tained a cauldron of boiling opposites—he was on
 and a Hitler in a teapot, on the other he was the
 east of tender love, he knew what it was to love a
 om her hair to her toes, he lived with all the sensi-
 female burning with tender love—and those incom-
 enough to break a less extraordinary man, were
 their difficulty by the fact that he had intellectual
 sufficient to desire the overthrow of European civili-
 s themes were nothing if not immense—in *The*
erpent he would even look to the founding of a new
 based on the virtues of the phallus and the submis-
 omen to the wisdom of that principle. But he was
 on of a miner, he came from hard practical small-
 ople, stock descended conceivably from the Druids,
 any centuries had hammered the reductive wisdom
 and pennies into the genes? So a part of Lawrence
 a little tobacconist from the English Midlands who
 ff the smoke of his wildest ideas—notions, we may
 a, which ran completely off the end of anybody's
 em—and hack out an irritable cough at the intimate
 obby knotty contradictions of his ideas when they
 odied in people. For if we can feel how consumed
 the dictatorial pressure to ram his sentiments into
 throat, he never forgets that he is writing novels.
 is ideas cannot simply triumph, they have to be
 heated and forged, and finally be beaten into shape-
 against the anvil of his profound British skepticism
 uld not even buy his own ideas, not outright, for his
 s, until the end, all seem to wear out in them. Kate
 heroine of *The Plumed Serpent*, a proud sophisti-
 h lady, falls in love with one of the Mexican leaders
 party, a new faith, a new ritual, gives herself to the
 on, believes in her submission—but not entirely! At
 e is still attached to the ambivalence of the European
 ly, the hero of *Aaron's Rod*, finally preaches “deep
 s submission to the heroic soul in a greater man”
 reater man is Lilly, but he is a slim small somewhat
 s figure, a bigger man for example strikes him in
 his wife and he is reduced to regaining his breath
 howing he is hurt, he is a small hardshelled nut of
 tions, much like Lawrence himself, and the grandeur
 as sound ridiculous in the little cracked shells of his
 Lawrence was not only trying to sell dictatorial
 he was also trying to destroy them. We can see

by the literary line of his life that he moves from the adoration
 of his mother in *Sons and Lovers* and from close to literal
 adoration of the womb in *The Rainbow* to worship of the
 phallus and the male will in his later books. In fact, Millett
 can be quoted to good effect, for her criticism is here close to
 objective, which is to say not totally at odds with the defense

Aaron's Rod, Kangaroo, and The Plumed Serpent are rather neglected novels, and perhaps justly so. They are unquestionably strident, and unpleasant for a number of reasons, principally a rasping protofascist tone, an increasing fondness of force, a personal arrogance, and innumerable racial, class, and religious bigotries. In these novels one sees how terribly Lawrence strained after triumph in the "man's world" of formal politics, war, priestcraft, art and finance. Thinking of Lady Chatterley or the early novels, readers often equate Lawrence with the personal life which generally concerns the novelist, the relations of men and women—for whether he played a woman's man or a man's man, Lawrence was generally doing so before an audience of women, who found it difficult to associate him with the public life of male authority. After Women in Love, having solved, or failed to solve, the problem of mastering the female, Lawrence became more ambitious. Yet he never failed to take his sexual politics with him, and with an astonishing consistency of motive, made it the foundation of all his other social and political beliefs.

It is fair analysis as far as it goes, but it fails to underline the heroism of his achievement, which is that he was able finally to leave off his quest for power in the male world and go back to what he started with, go back after every bitterness and frustration to his first knowledge that the physical love of men and women, insofar as it was untainted by civilization, was the salvation of us all, there was no other. And in fact he had never ceased believing that, he had merely lost hope it could be achieved.

Millett's critical misdemeanor is to conceal the pilgrimage, hide the life, cover over that emotional odyssey which took him from adoration of the woman to outright lust for her murder, then took him back to worship her beauty, even her procreative beauty. Millett avoids the sympathy this might arouse in her female readers (which dead lover after all is more to be cherished than the one who returned from aloofness to attention?) yes, avoid such huge potential sympathy by two simple critical stratagems; she writes about his last book first, which enables her to end her very long chapter on Lawrence with an analysis of his story, “The Woman Who Rode Away.” Since it may be the most savage of his stories and ends with the ritual sacrifice of a white woman by natives, Millett can close on Lawrence with the comment, “Probably it is the perversion of sexuality into slaughter, indeed, the story's very travesty and denial of sexuality, which accounts for its monstrous, even demented air.” Not every female reader will remind herself that Lawrence, having purged his blood of murder, would now go on to write *Lady Chatterley*. But then Millett is not interested in the dialectic by which writers deliver their themes to themselves; she is more interested in hiding the process, and so her second way of concealing how much Lawrence has still to tell us about men and women is simply to distort the complexity of his brain into snarling maxims, take him at his worst and make him even worse, take him at his best and bring pinking shears to his context. Like a true species of literary Mafia, Millett works always for points and the shading of points. If she can't steal a full point, she'll cop a half.

Examples abound, but it is necessary to quote Lawrence

in some fullness, a defense of his works rests naturally on presenting him in uninterrupted lines, which indeed will be no hardship to read. Besides, the clearest exposure of the malignant literary habits of the prosecutor is to quote her first and thereby give everyone an opportunity to see how little she shows, how much she ignores, in her desire to steal the verdict.

"You lie there," he orders. She accedes with a "queer obedience"—Lawrence never uses the word female in the novel without prefacing it with the adjectives "weird" or "queer": this is presumably done to persuade the reader that woman is a dim prehistoric creature operating out of primeval impulse. Mellors concedes one kiss on the navel and then gets to business: "And he had to come into her at once, to enter the peace on earth of that soft quiescent body. It was the moment of pure peace for him, the entry into the body of a woman. She lay still, in a kind of sleep, always in a kind of sleep. The activity, the orgasm was all his, all his; she could strive for herself no more."

This is the passage from which she has drawn her quotation:

"You lie there," he said softly, and he shut the door, so that it was dark, quite dark.

With a queer obedience, she lay down on the blanket. Then she felt the soft, groping, helplessly desirous hand touching her body, feeling for her face. The hand stroked her face softly, softly, with infinite soothing and assurance, and at last there was the soft touch of a kiss on her cheek.

She lay quite still, in a sort of sleep, in a sort of dream. Then she quivered as she felt his hand groping softly, yet with queer thwarted clumsiness among her clothing. Yet the hand knew, too, how to unclothe her where it wanted. He drew down the thin silk sheath, slowly, carefully, right down and over her feet. Then with a quiver of exquisite pleasure he touched the warm soft body, and touched her navel for a moment in a kiss. And he had to come into her at once, to enter the peace on earth of her soft, quiescent body. It was the moment of pure peace for him, the entry into the body of a woman.

She lay still, in a kind of sleep, always in a kind of sleep. The activity, the orgasm was his, all his; she could strive for herself no more. Even the tightness of his arms round her, even the intense movement of his body, and the springing seed in her, was a kind of sleep, from which she did not begin to rouse till he had finished and lay softly panting against her breast.

It is a modest example, but then it is a modest act and Constance Chatterley is exhausted with the deaths of the world she is carrying within—since they will make other kinds of love later, the prosecutor will have cause enough to be further enraged, but the example can show how the tone of Lawrence's prose is poisoned by the acids of inappropriate comment. "Mellors concedes one kiss on the navel and then gets to business." Indeed! Take off your business suit, Comrade Millett.

But it is hardly the time for a recess. We will want to look at another exhibit. The quoted lines up for indictment are from *Women in Love*:

Having begun by informing Ursula he will not love her, as he is interested in going beyond love to "something much more impersonal and harder," he goes on to state his terms: "I've seen plenty of women, I'm sick of seeing them. I want a woman I don't see . . . I don't want your good looks, and I don't want your womanly feelings, and I don't want your thoughts nor opinions nor your ideas." The "new" relationship, while posing as an affirmation of the primal un-

conscious sexual being, to adopt Lawrence's jargon, is in effect a denial of personality in the woman.

Or is it a denial of personality in Lawrence? Witness how literary commissar will void the strength of Lawrence by cutting off our acquaintance with the marrow of sensibility, the air of his senses. For Lawrence is always to the quiet ringing of the ether, the quick retreat of the awe of the thought about to be said, then left unsaid after all. But his remarks cannot be chopped from their setting. A bruised apple at the foot of a tree is not reality from a bruised apple in the frigidaire.

There was silence for some moments.

"No," he said. "It isn't that. Only—if we are going to make a relationship, even of friendship, there must be something final and irrevocable about it."

There was a clang of mistrust and almost anger in his voice. She did not answer. Her heart was too much distracted. She could not have spoken.

Seeing she was not going to reply, he continued, more bitterly, giving himself away:

"I can't say it is love I have to offer—and it isn't what you want. It is something much more impersonal and harder—and rarer."

There was a silence, out of which she said:

"You mean you don't love me?"

She suffered furiously, saying that.

"Yes, if you like to put it like that. Though perhaps it isn't true. I don't know. At any rate, I don't feel the emotion of love for you—no, and I don't want to. Because it is not out in the last issues. . . ."

How different is all this from "going beyond love to something much more impersonal and harder," how much more we have the feeling they are in love.

"If there is no love, what is there?" she cried, almost jeering.

"Something," he said, looking at her, battling with his soul, with all his might.

"What?"

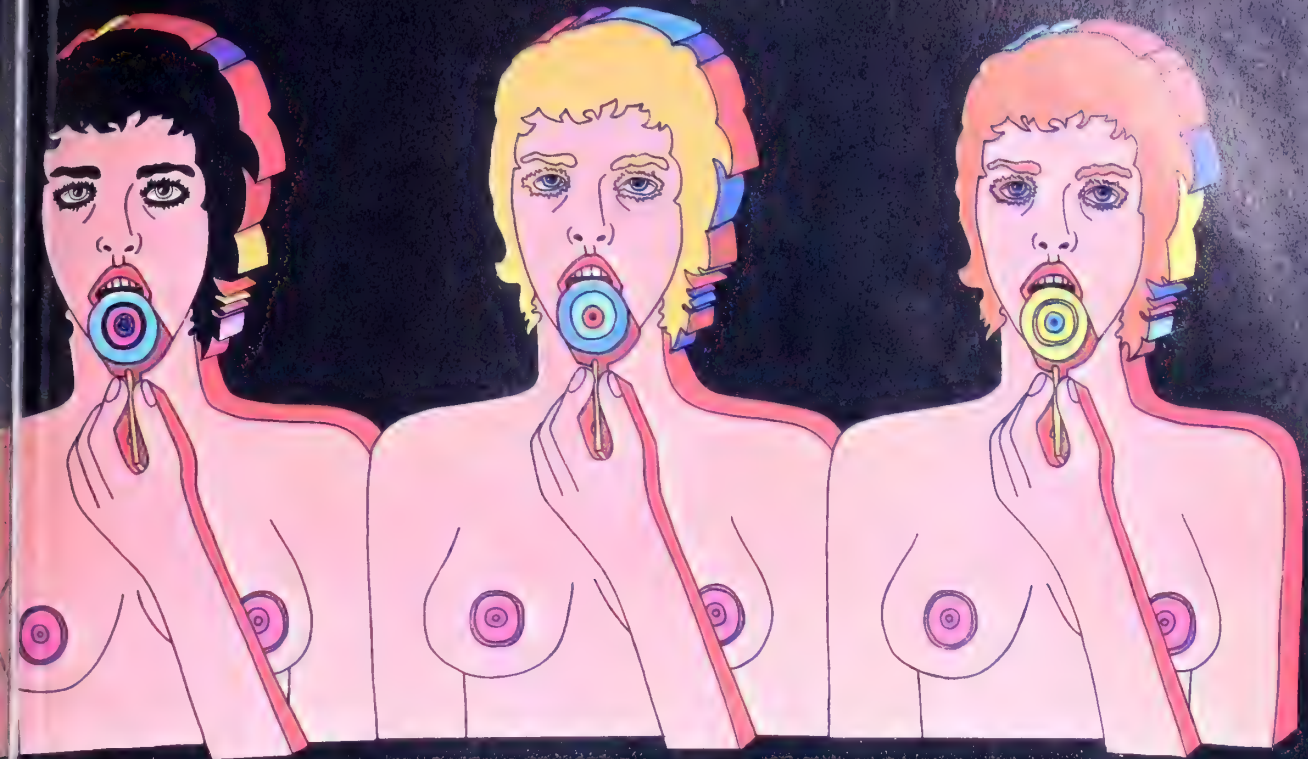
He was silent for a long time, unable to be in communication with her while she was in this state of opposition.

"There is," he said, in a voice of pure abstraction, "a final me which is stark and impersonal and beyond responsibility. So there is a final you, and it is there I want to meet you—not in the emotional, loving plane but there beyond, where there is no speech and no terms of agreement. There we are two stark, unknown beings, utterly strange creatures, I would want to approach you and you me. And there could be no obligation, because there is no standard for action there, because no understanding has been reaped from that plane. It is quite inhuman—so there can be no calling to book, in any way whatsoever—because one is outside the pale of all that is accepted, and nothing known applies. One can only follow the impulse, taking that which lies in front, and responsible for nothing, asking for nothing, giving nothing, only taking according to the primal desire."

Ursula listened to this speech, her mind dumb and almost senseless, what he said was so unexpected and so untoward.

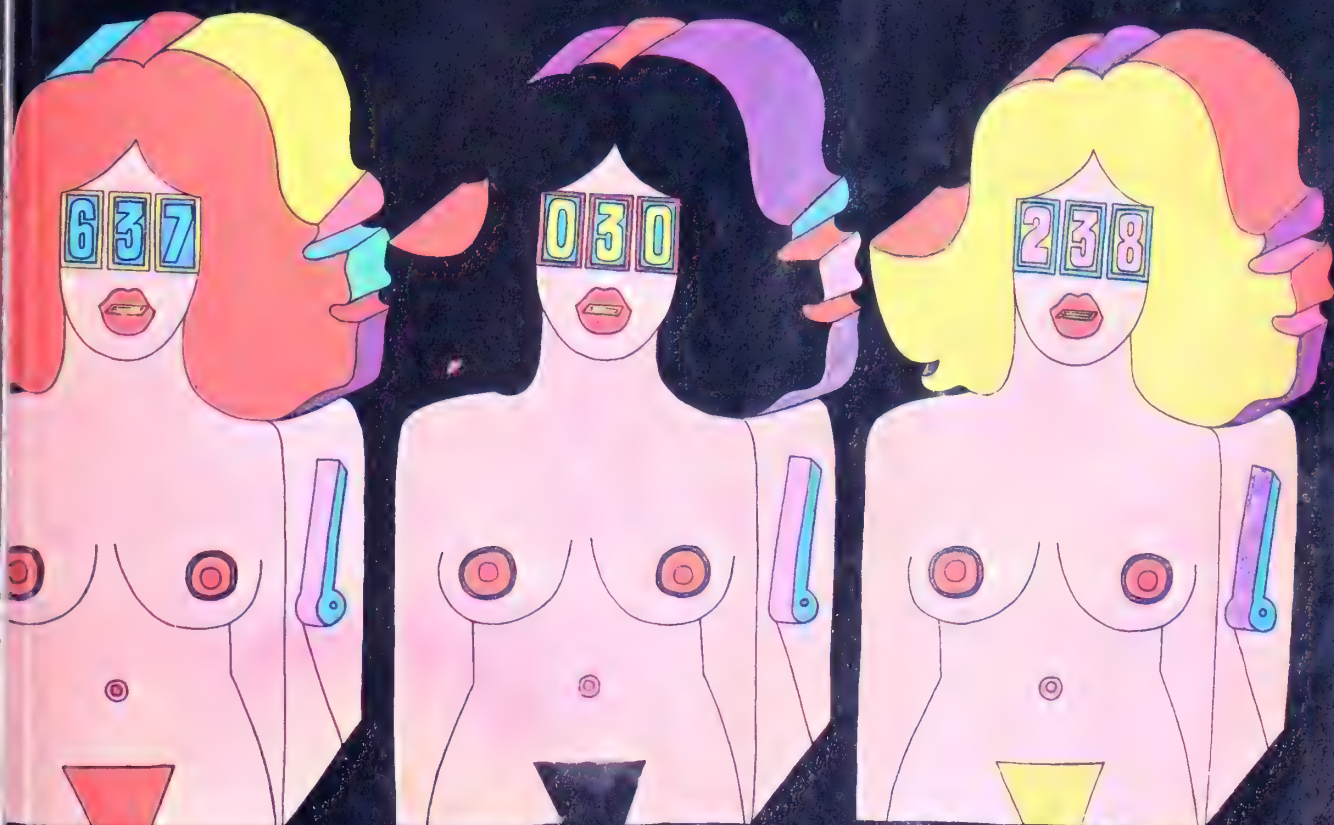
"It is just purely selfish," she said.

"If it is pure, yes. But it isn't selfish at all. Because I don't know what I want of you. I deliver myself over to the unknown, in coming to you, I am without reserves or defenses, stripped entirely, into the unknown. Only I need the pledge between us, that we will both care for everything, cast off ourselves even, and cease to be, so that which is perfectly ourselves can take place in us."

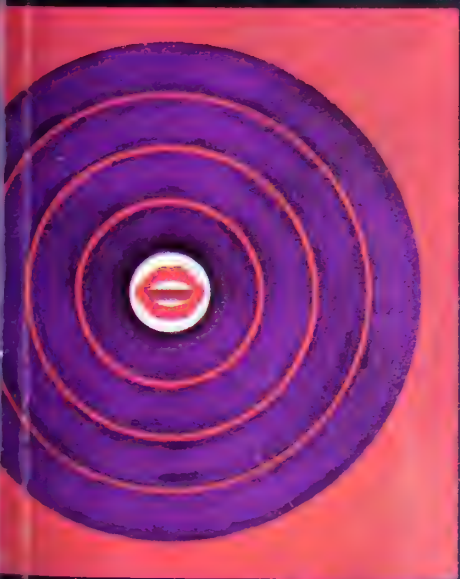


AN ARCADE FOR THE GAME OF LOVE...

designs for a set of machines that artist René Schumacher is constructing down to the last wire spring, ball bearing, screw and socket, in his New York studio. He calls it "Girl Game."









all soon see, Lawrence will go further than this, he to believe that a woman must submit—a most thing submission, bet on it—yet in that book where mission takes place, in *The Plumed Serpent* where e has her most profound sex with a man who in- emaining a stranger and an Indian, the moral at he wants her by the end, wants Kate Leslie just as she desires him. Lawrence's point, which he re- and over, is that the deepest messages of sex can- rd by taking a stance on the side of the bank. an- one is in love, and then proceeding to fish in the love with a breadbasket full of ego. No, he is say- and again, people can win at love only when they to lose everything they bring to it of ego, position, —love is more stern than war—and men and women e only if they reach the depths of their own sex nin themselves. They have to deliver themselves the unknown." No more existential statement of s, for it is a way of saying we do not know how will turn out. What message more odious to the ist? So Millett will accuse him endlessly of patri- le-dominated sex. But the domination of men over as only a way station on the line of Lawrence's at he started to say early and ended saying late was ould heal, sex was the only nostrum which could ther medicines were part of the lung-scarring smoke es and healed nothing. were poison, but sex could when one was without "reserves or defenses." And nd women received what they deserved of one an- ce Women's Lib has presented itself with the clear of giving modern woman a full hard efficient ego. 's ideas could not be more directly in the way. Still, ul to think that, quickly as men are losing any sense lay, women—if Millett can model for her sex—are ithout it. Maybe Millett is not so much Molotov sky. What a foul exhibit must now be displayed!

e as she is, Connie fares better than the heroine of lumed Serpent, from whom Laurentian man, Don no, deliberately withdraws as she nears orgasm, in ulated and sadistic denial of her pleasure: "By a ark instinct, Cipriano drew away from this in her. in their love, it came back on her, the seething female ecstasy, which knows such spasms of de- he recoiled from her. . . . By a dark and powerful t he drew away from her as soon as this desire rose in her, for the white ecstasy of frictional satisfaction, throes of Aphrodite of the foam. She could see that to : was repulsive. He just removed himself, dark and ngeable, away from her."

age restored will be of interest to any jury looking er evidence on the virtues or deterrents of the clitoral

realised, almost with wonder, the death in her of hrodite of the foam: the seething, frictional, ecstatic drite. By a swift dark instinct, Cipriano drew away his in her. When, in their love, it came back on her, ething electric female ecstasy, which knows such s of delirium, he recoiled from her. It was what she o call her "satisfaction." She had loved Joachim for hat again, and again, and again he could give her rgiastic "satisfaction," in spasms that made her cry

Cipriano would not. By a dark and powerful in- he drew away from her as soon as this desire rose

again in her, for the white ecstasy of frictional satisfaction, the throes of Aphrodite of the foam. She could see that to him, it was repulsive. He just removed himself, dark and unchangeable, away from her.

And she, as she lay, would realise the worthlessness of this foam-effervescence, its strange externality to her. It seemed to come upon her from without, not from within. And succeeding the first moment of disappointment, when this sort of "satisfaction" was denied her, came the knowl- edge that she did not really want it, that it was really nauseous to her.

And he, in his dark, hot silence, would bring her back to the new, soft, heavy, hot flow, when she was like a fountain gushing noiseless and with urgent softness from the volcanic deeps. Then she was open to him soft and hot, yet gushing with a noiseless soft power. And there was no such thing as conscious "satisfaction." What happened was dark and untellable. So different from the friction which flares out in circles of phosphorescent ecstasy, to the last wild spasm which utters the involuntary cry, like a death-cry, the final love-cry. This she had known, and known to the end, with Joachim. And now this too was removed from her. What she had with Cipriano was curi- ously beyond her knowing: so deep and hot and flowing, as it were subterranean. She had to yield before it. She could not grip it into one final spasm of white ecstasy which was like sheer knowing.

And as it was in the love-act, so it was with him. She could not know him. When she tried to know him, some- thing went slack in her, and she had to leave off. She had to let be. She had to leave him, dark and hot and potent, along with the things that are, but are not known. The presence. And the stranger. This he was always to her.

Yes, sex was the presence of grace and the introduction of the stranger into oneself. That was the only medicine for the lividities of the will. So Lawrence would preach, but he was a man in torture. If Millett had wished to get around Law- rence in the easiest way for the advance of the Liberation, she would have done better to have built a monument to him, and a bridge over his work, rather than making the mean calculation she could bury him by meretricious quota- tion. For Lawrence is an inspiration, but few can do more than respect him on the fly (the way a Soviet official might duck into an Orthodox church to smell the incense). The world has been technologized and technologized twice again in the forty years since his death, the citizens are technolo- gized as well. Who will go looking for the "new, soft, heavy, hot flow," or the "urgent softness from the volcanic deeps" when the air of cities smells of lava, and the mood of the streets is like the bowels turned inside-out? What he was asking for had been too hard for him, it is more than hard for us: his life was, yes, a torture, and we draw back in fear, for we would not know how to try to burn by such a light.

Yet, he was a man more beautiful perhaps than we can guess, and it is worth the attempt to try to perceive the logic of his life, for he illumines the passion to be masculine as no other writer, he reminds us of the beauty of desiring to be a man, for he was not much of a man himself, a son despised by his father, beloved of his mother, a boy and young man and prematurely aging writer with the soul of a beautiful woman. It is not only that no other man writes so well about women, but indeed is there a woman who can? Useless for Millett to answer that here is a case of one man commending another man for his ability to understand women—what a vain and pompous assumption, she will hasten to jeer, but such words will be the ground meat of a dull cow. The confidence

is that some of Lawrence's passages have a ring—perhaps it is an echo of that great bell which may toll whenever the literary miracle occurs and a writer sets down words to resonate with that sense of peace and proportion it is tempting to call truth. Yet whoever believes that such a leap is not possible across the gap, that a man cannot write of a woman's soul, or a white man of a black man, does not believe in literature itself. So, yes, Lawrence understood women as they had never been understood before, understood them with all the tortured fever of a man who had the soul of a beautiful, imperious, and passionate woman, yet he was locked into the body of a middling male physique, not physically strong, of reasonable good looks, a pleasant to somewhat seedy-looking man, no stud. What a nightmare to balance that soul! to take the man in himself, locked from youth into every need for profound female companionship, a man almost wholly oriented toward the company of women, and attempt to go out into the world of men, indeed even dominate the world of men so that he might find balance. For his mind was possessed of that intolerable masculine pressure to command which develops in sons outrageously beloved by their mothers—to be the equal of a woman at twelve or six or any early age which reaches equilibrium between the will of the son and the will of the mother, strong love to strong love, is all but to guarantee the making of a future tyrant, for the sense of where to find one's inner health has been generated by the early years of that equilibrium—its substitute will not be easy to create in maturity. What can then be large enough to serve as proper balance to a man who was equal to a strong woman in emotional confidence at the age of eight? Hitlers develop out of such balance derived from imbalance, and great generals and great novelists (for what is a novelist but a general who sends his troops across fields of paper?).

So we must conceive then of Lawrence arrogant with mother love and therefore possessed of a mind which did not believe any man on earth had a mind more important than his own. What a responsibility then to bring his message to the world, unique message which might yet save the world! We must conceive of that ego equal already to the will of a strong woman while he was still a child—what long steps had it taken since within the skull! He needed an extraordinary woman for a mate, and he had the luck to find his Frieda. She was an aristocrat and he was a miner's son, she was large and beautiful, she was passionate, and he stole her away from her husband and children—they could set out together to win the world and educate it into ways to live, do that, do all of that out of the exuberance of finding one another.

But she was a strong woman, she was individual, she loved him but she did not worship him. She was independent. If he had been a stronger man, he could perhaps have enjoyed such personal force, but he had become a man by an act of will, he was bone and blood of the classic family stuff out of which homosexuals are made, he had lifted himself out of his natural destiny which was probably to have the sexual life of a woman, had diverted the virility of his brain down into some indispensable minimum of phallic force—no wonder he worshiped the phallus, he above all men knew what an achievement was its rise from the root, its assertion to stand proud on a delicate base. His mother had adored him. Since his first sense of himself as a male had been in the tender air of her total concern—now, and always, his strength would depend upon just such outsize admiration. Dominance over women was not tyranny to him but equality, for dominance

was the indispensable elevator which would raise him to that height from which it might seek transcendence, sexual transcendence, some ecstasy where he could be ego for a moment, and his sense of self and his wife to him—he could not live without sexual transcendence. If he had had an outrageously unequal development—to be a man and all the senses of a woman—there was price to pay: he was not healthy. His lungs were poor, lived with the knowledge that he would likely have a death. Each time he failed to reach a woman, each failed particularly to reach his own woman, he was a little. It is hopeless to read his books and try to understand the quirky changeable fury-ridden relationship between men and women without comprehending that Lawrence every serious love affair as fundamental do-or-die: he literally died a little more each time he missed transcendence in the act. It was why he saw lust as hopelessness, was meaningless fucking and that was the privilege of healthy. He was ill, and his wife was literally killing him each time she failed to worship his most proud and delicate. Which may be why he invariably wrote on the edge of death—we speak in simples as experience approaches the end, and Lawrence lived with the monumental gloom of death was already in him, and sex—some transcendence, a variety of sex—was his only hope, and his wife was too ill to recognize such tragic facts.

By the time of writing *Women in Love*, his view of women would not be far from the sinister. One of the two would succeed in driving her man to his death. He was against the will of women turns immense, and his plodes on the human race, or is it the majority of races?—these are the years when he will in *Aaron's Rod* a character, Lilly, his mouthpiece, say:

I can't do with folk who teem by the billion, like the Chinks and Japs and Orientals altogether. Only vermin teem by the billion. Higher types breed slower. I would have loved the Aztecs and the Red Indians. I know they hold the element in life which I am looking for—they had living pride, like the flea-bitten Asiatics. Even niggers are better than Asiatics, though they are wallowers. The American race and the South Sea Islanders—the Marquesans, the New blood. That was true blood. It wasn't frightened. All the rest are craven . . .

It is the spleen of a man whose organs are rotting in place, and so, owner of a world-ego, he will see the world in parts.

There are the years when he flirts with homosexuality, is secretly, we may assume, obsessed with it. For he is in need of that restorative sex he can no longer find, since his psyche was originally shaped to be homosexual, homosexuality could yet be his peace. Except it could not likely, for his mind could hardly give up the world to dominate. Homosexuality becomes a double irony—he can now seek to dominate men physically more powerful than himself. The paradoxes of this position result in the *Aaron's Rod* which is about a male love affair (which quite takes place) between a big man and a little man, the little man does the housework, plays nursemaid to the big man when he is ill, and ends by dominating him, and offering the last speech in the book.

All men say, they want a leader. Then let them in their souls submit to some greater soul than theirs . . . You, Aaron, you too have the need to submit. You, too, have need livingly to yield to a more heroic soul, to give your

know you have [but] . . . perhaps you'd rather die
1. And so, die you must. It is your affair.

parated the theme from himself and reversed the
e will die rather than yield, even though earlier
he is ready to demonstrate that platonic homo-
ves. It is the clear suggestion that Aaron recovers
e Lilly anoints his naked body, lays on hands after
medicines had failed.

y he uncovered the blond lower body of his patient,
in to rub the abdomen with oil, using a slow,
, circulating motion, a sort of massage. For a long
ubbed finely and steadily, then went over the whole
ver body, mindless, as if in a sort of incantation.
d every speck of the man's lower body—the abdo-
buttocks, the thighs and knees, down to his feet,
t all warm and glowing with camphorated oil,
of it, chafing the toes swiftly, till he was almost
d. Then Aaron was covered up again, and Lilly
in fatigue to look at his patient.

w a change. The spark had come back into the
, and the faint trace of a smile, faintly luminous,
face. Aaron was regaining himself. But Lilly said
He watched his patient fall into a proper sleep.

of his heroes, Birkin, weeps in strangled tones
offin of Gerald. It is an earlier period in Lawrence's
omosexual temptation: the pain is sharper, the
stronger. "He should have loved me," he said. "I
n." And his wife is repelled, "recoiled aghast from
sat . . . making a strange, horrible sound of tears."
he sickly sounds of a man who feels ready to die in
of himself because the other man would never yield.
omosexuality would have been the abdication of
as a philosopher-king. Conceive how he must have
against it! In all those middle years he moves
n the man who is sickened because the other did
to the man who will die because he, himself, will
But he is bitter, and with a rage which could burn
orld. It is burning his lungs.

is too late. He is into his last years. He is into the
ears of his dying. He has been a victim of love,
ie for lack of the full depth of a woman's love for
a near to infinite love he had needed. So he has
en to that place where he could deliver himself
nown, be "without reserves or defenses . . . cast off
; . . . and cease to be, so that that which is perfectly
can take place in us," no, he was never able to go
y the time he began *Lady Chatterley*, he must have
fight was done; he had never been able to break out
o of his lungs, nor out of the cage of his fashion-
d burned too many holes in too many organs trying
nto more manhood than the course of his nerves
y, he was done; but he was a lover, he wrote *Lady*
; he forgave, he wrote his way a little further to-
th, and sang of the wonders of creation and the
en and women in the rut and lovely of a loving fuck.

en a woman gets absolutely possessed by her own
own will set against everything, then it's fearful,
should be shot at last."
! shouldn't men be shot at last, if they get possessed
own will?"
—the same!"

mark is muttered, the gamekeeper rushes on im-
to talk of other matters, but it has been made,

Lawrence has closed the circle, the man and the woman are
joined, separate and joined.

3

IT WOULD BE SENSIBLE to end our
piece. A sentimental toast to Law-
rence, a pat on the back to Millett for
collecting such juicy questions, and a
dance around the pole. The value of
men has been restored—the beauty of
women will serve as balance—mate!

But unhappily the prisoner is al-
ways opening more subjects than he is able to close. If
Lawrence ended well with dignity and tenderness, it makes
it easier to forget that he also lost, he died too early, he had
lost, and the thought that men and women kill each other in
the years of their love if it is a half-love, or a love drenched
with hate, or a love bleak as the resigned air of mates who
have become friends, is still pressing the theme. For if it is
true, then the mass of men and women murder each other
slowly in the years of their living together, or pass on the
murder to their children. The fundamental argument of the
sexual revolution is still alive to say, "Sex is the search for
pleasure by any pit or any hole, and love is your coffin when
a family is founded on it."

Yes, the argument was hardly done. If Lawrence had
failed, how many could find "the pause of peace of our
fucking, between us now like a snowdrop of forked white
fire"? No, as the male and female blurred into a form which
was not yet clearly one, so the center of preoccupation in sex
passed from procreation to the "soft, warm, wet" of the
polymorphous-perverse, from conception to contraception,
from the vagina to the anus, as if the mark of a civilization
dying should be a mountainous sense of excitement for the
hole which presides over waste. So a trip across the land of
Millett was not all complete, there was homosexuality to
survey, all of the castles, drawbridges, penitentiaries, and
moats at the back door of every heterosexual urge—a quick
look at the work of Jean Genet is near. Of course, Genet was
alive and well and living in Paris. He was in no need of
care. Indeed even Kate Millett was ready to take care of
him. So the prisoner thought to use his work for no more
than an occasional example. He could travel a narrow path,
he would treat homosexuality as no more than a corollary of
the heterosexual condition; he would, in short, take the
short cut: pass through jail.

Here are two affidavits on the suppression of the revolt at
the Long Island City Men's House of Detention in New York,
1970:

*Friday, October 9, 20 or 30 C.O.s came onto my gallery
and ordered everyone to strip naked. We were then
marched, hands over heads, into the dayroom. . . . In the
dayroom I was lined up with about 40-45 other inmates in
three rows, facing a wall. Deputy warden Ossicow ordered
us to turn around and face him, saying, "I want to see if
any of my friends are here."*

*Officer McCoy then said, "Everybody line up, pricks to
asses. Everyone who gets a hard-on can walk."*

*McCoy then started beating everyone in the back row
with a club on their buttocks and legs . . . The physical beat-
ing was not as painful as the humiliation.**

*Donald Leroland, prisoner, quoted by Jack Newfield in *The Village Voice*, December 17, 1970.

It is so extraordinary an affidavit, we can be grateful for corroboration:

The evening of October 5, Monday, we were herded into the dayroom, naked. A correction officer ordered us to stand closer: "I want your dick in the man's ass in front of you," he said. "Anyone whose dick gets hard, you walk without a beating."

Since one account has it on Monday, another on Friday, either the event occurred twice, one of the inmates is mistaken, or the convicts made it up. The prizewinner was inclined to believe it was too good to be true but that it could have happened—only a policeman or a prison guard would come up with the happy detail that an erection was equal to physical safety, for it should please the paradoxes in a cop's heart. He would (1) offer dispensation, (2) confirm his opinion that criminals were capable of anything, (3) reduce the convicts to helpless younger brothers, and (4) obtain a recharging for the front and back of his pants while watching a free spectacle.

Still, what an implicit statement is offered about the nature of a hard-on, what a recognition that the phallus erect is nothing less than grace under pressure. Here in this naked line of convicts, they would reward any man who was animal enough, insouciant enough, or able to rise above his surroundings. Indeed, they would be rewarding innocence, for only an innocent could assume that the correction officers would not choose to give him a special going-over on the grounds that any man who could get an erection under such scrutiny had to be the first troublemaker in the House.

It is the middle class which looks upon homosexuality as perversion: the upper classes have kept it as a game reserve, and the working classes, to the degree they live in ghettos and are not part of the middle class, take on homosexuality as a species of poor man's copulation—if the money is not present to sheik a bitch for a night, then a smaller man must do. In a slum, the pecking order is equal to the fucking order. In prison, where the social complexities of sexual choice are reduced, and the natural instinct of punishment is to make inmates feel like units, a man can tell to uncomfortably close measure how much he is a man and how much he is a woman by how many ranks of men could lay their dicks on his ass (we are only using the good language of the forces of law and order) as opposed to how many men have asses which are ready to be laid on. It could be said that just as civil society is founded on money, so prison population is founded on the social holdings of prick-on-ass. The most powerful bugger is the mightiest man. Now, this of course is obviously not to say that every convict in every prison finds his place in a chain of buggery—that is true no more than that all men and women in society decide every attitude by money—but it is certainly to say that buggery is as fundamental to prison as money to social life, and so offers a preview of some aspects of the sexual revolution, or does if sex is currency in the single permissive sexual standard. In fact the paradox of that order to line up phallus to anus, strange phallus on one's own anus, is that it is indiscriminate, nihilistic, disruptive of social order in the prison population, and finally as explosive and degrading to established convict institutions as a brigade of black guerrillas might seem to a Park Avenue apartment house if the tenants were turned out naked and told to dance in a circle—certain apartments had been not yet in the habit of speaking to other apartments, now they were dancing on order

* Richard Flowers, prisoner, *ibid.*

from above. It underlines the fundamental dilemma of sexuality. If a bugger is a man, if he is indeed twice a man, "a male who fucks a male is a double male," says *Our Lady of the Flowers*—it is because there is no hierarchy more profound in prison than to be at the bottom of the hierarchy to be helpless without a protector, and usable as a man by nearly every other convict. One's ass is one's honor. Men commit murder to defend that ass or to revenge an ass that has been raped. One's ass becomes one's woman; one's honor is that she is virginal. Just as women will regard themselves as relatively virginal—men may have had them, been with them, and no man altogether—so most convicts would regard the conditions under which their ass was relinquished as a violation of the order to line up against each other indistinguishable. It was to make them all equally women since it emphasized that the only real phallus in the place belonged to the law. The law could make them obey any coercion, worse, could make them accept the only conceivable assertion—the man to get a hard-on could be made on the spot an official favorite, would be incorporated temporarily by the law. That is Establishment! It would reveal like nothing else the slippery slope on which a prison homosexual tries to live. If by dint of physical strength, intelligence, age, determination, even sexual genius, he climbs to the top position first among men, an external act can feminize him. There is simply no security for the prison homosexual. In *Genet* we are treated to the spectacle of men being turned over into females. After a few years, Darling, the "double male," is as much female as his mistress Divine, and Ballon who begins as a stud ends as a queen, ends as "Our Lady of the Flowers." At the same time prisoners who usually begin as young boys forced into service by older men or stronger men, spend years trying to work up to the top. In *Miracle of the Rose* we are told: "Only the act of being fucked was noble. It was not a matter of knowing how to fuck, but rather how to fight, which is finer." The thought is in a nice description of how a prison female improves her masculine personality first, then tries to forge a personality which might be able to fill it.

Whenever a big shot who was on the war path was heading for me, the fear of blows, physical fear, made me back away and double up. It was so natural a movement that I could never avoid it, but my will made me understand its meaning. Before long I fell into the habit when sitting back and bending over, of putting my hands on my knees or bent knees, in the posture of a man about to dash forward, a posture whose virtue I felt as soon as I assumed it. I had the necessary vigor and my face became surer. My posture was no longer due to the jitters but was a tactical maneuver. . . . Bulkaen, on the other hand, was a little girl whom Mettray had turned into a girl for the use of his shots, and all his gestures were the sign of nostalgia for a plundered, destroyed virility.

It is worth the reminder that becoming more masculine does not involve simple "imprinting." One has to learn certain activities which are dangerous and can be painful; it is nothing automatic about fighting. At the least a profound humiliation. It is no more easy to become a man than to agree to be a woman. Indeed a man can hardly assume he has become a man—he is on the way to being less masculine on the instant. So the cultural condition of being masculine or feminine may not be so much the exercise of a patriarchal society as derive from some impulse of nature. Determined was the PW to at last

possibility that some necessity may exist in human life above what is easiest and most routine for it, that myth-phalluses, hardly men at birth, must work to men, not be—as Millett would have it—merely conditions of men; and humans-with-vaginas, not necessarily from the beginning to maternity, must deepen into a femininity which was not female automatically, must take a leap into becoming women. If this seemed close to the pictures of penis envy, he was quick to remind himself that Freud's women were obliged to remain women because attempts to be masculine would fail—whereas he did not think if there was anything more difficult in a technological world than for a woman to reach the depths of femininity. It was no easier than for a man to become a hero, and only since we were all the inheritors of a male andersonian personage in our psyche, our father and mother no longer so it might be more comfortable to develop into a mingling mix of both sexes. Indeed, in a technological world the historical tendency was to homogenize the leisure patterns of men and women (because that was easier to design the world's oncoming social machine) might come without cultural conditioning, and then the differences between males and females might virtually cease to exist. That test results from men gave back responses more masculine than the responses from women have done more to underline the crisis of civilization—to disclose any failure to find the meaning of masculinity as feminine, just as the result which demonstrated that the differences could not be distinguished from homosexuals. Biological tests might as well have been stating that all men are homosexual but for their choice not to be: in prison, where a choice loses social support and is in fact dangerous, it is hardly surprising most of the prison population is homosexual at one time or another. Indeed the word has a meaning. They are not homosexual so much as males and artificial queers, de-based in the radical meaning of the word—they have been removed from the base to project their semen into the existential center of the world. If semen was in any way the physical embodiment of the male's vision of a future, then prison shunted his vision to the ass: it was society's profoundest way of saying, "You are criminal, and your vision of the future will end in shit." "Must" makes the case, for why else do prison reforms never succeed in allowing convicts to live with their wives or mistresses, when any student of the subject—on the word of a hundred wardens—knows homosexuality is the greatest force for violence in prison. It must be that males in prison are forever in danger of losing their masculinity, for they have none of even the modest buttresses of masculinity which the outside world can offer, not a steady dinner or the ability to bring in money, no exercise or something at which they are superior (if it is even a little), just the existential fact that they are represented by a phallus rather than their anus, an existential fact which may be abruptly reversed in any prison where the queers are enforced queers, they are not myth-phalluses who chose to be female, they have become female. They are to the queer outside as the vicar to the straight prison who was nicely seduced. So, yes, in prison men strive to become part of the male population, but it is the irony of homosexuality—try to take on the masculine powers of the man who enters them, even as Jean Genet is our accurate guide, become effeminate in years. For remind us: homosexuality is not heterosexual. There is no conception possible, no, no inner space,

no damnable spongy pool of a womb. Where a man can become more male and a woman more female by coming together in the full rigors of the fuck—a sentimental notion to which the prizewinner was bound to devote his last chapter—homosexuals, it can be suggested, tend to pass their qualities over to one another, for there is no womb to mirror and return what was most forceful or attractive in each of them. So the male gets more womanly and the queer absorbs the masculinity of the other—at what peculiar price literature, not science, will be more likely to inform us.

*During those years of softness when my personality took all sorts of forms, any male could squeeze my sides with his walls, could contain me. . . . I longed at the time—and often went so far as to imagine my body twisting about the firm, vigorous body of a male—to be embraced by the calm, splendid stature of a man of stone with sharp angles. And I was not completely at ease unless I could completely take his place, take on his qualities, his virtues; when I imagined I was he, making his gestures, uttering his words: when I was he. People thought I was seeing double, whereas I was seeing the double of things. I wanted to be myself, and I was myself when I became a crasher. All burglars will understand the dignity with which I was arrayed when I held my jimmy, my "pen." From its weight, material, and shape, and from its function too, emanated an authority that made me a man. I had always needed that steel penis in order to free myself completely from my faggotry, from my humble attitudes, and to attain the clear simplicity of manliness.**

Yes, it is the irony of prison life that it is a world where everything is homosexual and yet nowhere is the condition of being a feminine male more despised. It is because one is used, one is a woman without the power to be female, one is fucked without a womb, that is to say without awe. For whatever else is in the act, lust, cruelty, the desire to dominate, or simple desire, the result can be little more than a transaction—complex and pleasurable, but a transaction—when no hint remains of the awe that a life in these circumstances can be conceived. Heterosexual sex with contraception is become by this logic a form of sexual currency closer to the homosexual than the heterosexual, a clearinghouse for power, a market for psychic power in which the stronger will use the weaker, and the female in the act, whether possessed of a vagina or phallus, will look to ingest or steal the masculine qualities of the dominator. It could even be said that the development of Women's Lib may have run parallel to the promulgation of the Pill. There is a species of male cichlid, a prehistoric fish, who

*failed to find the courage to mate unless the female of their species responded with "awe." How one measures "awe" in a fish is a question perhaps better left unanswered, but the implications of this notion that the female's awe of the male is physically necessary to sexual intercourse are surely transparent enough if applied to men and women.***

It is Millett at her happiest, pure Left totalitarian. What is more absurd than a man who requires awe? It could be said that a bugger is more absurd since he must depend on weakness in the male before him, whereas a male may require awe of a female to balance the awe he feels for her—if only in some buried domain of the psyche—awe that he dares shoot into the open representative of the great cave of becoming, dares to take on purchase of that immense and fearful existence.

*Jean Genet, *Miracle of the Rose* (New York: Grove Press paperback, 1966), pp. 26-27.

**Millett, p. 209.

tence ringing at the edges of his dreams, that he fucks with some remote possibility of making a child and so is loose in a world where love can no longer be measured by power.

It was then obvious to the prisoner that he had come to the point where his own curious, even gnomish remarks about the avoidance of contraception would have to be explained,

and if he suspected the argument might have to pass a few more thoughts before revisiting the mysterious womb, he was able to console himself with the thought that if he was about ready to quote his own work, surely he coming to the end of his argument on a relenting subject.

IV THE PRISONER

*"Our readers are housewives, full time. They're not interested in the broad public issues of the day. They are not interested in national or international affairs. They are only interested in the family and the home . . . Humor? Has to be gentle, they don't get satire. Travel? We have almost completely dropped it. . . . You just can't write about ideas or broad issues of the day for women."**

But we are back in the 1950s. Magazine articles were called "Femininity Begins at Home" and "Have Babies While You're Young." Some were even called "Do Women Have to Talk So Much?" or "Cooking Is Fun to Me!"

*. . . the bored editors of McCall's ran a little article called "The Mother Who Ran Away." To their amazement it brought the highest readership of any article they had ever run. "It was our moment of truth," said a former editor. "We suddenly realized that all those women at home with their three and a half children were miserably unhappy."***

It was an era in which men had run women's magazines and run them briskly—if not quite consciously—toward a totalitarian goal (never to be altogether achieved) which would look for an American Century. Since ideological faith depends upon staying inside the system (because there is no way to treat the chaos outside) it was a period when women were considered neurotic if they rebelled against housework. The men would earn their salary in the tranquillity of equitable labor-management relations and the women would offer happy homes for the husband's return from the corporation day—there was a psychiatrist in every suburb. Let a woman show undue panic at the thought of an oncoming hysterectomy, and the surgeon of the psyche (which is to say the doctor of the word) was there to steer a patient to the fact her fear was due to unconscious association: one's past history was going to be removed—that was the fact of the fear. And the American Army would take care of the world. It was an incredible period. Paeans to the American woman, for she

. . . gracefully concedes the top job rungs to men. This wondrous creature also marries younger than ever, bears more babies and looks and acts far more feminine than the "emancipated" girl of the 1920's or even 30's.†

Surely, the prisoner is not nostalgic for this aurora borealis of the ranch house and the plastic horizon, this insertion of women into a role Betty Friedan will call so tellingly "The Feminine Mystique"; surely all his enthusiasm for the mys-

tery of the womb is not to squeeze women back into the insane shoe, surely he cannot think that the life of being "Really a Man's World, Politics" and "What We Can Learn from Mother Eve" can be preferable to a generation of young women whose adolescence has now passed in Camp, Pop, pot, poot, free poot, LSD, speed, and miniskirt, no, nor would he want them to, he is not going to explain that the Feminine Mystique was a tool of the sophisticated American technologists and totalitarians. Its conception of society was hygienic and anti-sexual. He hated the Fifties as few men alive, for, if an era did not break a man, the Fifties came close to breaking him. He did not feel comfortable to absolve himself. There was a moment he encountered which he could hardly ignore.

The man upholds the nation as the woman upholds the family. The equal rights of women consist in the fact that in the realm of life determined for her by nature, she experiences the high esteem that is her due. Women and men represent two quite different types of being . . . To the man belongs the power of feeling, the power of the soul . . . To the woman belongs the strength of vision, the strength of reason . . . Reason is dominant in man. He searches, analyzes, and often opens new immeasurable realms. But all that he approaches merely by reason are subject to change. Feeling in contrast is much more subtle than reason. For the woman is the feeling and therefore the stable element.

Obviously he did not have to agree that man was the one to uphold the nation—his own man was ready to uphold the nation or seek to overthrow it, that would depend on his mood and on events, and ideally woman would give him a rest, but for the rest—he found the language pompous. Yet he did not say he was at war with every remark. Precisely because he had been trying to argue that men and women were "different types of being" and with every added tolerance and sophistication of these months of living with the possibility of the liberation of women, he still felt something like a quarrel with a balance which would offer men victory over women "the power of the soul."

How disagreeable to admit to himself that the statement was not an editorial in a magazine of the Fifties, nor a speech ghostwritten for General Eisenhower, that it was not an extract from the philosophy of Lyndon Johnson, Hubert Humphrey, not even banquet remarks by Senator John F. Kennedy. It went past such association. The remarks had appeared in a paper or magazine called the *Frauenbuch*, published in Munich in 1934, and Adolf Hitler had made the statement. Millett had been ready to offer the quote as proof that Miller, Lawrence, and Mailer were sexual reactionaries.

*A magazine editor, as quoted by Betty Friedan in *The Feminine Mystique* (New York: Dell Paperback, 1970), p. 31.

**Friedan, *The Feminine Mystique*, p. 44.

†*Look*, October 16, 1956.

inly been ready. Well, he had come to the con-
g time ago that all thought must not cease with
that if, in the course of living with a thought,
near to run parallel for a time to arguments
so been near, one should not therefore slam the
the inquiry, and cease to think in such direction
That would be equivalent to letting the dead Hit-
rriers on all the intellectual roads which could
interesting and so would be a curious revenge
ism which had been not only a monstrosity and
but had also for a few years conquered Europe
conquered it before the war, conquered it psy-
It had been that power, to rise up out of chaos
lization at a time when other nations were deca-
t, which had left a residue of political mystery
ere fifty explanations later, it was hardly until
of oncoming ecological disaster that it was pos-
sible the Nazis may have been a vanguard of the
came close to achieving a total technologizing
The confusion was that they had called for a re-
ditional, even primitive roots of existence and had
Jews as the whippets of the unisexual, class-
If Hitler had done more to accelerate such a
any Jew ever born (since the second world war
centrifuge to drive technology into every reach
e) his political genius had been to do it in the
s opposite. Blood has more to tell us than the
e was forever telling us as he built the machine.
it has been intellectually dubious to make any but
cultivated appeals for a return to the primitive,
propaganda was always ready to speak in the pro-
nes of instinct and vision and soul even though
d die no more honorably than a junkie addicted to
ory-made pill which could insulate him from
nct, vision, or the oncoming vibrations of his own

lett would never be unready to remind the world
ints in her argument: a Nazi stating, "The Jew
woman from us through the forms of sex democ-
the youth, must march out to kill the dragon so
ay again attain the most holy thing in the world,
as maid and servant," or Hitler, with his hand
y in the short hair: "The message of woman's
ion is a message discovered solely by the Jewish
." No, not solely. Never could one say that! Too
Wasp ladies would have to be shoved very far
ive exclusive credit for Woman's Emancipation to
but was it altogether a wild remark either? The
a spirit of emancipation. The Jewish intellect
ce emancipated itself from its own tradition (so
awe that old Cabalists had spent their lives daring
ow to write the name of the Lord, and never dared
nce the name because a man who was unholy could
e universe at such an instant: just so primitive
the Jews) having freed themselves at the cost of
never measured from the instincts of the Old Hebrew
so respectful of the rights and powers of trees—
ood!" say the Jews at a proud remark—that there
fferent words for the verb to cut: just so primitive
the Jews) having emancipated themselves (func-
eaking) from the detestation of a world which would
st a people who knew little of the soil, although the
d barred them from the soil; having overcome in
r psychic in-bite for sharing the pain of the well-

mannered at an all too successful people who came out of
the ghetto with nervous intricate movements of hands and
head and an ineradicable whine of defeated centuries in the
voice (although the well-mannered had been the first to
put them in that ghetto) yes, the Jews emancipated at last
from being Jews, able to learn the skills of sciences and pro-
fessions closed to them for centuries, had of course become the
very principle of emancipation. Having lived for centuries
in dread of the vengeance of Satan's monarchs on earth (all
those gold-bearing Christian kings and popes!) and in awe
before the more intimate anger of the avenging angels of the
Lord, it could be nobody other than the Jew to race with a
speed Gentiles considered unholy through all the accumulated
and underemployed lore and culture of Europe, poor and
honest people deterred by no distracting greed of the senses
after the sensuous penury of ghetto life, none but for the
sensuous intoxications of unfettered knock-them-out thought,
racing through culture full of private rage at a God who had
never forgiven them, who had ground them in His contempt
for centuries, no Messiah forthcoming, raced into the tech-
nological future full of the incommensurable terror (so deep
they might never have intimation of it) that they had ex-
cised themselves from the profoundest primitive tradition
still alive in Europe—of course the modern Jew, whip-
slicked free of taboo, had acquired influence in every field
of science, medicine, law, and finance. New technology, like
the Jews, was waiting to burst the traditional and cultural
restraints which had kept it penned across the centuries. So
of course the Jews would be blamed for all the insidious
diseases of technology—they were the missionaries for it.
Yet it was an excessive guilt to lay, for they were not the
first force of technology nor its essential spirit, at most a cat-
alyst accelerating a reaction which had begun in the embry-
onic hours of Christianity in that moment when Christ was
ready to forgive the sons for the sins of the father. No mightier
blow had ever been struck against primitive tradition, no idea
had ever done so much to encourage men to ignore taboo and
experiment with nature. For the fear that sacrilege might now
destroy their tribe was removed. Indeed even the adjuration
to be brave so that the sons might suffer no curse had been re-
moved. So in the seed of Christianity was an origin of tech-
nology, and even conceivably an origin of human mediocrity.
The modern Jew had been no more than the last front-runner
of the wave, the convert! the modest sweeper of that buried
Christian (and now Faustian) vision which would unlock the
last mysteries of nature. So Hitler could accelerate German
science on lines which followed the inventions of Jews he
condemned for being the enemies of a tradition he would
himself destroy. It was not so hard to follow. One could also
find good Americans who brought freedom to the Vietnamese
by liberating forests of mangrove trees from their roots in
earth and the populations of hamlets from their bondage in
life. So the prisoner was ready to follow his thought where
it would take him—he had no fear he was cousin to a Nazi—
no, he was all too emancipated himself—he wished to explore
down the alleys of thought the Nazis had come close to shut-
ting forever. Indeed, gifted with a paranoid edge, one could
even argue that the Nazis had been the diabolical success of
a Devil who wished to cut man off from his primitive instincts
and thereby leave us marooned in a plastic maze which could
shatter the balance of nature before the warnings were read.
No less far could paranoia take you—for what indeed was
paranoia but belief in the Devil? He would take his lines
of inquiry, then, he would follow his thought where he would.

A NOBLE ENDEAVOR. What a fall from the heights of this brave impulse, if we are now told the prisoner proposes to go back to an idea which never fails to irritate, the pure simple idea that masturbation is a vice. Even the archetype of a vice, for it would steal instinct over to the service of psychic control. If that proves irritating, wait! There is a passage in the wings. Why can we tell it is from the land of Millett?

... he condemns onanism in the enlightened manner of a Victorian physician: "Masturbation is bad," it "cripples people" and ends in "insanity." Finally outstripping both the Victorians and the Church, Mailer's line would sit well on a Nazi propagandist: "The fact of the matter is that the prime responsibility of a woman probably is to be on earth long enough to find the best mate possible for herself, and conceive children who will improve the species."

She was quoting from an interview with Paul Krassner of *The Realist*, which the prizewinner had apologized for reprinting: "In this dialogue, the subjects grind by like box-cars on a two-mile freight."

Q. Do you think you're something of a puritan when it comes to masturbation?

A. I think masturbation is bad.

Q. In relation to heterosexual fulfillment?

A. In relation to everything—orgasm, heterosexuality, to style, to stance, to be able to fight the good fight. I think masturbation cripples people. It doesn't cripple them altogether, but it turns them askew, it sets up a bad and often enduring tension. I mean has anyone ever studied the correlation between cigarette smoking and masturbation? Anybody who spends his adolescence masturbating, generally enters his young manhood with no sense of being a man...

Q. Is it possible that you have a totalitarian attitude against [it]?

A. I wouldn't say all people who masturbate are evil, probably I would even say that some of the best people in the world masturbate. But I am saying it's a miserable activity.

Q. Well, we're getting right back now to this notion of absolutes. You know—to somebody, masturbation can be a thing of beauty—

A. To what end? To what end? Who is going to benefit from it? ... Masturbation is bombing. It's bombing oneself. ...

Q. I think there's a basic flaw in your argument. Why are you assuming that masturbation is violence unto oneself? Why is it not pleasure unto oneself? And I'm not defending masturbation—well, I'm defending masturbation, yes, as a substitute if and when—

A. All right, look. When you make love, whatever is good in you or bad in you, goes out into someone else. I mean this literally. I'm not interested in the biochemistry of it, the electromagnetism of it, nor in how the psychic waves are passed back and forth, and what psychic waves are. All I know is that when one makes love, one changes a woman slightly and a woman changes you slightly. ... If one has the courage to think about every aspect of the act—I don't mean think mechanically about it, but if one is able to brood over the act, to dwell on it—then one is changed by the act. Even if one has been jangled by the

act. Because in the act of restoring one's harmony, one has to encounter all the reasons one was jangled.

So finally one has had an experience which is nourishing. Nourishing because one's able to feel one's wisdom more difficult or more precious insights as a result. One's able to live a tougher, more heroic life if one can digest and absorb the experience.

But, if one masturbates, all that happens is, eventually that's beautiful and good in one, goes up the hand, goes into the air, is lost. Now what the hell is there to all that? One hasn't tested himself. You see, in a way, the sexual act lays questions to rest, and makes one capable to build upon a few answers. Whereas if one masturbates, the ability to contemplate one's experience is disturbed. Instead, fantasies of power take over and disturb all that. If one has, for example, the image of a beautiful babe in masturbation, one still doesn't know whether one can make love to her in the flesh. All you know is that you can violate her in your brain. Well, a lot of good that does.

But if one has fought the good fight or the evil fight, and ended with the beautiful sexy dame, then if the experience is good, your life is changed by it; if the experience is not good, one's life is also changed by it, in a less happy way. But at least one knows something of what happens. One has something real to build on.

The ultimate direction of masturbation always has been insanity.

His thought had been thick—good fights and beautiful dames were, alas, the essence of the thick—but he had at least arrived at what he considered a reasonable position. There was a confrontation between fucking and reality. The fuck either had a meaning which went to the root of existence, or it did not: sex, finally, could not pose a reasonable funds of meaning the way food does. Of course, eating would not even keep a man alive—by this practical measure it was less meaningful than food. Yet try to deny that is design in the universe, that humans embody a particular Intent, assume just once there is some kind of design intended—at the least!—intended for us, and therefore that beings are not absurd, not totally absurd, assume so (or at least some clash of Idea versus ideas) is in operation and then sex cannot comfortably prove absurd. If it is obviously difficult to live with a metaphysics where humans are endowed with design yet the act which makes them empty of it, more difficult than to assume the design is absent, given some first sense of what it can become by the creation of the presence in which it was made. What a long way saying good fucks make good babies—the argument would be divinely simple if human perversity did not enter the instant. But we all know that fucking is thus completely contradictory, that people who can hardly bear each other have sex which is often by mutual consensus sensationless, couples wiggled with pot, speed, and the pill fly out cash bazazz, "great lovemaking, great!" whereas the nicest of two fine minds in two fine bodies can come to nothing but fornication—sex is capable of too many a variation, some and lust to others! sex can lead to conception as rewarding as cold piss—the world is not filled for the night with people who have faces like cold piss!—sex can be more than a transaction for passing mutual use, yet it can hit your hip; there is no telling, there is never any end to which is why novelists are forever obsessed with the act. It is an endless frontier. But such a chartless place! The posts which pretend to exist are always being repositioned. "Masturbation does not lead to insanity, but masturbation does." No, fucking is not a place where one finds one's

**The Presidential Papers*. New York: Berkley Medallion Edition, 1970), p. 143.

by the urge is powerful to throw up all intellectual
declare sex absurd, put masturbation in. "Take
ure by any push or pull." But once The Onanist
ay in, what is to keep the rest of existence, cate-
right category, from inching over to the absurd.
ights become no more than a tricky species, some
nts to property. But property with no established
center is a din of absurd disputes. And concep-
is meaningless, is also absurd, at least so long as
connected to sex—it is best shunted over to semen
the extra-uterine receptacles. Yet conception once
om men and women will tend to reduce effort in
direction, for if the root of one's semen appears
endent of the virtue of the act, then even fashion-
with its mating rites is an absurd impediment to
contribution to human improvement that ideal
served by thermostat) can give to ideal ovum. It
guaranteeing that the end-game of the absurd is
conception monitored by the state.

lealing with a comic perspective—we hope we are.
he danger of the absurd is that it proves even
ble than the search for divine purpose, we may as
e the possibility sex is meaningful—not to pursue
security's sake. Once again we go to Millett. She
le. Gamblers search all their lives for the kind of
is rarely right in his choices (in order that they
carefully before they bet the other side). So she
resent in high focus, out there, pointing the way—
ck of her neck.

is referring to "Womanhood and the Inner Space."
ikson:

matter how he tries to brighten the picture, Erikson
able of stopping at the right moment, but must
go on to exhibit his own distaste or misgiving for
ation he is trying to reinterpret in such positive
ven the possession of a womb becomes a detriment,
the female "unfulfilled" every moment she is not
t: "No doubt also, the very existence of the inner
ive space exposes women early to a specific sense
iness, to a fear of being left empty or deprived of
es, of remaining unfulfilled and of drying up . . . For,
ed out, clinical observation suggests that in female
ice an "inner space" is at the center of despair even
the very center of potential fulfillment. Emptiness
female form of perdition—known at times to men of
er life . . . but standard experience for all women.
eft, for her, means to be left empty . . . Such hurt can
perienced in each menstruation; it is a crying to
in the mourning over a child; and it becomes a
ent scar in the menopause." To attempt to equate
cy with artistic creation (referred to as a male
ly of the "inner life") attracts attention at once,
s is soon lost in the rich prose picture of men-
n as bereavement. One cannot help but find the
n interesting poetic conceit, but essentially absurd
scription of woman's emotions. It might be amusing
ue Erikson's fancy: by rough computation, a woman
uates some 450 times in her life. One begins to grasp
triple sorrow of this many bereavements, that many
n she didn't bear, as a demographer's nightmare.

eadly wit! It has all the smart-ass of a classroom!
ear students begin to laugh on 450 menstruations:
come in full on "demographer's nightmare"—men-
as-bereavement is one more part of the absurd. Yet
s been nice enough to give us a clue, in fact, she has

given us the meaning; it is: "to equate pregnancy with artistic
creation." For why not begin to think of the ovum as a special-
ized production, as even an artistic creation? Why decide it
is inconceivable that somewhere in her unconscious a woman
is able to draw on the essence of her experience and refine a
marrow of her emotions, give substance to the force of unre-
quited desires, and lay in the tendrils of an oath, pull psychi-
equity out of the pain of her past, and spike the mix with the
needle of her spite, that a woman can even search the most
isolated ducts of her body for close to every quality she
wishes to slip or to fling into the future, can search for what
is most artful in her, and maybe will look for what is ill in her
as well (since an unhealthy woman might dispose of a quintes-
sential malaise or chasm or rot through a pregnancy she knows
will miscarry or go to abort) yes, the present and the past and
the notion of a future might all pass into the construction of
each ovum, even the stupidest and most demoralized of women
thereby capable of a physical masterpiece of microscopic crea-
tion. If so, consider the woe at its loss each month.

It is a pretty idea, but a simple one, for it does not yet
explain the absurdity of repeating the creation 450 times,
woe to every bereavement, unless we are ready for the ovum
to vary each month—just as the experience of the woman may
vary—and also ready to suppose that the most desirable
qualities or talents may take months or years of work in the
ovaries—what a separate woe if some piece of the work came
to fruition after years of experimentation in ovum after
ovum and the egg went down the wash like any other, what an
intimate pinch to the cramp that month, what a scraping sense
of loss—not all bereavements are equal. Now, add some further
complexity: that these projects of the months and the years
can be overturned, or put in disorder, or accelerated by sud-
den new sexual experience, by a fierce fuck which lights a
fire, or a splendor of velvet in the night—let us put a German
ponderosity on the problem—an *historic* fuck! it has turned
the art of the egg into a loveliness and a chaos, even agreeable
chaos—she is in love with a new man and he is giving her
life, but what woe that particular month, what a confusion
of woe that (1) she has not conceived with the new and
beautiful lover, nor (2) been quite able to face how power-
fully the secret center of her ego—not at all in love—is pleased
the ovum has missed, and (3) woe, old-fashioned woe, at all
the lovely qualities she had prepared for making a child in
some other scene, with a man, let us say, she did not love:
the qualities of the ovum all the more fine and special be-
cause she had put more than a normal art into creating a
future artist out of her lonely seed, and that was lost. Now
with a new lover, other virtues: another kind of child will be
prepared—he will be an athlete. Or is it an executive who is
on the way? What a collision of contradictory and cater-
wauling woes on such a month!

And other months, other years, which offer no more than
a dull grinding week of the curse, horizons everywhere low,
no chance of conception. All the springs were filled with the
chemicals of contraception. The artwork of the egg is dull
and indifferent. Yet the pains grind, for the arts lost to the
ovum are now wandering through the body, arts which find
no home in the flesh—who will accept the thought that the
most unlocatable madness or depression can seep out of the
death of such arts? Yes, there is variety enough for 450
separate and crucial bereavements, and if a man is lucky to
avoid such intimate confrontation with the failure of his
deepest projects each and every month, since he can thereby
push on to projects which will take him years, or even blind

ten years before he knows how little he has done, it is not a complete gift to his sex. If a woman goes mad out of the pain of coming too close to knowing how much she has left behind, and how much she has lost forever each month, so a man goes mad from knowing too little of why he fails—he is always subject to the pressure of thoughts which cannot reach his brain. Still, who knows what goes into his semen that he may fling across the space of eternity—that few inches of *coitus vaginae*—his measure, his meaning, his vision of a future male. Who knows? His sperm count goes by the million. Are they more than a simple electrical charge, an unrolling of the wave? The ovum is vast by far to the size of the sperm, 50,000 times larger by volume is the ratio utterly forgotten by his mind—it would hardly matter. The ovum was not so large as the point of a pin, and the sperm would never be seen except as angels—if angels did not mind appearing as newts—dancing by the hundreds and, in a change of field, by thousands in the cold light of the microscope.

Q. I'll tell you what's bugging me—it's your mystical approach. You'll use an expression like, "You may be sending the best baby that's in you out into your hand"—but even when you're having intercourse, how many unused spermatozoa will there be in one ejaculation of semen?

A. Look, America is dominated by a bunch of half-maniacal scientists, men who don't know anything about the act of creation. If science comes along and says there are one million spermatozoa in a discharge, you reason on that basis. That may not be a real basis.

We just don't know what the real is. We just don't know. Of the million spermatozoa, there may be only two or three with any real chance of reaching the ovum; the others are there like a supporting army, or if we're talking of planned parenthood, as a body of the electorate. These sperm go out with no sense at all of being real spermatozoa. They may appear to be real spermatozoa under the microscope, but after all, a man from Mars who's looking at us through a telescope might think that Communist bureaucrats and FBI men look exactly the same.

Q. Well, they are.

A. Krassner's jab piles up more points. The point is that the scientists don't know what's going on. That meeting of the ovum and the sperm is too mysterious for the laboratory. Even the electron microscope can't measure the striations of passion in a spermatozoon. Or the force of its will.

No, he wasn't interested in the biochemistry of it, nor the electromagnetism of it, nor the answer to such riddles as the meaning of a million sperm, but what he did know was that if sex had meaning, conception could not be empty of it, which was a way, he supposed, of assuming that a woman would hardly conceive equally well with any man. For sex, left to itself, could hardly exhibit less selection than appetite. Biologically, it was difficult, if one began to think on it, to assume a scheme of conception was ready to exist in a female body without all the powers of a scheme of natural contraception as well. Of course, he did not invoke for a moment such barbarities as the rhythm system of the Church, that no more than a torturing of the egg; no, it seemed reasonable to him that among the other biological protections, a woman would have the ability—or had once had the ability—to pick, to choose, to avoid, even to abort in the early minutes and first hours of a conception her womb had not desired, and that indeed such a power had once been formidable, that a woman of other centuries could have gone through hundreds of menstruations and thousands of fornications without any great concern that she would conceive with any man whose sperm

was not superbly suited to the ovum on which she viewed how life should be if she were to create it. It was all of human history to point in reply that woman where conceived in the most abominable fashion, a hat or a handkerchief, conceived from the ridiculous lover never seen but for one silly night conceived in the middle of a meaningless month, conceived a friend or with a stranger equally well, he was reply that all of woman's subtlety, perversity, bewilderment and hidden critical need was also in the taking of care that some women were in an anguish to be fertilized, a matter whom—the egg had been designed without mind (a pearl of narcissism had been that egg)—a disruption more awful even than an undesirable pregnancy was waiting to seize the body if the creation was squandered—it is lonely women with near to hope who conceive out of they know not where, a drunkard in a hall, a nervous tattoo in the dark, they conceive an egg, not the semen.

And there are women, is it that there are women of models of regularity, their ovum brought to standard and improved only with the subtlest touches, year after year women ready to sacrifice any of their ova if the egg did not suit the preciousities of their theme—their bearing slight—women of an impeccable neatness, one might say and with a husband whose spermatozoa could float where for years until she chooses to pick a month to have a child. Planned parenthood originated in the past many a lady long before contraceptives cruder even than a condom were anywhere near. Yes, through history, there must have been every variation of the power to control not to conceive—it was finally an expression of the power of the woman, perhaps the deepest expression of her character—for that reason a clue to how often she might love: a woman could know love was with her if she did not to conceive had been relinquished on a fine moment.

Of course, such power was unconscious: the gift of a lover why a lover had been taken who made no sense, why all men—should give her a child when others, wild or sensible, had not—that was often beyond her knowledge. The power was unconscious, the power worked at night and in the making of the ovum, the power was no more than an intuition to her mind and therefore not easy to read. She was to mistrust, as men come to hate, the irrational, often an able nuisance of a pregnancy in the wrong season, the year, or with the worst mate: there was every power to remove this quixotic ability not-to-conceive from the values of women, and ship it over to the techniques of medicine.

Yet, after centuries in which the population of the world increased at the smallest rate, and healthy women conceived when it was the wisest biological choice, sometimes filled with unhappy choices and difficult choices, such centuries with never a contraceptive in sight and forever out on the existential edge of knowing that to become pregnant might mean their death, yet not to be pregnant might bring on the worst of illness, after such fear-filled centuries, the years of sexual prophylaxis could not last. The birthrate in response began to climb.

Of course, it was medicine which made the difference. Infants did not die with half the frequency that once they did. It was medical technique which kept more people alive, but also the rate of conception itself may have begun to pick up among even the most sophisticated and civilized of people for a faculty had been lost. Fortified, stoppered, and stilled.

ety of devices and chemicals which threw their into new places and their sexual heat into intoler-
 rmed by devices which were infallible, or near-to-
 hat an additional anxiety was that—the power not-
 was now shunted, bewildered, unused, or used in
 desperation on odd occasions, a power close to
 its faculties must have borne resemblance to one
 tching laboratory rabbits with electrodes planted

ider how the loss of such a power would not
 e damage done the ovum after years of contracep-
 a botched and bewildered half-creation the ovum
 e, first dulled by years of atrophy; then pumped
 rrupt decision to make a child in a planned and
 ear. What an incomplete work of female creation!
 oman was living no doubt with the fear she had
 ity to conceive even with semen she did not desire.
 gative eugenics could begin!—what a feverish
 of sperm, of any sperm, what legions of the
 nd the anomalous might yet appear as company
 g streams, caked fields, and stricken air of the
 ears—he sometimes wondered if his vision, for
 e cultivation in the middle, was not too compul-
 y for the apocalyptic.

3

S HE TURNED TO LOOK for an edu-
 cation in these matters which might
 be a little less instinctive than his own.
 And had the luck to find a paperback
 which was perfect to his needs, for it
 was a popularization by a writer
 named Rorvik of the work of a doctor
 “internationally known for the discov-
 erification of male and female producing sperms.”
 es, attached to Columbia Presbyterian Medical
 Associate Professor at the College of Physicians
 ons, Dr. Landrum B. Shettles, a name to provoke
 appiness in a novelist as Bella Abzug, for the book
 with the doctor was called *Your Baby's Sex: Now
 Choose*,* and it had worked up a method for deter-
 sex of a baby—in advance! If the style was precisely
 would anticipate of a discovery announced in *The
 Digest*, the book gave at least a clear and simple
 the process, and was full of the agreeable vulgarity
 ues when millions of Americans are instructed at

intercourse, the male, on the average, ejaculates
 ion sperm cells into the vagina. Why does the male
 and release so many of these microscopic crea-
 Here we do know the answer—or at least part of it.
 cause the vaginal environment is so hostile to the
 ells, which are the smallest cells in the body. They
 by the millions shortly after they are released,
 ured by the acid that abounds in the vagina.
 aking their size into account . . . the 7-inch journey
 the birth canal and womb to the waiting egg is
 ent to a 500-mile upstream swim for a salmon! Yet
 en make this hazardous journey in under an hour,
 an earning their title as “the most powerful and
 ing creatures on earth.”

Rorvik (New York: Bantam, 1971).

Only the fittest survive to pass through the cervix into the womb. Here they find a more hospitable environment, more alkaline than acidic. Still, many die along the way; others smash into the back of the womb or go up the wrong Fallopian tube. Many of those that go up the right one will miss the egg anyway, if only by a millionth of an inch. The idea that the egg exerts some magical power of attraction was disproved under Dr. Shettles' microscope. Those that hit the egg—and there are thousands of them that make it—do so blindly. Soon, though, the egg looks rather like a pincushion, except that in this case the “pins” beat their tails furiously, trying to drill into the egg. That is a sight never to be forgotten, one that Dr. Shettles calls the “dance of love.”

There was a picture in the frontispiece of a black planet with a multitude of wavy lines not unlike grass or pubic hair about its circumference. The caption read:

THE DANCE OF LOVE

THOUSANDS OF SPERM.

LOOKING LIKE PINS IN A PINCUSHION,

FIGHT FOR ADMISSION TO THE EGG'S INNER SANCTUM.

ONLY ONE WILL MAKE IT.

If the sentiments were contestable, the drama was to be nicely drawn.

Under the microscope one can see the sperms making heroic efforts to gain admittance to the egg's inner sanctum, which houses the nucleus and the chromosomes. Many are able to break through the egg's outer core, but only one penetrates the interior, tail and all, there to merge with the egg's nucleus and create a new human being. As soon as one sperm penetrates the nucleus, all others find the way to the heart of the egg blocked. Some unexplained mechanism . . . renders the innermost portions of the egg absolutely impregnable once it has been fertilized by a single sperm. The egg's unsuccessful “suitors” wear themselves out “pounding at the door” and finally die of exhaustion.

As you will recall, the sperm carries twenty-three chromosomes and so does the egg. Twenty-two of these (in each) match up as pairs that determine all the bodily characteristics of the new individual—except for sex. The two remaining chromosomes decide the subject's sex. The female always contributes an X chromosome. If the sperm that penetrates the ovum also carries an X chromosome, the resulting individual will be XX, otherwise known as a girl. But if the sperm carries the Y chromosome, the baby will be XY which, to the geneticist, spells b-o-y.

And that's how Mother Nature does it.

His technical ignorance had proved even more complete than he thought, for one million semen were not as 400 million semen, and there had been no “intervening sea” across which the ovum might call to that x- or y-bearing sperm she was ready to choose. To the contrary, thousands of x and y cells would reach the outer rim of the egg. Still he felt confirmed in his opinion that the woman was as ready to choose the sex of the child as the man. That “outer core,” those external regions of the ovum which sperm must first penetrate, were, he must suppose, a cameo of the female, sensitive as any other female flesh to the presence of the man who would enter! Indeed how could the sperm cell fail to force its way with different strength and rhythm if it were an x-bearing female cell, or the male y? The x cells were, after all, oval and large, the y were round and small (as he had just learned in the next few pages of the book) in fact, beneath the light of the phase-contrast microscope, the female

*Rorvik may be pickling the lily.

life might pinch the pulse or sour the life of the
 a brave man who could please a proud woman
 (a woman womb) was returned his bravery and an in-
 the will of a woman had been added to his own.
 or now took his bow. A man might as well swim
 is of feces and sing arias in the dungeons of
 as attempt to write such a sentiment and think
 to cop a prize. No thought was so painful as the
 x had meaning: for give meaning to sex and one
 soner of sex—the more meaning one gave it, the
 ured, until every failure and misery, every evil
 , spoke their lines in its light, and every fear of
 eath. Worse. It was not an age to look for meaning
 ts—a dread of the future oozed from every leak
 d machine—unless the future could be controlled.
 of totalitarianism which had begun with the urge
 the life and control the death of millions had come
 on every style and habit. Every itch to look at love
 scratched, but the desire to control was beyond
 nic ear in the room, or any recording eye through
 ow technology bored through the outer cores of
 y and went on to the rim of conception. One
 a boy or a girl if one was ready to swab vinegar
 soda up one's love; one could so choose to make
 girl if one believed a child begun in the juices
 cumbered fuck was in no way superior to a baby
 an eye on the alkalinity factor, but such practice
 a toddler's step in those reaches of engineering
 tic, for there was a technology which looked to
 the genes of the chromosome—more than one
 ineering would yet take up squatter's rights in the
 extra-uterine womb, which he had assumed in his
 was the end of the road, was only the road which
 theater where they were looking to operate on the
 genetic engineering "could conceivably be used in
 future to create a whole new breed of man—man
 changing sex after birth and changing it re-

4

S O AT LAST HE KNEW what one found
 in the land of Millett, yes, that burned-
 out arid landscape was nothing other
 than the scientist and the narcissist
 come together (no narcissist like the
 oyster!) (no scientist like the clam!)
 come together to explore the exquisite
 possibilities of the single permissive
 dard—a weekend in Beirut as a lady, a gang-bang
 ong as a stud—genetic engineering was on the way.
 en would acquire the eggs of other women and
 ve them fertilized in test tubes by their husband.
 n operation, *implanted* in their womb. "The woman
 the child to term and give birth to it just as if it
 own," and that was touching. It was certainly more
 han adoption (if also suggestive of a schizoid space
 he eyes of the embryo). But it was an impractical
 cause it called for nine months of exploited work
 aks of the womb-oriented female. Better was such
 when reversed, when "the wealthy woman . . . who
 ldren but doesn't want to take time out for preg-
 ould have her own egg fertilized by some sperm

of her choice, then could "hire another woman to undergo
 implantation and carry the baby to birth for her."³ Of course,
 the obvious disadvantage was that this scheme maintained
 women in a two-class system, and so would encourage the
 less noble-minded of the Women's Liberationists to become a
 gestation-free elite. Still, could they live with the shame that
 their sex would be exploiting its own until the means was
 found to give wombs to men? Or was it better to ignore the
 men?

A word from the biologist, Jean Rostand: "It is now a
 regular thing for perfectly constituted living creatures to be
 born from a virgin egg without any help from a male, on
 condition that within the egg there has been produced a
 doubling of the chromosomes." And the prisoner now learned
 it was possible to stimulate the doubling, to trick the egg. If
 the fry of the fuck had once been a crude and hearty, an
 ineradicable up-your-daisy which said, at the least, twenty-
 three chromosomes to your side, twenty-three to mine, now a
 child would come forth with a wholly symmetrical face,
 product of a fuck that never had to fail for it came at the
 head of a pin (which poked the egg into duplicating itself).
 Conceive of that baby with the symmetrical face: prognosis
 of sanity—low; narcissism—intact; capacity for incest—in-
 finite.

Yet if his brain was working to assess these new perspec-
 tives, the work had all but been done for him. The point to
 those mean little waiting rooms in doctor's offices with the
 prose of *Reader's Digests* in the racks came clear: a new
 world had been in birth.

*Imagine a couple in the year 2000 deciding it is time for
 another baby. Population problems being what they are,
 they must first apply for a license to have a child. If the
 license is granted, they receive a prescription from the
 appropriate medical authority for a drug that acts as a
 temporary antidote to the infertility agent that is regularly
 dumped into the municipal water supply. Then the couple
 has a number of options open to them. They can take a
 chance and have a baby "in the old way," simply by hav-
 ing intercourse without any sort of "interference." Or they
 can use the douche and timing procedures developed by Dr.
 Shettles in the 1960's, thus greatly increasing their chances
 of having offspring of the sex they desire. Or, if they don't
 mind utilizing artificial insemination, they can be guaran-
 teed the sex of their choice by using the "sexing" tech-
 niques that Dr. Edwards began applying to humans in the
 1970's. Then, there's the diaphragm of the 1980's that lets
 through sperm cells of only one type. Possibly by this time
 they may even have access to the pill that determines sex;
 then if they want a boy, the husband will simply take a
 blue pill a few hours before intercourse. Or he'll take a
 pink pill if they want a girl.*

*Or they could opt for the newest and most exotic tech-
 nique of all—one that would completely bypass the sexual
 union of sperm and egg and offer something more than a
 mere guarantee that the offspring will be of the sex desired.
 This, of course, is the cloning technique (which will prob-
 ably require a special license, above and beyond that re-
 quired for more conventional childbirth). Suppose the
 couple wants a boy by clonal reproduction. The husband
 will then go to his doctor and have several cells removed
 from his arm. These will be examined under the micro-
 scope, and a particularly healthy-looking one will be
 picked out. The doctor will remove the cell's nucleus very
 carefully, hold it up to the light, and say, "Congratulations,
 here's your baby boy." Then he will remove one of the*

³Rostand, p. 83

wife's egg cells, vaporize its nucleus with radiation from a laser, and insert the body-cell nucleus in its place. Finally, he will implant this doctored cell in the wife's uterus . . . and then let Nature take her course.

Nine months later, a baby boy will arrive, and everyone will have to agree that it is literally "a chip off the old block." Microscopic studies will show that it is genetically identical to its "father" in every detail, that it is really more an identical twin (that arrived several years late) than a son. As the child grows up, of course, it will look exactly like its father, which ought to satisfy even the vainest of men. If a girl were wanted, the body-cell nucleus would come from the wife's arm or hand. And would then be used to "fertilize" her own egg cell, making parthenogenesis, or "virgin birth," a reality!*

If he had needed a reminder of the thoroughly impractical dispositions of his head, he could think back to the pep talks he had given to college audiences when, attempting to draw a portrait of the sexual future upon us in the years of our overpopulation, he had invoked dreams of the revolutionary commune before which a woman would plead for the right not to have a compulsory abortion:

WOMAN: *You see, brothers, the baby is going to be beautiful, I know it.*

FIRST COMMUNARD: *Do you know it, sister? You must tell us how.*

WOMAN: *Because it came out of the most beautiful fuck I ever had.*

FIRST COMMUNARD: *That is what every female comrade will tell us when she wants a baby. But humankind is choking the earth—we are obliged to thin our ranks.*

WOMAN: *You have a quota for births. I am here to plead to be a part of that quota.*

SECOND COMMUNARD: *Is your man with you?*

[The poor fellow steps up and stands modestly before his judges. He is in a state of terror.]

SECOND COMMUNARD: *You, comrade. Do you also want this child?*

MAN: [Cannot speak. Nods.]

FIRST COMMUNARD: *Do you agree it was conceived in the most beautiful fuck of your life?*

MAN: *It was, brother.*

FIRST COMMUNARD: *Are you ready to be shot to make room for it?*

MAN: *I don't know. It may be that I am. I want the child.*

THIRD COMMUNARD: *Hey baby, you got valor. [Pronounces it vah-lore. He is Puerto Rican.] I say give the comrades permit for the child.*

That was a first draft of a future where revolutionary justice would preside. The revised version—he conceived naturally only of the best revolutions—would be more sophisticated.

FIRST COMMUNARD: *Say, brother, if you ready to be knocked off for this child, then you may be looking to cop your suicide cheap.*

SECOND COMMUNARD: *You could be a death freak who put a sickly child into this girl's womb. All that beauty might have been no more than shit sweet-talking shit.*

MAN: *Brothers, if it is the ranks of humans you reduce, the comrade who made the las may go out in the street with me. And I u best to kill him.*

[A pause for evaluation of this last and extraordinary

FIRST COMMUNARD: *Sir, you must be King Cunt of the Jiver. comes to talking heart and soul, but you an actor who will take a long chance fo So we will allow the child. Its seed is no its salt.*

THIRD COMMUNARD: *God bless your revolutionary ass, mother!*

Such sentimentality was Dickensian; its worship a cess. (In life, the third Communard was all too like shot.) But he knew that no matter how conservative he nor how much he began to believe that the marriage sinews of creation were locked in the roots of the ar past, he was still a revolutionary, for conservatism had destroyed by the corporations of the conservatives, the tic, their advertising, their technology. Then they had hide the void by marrying themselves to the wrong w would inspire no love. Their capture of the future would fascistic botch. Yet until one was willing to entrust the of a dying world to the justice of his imaginary ce other choice was still to submit. Humankind would ce liberal society of the pink and blue pill.

Of course, the revolution could also become the reaucracy of sex, and the technicians of genetics in gentsia; at least it could if Women's Lib was Kate Mil revolution might be in the years of its final fission artists and engineers, prophets and programmers, adve and technicians, guerrillas and organized echelons of violent, a way of saying that short of the apocalypse would explode the technology of us all, you could ge in Las Vegas if you did not think Millett would win. Th would seek solutions where technology was faith stayed inside the system. For the violence without violence of the centuries—it lived in the blood and the genes, it was in the air of every smog. It w fear that life had begun to encourage the proliferation mediocrity it could not afford; and the glutting of t and the caking of the fields was an existential mirror greed to buy a piece of security in some environment trolled acre where allergy, psychosis, outlaws, echoes undead past, and the unmentionable whisper of the n could all be endured by the middle registers of the psy passion of the mediocre is to maintain stimulation a level. So he had thought it proper to treat Millett w attention. If she had not risen any higher on the liter than the Upper Mediocre, she was all the more centr age. She believed in the liberal use of technology br solution to human pain. So she loathed the forging of in the rigors of paradox, and would never ask an in woman to raise her own child, no, rather she spoke collective professionalization (and consequent impro of the care of the young." She had all the technologic of the century in her veins, she was the point of adv those intellectual forces vastly larger than hersel might look to the liberation of women as the first w the ongoing incarceration of the romantic idea of i prose of future prisons was in her tongue, for she

* Rorvik, pp.89-90.

between men and women as nonessential—excesses to be conditioned out. So the power of her argument was greatest for those who wished to live in the rules of the poisoned city. She was a way of life, a species of city-technique. She gave in her presence that the final form of the city was the dormitory cube with ten million units and absence of children or dogs. Her superhighway through dread, she was the enemy of sex which for beauty at the edge of dread, she would never go as where love might go deepest. So she would be a force if not a writer, she would be a force to mop up ideas had been designed to leave spiritual vacuum which only technology could fill.

5

in the middle, born out of fatigue and tension, exhaustion of every lie I had told today, like a gift I deserve, that new life began again in me, sweet and so hard to follow, and I went up with it and flew over, vaulting down the fall to those roses washed by the tears of the sea, they came to me as my life went in, and I met one corn of flesh and sorrow, scalding sorrow, those wings in the room, clear and delicate as a noble intent, that sense spoke of the meaning of love for those who betrayed it, yes I understood the meaning and I knew it now, "I think we have to be good," by which meant we would have to be brave.

"v," she said. Then we were silent for a while. "I have said again. . . .

ere, content to touch the tip of a finger to the tip of a finger, and had that knowledge which falls like rain, understood that love was not a gift but a vow. brave could live with it for more than a little while. had a hint of this before, had it with . . . girls I met for a night and never knew again—the trains going in opposite directions. Sometimes with women for many a month I might have found it on one or night at the bottom of a barrel of booze. It had been the same, love was love, one could find it with one could find it anywhere. It was just that you never keep it. Not unless you were ready to die for a friend.

went back to that embrace with Cherry. We were not yet we were not done, for we had a moment when we had met the way a bird might light on an anemone, and we floated off with the tide, deep in each other the long wash of memory late at night. I could not have held her—had flesh ever promised to for-
o?*

6

STILL HE HAD NOT ANSWERED the question with which he began. Who finally would do the dishes? And passed in his reading through an Agreement drawn between husband and wife where every piece of housework was divided, and duty-shifts to baby-sit were divided, and weekends where the husband had to compensate the wife for chores of weekday labor. Shopping was balanced, cooking was split, so

was the transportation of children. It was a crystal of a contract bound to serve as model for many another, and began on this high and fundamental premise:

We reject the notion that the work which brings in more money is more valuable. The ability to earn more money is already a privilege which must not be compounded by enabling the larger earner to buy out his/her duties and put the burden on the one who earns less, or on someone hired from outside.

We believe that each member of the family has an equal right to his/her own time, work, value, choices. As long as all duties are performed, each person may use his/her extra time any way he/she chooses. If he/she wants to use it making money, fine. If he/she wants to spend it with spouse, fine. If not, fine.

As parents we believe we must share all responsibility for taking care of our children and home—not only the work, but the responsibility. At least during the first year of this agreement, sharing responsibility shall mean:

1. *Dividing the jobs (see "Job Breakdown" below); and*
2. *Dividing the time (see "Schedule" below) for which each parent is responsible.*

There were details which stung:

10. *Cleaning: Husband does all the house-cleaning, in exchange for wife's extra childcare (3:00 to 6:30 daily) and sick care.*

11. *Laundry: Wife does most home laundry. Husband does all dry cleaning delivery and pick up. Wife strips beds, husband remakes them.**

No, he would not be married to such a woman. If he were obliged to have a roommate, he would pick a man. The question had been answered. He could love a woman and she might even sprain her back before a hundred sinks of dishes in a month, but he would not be happy to help her if his work should suffer, no, not unless her work was as valuable as his own. But he was complacent with the importance of respecting his work—what an agony for a man if work were meaningless: then all such rights were lost before a woman. So it was another corollary of Liberation that as technique reduced labor to activities which were often absurd, like punching the buttons on an automatic machine, so did the housework of women take on magnitude, for their work was directed at least to a basic end. And thinking of that Marriage Agreement which was nearly the equal of a legal code, he was reminded of his old campaign for mayor when Breslin and himself had called for New York City to become the fifty-first state and had preached Power to the Neighborhoods and offered the idea that a modern man would do well to live in a small society of his own choosing, in a legally constituted village within the city, or a corporate zone, in a traditional religious park or a revolutionary commune—the value would be to discover which of one's social ideas were able to work. For nothing was more difficult to learn in the modern world. Of course, it had been a scheme with all the profound naïveté of assuming that people voted as an expression of their desire when he had yet to learn the electorate obtained satisfaction by venting their hate. Still he wondered if it was not likely that the politics of government and property would yet begin to alter into the politics of sex. Perhaps he had been living with the subject too closely, but he saw no major reason why one could not await a world—assuming there would be a world—where people would found

their politics on the fundamental demands they would make of sex. So might there yet be towns within the city which were homosexual, and whole blocks legally organized for married couples who thought the orgy was ground for the progressive action of the day. And there would be mournful areas of the city deserted on Sunday, all suitable for the mood of masturbators who liked the open air and the street, perhaps even pseudo-Victorian quarters where brothels could again be found. There could be city turfs steaming with the nuances of bisexuals living on top of bisexuals, and funky tracts for old-fashioned lovers where the man was the rock of the home: there would always be horizons blocked by housing projects vast as the legislation which had gone into the division of household duties between women and men. There would be every kind of world in the city, but their laws would be founded on sex. It was, he supposed, the rationalized end of that violence which had once existed between men and women as the crossed potential of their love, violence which was part perhaps of the force to achieve and the force to scourge, it had been that violence which entered into all the irrationality of love, "the rooting out of the old bodily shame" of which Lawrence had spoke, and the rooting out of the fear in women that they were more violent than their men, and would betray them, or destroy them in the transcendence of sex: yes, the play of violence had been the drama of love between a man and a woman, for too little, and they were friends never to be gripped by any attraction which could send them far; too much, and they were ruined, or love was ruined, or they must degenerate to bully and victim, become no better than a transmission belt to bring in the violence and injustice of the world outside, bring it in to poison the cowardice of their home. But the violence of lovers was on its way to disappear in all the other deaths of the primitive which one could anticipate as the human became the human unit—human violence would go to some place outside (like the smog) where it could return to kill them by slow degree—and equally. But he had made his determination on beginning his piece that he would not write of sex and violence too long, for that would oblige him to end in the unnatural position of explaining what he had attempted in other work. So he would step aside by remarking that a look at sex and violence was the proper ground of a novel and he would rather try it there. And content himself now with one last look at his remark that "the prime responsibility of a woman probably is to be on earth long enough to find the best mate for herself, and conceive children who will improve the species." Was it too late now to suggest that in the search for the best mate was concealed the bravery of a woman, and to find the best mate, whatever ugly or brutal or tyrannical or unbalanced or heart-searing son of misery he might appear, his values nonetheless, mysterious fellow of values, would inevitably present themselves in those twenty-three chromosomes able to cut through fashion, tradition, and class.

There is a famous study of neurotics which shows that patients who received psychoanalysis had an improvement rate of 44 per cent; psychotherapy was more effective—a rate of 64 per cent; and 72 per cent was the unhappiest improvement, for that was the rate of cure of patients who had never been treated at all. The Eysenck study it is called, and later studies confirm its results. It was, the prisoner decided, a way of telling us that the taste in the mouth of explaining too much is the seating of the next disease. One cannot improve the human condition through comfort and security, or through generalized sympathy and support—it is possible the

untreated patients got better because the violence of neurosis was not drained. The cure of the human is a leap.

But now he could comprehend why woman brought thought she must "find the best mate for herself and improve the species." How full of death was the thought looked at any scheme which brought people who were mentally unattracted to each other down marriage qualifications superb, their qualities neuter. So he wrote to a writer who wrote a book, *The Lady*, published by Emily James Putnam, first dean of Barnard. She was with a whip of the loveliest wit. He would give the attention to her for she had given the hint of a way.

*Apart from the crude economic question, the thing that most women mean when they speak of "happiness" is a life of love and children and the little republic of the home depend upon the favour of men, and the qualities that attract this favour are not in general those that are most useful for other purposes. A girl should not be too intelligent, too good or too highly differentiated in any direct way, but a ready-made garment she should be designed to fit the average man. She should have "just about as much sex appeal as my William likes." The age-long operation of selection by which the least strongly individualised women are most likely to have a chance to transmit their qualities, given it the air of a natural law.**

It was finally obvious. Women must have their own life which would allow them to look for a mate, and there would be no free search until they were liberated. A woman be what she would, and what she could. Let her ride on elephants if she had to, and fuck with Boris Yeltsin. Let her bed with eight pricks and a whistle, yes, give her freedom and let her burn it, or blow it, or build it, or tear it, or collapse. Let her conceive her children, and let her keep them in the womb if she thought they did not have it, let her travel to the moon, write the great American novel, and let her husband to send her off to work with her lunch pail and a cigar; she could kiss the cooze of forty-one Rockefeller children; she could legislate, incarnate, and let her wear a uniform; she could die of every male disease, and the first of burden was the first, for she might learn that she worked at onerous duties and men worked for onerous duties were worse than onerous and often insane. So women must have the right to die of men's diseases, yes, and the right to live with men's egos in their own skulls case and let them cheer them on their way—would he? Yes, he thought perhaps they may as well do what they desired in the history of the centuries was having its say. Finally, he would say with everything they asked but to quit the womb, or a day had to come when women shattered the pedestal of love for pristine and feminine will and found that man in the million who could become the perfect seed which would give an egg back to nature, and the woman return with a babe who came from the root of the desire to go all the way, wherever was that way. And there was to know that God was not the greatest of them all? The idiocy was to assume the oyster and the shell knew more than the trees and the grass. (Unless the shell was black and half-Jewish and a woman, and small as mother-wit. We will never know until we take the risk, so saying realized he had been able to end a portion in the soft sweet flesh of parentheses.)

HARPER'S MAGAZINE/AR

*University of Chicago Press, 1969, p. 70.

POEMS

by Paul Celan

translated by Joachim Neugroschel

THE SHAPE OF A BOAR

the shape of a boar
dream tramples through the woods on
the outskirts of evening.
azors
parkling white
he ice from which it erupted.
ces up a bitter nut
under the leaves
ts shadow tore from the trees.
as the heart that your foot kicked along
you walked here yourself.

res the nut
mbues the thicket with grunting fate.
strikes off
n towards the coast.
he where the sea
s its darkest of feasts
ne cliffs:

aps
ut like its own
delight the festive eye
has wept such stones.

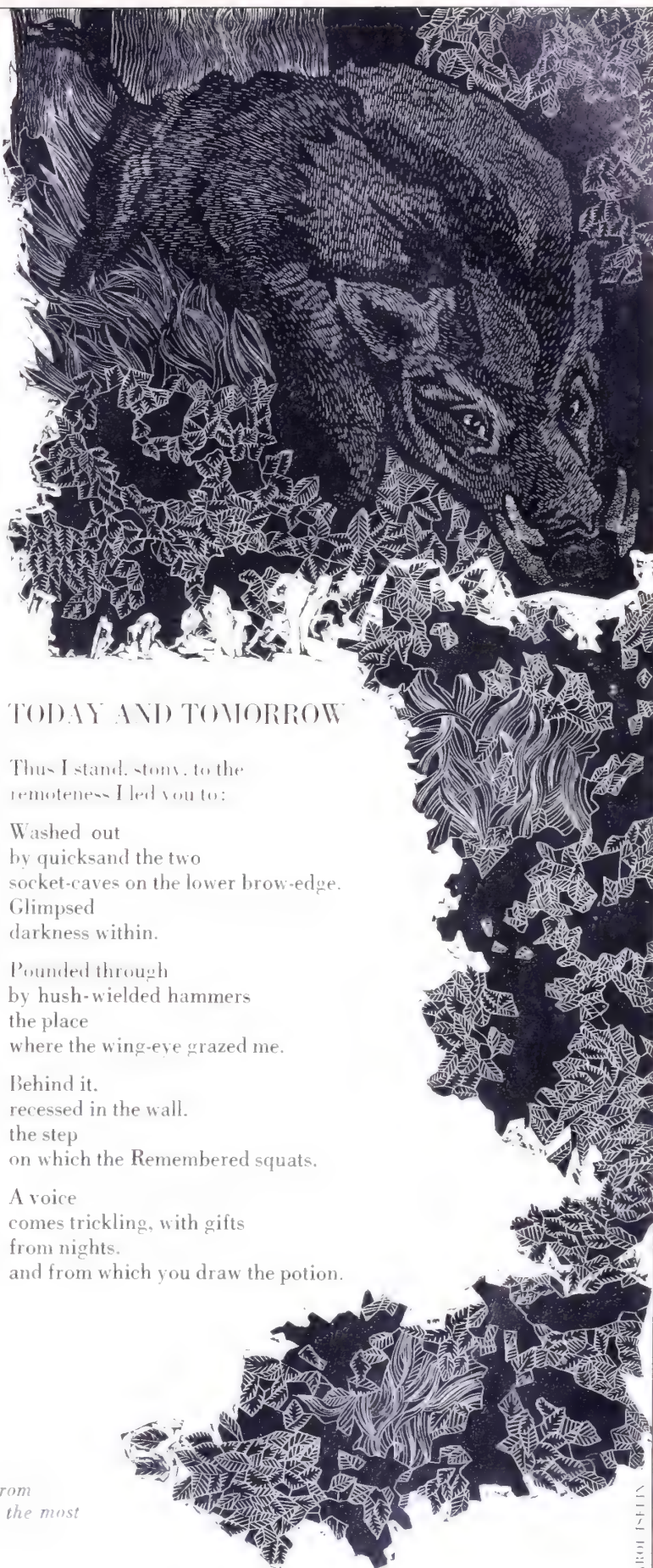
READ-SUNS

ead-suns
the gray-black wasteland.
ee-
thought
ces the note of light: there are
songs to sing beyond
kind.

ALL MEANS

all means
le me with snow:
never I strode through the summer
lder to shoulder with the mulberry tree,
oungest leaf
eked.

Celan (1920-1970), a German-speaking Jew from
Romania, died by suicide in Paris, was perhaps the most
remarkable poet of the German language in the
post-war period. —J. H.



TODAY AND TOMORROW

Thus I stand, stony, to the
remoteness I led you to:

Washed out
by quicksand the two
socket-caves on the lower brow-edge.
Glimpsed
darkness within.

Pounded through
by hush-wielded hammers
the place
where the wing-eye grazed me.

Behind it,
recessed in the wall.
the step
on which the Remembered squats.

A voice
comes trickling, with gifts
from nights.
and from which you draw the potion.

LOSS OF MEMORY IS ONLY TEMPORAL

a story by
Johanna Kaplan

ONLY A STONE COULD HAVE THOUGHT up the waiting room of a psychiatric clinic as a place to meet for lunch. To make sure, at least, that nobody would think she was a patient, Naomi's aunt wore a certain blue flowered outfit with velvet trim, which, from years before, she was used to taking out only for the High Holidays or sometimes funerals. These clothes turned out to be not a good idea: sitting by herself in the empty light of a fall day, they brought back the beginnings of years that looked no better backwards than forwards. Luckily, there was nobody watching. At the Reception Desk, the two Puerto Rican secretaries did not once look up, but went on drinking coffee from big paper cups. With their curly heads close together, they typed and giggled, giggled and typed, so that between the quick bells of their typewriters and the ringings of different phones, all they seemed to do was fill up the shiny, silent hospital space with ridiculous tropical bird calls. Aside from them, there was only one person who passed through the empty waiting room—a tall woman in a tan pantsuit and a beauty-parlor face, she wrapped a scarf around her head as if there were a mirror in front of her, and with this easy look, went right out to get a taxi.

Finally, from the far end of the long hallway, came a thin girl who *did* look like someone getting out of a psychiatrist's office. Her walk was slow and distracted, and a loose smock or raincoat that was weighted down in the pocket kept waving out around her legs. One sloppy blondish braid was swinging on her shoulders, and with her head down, glasses kept slipping from her face. It was no surprise that she wore no makeup and, worse, had a long black pin clipped crookedly to the upper pocket of this odd raincoat that did not begin to fit. The thin girl got herself into the middle of the small waiting room itself, and Naomi's aunt saw that the long white coat was no raincoat, and that on the crooked

black pin it said, N. Dubin M.D. I
"Naomi!" the aunt said, jumping up from the plastic chair that could easily have come from the office of a dentist with no eye for the future.
"I know," Naomi said. "My pants are crooked. I'll go into the Ladies' room and fix them."
"When did I—"

"All right, then, I'll go into the Men's room to fix them," Naomi said, and pulling out the keys from the weighted down pocket, she slipped herself into a room that was only marked "Star"

There were no years in between: who could so quickly, immediately, lock herself into a room, any room, and without any notice just appear? She even looked the same—the same eyes and sharp features that always made her look like a girl you couldn't quite recognize because she hadn't come close enough. Even the messy hair and glasses were the same. People always said she must have been golden-blond as a child, but that was not true. The same dirty-blond braid was down Naomi's back in a picture from when she was five years old. In this picture, she was sitting on a llama in the Bronx Zoo and, wearing a hat that had once been perfect on Toby, Naomi's brother, her braids and her glasses, sat making faces at the sun. Right in front of the llama, sweating and leaning onto a bag—probably popcorn that Naomi had finished—was her father. His sleepy eyes and his glasses passed from his face to her face exactly as they had. What else could have come from him was hard to tell. Despite the calm, sleepy blondness that had come through his family—stringing out on his father's side of anemic, whispering, dirty-blond children—his maniac brother-in-law who managed, by the way, to get a duty cab on a Sunday, also in the fall, to jump over the divider on the Belt Parkway. Left in this cab was a new bed for Naomi and three dead people, the mother of her parents and the maniac brother-in-law himself. Not in the cab were Naomi and her father.

Johanna Kaplan wrote the story "Dragon Lady," published in Harper's last July. She teaches emotionally disturbed children at a hospital in New York.



children, one twelve, the other seven, both impossible, one a stone, the other a seven years had learned how to do it. Their uncle tried to explain to them at the time, to make them feel a little better. "Look, the first ones this happened to. When I was a boy in Europe, my mother died at the time I was born so that I never even knew my father died when I was five." But all he did was kick the refrigerator right into the wall so that complaints came from the landlord, and he had to go and see his aunt on his father's side who had a house in Jamaica. And the stone, already on its way, already disappearing to a friend's house, he had a door and said, "In Europe, that's what happens. That's the whole point of not crying. He said, she looks so *quiet*, she looks so sad. These were not people who ever had to cry in a mouth or slam a door, and did not know that this was what, for twelve years, her mother had had to put up with, and did not have the energy or inclination to ever try to stop. "Are you the only one who feels bad?" he said on that day, having to run all the time in the elevator, just to catch up with her. He was my only sister. And what about Toby? The only aunts she has left now are on her father's side, and both of them are in the hospital. You must keep crying onto the table, you'll never stop. Keep on sponging it up." and there, on the day of the funeral, ran off to have supper at her mother's.

"WEARING YOUR TASHLICH DRESS," said Naomi. M.D., who had fixed up her braid and put on a stick and still looked no more than six years old, said, "What sins were you planning to get rid of?" She passed the bathroom in her white coat, opened a new door, and was ready again to go. "Do you really remember that? When I was at the Reservoir and threw in the bread, that was the one thing she *would* remember: that I would sit in the high, coarse grass near the water, getting her holiday clothes grass-stained and staring and staring for no reason at the water and the white concrete banks. "The old reservoirs, only they called them old," she said without question on purpose. "Toby, who was older, feel bad for some time," he did not know. "Shh, not when you can hear the people are praying," was all her mother said to her, because to Bluma only one thing stood out—that her daughter had a *reikhele*." A rich language. To whom she said that rich language was anyone's guess. In the end, she sat stone-silent like all the Dubins. She was at people from her round, cloudy glasses, and she happened to be standing in the sun, squint-

ing up at them with the crookedness of a beggar. Not like her father's family, whose pale, blurry quietness sat in her simply for the look—a disguise—finally, when you least expected it and when there was absolutely no reason, her whiny voice would sneak out like a mimic's—that was the "*reikhele shprach*." As it turned out, there was one way in which Bluma may have been right: Naomi was very good in languages, a girl to whom Hebrew teachers lent records and French teachers gave awards.

"Do you remember how you and Toby used to run ahead sometimes and come back nagging for ice cream even though you knew you couldn't have it?"

She was paying no attention: despite her sleepy eyes and slow walk, Naomi pulled out a black notebook and looked at her watch.

"The elevator isn't quicker," she said, and taking out her keys again, unlocked a different door that turned out to be a stairway. Once, a few years before, when Mark Turkel, a neighbor's son, had finally gotten a part in an off-Broadway play, the aunt had gone backstage with his mother. Strange doors had opened and closed, pieces of staircases jumped out of the woodwork, and rushing people in costumes bumped into each other without apologies. It was this same feeling she had now, walking behind Naomi, through shiny corridors that did not end. Arrows and signs flashed through the hallways. oxygen tanks got raced over tiles, and doctors and nurses, outfitted like children for Assembly, passed beside bodies on stretchers: sometimes they nodded.

"Naomi, how do you know where you're going? You—who could get lost on your way to the corner to get a loaf of bread. It drove your mother crazy. Remember?" Nearly running—heavy in her mistake dress—the aunt was trying to catch up with Naomi, who would not stop looking as if she had something else on her mind, something that had to be done in a hurry.

"This is the Coffee Shop," was all she finally said, and pushing open a door that said Exit, nodded in her colorless, distant way at a Chinese boy in a white suit and a stethoscope.

"I *heard* that they have a lot of foreign doctors working in hospitals."

"He's not foreign, he's from San Francisco." Naomi grabbed onto a table that was still loaded down with somebody else's leftover lunch and said, "Decide what you want to eat or we'll be here forever. Don't get the tuna fish."

"I'm not really that hungry," the aunt said, still not even sure of the round plastic chair she was trying not to slide out of. "That wasn't my idea of this altogether. Anyway, since when do *you* eat lunch? The only thing you ever liked was French toast, and even that you threw away half of. Remember?"

"BLT on toast and black coffee." said Naomi to a waitress in a yellow dress who was there suddenly, and before the aunt could even say, "I think I'll have an egg," a redheaded girl, even younger than Naomi, was standing at the table, saying, "Dr. Dubin, there was a message for you. Dr. Fortgang wants you to prepare Mrs. Grossbard for ECT."

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Naomi looked up at the girl as if she had just put down a newspaper. "Fortgang?" she said, a smile slipping into her voice and even up to her wan, washed-out face. "Was it a phone message, Miss Perry? Or did Fortgang rumple his two-hundred-fifty-dollar suit and actually pass through the building?"

The girl, Miss Perry, not only had red hair, but freckles all over her face, and looked as if she belonged in jeans and a plaid shirt, sitting on a fence with a fishing pole or a lunch box, waving at an orange school bus. Instead, with a nurse's uniform and a slightly buck-toothed, summery smile, she said, "He was here, but it's even funnier. He actually made a note on the chart."

"That is funny," Naomi said. "He must be getting ready to send out bills," and there in their uniforms, the two of them began laughing as if they were walking down the street together and had just seen something ridiculous in the window of a store.

"Naomi," the aunt said. "What's ECT?"

"Electro-shock therapy," she said, and again immediately looked at her watch. "Toby's baby present is upstairs. I'll have to go up again and get it later."

"I didn't come here to collect presents. I was just thinking of Mrs. Lippman and what happened with her son."

"What?"

"She was a very fat old woman with fat red cheeks. She lived on the ground floor. You wouldn't remember her."

"You weren't thinking of her cheeks. What happened?"

"To her? She's been dead for years. She was a very old woman."

"What happened to her son? What's the tragedy you want to tell me?"

"Her son?" the aunt said, remembering suddenly his similar fat cheeks and doughy, rumbling body, terrible for a boy. "Her son? He was perfect till he was seventeen. Not only perfect, but brilliant, very mechanical. All of a sudden, when he was seventeen, he started something new. No school was good enough for him, nothing was right, teachers were staring at him, people were monkeying with his walkie-talkie. Even his mother could see that something was wrong, so she took him to a doctor who put him in a hospital, and instead of getting better, he got worse."

"How did he get worse?"

"He started getting very violent, so that every time she went up there to visit him and took the special bus, she saw red marks on his face and bruises all over his arms and she never knew whether he did it to himself or else whether he got it from when they had to hold him down."

Naomi picked up her head, but it was only to wave at a boy in another kind of white suit at a different table, and swallowing some water, she gulped out. "Before phenothiazines. You know—tranquilizers."

"Before *lots* of things you would hear about, you were never good in science anyway. Also, don't

forget—these were people who didn't go to Park Avenue doctors. What was his mother, a plain old Jewish woman. She didn't know much, but she always read the Yiddish papers fully, and one day she found an article about a kind of brain operation that was a brilliant craziness. Naturally it gave her hope for so the next time she went to the hospital she ran to the doctors, and they said if she read the papers, it was fine with them. Why hesitate over a signature? Naturally, she signed the papers, the brilliant brain operation was done, Mrs. Lippman was left with a vegetable."

"Lobotomies aren't done anymore," Naomi said. "and you'd have a hard time finding anyone to defend them."

"What about Mrs. Grossbard?" the aunt asked, watching Naomi pick up her bacon sandwich. It was stuck together with blue and yellow toothpicks as if it were a wedding. "What about Mrs. Grossbard who you're going to give a present to? Mrs. Grossbard whose life is so funny that even Suzy Q. Redhead couldn't stop yourselves from laughing fits about?"

Naomi could have been a girl glancing at her watch and then for her subway stop. "Mrs. Grossbard a fancy Park Avenue doctor," she said. "She's the one who makes the decisions. I'm only the secretary. And anyway, you don't have to worry. She'll be a vegetable."

"But she'll *forget* things. I know what happened to Schreiberman's sister-in-law. She woke up one morning and didn't know what day it was, she went to the bakery and couldn't remember a single thing."

"Loss of memory is only temporary," Naomi said. "There are conditions in which ECT is indicated. Involutional depression, for instance."

The Romans built reservoirs, only then they had no aqueducts—how was this different? "You know if that's what she had? You could know who I'm talking about."

"Severe depression associated with memory loss. You know what that is—change of life."

The egg the aunt was putting her fork into was cold. "Whoever expected that you would go to a doctor? Your mother would never have permitted it. She knew you were never good in science, never good in languages like people on your father's side. Remember that uncle of yours who had a store downtown? The one who called himself a Frenchman? Some Frenchman!" the aunt said, remembering his squeezed-in, monkey's face: on the ship from America, his boat had docked for a few days in Cherbourg. "He could speak any language, but he came in with. You must remember that. You used to hang around there so much, you probably how she had managed to get into a medical school—anyone who could stand in a cleaning store for hours on end would have had trouble wading through four years of chemistry and bloodstains. "You were very close with his brother, Azriel. Remember? Not that you keep up with him."

l, "I got a letter from Azriel last week."

doing in Japan?"

ying Japanese. Azriel's very good in

still in school. I thought he was married a child."

ning at Stanford, he's on leave for a

son is four years old."

"I'll be ready for school soon."

o a Japanese school. *He's* very good in school."

what's funny about it, Naomi. It's the

we were ever really good in. Remember

teacher you had, Mrs. Gelfand, who

raving about you when you translated

poems? And that Israeli engineer who

cross the hall who said he could have

ere a *sabra* the few times you bothered

mouth?"

ed to open her mouth now, but all she

Hi, Steve," to a tall, sun-tanned boy

circus-clown's tie bobbed out from un-

white jacket together with his Adam's

id S. Sonnenborn M.D. Psychiatry.

beautiful this morning. No shit. First

I haven't slept through in months." The

eyes seemed to follow the glow of his

Naomi's did a windowed distance.

Naomi said. She was trying to fix an

in one minute her long white sleeve

king up coffee. "Naomi, you give more

an you put in your mouth," her uncle

o her. But it was easy for him to have

was not the one who cleaned the floor.

om S. Sonnenborn's pocket forced him

walkie-talkie. "I'm on Call," he said.

upstairs." His smile trickled out to the

is sideburns, his tie pulled him out to

d the aunt said. "Naomi, why did that

Nao? It's not a name, it sounds like a

," she said. "For a nickname."

one in your life ever called you *Nao*.

s never called you that, your uncle and

d you that. It isn't even your real name

s only your English name. Your real

name that your mother gave you is

what my name is. Let's go upstairs, I'll

my baby present."

ow you call it 'baby present'? You don't

the names of Toby's children. They

ow you if they saw you on the street and

ically an aunt to them. And what about

? You don't even keep up with him and

It so close to you."

hardly even brought up together. Any-

im when I was in California, and if he

for bail, he knows my phone number."

or bail?" the aunt said. "Who do you

e that you can talk that way? What will

on all this but years of debts?"

"Just like all other medical students. I'll pay it back."

"But you're *not* like all other medical students.

How could you turn out this way? How could

Michael? What could he possibly have in common

with all those boys rebelling against their parents'

swimming pools? He practically had no parents, let

alone swimming pools."

"Why don't you ask him? He's the one with

theories. I was only good in languages."

"But why did he have to get tear-gassed? What

happened to him?"

"You know what happens when people get tear-

gassed. You read the papers the same as everyone

else."

"But Naomi, he's your *brother*. Do you think he

resented us?"

"I'm not Michael. How do I know?"

"You're a psychiatrist. That's why I'm asking

you."

"That's right. I'm a psychiatrist and Michael is

a dropout, and those are both categories that every-

one can understand."

"I'm not concerned with *everyone*. For you, spill-

ing your coffee and monkeying around with other

people's memories are all the same thing, because

to you it doesn't matter *what* you forget."

But already, Naomi had gotten up and in her

distant, disappearing way, was floating past the cash

register.

"That's a cute hat," she said to a foreign-looking

girl who had just tumbled through the door in a

blue raincoat. The girl pulled the hat off her head

as if she hadn't known she were wearing it, and in

a fuzzy, foreign voice, said, "It was knitted for me

by my sister. In many colors. I can give you one if

you want."

"Since when are you interested in hats?" the aunt

said, but the girl—delicate, fair-skinned, and dazed,

continued to look as if she had just been pulled out

of an avalanche.

"Na-o-mi," she said. "You won't believe what I

have been through. Do you know what his wife

said? 'That lovely Danish girl in your department

—why don't we invite her for dinner?'"

"He told you that?" Naomi said. "What a bas-

tard."

The girl seemed about to cry. She took off her

raincoat and said, "I don't even have many cigar-

ettes."

"Listen, Inga," Naomi said. "Let's have dinner

tonight. Just come over to my apartment."

"I can't do it. I'm on First Call. It's better. I

think, it's better for me to be working."

In the corridor, the aunt said, "She's so pretty.

Why is *she* a doctor?"

Naomi looked at her watch, and fussing again

with her little black notebook, shuffled straight into

an elevator where a man in a sheet lay stretched out

on a table. His face was the color of worn-out under-

wear, and tubes and bottles hung down on all sides.

"*This* elevator?"

"You're not at a bus stop," Naomi said. "This is

a hospital," and seeing her face—thin, distant and

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severe—reflected in the glass covered bulletin board, the aunt could suddenly imagine Naomi with her white smock, round glasses, and plain hair—perhaps in a bun, bending over a microscope: it was not Naomi she was thinking of at all.

"Did your mother ever tell you about your great-aunt Masha?" she tried whispering past the sick man's feet. "For a Jewish girl in Russia in *her* generation to become a doctor—you can imagine what that was. She was a very unusual person. It was practically unheard of."

"It couldn't have been that unheard of," Naomi said in a perfectly conversational tone. "In an Isaac Babel story there's a doctor who's a Jewish girl."

"I'm not talking about stories. I'm talking about a person. In the middle of a revolution, completely on her own, she went all the way to Moscow. You never even heard about her? Your mother told you nothing?"

"She told me about her."

"In Palestine she lived in swamps and in deserts and if she ever earned a penny, she immediately gave it away. What did your mother tell you?"

"That she was stubborn," said Naomi, and wheeled out the door to a silent, blank hallway.

"Stubborn?" The aunt had to squeeze with her purse past the man on the stretcher. "What she was was not stubborn. Masha was a nut. She never got married, she worked day and night, she lived for her profession and died all alone."

"Maybe she was good in languages," Naomi said. "Let me get you Toby's present."

"Naomi, why can't you bring it to her yourself? She isn't used to living out of town yet. Every time I talk to her I can tell that she's crying." It was what she could see on the phone: Toby, in whose face people had always seen so much sweetness—*cheyn* sitting on a beige sofa in Connecticut, her face dark and red, simply from crying.

"As long as she doesn't get her medical advice from newspapers," the stone said, and disappeared with her braid so that there was no point in following her.

NOT THAT THERE WAS ANYWHERE TO GO: the hall was filled up with closed doors and blank spaces. Finally, at the far end of the corridor, there was some sunlight which opened itself out from a room marked Lounge. Here, plants were on the window sill, newspapers lay on the chairs, and a television with nobody anywhere near it just kept on going. People, mostly in bathrobes, sat around doing nothing. A woman in a black nightgown was putting polish on her fingernails, a man who hadn't shaved yet was shuffling a deck of cards, and next to the long window, bobbing back and forth in the sun with their bathrobes, two boys were playing ping-pong. The aunt looked around for Mrs. Grossbard, a woman who didn't know yet that her life would mean waking up one morning to say, "Oh my God. I don't even know what day this is," and found instead that she couldn't stop herself from staring at a very young girl who looked as if she had just

stepped out of a cemetery. That she was pink quilted bathrobe made no difference—it did not substitute for flesh which she simply did not have. Bones and sockets stood out in her face when she stood or walked, her arms and legs like marionette strings, and when she bent over her mouth, it did not seem possible that there was anything which was shrill—had anyplace to come from.

"I gained one pound and I found out the doctor's first name is," she said to a boy who was sitting on the floor with his slippers whose hair fell into his guitar. It was on her thing, but I asked her and she said Naomi."

"They have to tell you if you ask them," said the boy who did not either raise his beard or play his guitar.

"If I gain five pounds, she said that she would take me to the Coffee Shop, and if I gain ten pounds, she would be able to go off the Sustogen."

"The Coffee Shop sucks," the boy said, and he went to look out through the room with the narrow eyes of a definite maniac.

"What would you do if you got stuck right next to a maniac?" the aunt rarely asked Naomi, who it turned out, was sitting in the cage labeled Nurses' Station. On one side of the cage S. Sonnenborn of the glowing tie, on the other a fat, red-faced boy who was eating a Danish. In white coats, they sat perched on a desk like children at a soda fountain. Naomi's legs dangled, her feet did not reach the floor.

The aunt knocked on the glass and Naomi came out carrying a large package beautifully wrapped in blue and purple paper, perfectly tied with a purple bow. Obviously, she had not done it herself. It was Toby who wrapped things with his nimble fingers, Toby who once painted tiny birds on the old bedroom wall, Toby, who even now could not tell what people offered money for.

"Naomi, do you remember when Toby made that scrapbook for a present? She got it from her Arts and Crafts Club, and she gave it to you all the old pictures of your family that she didn't even remember?"

Naomi looked as if she were about to say something, but it was only to smile at the pink skeleton-girl, who had crept down the hallway in her pink quilted robe.

"Do you sign *death* certificates?" it seemed to curried to the aunt.

"On Psychiatry? What do you think?"

"I don't mean *here*, I just mean *in* general. It happened to die, and you were the only one who was there—"

"And it *happened* to be in the middle of the Parkway, and there *happened* to be an accident—that's what you're trying to say to me. The only reason you're here."

"Naomi!" the aunt said, and felt her arms going out in a thousand directions, but high above her the vague and cloudy-eyed stone whom her mother named Nechama—comfort, solace—and who was so vague about languages that she did not know what it meant.

en, Baroness Blixen

Africa, by Isak Dinesen. Random House, \$7.95.

Life and Destiny of Isak Dinesen by Frans Lasson and Clara Lasson. Random House, \$15.

Isak Dinesen was one of the most celebrated authors of her time. In fact, like almost every other writer of her generation, she seems odd and even strange. Danish, she wrote in English. She never became herself a part of the English-speaking world as did, for example, those other non-autochthonous authors of our literature, Nabokov, and so, by our standards, she belongs to Denmark's literary tradition. Her first book, *Solitaire Tales*, was published in 1937. She was forty-nine. These tales, even perversely, romanticized the others—*Winter's Tales*, *Anecdotes of Desires*, posthumous *Ehrendard*—all, in a time of literary interest in psychological analysis, as if to make arbitrary and enigmatically complex plots as fairy tales in an imaginary European world of beautiful princesses, bold war-captains, changelings, enchantments, and witches. We are all familiar with the notion that many of the best writers of our first half-century, Eliot, Lawrence, Faulkner, and many others so admired by the general audience, themselves despised their values. Usually, though, they did only regret the loss to the world of the "aristocratic" virtues they almost entirely ignored or made a dreamland of her place. Amidst all the modern communications, she was enigmatic about her own life, using names and pseudonyms, and a glare of news. She wrote directly and in parallel, the supremacy of imagination, and yet her greatest achievement, as far as we can see, an account of seventeen years in her life, and it is, I believe, exactly the same as the other works which yet, by the personal flair of her writing and the way they are likely to seem so similar

to it. I should like to say a few words about that book and then, briefly, something about the tales.

Along with a large new picture album of her whole life, Isak Dinesen's *Out of Africa* has recently been reissued in a facsimile of the first edition of 1937. Both are unusually welcome publications. But much as one may want to salute the unspoiled vintage of *Out of Africa*, either to remind those who are old friends of the book that it is still here, or to tell those who have not read it that it is here for them now, to write about it is difficult somehow.

First, and I am not being merely whimsical in saying this, it is difficult to stop reading it long enough to say anything about it. Here is the first sentence: "I had a farm in Africa, at the foot of the Ngong Hills." Now, I have read this book many times. The sentence no longer has for me whatever mystery may first have lured me on: Africa? The Ngong Hills? The Dark Continent! And what hills named in what tongue that will not even order its syllables in any possible Indo-European sequence! And you had a *farm* there? So it may have seemed a mysterious beginning to me at first, and at that time I could only have said, "Then tell me all about it, and start at once." I know the story now: I know how much, for instance, that simple past tense of our verb for possession means in that sentence. Not that if I were to read that sentence aloud I should give the little word any emphasis at all, any more than she did in writing it down. But this single word carries me as if in one impossibly condensed dream image all the way through to the loss of the farm and the end of the book.

In the photograph album, there is a picture of the big courtyard of Rungstedlund, her old ancestral home in Denmark, where Isak Dinesen spent the last thirty years of her life. Near the end of that time, her secretary, who had served her then for some fourteen years (and now notes this in the album), asked her at last why every single night before retiring she opened the door to the

court, paused a moment, then for another moment shut herself in her study. She explained that she opened the door to look towards Africa, and that she went into the room to look at a map of her farm in the Ngong Hills. "She did not mention a photograph that was standing on the window sill by her desk, but there in fact was a portrait of Denys Finch-Hatton, her English friend, who was killed on the eve of her leaving Africa." No one who has ever read the book will find it hard to believe that she thought of that man every day for thirty years after losing him, and of her farm, and of Africa.

Still, even though it seems to me that thinking of this one word, "had," I can hold the whole book in my mind that way, like the poems we know so well we don't even have to recite them over to ourselves to remember their sound and sense, or like some faces—still, when I read "I had a farm in Africa, at the foot of the Ngong Hills," I am always—as I have been only this moment—many, many pages on before I can stop.

So if when I first read that sentence it was the rest of the story I wanted to hear, then it cannot be, anymore, that I just want to know how it all comes out. Nor can "Africa" or "Ngong" have the same thrill of mystery for me that they had then, whenever it may have been, long ago, that I first picked up Isak Dinesen's book—nor can these words have that kind of mystery really for anyone now, I suppose. One need not have seen those hills, and their mountain at the edge of the Great Rift, nor Nairobi the old safari town, nor the lions, elephants, and other local inhabitants at Kilimanjaro, for the mystery of this world once held to be gone. Films and televisions bring at least our eyes and our conscious minds closer to more of these things than any mere human visitor could venture. Not even Isak Dinesen's own modestly stated excuse for recording her experiences can really suffice now, as certainly it never explained the fascination of her narrative in 1937. "The Colony is changing and has already changed since I lived there. When I write down as accurately as possible my experiences on the farm,

Then she says, "Before I took over the management of the farm, I had been keen on shooting and had been out on many Safaris. But when I became a farmer I put away my rifles." Still, she takes us on safari, and we see the great animals, see them better, I think, than in any photography, and certainly understand them better than if we were seeing them ourselves. Isak Dinesen had

Finally, she was pleased **thi**
been given her. She **though**
meleon had acted bravely **in i**
lost my and she was **and sh**
there to kill it so it would **no**
to a slow, painful death.

Kenya in her time, 1914 to a sort of huge and beautiful ground for the hunting and per classes of Europe. Here to a world their homeland had for a thousand years, rich and sport, with natural and need not contrive in aimless quarrels as they had to do but rich too with a race of serfs to burdens, to require their to speak their great titles. "At the British journalist Richard ports in his book, *Kenya*, the colony boasted two du cricket-team strength of more peers, not to mention the knights, retired generals and European princes." Denys I ton, that golden youth, unbelievably beautiful in his ph a great athlete and scholar, musician, lover of poetry and soldier, hunter, aviator, was son of the Earl of Winchelsea tingham. Lord Delemere, his law Berkeley Cole, the Prince these she received and honor with the marks of their inh

t true nobility she found
 natives," or among the ani-
 ed no one else as she did
 Farah and Kamante. She
 ed to order them about, to
 ahib, and yet she always
 to be wiser and better
 Of the natives in general
 We were good friends. I
 myself to the fact that while
 er quite know or under-
 they knew me through and
 were conscious of the de-
 was going to take, before
 about them myself." They
 at adventure, and when she
 real experience of her life
 they never forgot her, and, as
 ner, in a turn of compli-
 ust have cherished more
 honors her tales brought
 lieved she could not forget
 ed and tried all the rest of
 t back to Africa and never

of imagination, so we learn
 in the various studies of her
 a way also based on her
 that tragic experience so
 he photographs of *The Life*
 of Isak Dinesen. The sui-
 brave and dashing father,
 s, her long, debilitating ill-
 nessed her from a bold and
 el to a kind of death's-head
 t was syphilis, given her by
 the Baron)—all these are
 by her imagination into
 in supernatural, wild, and
 les. Her princes and fair
 r marionettes, act out for
 e cock and the chameleon
 in Africa. It is true that the
 rvels, gay with imagination
 sudden turns of fate; and
 e often illustrative parables,
 e to translate the tales' imag-
 k into some kinds of terms
 e, as Robert Langbaum pain
 in his book on Isak Dinesen,
 of *Vision*, into psychology,
 to history.
 ronted with Isak Dinesen's
 experiences, we translate
 , and her, and the land, into
 nobility for ourselves. Her
 of heroic "nobles" we can
 ly into the marionette-like
 ideas, into a kind of art
 all its charm, in the end
 rience and says that nobility
 uryland alone. □



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Anybody who appreciates the better qualities of whiskey enough to say ours has a "wonderful nose" is our friend right off.

But for a Scot, accustomed to the fine products of Scotland, to offer such agreeable remarks was most pleasing indeed. And so we want to share them with all our other friends.



CHARCOAL
 MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Nonfiction

Polemics and Prophecies, by I. F. Stone. Random House. \$10.

One of the few figures for whom the label "radical liberal" might make some kind of sense, I. F. Stone strikes me as the kind of journalist for whom freedom of the press was created, a modern John Peter Zenger, a man who takes very seriously the traditional role of *Informer of the People* and never, never squanders away this position of privilege and responsibility by, like a large portion of the regular press, uncritically passing along what those in power hand out or, like most of the "alternative" media, engaging in poorly substantiated polemic. This latest book is a collection of pieces written in the past three years, and originally published in *I. F. Stone's Weekly* and *The New York Review of Books*. They deserve a wider audience.

Chief among I. F. Stone's admirable qualities is the ability to read: he appears to digest not only the major American newspapers, but major British and French newspapers, the AP wire, the UP wire, press conferences, news releases, Treasury statements, the *Congressional Record*, reports of every description, *Aviation Week*, the federal budget (not even the President does that), and Lord knows what else. It is the book's attention to the budget—it is practically a reference work in this respect—which is probably its most valuable contribution, especially for a reader who shares his horror of wasteful military expenditure. We have here not only the full story of what is wrong with, say, the F-111 and MIRV (wrong as a device, as a cog in the arms race, as part of a welfare supplement for a particular aerospace firm), but also the full story of something like SCRAM (that's a missile), which could cost over \$300

million and never evolve into a workable model.

Another pleasure of Stone's writing is that he is so sure of his own values and position that there is never any ambiguity, or self-contradiction, or attempt to cover up, or compromise in the subjects he treats. Thus his essay dated April 15, 1968, begins: "The assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., was the occasion for one of those massive outpourings of hypocrisy characteristic of the human race." This solid, leftist political stance also allows Stone to exhibit an unusual amount of impartiality and objectivity in relation to our major political parties, since he is equally dubious about the aims and methods of both. He writes, for instance, on the subject of "Why Hubert is as Tricky as Dicky" that "At lunch in Paris some North Vietnamese asked me to explain the election and the two-party system. I said it was a triumph of the dialectic. It showed that two could be one and one could be two, and had probably been fabricated by Hegel for the American market on a subcontract from General Dynamics." Best of all, his clear-eyed good sense extends to his political compatriots; for instance: "The New Left and even its moderate allies are still operating in a fog of misconceptions. The main one is that 'the people' are against the war. The people on the contrary are confused and divided." His doggedness and determination and extraordinary resourcefulness in extricating information from the bowels of the government in no way distract him from dealing also with basic causes. Stone can, after a long analysis of the ABM, in the end say, "The truth is that we have spent a trillion dollars since World War II on a gigantic hoax. . . . The Pentagon fears far more than Communism. The menace of Communism is its necessary twin, the vital element

without which its dramatic collapse. Its real enemy is a world free of an arms race, a world free of the fear of war." The only question leaves, in relation to Stone, is whether he bother? In this nihilistic world, does any good; does anyone care, and if they care, isn't General Zenger much more powerful in the end? Stone, of course, is too conscious not to be sensitive to that. For all artists, his pleasure seems to be so much in the outcome as in the process itself. In his own words: "He's tracking down these liars!"

My Father: Joseph Conrad, by Borys Conrad. Coward-McCann.

The domestic life of a great writer as Montgomery Hyde has recorded in his *Henry James* can be fascinating—at least to those who find his work fascinating. Few of the secure place of Joseph Conrad's twentieth-century letters will afford a modest reminiscence by his son Borys a wide reading. The book, alas, is rather humdrum. It is an amusing and endearing glimpse of a great man at play—shooting off with an air gun; playfully dropping his pince-nez on the billiard table; pulling the wits out of his passenger's brains; raising mismanagement of automobiles. There is no equally revealing information about Conrad's sense of the darkness that enveloped his tales. That may be explained by the isolation in which he worked, one foot hidden by his favorite chair.

Conrad was an affectionate, tentative husband and father, a man of character as well as a storyteller. Mrs. Conrad's orders, requiring periodic draining of the family treasury

**the city of love.
on board Air France.**

les toits de Paris

l'arbre

**les
immeubles**

le réverbère

le parapet

le mur

le pont

la Seine

**les
amoureux**

le quai

la promenade

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rapidly as writing could fill it. Joseph Conrad's characteristic gray bowler hat—it is a poignant detail—was usually dirty for want of replacement.

Yet the rearing of young Borys at various rented Kentish country houses seems to have been full of fresh air, dogs, and machinery, haunted by none of the disorders or sorrows that sometimes make it a mixed blessing to grow up in the household of an artist. Conrad's sternest discipline, we are told, was to screw his monocle into place and "glare": but even the sternest glare would often be followed by "a shout of laughter." No wonder this regimen produced a son of sunny and dutiful disposition: no wonder the son has written here a sunny, dutiful, and not terribly revealing memoir that leaves the genesis of a *Heart of Darkness* as mysterious as ever.

—E.Y.

James Joyce, by John Gross, Viking Press, cloth, \$4.95; paper, \$1.65.

Ludwig Wittgenstein, by David Pears, Viking Press, cloth, \$5.95; paper, \$1.95.

Noam Chomsky, by John Lyons, Viking Press, cloth, \$5.75; paper, \$1.85.

Claude Lévi-Strauss, by Edmund Leach, Viking Press, cloth, \$5.75; paper, \$1.75.

Four new volumes have appeared in the series called *Modern Masters*, edited by Frank Kermode, displaying an interesting array of excellences in the art of expository presentation. This particular group both broadens and deepens the base of the whole collection. The idea of trying to marry one of those figures who, in the general editor's words, "have changed and are changing the thought of our age" to a masterful exegete is an interesting one. The assumption is that a canonical introductory and/or general work will result. The masters announced so far look to range from the seminal to the modish: at the very least, the books themselves provide instant access to a controversial or distant intellectual figure who is nevertheless widely discussed—a kind of harmless step up from name- to title- (and even, perhaps, early-title-) dropping.

Of the current four studies, the graceful, slim (shortest of this group) treatment of Joyce most immediately invokes comparison with an earlier one. Levin's *James Joyce* of more than thirty years ago was written from the engaged positions of both literary modernism and that of the "Joycean" or near-embattled expounder of the Master's canon: it is

more involved in explicating, establishing a kind of historical perspective for which the time is ripe. John Gross, writing in the aftermath of decades of sophisticated scholarship and criticism, and Howard Ellmann's great biography have been able to approach Joyce's problematic giant so much as a classical one. His task is to "the final proof of his mastery: it should outlive his modernity; the result is an engaging, judicious, properly distanced essay, in the best sense of the word.

The other three books are detailed technical expositions of Noam Chomsky, and Claude Lévi-Strauss, in the continuingly frustrating realms of philosophy, politics, and anthropology—all different strategies of presentation, work against a background of the realms, for each of them is a measure occupied with defining other things, what the proper of their subject should be. David Pears' book on Wittgenstein is masterful itself may constitute a significant original philosophical work. In the minimum of biography or history, it succeeds in placing the concerns of Wittgenstein's early philosophy, with its approaches and rational forms, in a context accessible to readers with no experience in philosophical philosophy. From the proceeds to cover the later period, *Philosophical Investigations* is characteristic heuristic and methods. Written with authority, elegantly employing metaphors and images drawn variously from Wittgenstein's work, this book may be read by readers be smoothly hard (in rough) going. But if so, not the roadbed or paving, but the angle of ascent.

John Lyons's book on Noam Chomsky is the most purely expository group. It goes into the back of the twentieth-century linguistic order to establish the traditions of utterance and meaning. Chomsky has revised. It connects its subject's philosophy in problems of language and (which have led him to some like seventeenth-century theologians than has been popular among philosophers) with his linguistic work in transformational grammar. Lyons's extremely detailed treatment of grammar theory and instances of its ex-

luable and skillful. A
pt to connect the political
ws for which Chomsky is
ith his philosophical and
s is far less so.

each's running argument
lévi-Strauss is instructive
ways. One emerges with
of the scope, limits, and
ralist anthropology, with
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relevance to studies of
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is made to see clearly the
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and one is finally made
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lie. Lévi-Strauss is often
literary critic of the pre-
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's results and at the same
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vulgarity of exposition, it
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urprising to discover that
modern masters—even Joyce,
re concerned with the rela-
e to convention. Perhaps
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spectacularly thematic for
es.
—J. H.

ear of Leo Tolstoy, by
ov. Dial Press, \$7.95.
amilies are all alike, but
oy family is unhappy in its
Leo Tolstoy wrote the
e last year of his life in
ence of *Anna Karenina*. At
yana in 1910, the Tolstoy
red from a very special
At eighty-two, Tolstoy
achieved sainthood. His
ebellion was complete—
senses, against the ortho-
e church, against material
meat-eating, sexual inter-
tern literature, and formal
theory, at least. In prac-
e thought was scandalous
un—he remained the master
adal estate whose amenities
, though modest, belied his

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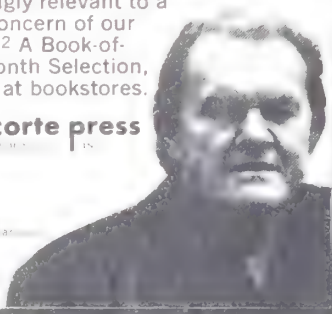
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primitivist credo—a creed he preached by mail to hundreds of corresponding disciples. Vanity Fair still tempted him: horseback riding, music, chess, conversation, even the satisfying sight of peasants doffing their hats to him along the roadway.

This diary, kept by a young Moscow University student who came to Yasnaya as secretary-stenographer (and votary), describes the final resolution. When Tolstoy fled his torn household on the evening of October 27, 1910—he was to die of pneumonia a few days later—he had at last reconciled practice to principle. What made this resolution so sad and difficult and stormy was the opposition of his wife Sofya, an Orthodox believer still and no Tolstoyan—she loved the man but not the theory—who above all did not want to be left without means of support. Tolstoy, for his part, was bent on leaving his copyrights in the public domain, and indeed sought to do so in a secret will drawn up under the influence of his fiercest disciple, Chertkov.

Bulgakov has his own partis pris: his devotion to the old saint is all but idolatrous. But idolatry had its limits. He was not blind to the vexations imposed on his family by an aging saint of cranky views. Hence Bulgakov is an exacting and compassionate reporter, in this diary, of the unfolding tension. There are vivid descriptions of Madame Tolstoy's tantrums, as she throws herself into ditches or into ponds, or fires pistol shots into her wardrobe. The book is filled with telling detail, as, "Oddly enough... Tolstoy has a kind of very strong church smell, compounded of cypress, the sacristy and communion bread." This was the smell of sanctity, a sanctity which ultimately could not abide the scandal of believing one thing and acting as if one believed another. Bulgakov's record of a saint in twilight is ably rendered into English for the first time by Ann Dunnigan, and George Steiner provides a fine introduction.

—E.Y.

Conscience and Command: Justice and Discipline in the Military. edited by James Finn. Random House, cloth \$8.95; paper \$1.95.

From the day of the Minutemen, Americans have liked to call themselves citizen-soldiers, but the volatile mix of conscription and Vietnam has revealed inherent contradictions in the term. To make sense of the resulting dilemmas, as this book seeks to do, not without polemic, one must sort out at least two

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Queenie, by Hortense Calisher. Arbor House, \$6.95.

"A happy childhood can't be cured," explains Queenie Raphael to her college dean, Miss Piranesi. Queenie, you see, is an old-fashioned girl, reared in what one might call the *haut boudoir*, an ingenue precocious only in her knowledge of the world's oldest profession—the profession of her "Aunt Aurine," a noted New York courtesan. Otherwise, her childhood is solidly respectable: "It's just as hard to learn the baby facts of life as in a normal household anywhere." Naughty talk is discouraged, for as Granny used to say, "dirty language a man can get from his wife." The trouble is that Queenie, once destined for opulent maturity as a woman of pleasure, has conceived a shocking yen to go to college. "All that reading!" Aunt Aurine exclaims. "You'll ruin your chin line."

But Queenie has her way. And it is the college experience that suggests to her that a happy childhood can't be cured. Group-gropes and other forms of polymorphous perversity, fueled by social guilt, are the fashionable thing in collegiate sex; and after a tour of the group-grope scene, poor Queenie finds she can't get old-fashioned sex off her mind. "Coupling in couples" is her hang-up. Moreover, the symbiosis of sex and sin leaves her cold, having been reared by "people unconcerned with world welfare, with nerves built on love and wine without guilt, and money just a little tainted by joy."

Miss Calisher has gone to school on Philip Roth; indeed, the essence of *Queenie* cannot be savored (and at best it's delicious) unless one grasps the fact. Queenie even tells her story, à la Portnoy, in tape-recorded monologues—to her dean, Miss Piranesi; to Dr. Werner, a favorite professor and. I would assume, a sociologist; to a certain Monsignor, and to a psychiatrist. The first two thirds or so, which see Queenie through her self-discoveries, is brilliantly sustained as both literary device and clever observation. But the denouement (or is it a *nouement*?) that reunites Queenie with her fellow "by-blow" of paid love, Giorgio, is a bit cryptic.

I shrink from drawing anything so dreary as a moral from this little tale, but I am sure Miss Calisher wanted to remind us that Portnoy's Complaint is not yet epidemic.

—E. Y.



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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Chopin and a little ragtime

JOSEF HOFMANN IS CONCEDED to have been one of the supercolossal pianists of the century, and he made a large number of records starting from 1911, but he never recorded electrically. His last commercial records were made for Brunswick around 1924. Electrical recording was introduced the following year, and Hofmann is supposed to have said that recordings did not do justice to his nuanced kind of playing.

It so happens that there is a good deal of Hofmann material available, most of it under-the-counter recordings of live concerts and radio broadcasts. At least four full concertos, taken off the air, can be had if one knows where to go, and there also are recitals and recital fragments. In the middle 1950s, Columbia released much of the solo sections of Hofmann's Golden Jubilee Concert at the Metropolitan Opera in 1937. That was the most important, by far, of any Hofmann records commercially available. It has, alas, been out of print for some years. Now RCA has issued something of comparable importance (Victrola 1550). It contains some of the test pressings he made (and never allowed to be released) for Victor in 1935, and also some excerpts from a concert he gave at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia on April 4, 1938.

The Victor test pressings contained mostly Chopin: the first movement of the B minor Sonata, the D flat Nocturne, A flat Waltz (Op. 42), and A major Polonaise; and also the Chopin-Liszt *Maiden's Wish*. From the Philadelphia concert is more Chopin, including the Andante Spianato and Grande Polonaise, and shorter pieces. This sample of Hofmann's art gives a good idea of how he actually sounded.

In 1935, Hofmann was in his prime, and the first movement of the B minor Sonata is as elegant and poetic a piece

of piano playing as can be heard from any pianist on records. Technically it is flawless. Musically it illustrates the give-and-take so characteristic of Hofmann's spontaneous playing. Rubatos are delicately applied; there are glorious surges of color; there are inner voices that lend variety to the contour. This is intensely personal playing, and so beautiful, so evocative of an age of giants. The Philadelphia part of the program is not as good; he was beginning to show his age by 1938, and there are moments when the playing sounds calculated. Hofmann being Hofmann, of course, there also are moments of grandeur. For the Chopin B minor alone, this disc is worth anything.

The Hofmann is one of three important reissues of great pianists of the past. RCA has also brought out a Lhevinne and a Rachmaninoff record. The Lhevinne (Victrola 1544) contains most of the recordings he made in the United States (the contents of this record previously were available on a now discontinued Victor Camden release). There are Chopin Etudes and Preludes, the Schumann Toccata, the Strauss-Schulz-Evler *Blue Danube*, and other pieces, all recorded between 1928 and 1936, all the work of one of the most tremendous technicians and subtle colorists who ever played the piano. Josef Lhevinne never had the reputation of a Hofmann or Rachmaninoff, but he was in their class, and he was less mannered than either.

As a matter of fact, Rachmaninoff is popularly believed to be the most puritan of these three pianists. He wasn't. Like all pianists of his period, he took liberties with text and rhythm, and some of those liberties were far more pronounced than anything Hofmann or Lhevinne ever took. On the new RCA disc (Victrola 1534), he plays the

Chopin B flat minor Sonata and some of shorter Chopin pieces. They have never previously been on RCA. The G flat Waltz and the F minor Nocturne are new. Listening to the G flat Waltz, one can see why Rachmaninoff reworked it: not only takes liberties, but he completely rewrites the piece. He was a supreme pianist, and his playing is always individual, but it is not the kind of playing that will find favor among today's purists. All the new recordings, made between 1928 and 1930, are like Hofmann's: they cast light on performance of the past.

IN LOS ANGELES THERE IS a record company operating under the name of Orion label, and it has been compiling some unusual discs of early recordings. With a pianist named Vladimir Kozlov, a thoroughly competent pianist, Orion has been investigating the music of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. In several years, he has unearthed not only many recordings, but also compositions that nobody knows, but also compositions that nobody has ever heard of. Bonifazio (1769-1832) is one. Pleshchinsky (1769-1832) is another. He has brought out two Sonatas and two Nocturnes by this estimable figure. This music of 1800 on a Broadwood piano (ORS 7026), played on a pretty uninventive, full-bodied, sounding figurations and predictable harmonies, but the old piano is amazing. It sounds much like a harp as a pianist was always crying for pianoforters to get rid of the hammer of the instruments of the eighteenth century. The Broadwood had greater than the lighter-actioned pianos. Later this British pianist

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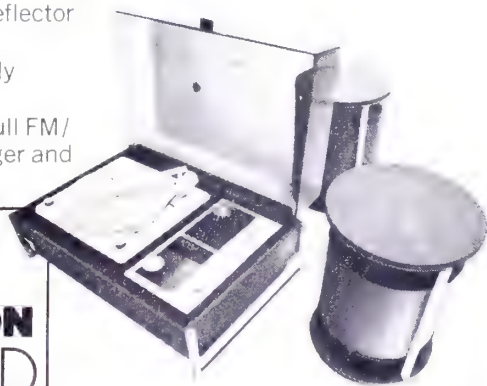
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and to be led through exciting odorscapes
—their colors don't matter—with the chance
of a rabbit to chase or of meeting
a fellow arse-hole to snuzzle at,
but your deepest fury is to be accepted
as junior members of a Salon
suaver in taste and manners than a pack,
to be scratched on the belly and talked to.
Probably, you only hear vowels and then only if
uttered with lyrical emphasis,
so we cannot tell you a story, even
when it is true, nor drily dissect
in the third person neighbors who are not there
or things that can't blush. And what do we,
those of us who are householders, not shepherds
or killers or polar explorers,
ask from you? The admiration of creatures
to whom mirrors mean nothing, who never
false your expression and so remind us
that we as well are still social retards.
Who have never learned to command our feelings
and don't want to, really. Some great men,
Goethe and Lear, for instance, have disliked you,
which seems eccentric, but good people,
if they keep one, have good dogs (the reverse
is not so, for some very bad hats
handle you very well): it's those who crave
a querulous permanent baby
or a little detachable penis
who can, and often do, debase you.
Humor and joy to your thinking are one,
so that you laugh with your whole body,
and nothing dismays you more than the noise
of our local superior titters,
but then our young males are dismayed by yours
to whom, except when a bitch is airborne,
chastity seems to present no problem.
Being quicker to sense unhappiness
without having to be told the dreary
details or who is to blame, in dark hours
your silence may be of more help than many
two-legged comforters. In citizens
obedience is not always a virtue,
but yours need not make us uneasy
because, though childlike, you are complete, no New
Generation whom it's our duty
to disappoint since, until they notice
our failings, they will never bother
to make their own mistakes. Let difference
remain our bond, yes, and the one trait
both have in common, a sense of theatre.

was to give Beethoven an instrument, and it was the smallest relations gesture it ever made of the century, it was known in Europe as "Beethoven's piano."

In the Orion series are five by Friedrich Wilhelm Rust (1702-1796). Rust (1739-1796) was a composer of music that was historically interesting and musically unimportant. There are three Sonatas by Rust (ORS 6901). Rust's piano is a popular and pianistic rival of Chopin. He composed a really fine work, the minor Sonata. It has echoes of the C minor Fantasy, traces of the Venetian piano style, an unusual fugal section, and a great deal of this. This seems to be the first of Rust's work ever to be put on record.

Coming well into the nineteenth century, there are recordings of the *Slätter* (ORS 6908) and a recording of Paul Dukas's Sonata in G major and Chausson's *Quelques danses* (ORS 6906). The Grieg is not a very interesting piece; there used to be a Mercurius recording of the *Slätter* played by Annette Kuhn. These pieces are arrangements of folk dances and are unusual. They are not the prettified examples of his Norwegian music. Most of them are stark, plain, but Bartókian. Most unusual and interesting. The long (about 10 minutes) Dukas Sonata is a rare piece to have a big reputation in the twentieth century even though it no longer is as ambitious work in the style of the idiom, it does have plenty of romantic rhetoric. Unfortunately, the recordings are not very interesting. The Chausson dances that fill out the other side of the disc are much more attractive, and are delicious pieces.

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING unusual in the way of piano. Try Nonesuch H 71248, which is a group of piano rags by Scott Joplin, played by Joshua Rifkin. They are more talk about Joplin. He was a Negro pianist-composer (1879-1917) out of Texas who was active in the Midwest and in New York. In his day he was famous. He was a pioneer in ragtime, from which came the group of rags that are sweet, simple, sensitive, and liably American. They have charm and something more. This is part of the American music. This record could be one of the best of the year.

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Whatever happened to the "Big Daddies"?

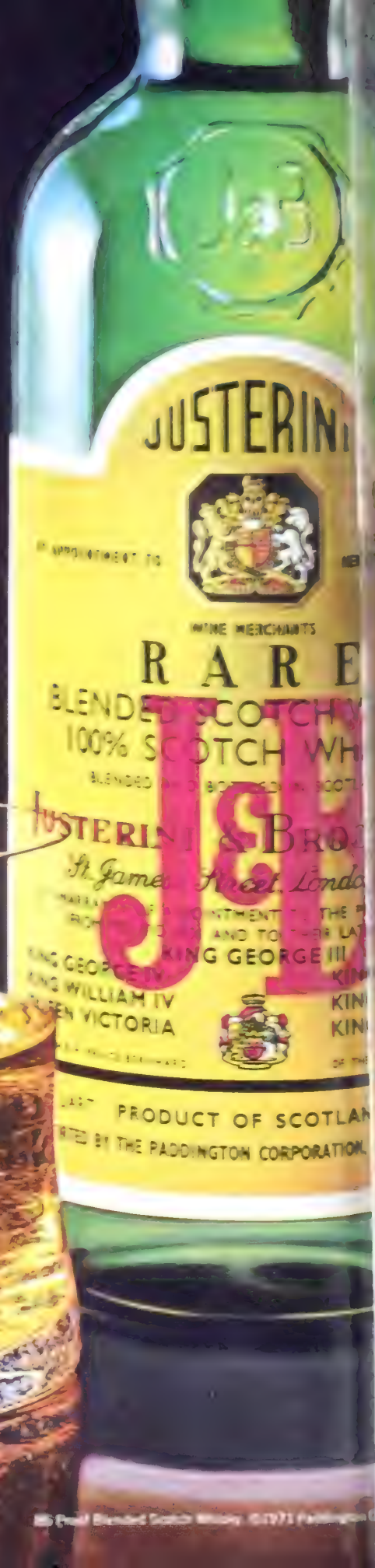


Adam Clayton Powell See page 45
esse Unruh See page 62

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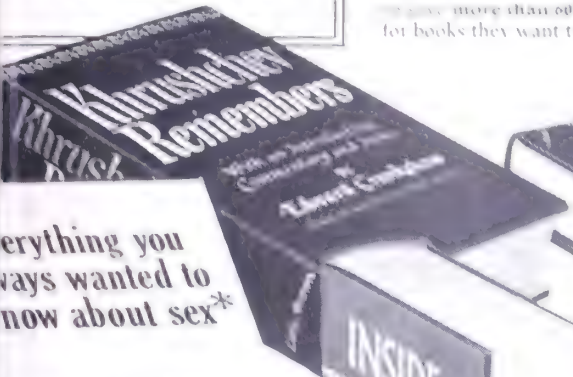
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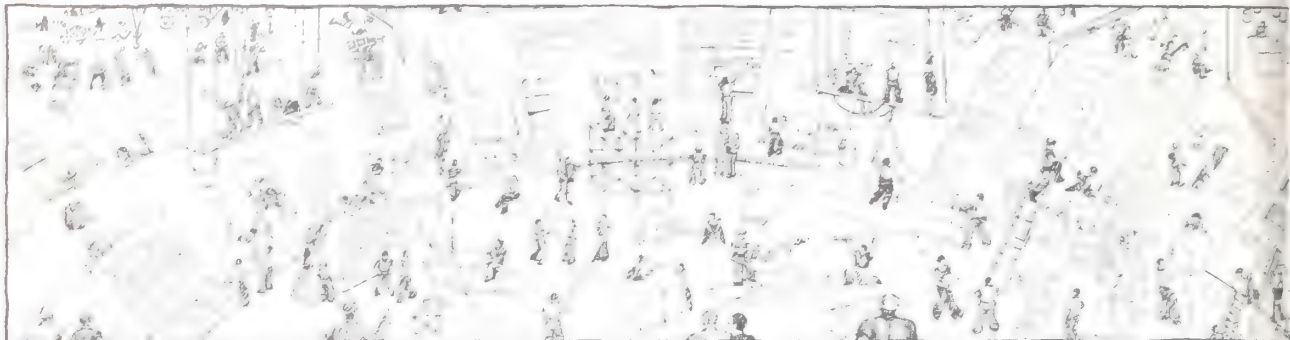
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Harper's Magazine

FOUNDED IN 1880 VOL. 148 NO. 1481

APRIL 1971

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ABOUT THIS ISSUE

"Driving home from a downtown nightclub, Powell pulled up at a traffic light beside a carful of black youths. They stared at him in disbelief for a few seconds and then one of them exclaimed, 'It's Adam Powell! I thought you was dead.'"

The story of Adam Clayton Powell's decline from the crest of popularity among his Harlem constituents to his defeat last year is not a happy one. In "The End of the Politics of Pleasure" (see page 45) writer Richard Levine visits Powell at his island exile of Bimini and trails him through the pitfalls of New York politics. Powell became a legend in his time. Levine writes, "because he so completely expressed the black man's fundamental ambivalence toward white America, the desire to imitate and defy it at once." By the time he attained real power in the U.S. Congress, however, neither the man nor his image was made to accommodate to it. "It is no accident," Levine argues in this colorful human portrait, "that Powell's political fortunes declined at a time when blacks began taking over their own cities.... The kind of wish fulfillment he provided became a luxury they could ill afford."

"These bastards hate me, because they never could own me. When I ran

the Assembly I let them buy hunks of me—in fact you might say I sold 125 per cent—but I never let anyone buy a controlling share."

This is *Less*, by Adam Powell, talking to novelist Jeremy Larner, a frequent contributor to these pages, who describes Big Daddy's downfall in California in "Jess Unruh and His Moment of Truth" (see page 62). Unruh is an entirely different political figure from Adam Clayton Powell—a serious working politician who streamlined the statehouse in Sacramento and used power effectively and intelligently. Yet he also ran head-on into the moods of the moment: "*Transfixed as they were by race and war and movies and the ever-fascinating generation gap, [California voters] found it a bit of a bore to hear Jess Unruh tell them again and again that the state they live in is run by oil, insurance, and real-estate interests. Big Daddy couldn't fool them—he just didn't have the image to talk about corruption.*"

Coming in *Harper's*: "The Education of Morris Udall" by Larry L. King... "The Wall Street Mentality" by Louis Lapham... "The Alex Karras Classic" by George Plimpton... and an excerpt from a new novel by Robert Penn Warren.



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the ugly cigarette.
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LETTERS

McNamara

It is a haunting and eerie portrait David Halberstam has drawn ["The Programming of Robert McNamara," February]. One gets the feeling that tragedy is not really dead after all—McNamara is far more complex than most of us could have expected. But the reaction produced by Halberstam's description is not the sympathy that he apparently is trying to evoke, but rather a visceral feeling of disgust at the blatant dishonesty of McNamara. For even when deliberately treated in a theatrical manner, McNamara comes across as an exceedingly shallow person, beyond the sort of ridicule heaped upon Rusk and Rostow but also beyond respect—a corporate, Harvard version of Lyndon Johnson. What remain, after all, are not his driving intellectual style and brilliant statistical victories, just the lies and the dead bodies.

JON LIVINGSTON
Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars
San Francisco, Calif.

I have read David Halberstam's article with great interest [as] I was a research associate on Allan Nevins and Frank Ernest Hill's *Ford: Decline and Rebirth 1933-1962*, the third volume of the history of the Ford Motor Company. . . .

The late Frank Ernest Hill and I interviewed McNamara in connection with the Ford history. Allan Nevins was ill that day. I remember we returned to tell him about the remarkable McNamara, then head of the Car and Truck Divisions. We were awed. We had interviewed many high-ranking Ford executives, and clearly McNamara was not of the same mold. We were struck by what has subsequently impressed others: his disciplined mind, his clarity, his succinctness, his sense of purpose, his confidence. I was personally impressed by

the gentleness of the man and his fundamental honesty (perhaps that is part of what so pleased the Kennedy women). My own appraisal was that McNamara was less after "power" (which is what Halberstam seems to feel motivates him) than after achievement. . . .

I think Halberstam is wrong when he describes McNamara as a man who did not recognize Ford customers' taste and who wanted to impose his own. Our interview with McNamara dealt—among other things—with cost vs. revenue control. He argued that at that point in Ford's history more profits could be made by controlling revenues than costs. He talked at length about how purchasers of certain types of cars wanted certain accessories. The same accessory sold to a Falcon buyer, a top-of-the-line Ford buyer, and a Mercury buyer could be differently priced—because each buyer would be willing to pay a different price. McNamara was not a "car salesman," but his emphasis on rational planning in no way precluded a rational assessment of the market—in fact, such an assessment was required.

MIRA WILKINS
Whately, Mass.

David Halberstam's article on Robert McNamara compels me to say that as much as any man I have known intimately who was caught in the vise of events, he has come through with decency, with integrity, and with the grace under pressure that John Kennedy spoke of as courage.

ADAM YARMOLINSKY
Welfare Island Development Corp.
New York, N.Y.

I read with great interest "The Programming of Robert McNamara." The article reflects great research and historical analysis of an extremely important figure in my years in Washington.

Mr. Halberstam interviewed me concerning my relationship with Mr. Mc-

Namara. My discussions with Kennedy concerning the Secretary in the context of what I call a misunderstanding of the role of the Department of Defense within the structure of the United States government. Mr. McNamara's response to the President was to direct the Department as efficiently as possible. F. Kennedy thought he performed his function superbly.

The duty of the President is to see that million people of the United States have jobs, honor, and care, and a proper opportunity and, obviously, each citizen within the government must do his part.

The only major error I would see in the Kennedy Administration was the Bay of Pigs, and the mistake was accepted as such by the President. Our involvement in Vietnam, which later to emerge into a great tragedy, was the most minor in President Kennedy's Administration, and Mr. McNamara's views were just as critical of the situation as were John F. Kennedy's.

I had the greatest respect for McNamara and I still do. On the priorities and of the use of resources naturally were different. We agreed on Vietnam because when we left Washington there were American troops in combat in Vietnam as a matter of fact, the Secretary ordered the withdrawal of 1,000 men at Christmas of that sad year of the assassination.

I think other than the Secretary's involvement in Vietnam, Mr. McNamara's record stands the test of time.

KENNETH P. COLE
Boston

I note that in the article on McNamara, David Halberstam called James Forrestal as Secretary and to Robert Patterson "at

As you no doubt recall, Henry L. Stimson was Secretary of War in



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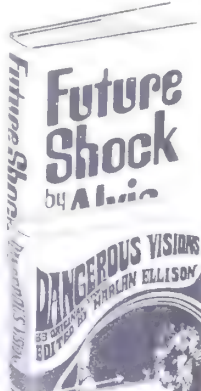
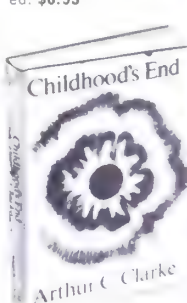
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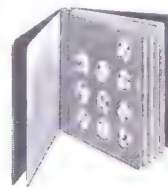
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through World War II. Forrestal joined the Navy Department and became Secretary of the Navy on the death of Frank Knox. There was no Department of the Air Force although the War and Navy Departments did have assistant secretaries for their air arms.

CAPT. PAUL B. RYAN

Deputy Director of Naval History
Department of the Navy
Washington, D.C.

EDITORS' NOTE

We regret that deadline pressures resulted in this error. We should add that at the time referred to above, Robert Patterson was Under Secretary of War.

Netsie of Baltimore

John Corry's biographical sketch on Annette Lieberman ["Mrs. Lieberman of Baltimore," February] was beautifully done. I have known Netsie for many years and can vouch for the fact that all of what was said about her is unequivocally accurate. I must add that I had the privilege of knowing her late mother. If you knew one, you knew the other. They differed somewhat in the groups they championed, but the purpose of each remains the same—altruism.

ISADORE SCHER, M.D.
Baltimore, Md.

It is comforting to know that there is a Mrs. Lieberman around, and that there is a writer around like Mr. Corry who so deftly took her hand and tucked it snugly in that of each of his readers.

In calling herself "a Jewish mother," Mrs. Lieberman follows the example of her illustrious forebear, prophetess-judge Deborah, who in her triumphal song of defeat of the army of Sisera referred to herself simply and beautifully as "a mother in Israel" (Judges 5:7).

Portnoy's Complaint cast the Jewish mother down to the depths, but John Corry has gently raised her up to her rightful place on the heights.

PAUL KAPLOWITZ
Washington, D.C.

I read with interest and enjoyment the article about Mrs. Lieberman. But John Corry's ignorance about Hadassah appalls me. Some of us do look like Helen Hokinson's women, including me (being seventy-nine I have the right to even if it is involuntary), but most members are young, svelte, and fash-

ionable and work to raise the vast sums for the Hadassah-Hebrew University Hospital in Jerusalem, the rescue of children through Youth Aliyah, etc., etc.

I am not Jewish—if a Quaker can be qualified as a WASP presumably that fits me, but being an ardent Zionist I am a life member of Hadassah and also a member of ORT [Organization for Rehabilitation through Training]. John Corry should ask one of his Jewish friends to lend him a copy of *Hadassah*, the monthly magazine that explains the work much better than my poor attempt. . . .

MARGARET FLEMING
Pasadena, Calif.

John Corry's article is more than a portrait of Netsie Lieberman. It is the rebirth of all those scents that can only emanate from that fragrantest of fragrant flowers, the liberal wealthy American southern Jewish white woman.

It is clear from Mr. Corry's picture of Mrs. Lieberman that she is (1) a rich Jewish mother, which is evidently one hell of a lot more excellent than being a poor black one; (2) a dynamic enemy of human misery: prime mover in the Maryland Planned Parenthood League, an organization dedicated to the proposition that twenty million niggers is enough; (3) a staunch foe of that insidious afternoon addiction, Scrabble; (4) a stupendous fund-raiser without whom, among others, including her mother, the nation of Israel would not have been possible; (5) a campus radical who had the guts to give her unreserved endorsement to the Red Cross and knitting; and (6) the proud possessor of an unsolicited testimonial from her son to the effect that she has always had love and "concern for the oppressed."

Dynamite! I congratulate Mr. John Corry for seeing to it that the founders of nations, the Scrabble-haters, the benevolents that have such great concern, not to mention love, for oppressed blacks that they wish to eliminate them altogether, the *good* plantation owners, do not have to languish forever in their ill-deserved anonymity. Corry to the rescue! Right on!

TOM CURRAN, Asst. Prof.
Grambling College
Grambling, La.

JOHN CORRY REPLIES:

Mr. Curran's posturing is distinguished mostly by its nastiness. (It happens that I was describing Mrs. Lieberman's life, not necessarily advocating

it, although now that I think of it, good life indeed.) Mr. Curran is well into the new revolution of the exploitation of black men for a murky political purpose, or substitution of a dreary petulant thing even close to an idea. Assistant Professor, you have much to lose but your self-righteous

Tenure and

John Fischer's discussion of Bay's version of *Survival Easy Chair* [February] is a piece for those of us in academia who point that needs to be challenged. It is the frequent charge that faculty tenure is an obstacle to university change. The administrator would condescend to the guillotine those who oppose his proposals. The senior faculty member, one who might be expected to have the experience to be able to add another dimension to the discussion, is the young whippersnapper's bête noire. An administrator lopping off the heads of those who disagree with him sounds like the community quirk that John Fischer describes so rapturously. The administrator can effect change only by ignoring criticism is a weak sister who disrupts the university without effect.

As for the other side of the coin, I can testify as one who just attained tenure that I was more tankorous before as after. I know how having the threat of being continually dangled over the administrator is going to help the kind of vital, concerned discussion John Fischer yearns for.

MERRILL PROUDFOOT, Ph.D.
P
Pa

It is a notorious fact in the world that many university professors are selected because they are not of hack politicians or flack climbers. . . . It is also well known that many deans and department heads are chosen if they are the least talented and creative of a university faculty, particularly the most able teaching and research-minded professors generally from administrative jobs.

Mr. Fischer desires new

power to fire all faculty members without restraint, in fact these administrators, even when they are ever alert to the concerns, no matter how small and the worst of whom they sway like reeds in the wind of popular fear or prejudiced distinguished professor abandon the work of a life-career some administrator's passion, according to the president's occupant, he ought to be dismissed.

that the academic world is a conservative force in itself. I have found it often very stagnant, vapid, tedious, unimaginative. But academic men are among those charged with the preservation of our civilization. After that they cling to it too tightly it is under attack... than in the howling throngs hunt for it entirely to pieces and with the latest fad—whether Mr. Fischer's own "Environnements," or Black Power, or the Football....

in my experience it is true that the great scholars are available to students—at least not those who are seriously interested. Such scholars, of course, can be found aimlessly lounging in student centers, pursuing their "people pockets," or even hanging in faculty lounges. They neglect their academic duties, and wishes to consult or to tonight have to make a slight adjustment....

PROF. NORMAN B. FERRIS
Tennessee State University
Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Who is the fairest?

Kenneth Galbraith's article "Khrushchev Visited the President" [February] he closes with a question of Tom Finletter: "Do you doubt as to who was the fairest in there tonight?" Mr. Finletter does not state his reply. The modesty prevented him. How

H. J. SZOLD
New York, N.Y.

WITH GALBRAITH REPLIES: "No, alas, for Mr. Szold. Others have guessed that Tom meant this time anyhow."

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THE EASY CHAIR

A modest contribution to the marijuana and folklore industries

I WAS TALKING TOO MUCH—a failing of mine since the age of three—when the professor across the lunch table whipped out his notebook and said, “Can you localize that?”

“Huh?” I said.

“Verify the locality where that story originated. If so, and if you can vouch for the documentation, it might make a useful contribution to a paper I’m preparing for delivery before the American Folklore Society.”

Scholarship was the last thing I had in mind at the moment. I was merely trying to be helpful to my other lunch companion, a graduate student who was planning to start a marijuana ranch. It had occurred to me that the security and sales methods Pop Fleener had developed some forty years ago in a similar illicit enterprise might be instructive. Still, because of my reverence for the academic world, I was glad to oblige the folklorist who had joined us.

“Pop mostly operated around Boggy Depot in Choctaw County, Oklahoma,” I said. “As for documentation, I was there. I was one of his customers. But you won’t find anything about him on paper, except for a couple of short jail sentences. Pop was, you might say, shy about publicity.”

Pop was part Sac-Fox, one of the wilier Indian tribes, and early in the Prohibition era he had decided that peddling bootleg whiskey was better than working. He also was an honest craftsman who turned out a superior brand of moonshine, fermented from a corn-bran-and-sugar mash and processed through a real copper still. Hence he soon built up a devoted clientele. (Some of his competitors were less scrupulous. The cheapest and most deadly product of that time in Oklahoma was horse blanket whiskey. Its makers threw into the mash anything at hand—potato peelings, leftover oatmeal, cottonseed cake, and molasses, for example. And instead of investing in a still, they simply heated the mash in a galvanized iron washtub, with a horse blanket thrown over it. When the blanket was saturated with the alcohol-laden fumes, they ran it through a clothes wringer and bottled the runoff.

One connoisseur of this nectar claimed, before he succumbed to *mania potu*, that he could tell whether the blanket had belonged to a quarter horse or a Morgan.)

Early in his career Pop Fleener got collared twice by deputy sheriffs while delivering his produce. Since he found the county jail uncomfortable and the company boring, he resolved never again to take a chance on selling and transporting. Manufacturing was safe enough, since his still was well hidden. I never did find out where it was, although I got to know him well. As a police reporter for the *Daily Oklahoman*, I met him at his second trial, and was admitted to his select clientele soon after he had served his thirty days.

From then on, all he sold was maps. As soon as he ran off a batch, he decanted it into half-gallon Mason jars and sometimes a few five-gallon kegs. These he buried at night in caches scattered over the countryside for a radius of twenty miles, some in the ditch beside a country road, others in a clump of shinnery oak or in a corner of a remote pasture. Each time he planted a deposit of whiskey he made a detailed, accurate map of its location, with a note on the quantity. You could buy a half-gallon map for \$2 or a five-gallon map for \$20, with comparable prices for any amount in between. Then you could dig your liquor up when you liked—I often let mine age for as much as six weeks and if you got caught on the way home, that was your tough luck, not Pop’s. I never did, because practically all the deputies were friends of mine; besides, they considered it bad manners and worse politics to stop a press car.

Pop had another rule: he never operated a still on his own land, and he moved it often. Plenty of deserted farms were available, since in those Depression days about every other family in Oklahoma was giving up and heading for California. If the law had stumbled on the Fleener plant, the complaint would have had to be brought against some Eastern bank which had foreclosed the mortgage on the land.

Similar tactics, I suggested, might be adapted to my young friend’s mari-

juana plantation. An ideal site, in view, would be an isolated silt embankment beside the Penn railroad tracks. Since the line got virtually no maintenance these days, a work crew would be likely to show up and if a cop should look there, unlikely—whom could he bust?

THESE GLEANINGS FROM the mind of an earlier generation, I hoped, be relevant to a new youth, but I had never suspected they would interest a scholar or professor at our table enlightened with some condescension. The business, he said, has become an academic enterprise, fully as respectable as sociology and only a little less political science, which it much resembles. From Machiasport to Grande, eager researchers are mining, classifying, and explicating kinds of yarns. Some of them, Pop Fleener’s, are true, but truth is not means essential. The scholarly world values even more highly something called a “mythic archetype.” I can make out, this means that the present generation wants to believe about the past, i.e., that the Kid was a tragic folk hero, that he was a juvenile delinquent from New York City who killed a number of people for hire. Today he probably would be a button man for the Mafia.) I end can be traced to anonymous ancient origins—that is, more than twenty-five years ago—that is, again not essential.

As I looked further into the trade after that illuminating conversation, I discovered that some eminent historians are now declaring that contemporary films—notably *and Clyde* and *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*—are mythic archetypes and therefore certifiable folkloric qualify mainly because they represent a number of currently popular themes, such as America’s unique tradition of violence, the cult of the anti-hero, the symbolic virtue of mindless rebellion against the Establishment.

This kind of academic knu-



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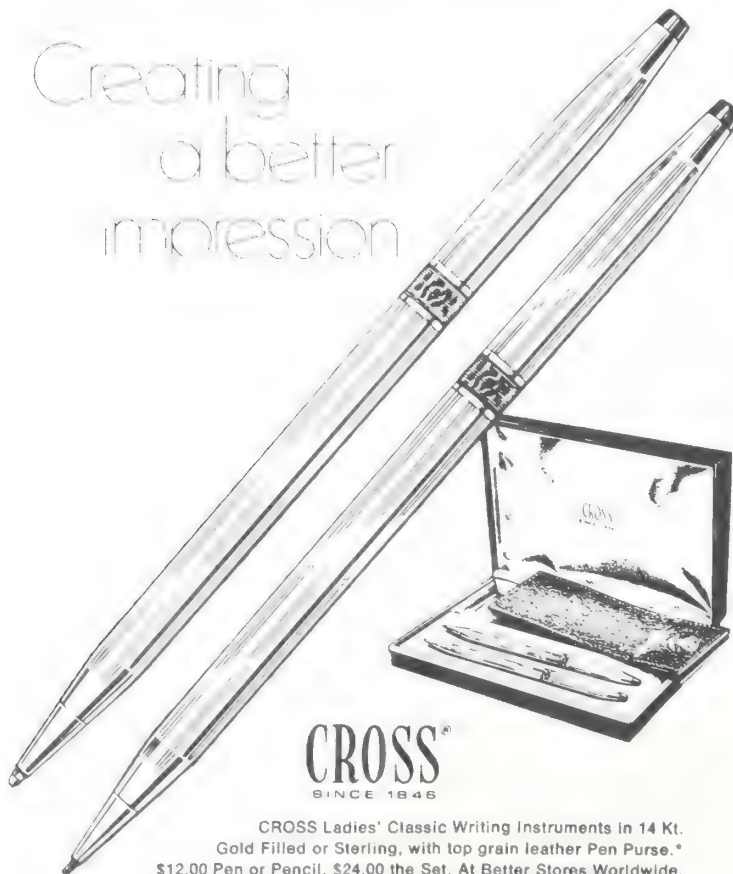


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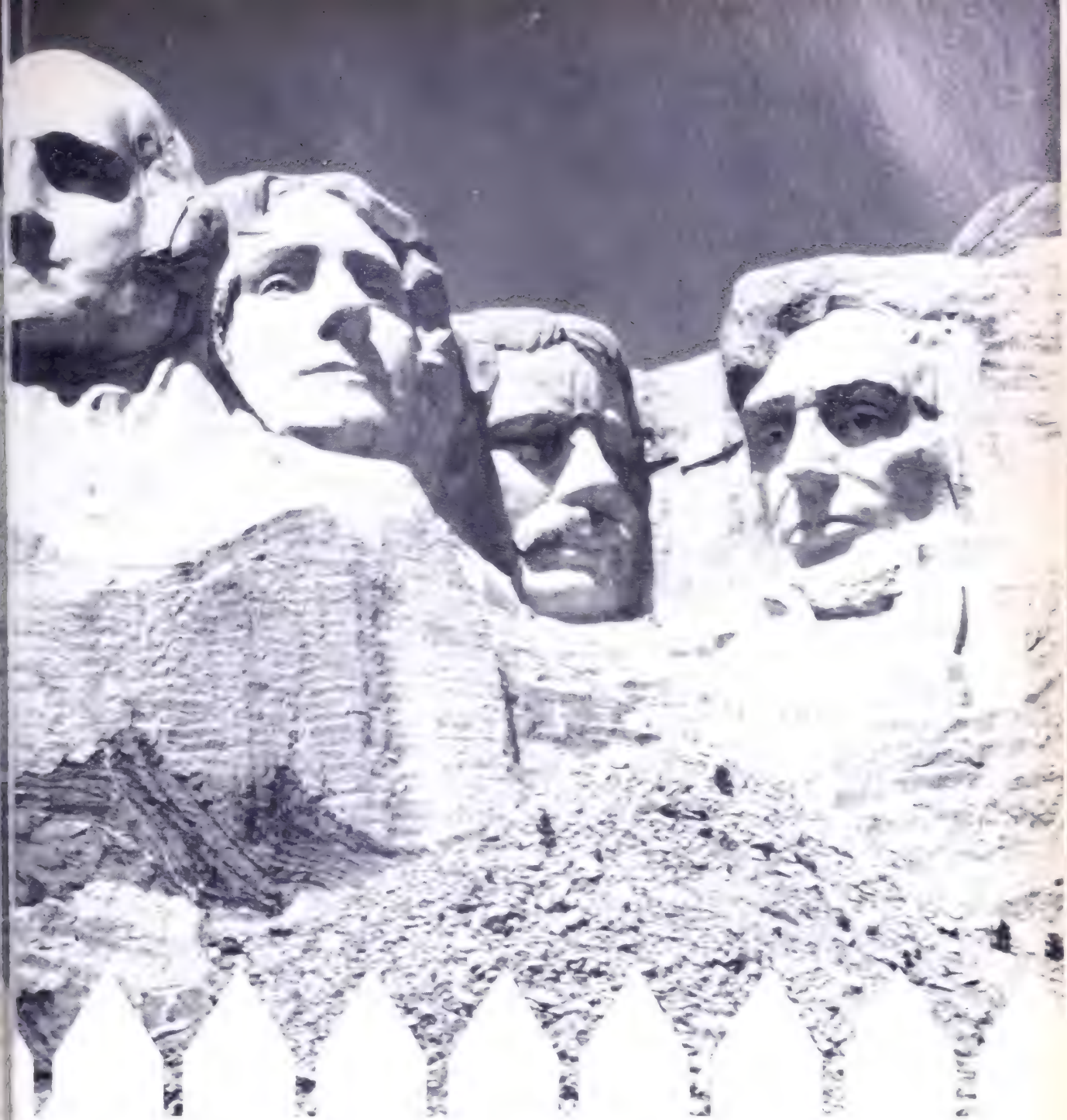
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ing may sound like harmless games, but I doubt it. For it put the stamp of scholarship on a bunch of damn lies.

As it happens, I once met row while he was in jail, Dallas. He was neither a hero nor an anti-hero—he would have baffled him. He was East Texas punk, which is the kind of punk you can find in Bonnie, but according to the temporary evidence she was a cigar-smoking, bisexual who was ugly one to boot. And as best that pair were fumbling a comparison, say, with Pretty Boy and George Birdwell.

A genuine mythic archetypal hero in his own time, was Frank Hamer the law officer who is so groovy in the film. He did not cut down Clyde from ambush, as the film shows it. In fact, they fired more misleading is the film, which Clyde takes Hamer's gun from him, handcuffs him, and is adrift in a rowboat. Nobody has a gun away from Frank Hamer, the kind of man he really was is shown by one of his operations in Texas, about 1930. Borger was the roughest of the oil boom to the depredations of the timber barons, whores, and con artists, too much for even oilmen, so Hamer was called in to join up. But the outlaw had no intention of giving up. A couple of days after Hamer was shot by four assassins of proven efficiency, told to get him. As he came to a corner restaurant at noon, he was shot from three directions, killed them all with four shots, a feat, one might suppose, that attracted the attention of the law, but then, lawmen aren't exactly archetypes at the moment.

MAYBE THAT'S JUST AS cause the myth of the cowboy is as overblown as Paul Blart, the six-shooter has become the virility symbol, glorified in folklore but in films, TV, and the Black Panther manifesto. Frequently, everybody knows that boys wore at least one Colt, two; that they used them with accuracy; that a day was cut from Tombstone to Dodge City; that bodies were stacked like cord; that the local equivalent of the C



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DISCOVER AMERICA

IT'S SOME BACKYARD

On this subject I can speak with some confidence, since three of my uncles were top cowhands during the peak period of the range-cattle industry in the Texas Panhandle. Joe Williams became foreman of the RO ranch, a spread of 343,000 acres, at the age of twenty-one—so far as I know, the youngest foreman of a big outfit on record. A few years later, in 1892, he became manager, and for the next decade he bossed several score of hard characters, most of them older than he was.

By the mid-Twenties he had a number of land, oil, and cattle ventures of his own, scattered through the Panhandle, so he had to spend much of his time on the road. But he was then getting on in years, and his joints ached from countless hours in the saddle and in damp bedrolls; often, therefore, he invited me to go with him as his teen-age driver, and maybe because he was lonesome.

During one long winter drive from Amarillo to Guymon, I asked him what kind of guns he had worn in his cowboy days. "I never owned one," he said. "No need of it."

Since I had been raised on the gun legend, just like today's youngsters, I found this hard to believe. When I pressed for an explanation, he said:

"I can't remember but one time when I ever thought a gun might be handy. A line rider came into our Donley County camp one night and reported that some stranger was fixing to fence in one of our water tanks about a dozen miles to the north. Next morning I decided I'd better go over and dissuade him. The other boys in the camp persuaded me that I ought to take a gun along, just in case, but nobody had anything in that line except an old Winchester rifle. I toted it with me, but when I got to the tank I found that the stranger meant no harm. He was a wagon freighter who had stopped there a couple of nights to rest his team, and he had strung up a dinky little fence to keep his mules from straying. When I explained that Mr. Rowe, who owned the ranch, wouldn't like that, he pulled it up and left, real polite."

ANOTHER UNCLE, BOB BAXTER, was older and more hard-bitten. When I knew him, he was crippled with rheumatism and spent most of his time sitting on the front porch of his Shamrock home. What little work with cattle I ever did was mostly on his land there, in company with my cousin, Little Bob, who now owns it. There always seemed

to be plenty of time, though to Old Bob tell stories about he had worked for the Rock and Mill Iron brands and drives north to Dodge City and To my disillusionment, I learned he, too, had no use for firearms for shooting coyotes, and I had seen a gunfight. He had, though, Wyatt Earp one time and reported that he wore not only a gun marshal's star, but also a der-

As to the unerring accuracy of my boy marksmanship, I can cite testimony of a third uncle, Claude, the only relative of mine who had witnessed a gun battle. Here he counts, as recorded by Laura V. in her *Short Grass and Long* (University of Oklahoma Press). He had gone to pick up his nephew's post office in Aberdeen, a tiny town which then served as headquarters of the Rocking Chair.

"I saw Ed Tomlinson and Drew meet," he said. "Drew's father owned the Rocking Chair Rancho [sic]. Drew put spurs to his horse and rode a mile to the ranch house with Ed behind. Drew's mother came to the ranch house with a rifle and Jack. Ed ran one-fourth of a mile dugout and ran inside. Jack tried to shoot twenty or thirty holes in the shack. I do not recall any trouble between them."

What can a folklorist do with a story like that?

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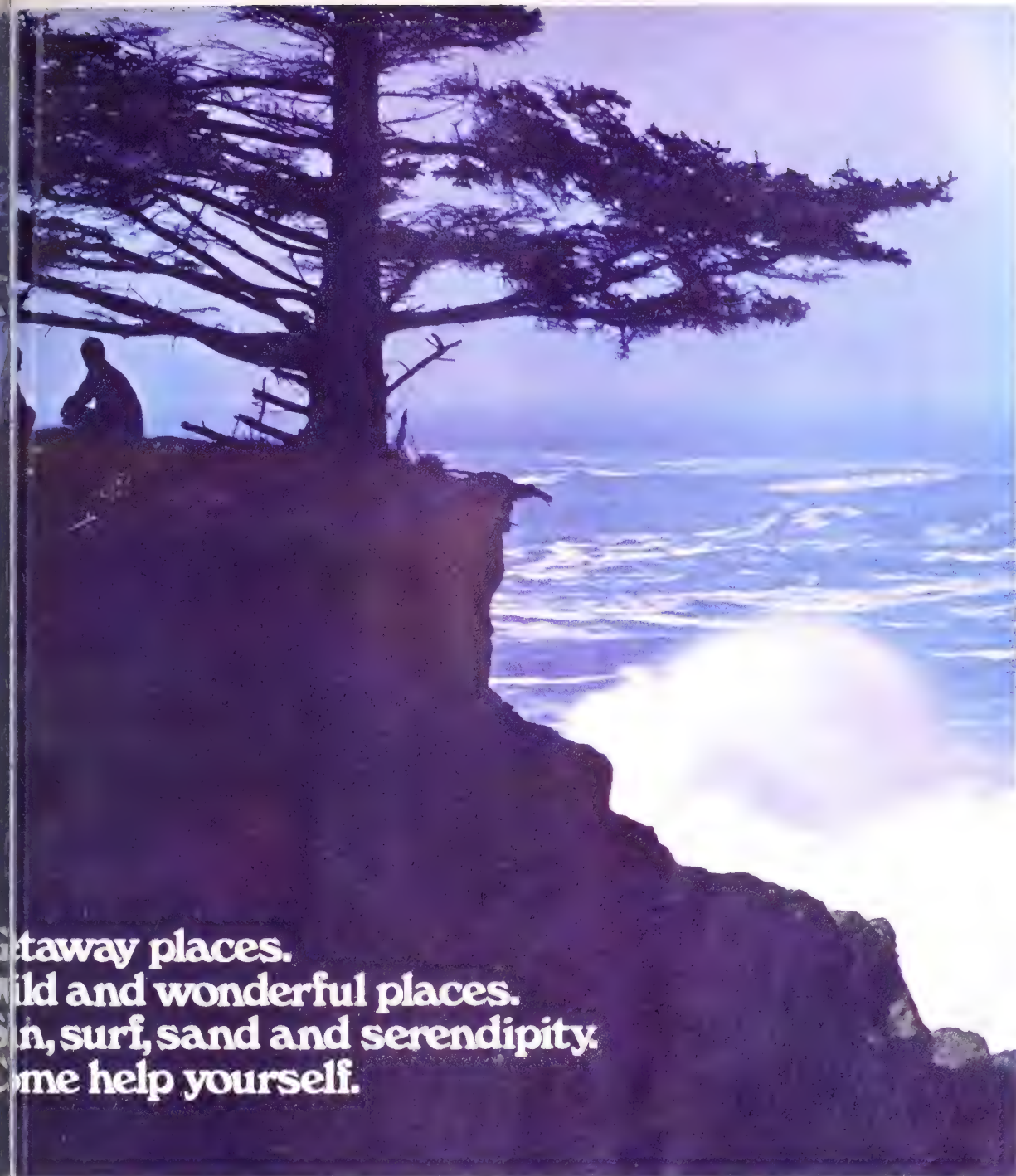
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ANOTHER MYTH, PERPETUATED only in folklore, but in popular Western novels and TV serials, is the cattle industry of the Great Plains was founded by hardy pioneer veterans of the Confederate armies who moved west after the Civil War. It is true that such characters were most of the labor; they were men, in Rhodes' phrase, "the hired men on horseback." But the founding fathers of the big ranches, and often their managers, were predominant capitalists—an unromantic fact never seen mentioned in the *American Folklore*.

The RO, for example, was founded by three English brothers, and was in its best years by the elder Alfred Rowe. The Matador belonged to a company formed in Scotland, by a group of rich manufacturers. The XIT, the biggest of all, spread over much of ten em-



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Another *spécialité* of the
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the marrow gut of a year-
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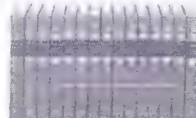
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THE EASY CHAIR

that John Drew, the manager, condoned the rustlers who poached the Britishers' herds, but also with a good many head himself. I have reason to believe that some members of my own family, descended from many years, got their start as independent cattlemen with stock that might have strayed off the Chair range. Even after the government sent out the Honorable Archibald Majoribanks, brother of one of the principals, to keep books and look after the firm's interests, the stealing went on. When the noble owners finally were discouraged and sold the property, the books showed that it should have been stocked with 14,000 cattle, but only 300 could be found.

No monument to the Earl of Majoribanks has yet been erected in the country, but I trust one will be erected in the future. For they were public benefactors, providing an unwitting and unwilling source of foreign aid to an underdeveloped country. Their experience may be of interest to the literati, but it should be a cautionary example to Americans thinking of investing overseas.

ONE REASON THE HONORABLE ARCHIBALD MAJORIBANKS never noticed the rustlers going on all around him is that he spent much of his time trying to catch the fish fox hunting, or something like that on the prairie. No foxes were there, but there were plenty of coyotes. They look a little like foxes—and a little like wolves. Unfortunately, the rustlers he imported never could catch the coyotes, and when they ended up with a lobo he massacred them. Another difficulty was that the Honorable Archibald could never persuade any of his neighbors, or even his own cowhands, to help him hunt. They thought it was a waste of time.

In the end he hunted by himself in a manner which would have shocked the British gentry. He would go out on horseback with a Winchester and a pack of mixed dogs—mostly of Russian wolfhounds, a Great Dane, a few collies, and whatever stray dogs he could persuade to come along. When they raised a coyote, the pack would take off in full cry, and Majoribanks followed at a lope, letting off a shot whenever he got within range. It was, he killed a lot more dogs than coyotes, so that eventually the mongrels refused to go along any more, and he moved to New Mexico and married an heiress.

Variants on his hunting style



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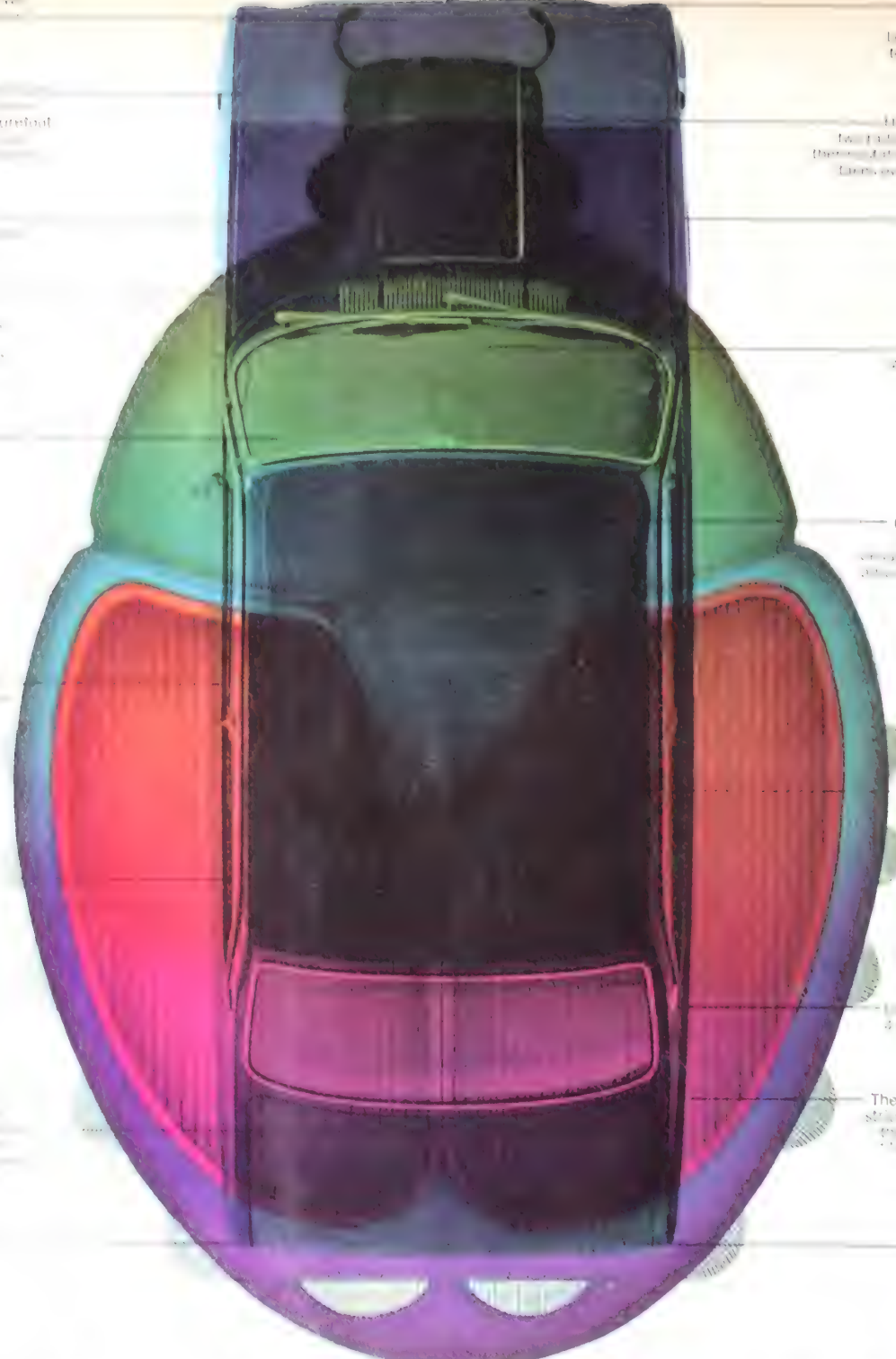
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CHAIR
the Panhandle, though, when
rowing up there in the Thirties.
ite kind of hunting involved
d-down Model T Ford and two
ool boys. On a summer night
d head into the open plains
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rs, got killed when his pilot
a little too close to the target
g tip scraped the ground. The
t away.

THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE, no
er has ever appeared in the
terature of folklore. To the
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banker in a folktale would
out of place as a chiropodist
story. Yet a banker is the hero
the stories most widely told
Texas. Over the years I have
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ons, that I'm inclined to think
true.

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tlemen gathered to play poker

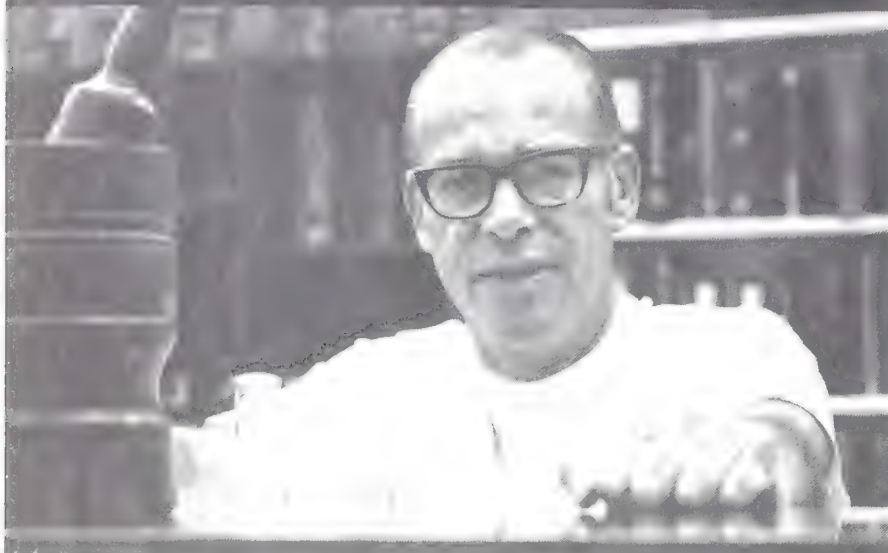
In an era when so many
things are not as good as
they used to be,
here is one thing as good
as it used to be.



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but try to tell someone."

A pharmacist talks about the price of medicines and the price of health care.

Ask my customers about the prices of prescriptions and they'll usually say "they keep going up!"

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*Another point of view . . .
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers
Association, 1155 15th St.,
N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005*

*American Druggist Survey, 1969

after they had shipped a train of beef. One night two players had streaks of luck, and by 2:00 A.M. had acquired between them all the chips on the table. They agreed to a last hand of table stakes, draw; and after the first few rounds of betting, it was apparent that they were proud of the cards they held. They kept raising until all the chips were in the pot, which then amounted to well over \$50,000. One of the players then said:

"I'll raise again, if you will give me an IOU for my ranch and herd. My cattle and horses they are worth about \$60,000."

"Well," the other cowman said, "I can't match that because my son has mortgaged to the hilt. But if you are willing to suspend the game until the bank opens in the morning, I can borrow enough to see the loan through."

So they sealed their hands with their fingers, oiled their thumbs, and turned them and the chips over to the bartender for safekeeping. At 9:00 A.M. next morning the would-be borrower reclaimed his envelope and, in company with the other player and the bartender and the bank's representatives, went to see Mr. Stilman. He handed the envelope to the banker, who asked: "Will you lend me \$60,000 on that collateral?"

Mr. Stilman slit open the envelope, took a quick look, and said: "The collateral of hand is good for \$60,000 at any day."

Whereupon the party adjourned to the saloon and resumed the game. The players put their cards on the table, and the borrower won, with four sacks of grain.

One version of the story has it that the rancher changed the brand on his newly acquired herd to the Four of Spades. But when he made the branding, he forgot that when a brand is burned on a cow's flank it shows in reverse on the other side, like this: $\nabla \nabla \nabla \nabla$. In fact, seen cattle wearing that brand, though I never found out who owned them.

Recently I told this story to a banker, in hopes of loosening up a rather stuffy New England banker about collateral. He was unmoved. A sane banker, he intimated, would not play poker, or would loan money to a man who did. But if I ever wanted to buy a car, say, a Ford pickup truck, at 10 percent interest, he would be glad to do the business.

As a financier, I guess, he is wiser than Mr. Stilman, but I'll bet he will become a mythic archetype.

At some companies, the assembly line isn't the only place you find interchangeable parts.

the organization whose
moves too quickly into the
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Would the Minnesota Vikings
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Yes. If it meant to them a blind
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leader, as it does to so many
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a few mistakes on the way to
greatness are inevitable.

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PERFORMING ARTS

Balanchine's girls: the making of a style

When American Literary Men Speak About the Dance, V. S. Pritchett once wrote a piece putting down ballet as "the most foolish and cruel of the arts." Shaw knew enough to detest the rigid specimens of it that he saw. R. P. Blackmur called the New York City Ballet "a ballet of pinheads" after seeing it several times during its tour of Europe in 1956. Not a very good record. The French have a better one—the best. English and American literary critics all seem to have the same complaint about ballet: that it's inhuman. Few have eyes that see beyond their humanistic prejudices. Fewer care to write about what they do see. Blackmur was so upset by what he saw—it was the period when literate Americans were very much annoyed with America for not being beautiful and wise the way Europe was beautiful and wise—that he wrote a long, sensitive, and profoundly irked essay on national style in the dance. Naturally, he found nothing in the Americans to praise beyond their proficiency, which was exclusively technical. "There were all those beautiful legs," he wrote, "and no one in the company who could walk except Diana Adams and none but her with a proper face. All the rest of the girls made up a ballet of pinheads."

Blackmur's essay, though a masterpiece of impressionistic writing, comes down to not much more than the standard charge against Balanchine that one heard constantly in those days, the charge that he depersonalized his dancers. One doesn't hear it so often now.

Arlene Croce is editor of *Ballet Review*, a sporadic quarterly magazine.

One doesn't hear very much at all. The New York City Ballet as a gathering point for literati isn't what it used to be. Yet, at this moment, Balanchine has possibly the finest company he's ever had—excellent male dancers (a few of whom, like Jacques d'Amboise and Edward Villella, are great stars who never stop growing) and girls who are astonishing. In Patricia McBride he has the outstanding American ballerina of our day. The response to all this is strangely muted. The odd part of it is that the period when all the complaints were being filed—the late Fifties to early Sixties—was also the period when articulate intellectual enthusiasm for the company was at its peak. Something was happening in ballet that was safer not to leave to the balletomanes. New York intellectuals could look at the company and see themselves. If they saw an abstract landscape, they knew how to fit themselves into it. If they saw tiny monsters, they knew what to make of that, too.

There's a curious echo of Blackmur in the admiring review that Igor Stravinsky wrote in 1963 of the choreography for his *Movements for Piano and Orchestra*. Stravinsky remarked on "those extraordinarily beelike little girls (big thighs, nipped-in waists, pinheads) who seem to be bred according to Balanchine's specifications." The picture also calls to mind another notable description of Balanchine dancers—Blackmur's, his *Pinheads*, 1956, written in 1957 ("They hang in the air like a swarm of girl-size bees"). If Stravinsky's is an accurate picture of the company, it's also, like Denby's, an accurate reflection of the music. A longtime mentor of the company, it was Stravinsky who put Balanchine on the

track of the serialists. And with once prominent personalities that the main clue to expression. O calls Lincoln Kirstein's characterization of Stravinsky as "a large grasshopper scooting ahead of the pack." The style Balanchine was evolving, in the course of his struggle to get American girls to think and start dancing, was of its logical points of contact in the condensed, non-sensory energy of this music. The style had changed—one might say that more to the Tchaikovskyan than Stravinskian—but there is a look the company had at once. It can still sometimes recall the called upon to fill a certain need. *Agon* is still, today, in respect respects what the it evoke: the great impersonal of New York. It's like the roaring of the traffic seen from far away brought unnaturally close at the telescopic lens: it has all the pressure of that kind of corridor. When it was new, people were quoting Baudelaire's "for the city": the resemblance hasn't changed. On the other hand, I think the Stravinsky masterpiece, *Movements*, has much of its sting.

As for the bee-girls themselves, as if they'd turned into the Blackmurian *Pinheads*. Blackmur 1956 singled out Diana Adams as the only girl who had a face. Of course she had a face—so did the other girls. She had a wonderful face and long legs like calipers, and she was the person in the same sense that Fanny the English ballerinas at Covent Garden were real to Blackmur. She was

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breathe easier. Yet it was he who led the company in the final evolution of the pinhead style. The work had all been laid by Tancred, also a real person but lethal in her body line, more in temper. LeClerc was a comedienne, too, one of the fine wits the company has possessed. One felt she enjoyed being a ragoonfly or a spiderwoman or a cybird—she could make the as well as the drama of it real. In the late Fifties and early Sixties, her chief instrument was the body. They were momentous years, with the commissioning of which Adams had the grand success, he made a series of ballets to music Stravinsky continued to recommend, and he degenerated a generation of young dancers who did anything this advanced demanded. These girls didn't think; they acted. They didn't swim and hovered in ballet and dove with a perilous insistence—they moved one muscle and at the time they moved it in, as if watching up might force it to itself. Balanchine's choreography—this style, after *Agon* and up to *Movements*, was increasingly specific, cellular: tight phrases ex- like crystals in a confined space. Many people believe it derived from hours of therapy Balanchine had with his wife, LeClerc, whose head had been deadened, and her body short, by an attack of polio on her European tour of 1956. But she was also a uniquely local, New York woman of things; it wasn't recon- sidered the *Concerto Barocco* (Bach, 1684) and *Four Temperaments* (Hinde- mitemann, 1912), the new ballets to the new music seemed to seize on qualities of musical scale and anatomical detail that made sense to New York—they made sense in an era of abstraction. These were richly concentrated, high-protein ballets, with more precise measure than anything that had been seen up to that time. At the New York City Center, "Twelve-Tone" as the company billed it, provided up of its avant-garde spectacle were always sellouts.

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from what we already know. With a Diana Adams crooking her beautiful length of leg in its female arch of complicity, with an Allegra Kent stretching her spine in kitten-like contortions, Balanchine was able to draw miracles of erotic suggestion from the sparse structures of serial music. Or so it seemed. After one of the first performances of *Agon*, a well-known New York writer said joyfully, "If they knew what was going on here, the police would close it down." But being glad to see sexuality so brilliantly arrayed on the stage is a very different kind of response from seeing dancing. Since its early seasons, the *Agon* pas de deux has been given by many different ballerinas. It has assumed a different content each time, and it has never failed. "Content"—i.e., the energy of the personality who dances—is different from "material," which feeds and directs the flow of energy. Choreographers near and far who for the next dozen years sought to copy *Agon* were misled by their own ideas of its content. They improvised mannerism without material. That's why the international "abstract" style in modern ballet—the thin meanderings and grapplings to thin music—is such a bore. (When Balanchine said, in 1957, "A thin style is our style," he put the rest of the ballet world on concentration-camp rations.) It's probably why, although *Agon* and *Episodes* remain popular, the New York City Ballet doesn't put on "Twelve-Tone" evenings anymore. The nervous excitement they used to cause has been blanketed by dull imitation, and the company has gone on to further adventures.

Balanchine never pursues one line of stylistic development, no matter how progressive, at the expense of another, and he sometimes blends several lines in the most extraordinary and unforeseen syntheses. In 1960, the year after the Webern ballet *Episodes*, he made *Liebeslieder Walzer*, one of the great romantic ballets of the century. An hour of dances in waltz time (it is set, without narrative embellishment, on the Brahms songs), it had maximum grip and irresistible sweep. The sublime aura of *Liebeslieder* mitigates any suggestion of harsh experimentation; yet it was, and remains, a tour de force which Balanchine couldn't have accomplished without dancers trained in the most advanced intricacies of his modern repertory. In the second scene of the ballet, Violette Verdy begins a double pirouette in her partner's arms that we think is going to end in a forward

arabesque. Instead, she reverses her direction and ends by embracing him, the line of her back and extended leg completed by the quiet pose of her head on his shoulder. This isn't anything we might not see in a conventional ballet to romantic music, of which the ballerina might take several luxurious measures before coming to rest. Verdy does it, unbelievably, on one count—in the flash of a single cadence. So did Mimi Paul when she danced Verdy's role in the London season, and so does Sara Leland when she occasionally substitutes for Verdy today. The whiplash timing, and the technique necessary to it, were *new*, and they were not attributes of one dancer's virtuosity, they were a company trait. The girls didn't have to understand the sentiment of the music in order to express it; they had a technique which did it for them.

In fact, the technique *was* the sentiment. In the performing arts there is generally some contest between the performer and the thing being performed, and audiences can frequently get their pleasure from evaluating the one against the other. Yet nothing is more exciting to an audience than performing that is so far out of itself and into the subject of the performance that the two can't be separated. When that happens we have the illusion of absolute art, though we know it is only an illusion. For some people, the idea that poetry can pour from the bodies of hardworking American girls who, from the general look of them, aren't easily distinguishable from fashion models or chic, Madison Avenue secretaries, is hard to believe, and occasionally, as we watch one of these girls moving with brilliant clarity, the thought, "She doesn't know what she's doing," occurs to us. If she did, though, would she do it better? The question has never been answered. It isn't mindlessness but the state beyond mind that moves us in perfect dancing. It's what moves the dancer, too. And the whole problem in directing a company that plays dozens of ballets in repertory for long periods each year is how to keep that state beyond mind *ahead* of mind. Dancers learn from example and they learn fast. Precedents spread like rumors. *Liebeslieder* is being done today by young dancers, and it probably could even be done by young dancers in another company, who haven't been put to the precise series of challenges that enabled Balanchine's dancers to dance it first in 1960. In 1893, Legnani amazed St. Petersburg by turning thirty-two fouetté pirouettes

in *Cinderella*. The feat went into *Swan Lake*, where Russian soon made it a commonplace. The same season he made *Agon*, Balanchine also made *Gounod Symphony*, a lush, plushy work full of softer and supported figures that was a far ahead of his dancers and the music in it. But by 1962—largely, because of the success of *Liebeslieder*—he was able to choreograph *Afternoon of a Faun*, a full-evening work to lots of Mendelssohn, and have it out a hit. In the dances for Titus and Hermia, and in a magnificent pas de deux, were the first incarnations of the loose, heroically spontaneous and free style that Balanchine would assume in the next decade. What was lacking was the perfection for it.

Suzanne Farrell, this new ballerina, appeared, somewhat precariously, at the center of the most complicated, most manipulative, and most angular work Balanchine had ever posed—the *Movements for Piano and Orchestra*. When Adams, on whose ballet was rehearsed, had to retire from dancing (owing to a persistent disability), her place was taken at the premiere by Farrell, then eighteen years old. Farrell was an Adams dancer and at first (the familiar paradox of novelty) all anyone could see in her was how much she resembled Adams. She was big and strong and handsome, without much personal force; in a tiny leotard she looked very like a bee, but more like a woman-singer. With that almost perverse personality that was then characteristic of the younger generation, she could do anything Balanchine asked of her, and it on a grander scale, at great speed and with a silkier recovery and control than anyone else. And she began to see that, unlike Adams, her physical quality on the stage was all its amplitude, indomitably of the quality she shared with Fonteyn. Farrell had a line that was particularly voluptuous. The following season Balanchine produced, to Tchaikovsky music, a ghostly little pas de deux, *Meditation*, in which Farrell played lost love, or muse, or minister of a grieving Jacques d'Amboise. The use of lavish emotion and stoic gesture made it more of a shock. *Movements*. Though few people in the audience realized it at the time, it was the future. Farrell, her sensuality as yet undeveloped, re-

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ease learning efficiency.

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imization: At last, it has
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once into a lead position. Our style was thin no more.

In any decently written history of the New York City Ballet, the years 1963-1969 would consume several chapters. The Farrell Years saw the company remade in a new, younger, and more romantic image. For Farrell personally they began in glory and ended in confusion and estrangement. Because of her importance to Balanchine—she was probably the most important dancer who ever entered his life—her rise to *prima* status was spectacular and sudden, perhaps too sudden. *Meditation* led to Dulcinea in *Don Quixote*, the role that made her a star, but Farrell was almost too shy to be a star. When she tried to project across the vast distances of the State Theater in Lincoln Center, like a soft-spoken person trying to raise her voice over a bad phone connection, she just became shrill. She was the prototypical Balanchine ballerina for her generation—today we can see her even in little Gelsey Kirkland—but, calamitously, she didn't stay with the company long enough to work out her difficulties. When her break with Balanchine came in the middle of the 1969 spring season, her repertory totaled thirty-two roles, as many as Patricia McBride's. She was everywhere and nowhere. Her beauty fascinated more people than were repelled by her flamboyance, and we all have our cherished memories of her at her best—in the last-act dances of *Don Quixote*, in *Liebeslieder* (dancing the Adams role), flashing through the Gypsy Rondo of *Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet*. She transformed the company, freed Balanchine from the excessive braininess of "modernism," and departed, like Dulcinea, who in the ballet is apotheosized, the Queen of Heaven. Her place in the history of the company is sacrosanct.

PATRICIA MCBRIDE, who gained principal-dancer status a few years before Farrell, didn't become a star until just a few years ago. She didn't have Farrell's grandeur or silky, rippling flow of movement; she had a little, sticklike body which she has patiently taught to move deeply and expansively, "in the round." If Farrell was shy, McBride was shyer. Even today she is the shyest, most tenderly true, bravest, and least corruptible of classical dancers. But it's just by having been all these things, night after dogged night for ten solid years, that she has fought her way to distinction.

McBride has the body of a pubescent girl, the bones of a sparrow, the stamina of a horse. She has a deep sway in the upper back which tilts her upward and outward, so you are struck by the beautiful head and face. In *Dances at a Gathering*, she's the one who seems to be carrying the whole story of the ballet around in her head, but she doesn't give any indication of what's coming; she accepts it along with the rest. She has, I think, two quite piercing moments, one performed solo and one with a partner. The first is like a stroke of antitypecasting, when Robbins has her bend low in an attitude parallel to the ground and "swim" over it with powerful arms. That downward sink, the whole intent plunge downward, is so unlike McBride that you remember it. It foreshadows the moment at the end of the ballet when Villella touches the ground. Later on, she is facing Anthony Blum in a supported pose far to the side of the stage. The "storm" in the Chopin scherzo the pianist is playing suddenly returns, breaks into their idyll but doesn't break it up. They hold the pose and she (since his back is to us) holds the dramatic focus alone, for a ponderably long moment, while the music pounds them both. McBride always had presence; now she has authority too, the kind an audience silently appeals to. It's the mark of a true ballerina. As for the incredible upside-down lifts, she does them as casually as one might fold a napkin while speaking. Having dispensed with all angles in her body, she appears to be dispensing with her body as well, with recalcitrant flesh. In her other Robbins role, in *In the Night*, she jumps curled into Moncion's arms, and so lightly that he seems to have received nothing but spirit.

How does a dancer get to be so transparent? McBride seems to be acting all through these roles and yet she does nothing of the sort. The pantomime in *In the Night* is completely musical and dancelike in its effect. Her head is all face, a perfect stage face with a brilliant inverted-crescent of a smile, though usually it's impassive. New York City ballerinas don't wear the "such sweet agony" expression preferred by almost all European ballerinas, and they don't emote. McBride's face is like a Kabuki actor's, never changing and never the same. In *La Valse* it wears (or seems to wear) a leer like that of a hungry thrill-seeker. (This isn't in the part necessarily; the Girl in White can be played as the rankest innocent and usually is.) In *Rubies* it looks complacently pretty

as she matches wits with Edwillella, and in "The Man I Love," she does with d'Amboise in the win ballet *Who Cares?*, it has a raptness that, each time she finds him—with perhaps a doubt that she *will* find him—glorify him anew in her mind, the mind of the audience. With McBride it's easier to speak of so than of personality. Her "personality" is impossible to pin down. It's a dramatic coloring from a part and that color. As Columbine in *quinade* she has a doll-like color to it at all. The vivacity of posed to be heartless, but who is conscious of is McBride's for the part—"Here's something to do when I was a little girl," she seems to be saying—and that saves her, then she saves it some more in a second-act solo when she shows (phorically speaking) how she and accepted her adult response. And finally, toward the end, a marvelously gentle dance to like music, when she's fully gone, she steps out of the fantasy and the part, like a clown in *commedia dell'arte* sweeping off his mask, she opens her arms to the audience, blows a kiss. It's the "Pardon all" moment after a night of farce.

Because of her simple, matter-of-fact manner and personal reserve, slightly pretentious to describe McBride as a dramatic artist. She's an actress like Melissa Hayden, like Verdy or Sara Leland, whose technique doesn't strike you as dramatically as a dramatic one. No one is more dramatically "original" like Kent, whose ineffable personality is more effective in roles like chore in *Apollo*, the sylph in *Symphony*, the Number One in *Bugaku*, and the title role in *nambula*, than McBride's sharpness. But like Kent, McBride has a gift for dramatization that is citingly spontaneous. She decides on her effects in advance; they happen. This quality in his Balanchine seems to adore others, and he encourages it by his ballets open to their interpretations. There are no blueprints, no "correct" interpretation.

In her earlier years, McBride has the confidence to express freely. Her parts looked a little filled. Kent, too, would ofttentative in a role, but her tro-

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felt, came from distraction or lack of interest (a problem that has continued off and on to affect her career). Charming little McBride wanted passionately to be correct—it's a natural thing for a young dancer to want—and held back from simple fright. The way she looked at the time is wonderfully captured in Hermia's strong woeful solo in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. (He's been on Snow White's run through the woods in the film.) Balanchine uses whatever his good dancers can give him. As he used Kent's feyness, Hayden's swagger, Verdy's rhetorical drive, Adams' dignity, Farrell's creaturely impact, he seems to have admired and drawn upon McBride's purity of conscience as a classical dancer. But he also recognized its dangers. Gradually he coaxed her out of the warm corner she'd settled into (in some relief, one supposes) as partner to the phenomenal Villella, got her to loosen up and punch a little harder. Balanchine likes all kinds of women but he doesn't like saints. (He doesn't like sexpots either, though he has hired a few from time to time. The greatest—and I don't think it demeans her—was Julliana, who left the company some years ago.) He's devoted a large part of his creative life to

as nun, mentally reciting her vows at every performance of *Giselle*. He seemed to sense, too, that nice little McBride. In *Rubies* her part is equal to, and fully as taxing as, Villella's, and it's also glamorous, witchy: Mary Astor besting Bogart. McBride's courage in it was fantastic (Villella still gets all the applause), but I don't think it was until *Who Cares?* that she let us know what a great star she really was.

In *The Night* is Jerome Robbins' first ballet. Balanchine, people generally have no age—they're divine. McBride and Francisco Moncion recall the lovers in such poems of John Crowe Ransom's as "Two in August" and "The Equilibrists." They fight and then she surrenders, as only McBride can do it nobly, without humiliation. *Who Cares?* is a classical ballet about New York, with songs by Gershwin, dances by Balanchine, and décor and costumes that look designed by Herman Badillo. Still, it's a brilliant work of art, especially so in the second part. The three main characters—two females are classical ballerinas, the man is

a character dancer. The same arrangement prevails in the Balanchine-Stravinsky ballet of 1930, *Who Cares?* more than recalls that great work, it quotes from it. The program doesn't give McBride, who is the Terpsichore of this piece, precedence over the other two girls, but she assumes it because of the peculiarly thrilling quality of her movement. She "sings higher." And the other two, Marnee Morris and Karin von Aroltingen, are marvelous.

Morris is one of the lost-art girls of the stage. She's a perfect lady who doesn't like to show off, or only the least little bit. When she dances "My One and Only" with a vanilla-wafer charm and a technique like impeccably worked lace, it's like having an old theatrical photograph come alive. Von Aroltingen projects something else: blazing, powerful good health and a kind of plodding animal vigor. A German girl who joined the company nine years ago, von Aroltingen has never really excelled in any of the major roles of the company. (He's a dancer, not a singer.)—she looks like a cheerful, beer-drinking girl. Her look like a star too. McBride's solo in *The Night* is a masterpiece. It's a Mozart aria, but he

McBride at twenty-eight is not yet a great dancer. She's a great dancer, citing ballerina in America, Natalia Makarova, the great Russian star now with American Ballet Theatre, is unsurpassed in her own age. She made an affecting debut last winter in Tudor's thirty-minute *Lilac Garden*, but her future in a company that has been so successful in the past is questionable. Suzanne Farrell when last seen was doing for Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the 20th Century. If the kinds of roles she did for Balanchine, The spectacle was heartbreaking. Though she made the stupid choreography look beautiful, Béjart cannot return the compliment, and Farrell is still an unfinished dancer who needs to work.

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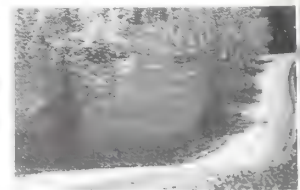
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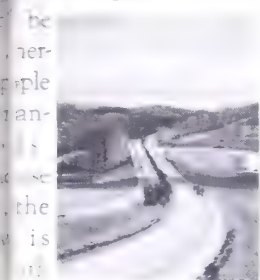
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PERFORMING ARTS

When one considers the odds against success in this kind of career, it is more than ever remarkable that McBride should be where she is. She represents a triumph of sensibility, an obdurate purist whose concessions to vulgar usage only enhance her appeal and her value to the public. Of course, she's been very carefully protected. In one sense New York City ballerinas *are* like nuns: they're a sisterhood. They survive in the atmosphere of an aesthetic style that happens to exist nowhere else in the world, that absorbs modern tensions and transcends them; and they put up with untold miseries because they know it's the only way to look the way they want to look—ravishing like mortal goddesses, yet reachable. Their exact stature in the world community of ballet is a mystery to society at large. There are no shrieking fans at the stage door—somehow it isn't done. Every five years or so some big magazine takes a picture of Balanchine surrounded by his rising young dancers, and the world knows that the New York City Ballet is in another stage of its development. Very close behind McBride comes Kay Mazzo, an elegant waif who arouses an audience's sympathetic concern as McBride never could, and the amusingly solemn and inscrutable young Gelsey Kirkland.

The company has bred two generations of dancers in ten years with no sign of diminishing strength. After Balanchine and his organization, the credit for this goes to one group of people. Not to the dancers, who are generally too young to know what they're getting into at the age when they have to get into it, and certainly not to the critics: but to the dancers' mothers. This maligned tribe, and may it increase, has over the years chosen to give its most talented daughters to Balanchine. Ballet mamas are the great realists of the business. If there were anything better in life, in art, in the art of dancing, they'd go for it in a shot. Back in the days when Tallchief was striking across the stage like a cobra and Hayden was developing her coiled puma spring and Wilde was perfecting her *gargouillades* and LeClercq was gawking it up in a host of *impossible* ballets and Adams was showing everyone else how to walk, these ladies were making their decisions. And when their weary charges came home full of aches and pains, they'd say it, night after night: "Darling, all I want is that you should be a pinhead." □

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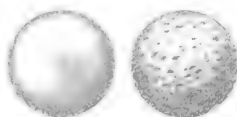
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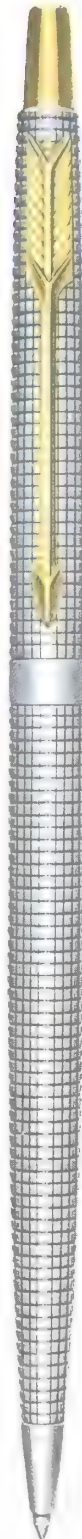
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END OF THE POLITICS OF PLEASURE

ine and Fall of Adam Clayton Powell, Prince of Harlem

THE FALL, THE QUIET SEASON on Bimini. The marlin begin to school and the sport flock in from Miami and Fort Lauderdale along the island, really no more than an underbar stuck sixty miles off the Florida coast to life. Every so often the sun filtered through the clouds like a pad of melting snow, and for the most part the weather remained mild, lending a certain spiritual sloth to the expression that overtook Bimini during the winter year. Most of the men earned their money one way or another from the sea, and when temporarily unemployed, they would spend the afternoons drinking and playing dominoes on Formica tabletops—in several ramshackle dives along the Queen's Highway, Bimini's main road. Inevitably, liquor and boredom dulled their brains, sudden arguments would flare up, and they were often united by much cussing and finger jabbing. Usually when the talk got around to local politics, this particular afternoon in Fisher's Paradise, Cherry Red had mentioned hearing on the radio that the Bahamian government was in debt, whereupon Cupcake—none of the others seemed to go by their given names—broke out of being a motherfuckin' liar and said the government had just announced a budget and how could it spend more money when it already owed so much. The argument was about to enter the chair-throwing stage when Cupcake interceded to say, as someone in-

variably did on such occasions, "Let's go over and ask Big Daddy. He be the one to know."

Big Daddy was Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., who also answered to such other Bimini nicknames as Mr. Jesus, Keep-the-faith, the Old Man of the Sea, and King Wahoo, wahoo being a kind of deep-water mackerel that Powell, a passionate fisherman, was particularly adept at pulling from the sea. He had been commuting between New York, Washington, and Bimini since the early Sixties, and once, when his fellow legislators excluded him from the Ninetieth Congress, he had stayed on the island for over a year. Recently, Powell had come back for good, having lost the Democratic primary in his Congressional district last June—an extraordinary event in Harlem, his Harlem, where he had been elected more by general acclamation than ballot for a quarter century.

Powell had unsuccessfully contested the election results in the New York state courts on grounds of voting irregularities, and then taken his case to the federal courts, where a final decision was expected any day. But he was too practiced a court battler not to realize that his political career hung by the thinnest of legal threads, since no judge would be overly anxious to reverse a primary once the general election had already taken place. After his defeat, whenever anyone asked him if he would run for office in the future, Powell always laughed, opened his arms wide apart, and said, "I'm just gonna run for Bimini and catch fish *that* big."

He hadn't, in fact, caught any fish at all since

Richard M. Levine is a free-lance writer living in New York. He has been an associate editor of both The New Leader and Newsweek.

Richard M. Levine
THE END OF
THE POLITICS
OF
PLEASURE

his arrival, because of the bad weather and rough seas. Instead, he had been living quietly on his boat while his new house was being built on South Bimini, a neighboring island where a few dozen wealthy white families owned vacation homes. The boat, a thirty-four-foot cabin cruiser which Powell had purchased secondhand at a bargain price not long ago, was tied up at the marina in back of Capt. Harcourt Brown's Hotel on Bimini proper. It was a fairly modest affair compared to many of the other boats docked nearby, sleek sailing vessels and huge power-driven yachts, but it was a practical boat for deep-sea fishing, fitted out with two fighting chairs on the deck and twin outriggers rising alongside a flying bridge. And inside the cabin were most of the amenities of home: a bar stocked with vodka and Tang for Powell's favorite dock-side drink, which he called a "poontang"; a great many books scattered about, mostly joyless tomes with titles like *Family Planning in an Exploding Population*, a small color TV; even a framed print on one of the walls, an odd-looking representation of the Indian goddess of flowers surrounded by birds of paradise.

Powell lived on the boat with his fiancée, Darlene Exposé, a pretty young woman in a slightly airbrushed way, who possessed a becoming modesty and charm that belied her topless-dancer's name. Darlene had worked as a receptionist in a Congressman's office, where Powell noticed her one day and made an approving remark to her employer. A few weeks afterward, the Congressman received a call that Darlene suddenly had been forced to visit her ailing mother in Mississippi, which was the last he heard of her until, months later, he read about the engagement in a gossip column. Powell planned to marry Darlene as soon as he received a divorce from his third wife, Yvette—from whom he had long been estranged—and he had already begun introducing her as his new bride. "She's somethin' else," he would say about Darlene. "And from a man who's known as many women as I have, you gotta listen." Darlene, in turn, was infinitely attentive toward Powell, laughing appreciatively at his stories, lighting the plastic-tipped cigarillos he enjoyed smoking, and keeping his money in her handbag, it being one of Powell's more princely habits that he rarely carried cash on his person. She also helped him with the autobiography he was completing, *Adam by Adam*; every afternoon Powell would spend some time talking his reminiscences into a tape recorder and Darlene would type them up.

Today, however, promised a welcome break in their rather monotonous routine on the island. L. Mendel Rivers, the late chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, had flown down to Bimini to spend the weekend at an estate owned by the chairman of the board of North American Rockwell, a large aerospace corporation that holds lucrative defense contracts. Powell had always gotten along well with Rivers privately, as he had with many other Southern Congressmen. This was not as surprising as it might seem, for Powell and

the Southerners sat on either horn of the racial dilemma and they had always had common: an assured constituency and the it brings; a career built on race and for clever use of the same two basic texts, and the House Rules of Order; an easygoing bility and a sense of style. It was, in a way, symbiotic relationship, and Powell would jokingly tell Southerners who were in trouble back home that he'd be happy to do something particularly nasty about them in person would help out.

Powell called Rivers his friend—he had of referring to practically anyone of not good friend" so-and-so—and had been expecting invitation to visit him. When none appeared forthcoming, he had sent Duffer, the captain of the boat, up to the Rockwell estate to see straight. Duffer had been gone a couple of days now and Powell had spent the time anxiously from behind the cabin curtains, waiting for minutes, which was what he was doing, when a group from Fisherman's Paradise came in.

"Hiya, fellas," Powell called out. "I'm madly." He came out on the deck dressed in Bimini uniform—tennis shorts, sneaker shirt, and a blue outer jacket—and listened to a dispute about the Bahamian government's budget. "A budget," Powell said, "is based on the amount of money you *plan* to take in the next year. It's got nothing to do with the amount already owe."

Everyone seemed satisfied with the explanation, particularly Cherry Red, who gave Cupcake a I-told-you-so slap on the back. Then the conversation turned to local gossip. The talk was lighthearted, for the men on the island liked Powell. He always had a friendly way with them and, most afternoons, would come in to the bars to play dominoes, sometimes cross himself and intoning *Dominoes vobiscum* as he got under way. Over the years, a number of men had worked for Powell on his boat and they had professional respect for his skills as a fisherman, knowing that in the annals of the Bimini Fishing Club, of which he is a past president, he held the record for the largest wahoo ever taken off the island (149 pounds) as well as the smallest (2.3 pounds).

The islanders were proud that Powell called them "his disciples." They thought that he was the man, maybe the greatest man in the world, and they imitated his habits and gestures, from Scotch and milk—"cowbells"—as he preferred drink to vodka when he did, and often teasing each other with "Keep the faith, baby" into the phrase, as he did, and raising the pitch high. Several of them had even named their children after Powell, motivated by admiration, as by his habit of giving them \$100 upon the occasion of a birth certificate attesting to the honor.

But for all their familiarity with Powell, he did not really know him well or feel that he was part of their island. There is a sense of re-

...ll even when he is in the Harlem where
... perhaps because he is a kind of black
... and it is an aristocrat's talent—or curse—
... above the people when he seems most
... n. To the islanders, Powell's frequent
... d goings were vaguely mysterious, since
... knew exactly where he was headed or
... about what he did when he got there.
... is called *Adam's Fancy Too*, which was
... gold letters on its stern above the initials
... few Providence. And sometimes, point-
... out to curious tourists, the islanders
... that the initials stood for Noplace in

...er the group left. Duffer came back with
... Rivers had flown out of Bimini early in
... g. Powell obviously felt slighted, but he
... ed his shoulders and went on putting
... boat. An hour or so later, a short man
... vacation stubble and baggy Bermuda
... ed up to Powell and introduced himself
... Costigan, a New Jersey lawyer who had
... unsuccessfully for Congress against Rep.
... mpson, a member of Powell's House
... and Labor Committee. Costigan was
... toes compared to Rivers, but Powell
... a warmly and posed for a picture (say-
... instead of "cheese") in a "Costigan for
... ap. Then Powell said that the next time
... Washington he'd go into Thompson's
... ng the cap and yell out. "Hi. Tommy.
... baby?"

...ou might go back to Congress?" Costi-
... "Oh, noo-o-o." Powell answered, shak-
... d vigorously. "Got a new boat, a new
... w wife. I'm never goin' back *there*."

...OUR YEARS HAD PASSED since the House
... esentatives voted to exclude Adam Clay-
... from the Ninetieth Congress and the
... smarted, no less because it had been,
... erable extent, self-inflicted. The day be-
... ning session of that Congress, the House
... caucus had approved a motion made
... Morris Udall of Arizona to strip Powell of
... anship of the powerful Education and
... mittee. Twenty-four hours later, the full
... o decide Powell's fate with what one of
... s described at the time as "the scent of
... r nostrils." Udall, who shared the belief
... eral Democrats that it was the House's
... to choose its committee chairmen but
... o choose its representative, led the floor
... pro-Powell resolution, one which would
... d him first and then investigated the
... charges lodged against him. As the
... n, Powell asked Udall whether it would
... spoke in his own defense, and Udall
... vering yes, on condition that he didn't
... red flag."

...ime later Powell came back with a brief,
... ciliatory speech that he had hastily
... n on a legal pad, and Udall promised

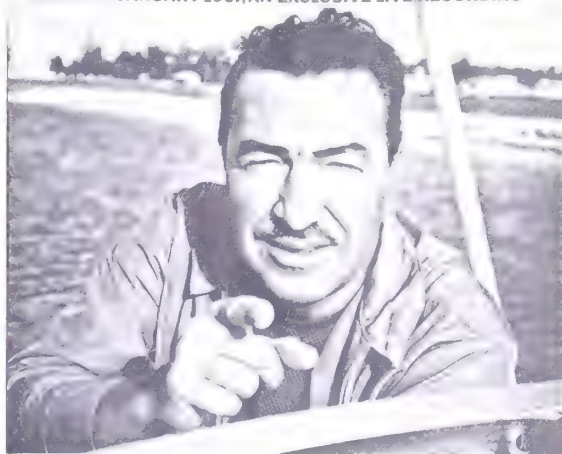
to save him the last five minutes of the hour-long
... debate. When his turn came, Powell strode to the
... well of the House elegantly dressed in a blue suit
... and a canary-yellow shirt, removed his glasses,
... pushed aside his prepared text and gave his col-
... leagues a thorough tongue-lashing ("There is no
... one here who does not have a skeleton in his closet.
... I know, and I know them all by name..."). On his
... way back from the podium, he stopped briefly by
... Udall's desk to say, half-apologetically, "We both
... did what we had to do, Mo." Then he waited around
... until it became clear that the roll-call vote would
... go against him, and left the chamber. On the steps
... of the Capitol, an angry throng of supporters lis-
... tened to Powell denounce Udall as "a racist Mor-
... mon," and the House collectively as "the biggest
... bunch of elected hypocrites the world has ever
... known."

It was vintage Powell—the arrogance, the reflex
... reaction of racism, the shrewd understanding of
... political realities rubbing against a blinding ego
... and a kind of instinct for self-destruction. The whole
... episode had hardly been the House's finest hour,
... and Powell was no doubt correct in assuming that
... racism had been an important factor in his ouster.
... the majority of his colleagues having read their
... mail, which was abundant and largely scatological,
... much more closely than their consciences. In the
... view of most Americans, Powell had spent a life-
... time trying to go as far as he could go, and they
... were not very sorry to see him finally arrive. But
... black Americans responded to his exclusion with
... bitterness and a massive outpouring of support: for
... a time he became the country's number one civil
... rights cause. All the major Negro leaders found a
... part of Powell they could praise, and he sent them
... polite thank-you notes while remaining privately
... as contemptuous of them—of anyone he thought was
... trying to upstage him—as always. "I've got the
... whole spectrum of the black community backing
... me," he boasted to one Congressman at the time.
... "from 'Weak-kneed' Wilkins, 'Whitey' Young and
... Martin 'Loser' King to that kook son-of-a-bitch
... Stokely Carmichael." Six weeks later, Powell won

"Powell and the
... Southerners sat
... on either horn
... of the American
... racial dilemma
... and they always
... had much in
... common..."

"Keep the Faith, Baby!"

ADAM CLAYTON POWELL'S MESSAGE TO THE WORLD
DATELINE: JANUARY 1967, AN EXCLUSIVE LIVE RECORDING



THE END OF THE POLITICS OF PLEASURE

a landslide victory over an unknown sacrificial lamb of a Republican in a special election called to fill the vacant Harlem seat.

THE STORY OF POWELL'S GRADUAL DECLINE from that crest of popularity to his defeat in the primary three years later is not a happy one: stories about fallen heroes rarely are. It began when he failed to present his certificate of election to the House clerk, explaining that to do so might impede his legal suit to regain his seniority. Such was the mood of Congress against him that he probably would have been excluded again if he had tried to claim his seat, but to many of his constituents, it looked as though Powell, whose only defense had always been a good offense, was running away from a fight. To make matters worse, he could not go back to New York to smooth things over—at least not without risking arrest on a criminal-contempt charge stemming from his long-standing defiance of the courts in the notorious “bag woman” defamation case. With nothing to do in Washington, and unwilling to enter New York, Powell went down to Bimini. Newspaper accounts of his life there generally described the island as “Adam’s Eden,” a sun-drenched-uncut-emerald-in-the-Caribbean: but it was, for Powell at that time, a place of exile. Beneath his flawlessly cool exterior, Powell was very bitter about the treatment he had received in Congress, all the more so because, until the blade actually fell, he hadn’t really taken the whole episode seriously. (“What’s up, baby?” he had casually asked Chuck Stone, his administrative assistant, upon arriving in Washington for the opening of Congress. “What’s up?” Stone remembers yelling back in disbelief. “You’re gonna lose your seat, that’s what!”) And on top of his political troubles, Powell was, by all accounts, deeply hurt when Corrine Huff, the former Miss Ohio who had been his mistress since the early Sixties, left him to marry the captain of his boat, a young Biminian named Patrick Brown. (Nor did it help soothe Powell’s ego that Corrine kept possession of the boat, his house on South Bimini, as well as a large chunk of his modest personal fortune—all legally the property of a dummy corporation he had set up called Huff Enterprises, of which she was the president and chief shareholder.) Thoroughly demoralized, Powell began drinking heavily, the kind of two-fisted drinking that starts after breakfast and continues, at regular intervals, into the night. “Drinking is a constant communion without the wafer,” he would often joke when someone questioned him about his habit of consuming a quart of vodka daily.

Then, in the spring of 1968, Powell received assurances that he would not be arrested in New York pending an appeal of the contempt charge, and he staged a dramatic return to Harlem. During a tour of the ghetto’s main streets, thousands of Negroes greeted him with shouts of, “We kept the faith, Adam.” But if they had, it was clear to those close to Powell that he hadn’t. He seemed a changed man,

emotionally and physically wasted. At fifty, his matinee-idol good looks had faded badly; once gleaming black hair was streaked with gray, his face was deeply lined and puffy, the flesh sagging loosely from his jowls. Even his clothes seemed a bit seedy and mismatched.

He tried hard to catch up with the new wave of black militance—coming out against the establishment, talking about how proud he was of his Black Panthers—but the lines had a hollow and hesitant quality, as though from a shoddy reworking of a character who had once starred in. (The day of Martin Luther King is gone, Powell would tell an audience, then in the next breath assure them that, of course, he *personally* wasn’t advocating violence.) However, perhaps only because he was out of touch, the old defiance came across as an unpleasant reminder of swagger. Once, on *The Dick Cavett Show*, he announced that his people would vote for him with Mickey Mouse as my campaign manager. And when Cavett asked him about his reputation as a playboy, Powell said yes, it was true, but “much of his dealing within the valley of the shadow of death.”

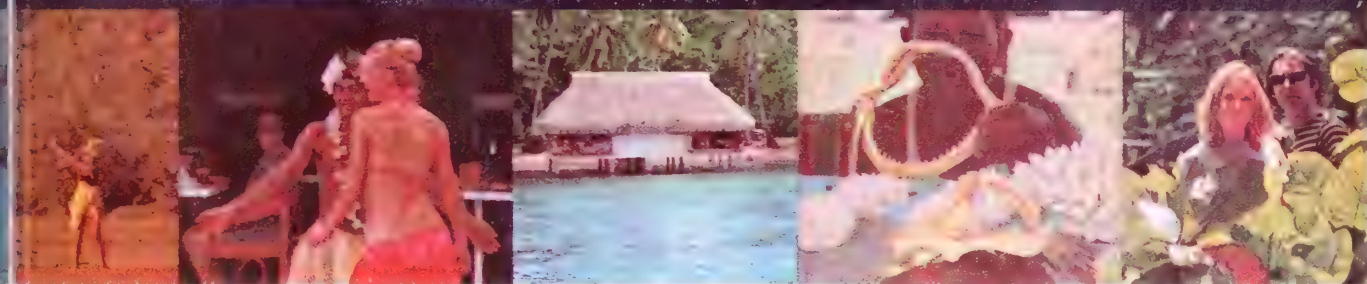
Still, Powell was returned to the Ninth Congressional District in 1968, and this time the House voted to seat him, although the price of forgiveness—loss of seniority and a \$25,000 fine deducted in monthly installments—came high. But if Powell knew the skeletons were hidden in Congress, he also knew that power did not reside in the office of a former Representative: he responded to 9 out of 11 roll calls that year, a new record of absenteeism for a previous titleholder. “Part-time work for part-time pay” became his newest slogan, yet it is also true that he was seriously ill during much of 1968. Especially, Powell was suffering from “proliferation of the lymph glands”: in fact, he was undergoing intensive cobalt treatments for lymph cancer, which left him so exhausted that he slept ten to twelve hours a day.

Whatever the reason, the fact was that Harlem remained an unrepresented community, and the murmur of resentment that began when Powell stayed so long on Bimini became increasing audible, not just among middle-class Negroes but “boogies,” he called them—who had never told him too much affection, but also among the poor people, who had. About that time, Charles Rangel, the New York State Assemblyman who would defeat Powell in the primary and go on to win the congressional election handily, sent a routine questionnaire to his Harlem constituents asking their opinions on such ghetto issues as local school boards, drug control, and housing. At the bottom of the form, he left a space for “other comments” and, according to Rangel, the most common remark there was, “Where’s Adam?”

POWELL PROBABLY NEVER REALIZED the extent of the feeling against him, partly because he spent very little time in Harlem and partly because he had always surrounded himself with a retinue of sycophants, people who owed their



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TAHITI

What more could you want?

Larry Rivers, "The Last Civil War Veteran" 1970. Mixed Media 84" x 123" x 42".



"The Last Civil War Veteran" by Larry Rivers.



"Each in his own way."
The FTD collection. Works of art
with a common thought.
Flowers.

Richard M. Levine

THE END OF THE POLITICS OF PLEASURE

in 1940 in Harlem with forty years of service to the community and now this young upstart, backed by downtown bosses... when Harris broke in again to ask Powell if he was *sure* he'd be there. A bit testily this time, Powell answered to the effect that he wouldn't miss the event for his life and career again. A few minutes later Harris interrupted him a third time to deliver his punch line: "Well, Mr. Powell, sir, you ain't gonna be there on Saturday 'cause there ain't no parade and we never spoke about one."

It was dirty pool, of course, but it made a point: Powell had gotten out of touch with the community. More importantly in terms of the election, though, he had let his political organization fall apart at the seams in recent years, so that he was standing all alone just when it was becoming apparent to many of his constituents that the emperor was, if not naked, at least too often dressed for the tropics. Powell had never built anything that could be called a political machine, except in the sense that any organization which keeps winning long enough comes to be called a machine. His base of power centered around the Abyssinian Baptist Church, whose pastorate he had taken over from his father, Adam Clayton Powell, Sr., in the Thirties, as well as the Alfred E. Isaacs Democratic Club, most of whose members also belonged to the church.

Abyssinian Baptist, an impressive neo-Gothic structure located in central Harlem, boasts one of the largest congregations of any Negro church in the country. Most of its 11,000 members are women who have remained passionately devoted to Powell over the years, the borderline between this- and other-worldly pleasures being particularly fuzzy in the kind of religion he preached (one of the church's mottos is "Joyous Living"). The older women could remember holding Adam on their laps when his father brought him to Sunday services, dressed in knickers and a Buster Brown collar, as a small boy. And some of the younger ones could, no doubt, recall being held on his lap in later years. (A favorite Powell story recounts the time he accompanied his father on a speaking engagement at a backwoods Negro church in West Virginia. Powell Sr. proudly introduced his son to the local minister as "my assistant pastor," and the man, a grizzly old country preacher, responded by patting his genitals and saying, "That's fine, but it's too expensive for me. Here's my assistant pastor.") It was a common practice at Abyssinian Baptist for members of the congregation to call up the church secretary Sunday morning to find out whether Powell was preaching that day. If he was, the church would usually be filled to capacity (about 2,000 people); the women dressed in fur stoles and flowered hats; the old deacons in black bow ties and starched white shirts; the choir, seated on a tier above the pulpit, in crimson gowns; the young girls who serve as usherettes wearing white gloves and carnations in their hair—everyone waiting anxiously for Powell to make his entrance after some preliminary hymn-singing.

Powell is at his best in church, where the sev-

eral different, seemingly irreconcilable roles he plays in the world coalesce effortlessly. He is an old-style Baptist minister preaching the word of God—"the man on the top floor"—with exaggerated sweeps of his arms and dramatic changes of voice. He is, by quick shifts, the vote-seeking politician, fulminating against his opponents with Biblical imprecations, and the progressive social reformer, citing the latest Department of Labor unemployment figures for blacks. He is the suave playboy, hand-kissing the ladies as they leave the church; the sports enthusiast telephoning a friend after service to learn the pro football scores at half time. It is quite a show, and the members of the congregation express their appreciation by cheerfully stuffing dollar bills into small envelopes placed around on silver plates—the yellow one for the scholarship fund, the blue one for the building maintenance fund, the pale green one for the church's 162nd anniversary celebration—so that the envelopes that it would take a color code to them apart. And even now when Powell is no longer present, they remember him, for then his assistant minister, the Rev. David Licorish, will often lead the service by asking the Lord's help in "keeping our pastor, who is here in spirit if not in body, from the temptations of the devil."

Yet it was not the same as the old days even in the church. In Powell's prime, two services were held on Sunday to accommodate the crowds, one at 10:00 A.M. and another at noon, and Powell could win an election merely by preaching an especially rousing sermon before Election Day. (Rarely more than 10,000 votes cast in a Harlem contest, which Powell—who once cursed out a fellow aide in no uncertain terms for starting a registration drive without consulting him—did nothing to change. Now, however, the majority of the congregation no longer lived in Harlem, having moved to Queens or Long Island or New Jersey with the coming of a modest affluence.

There had also been mumblings of discontent from the church elders about some of Powell's indiscretions in recent years: his drinking, for instance. On the Sunday he brought a dozen very seamy-looking members of the Mau Maus, a black nationalist group, into church; or even the fact that his choice of language was sometimes considerably more scatological than eschatological.* To keep control over the church, Powell had resorted to a number of rather dubious tactics, such as packing the board of trustees with his more stalwart supporters or threatening to resign if he didn't get his way on some matter. And one Sunday, after the criticism about his drinking had reached his ears, Powell angrily threw an overstuffed wallet onto the

*Powell had always emphasized social conscience in the church rather than what he called "picayune material personal morality," but more and more frequently he overstepped the bounds of what the elders considered suitable. On one well-remembered occasion, he addressed the congregation: "The Bible says that if a man slaps one cheek, turn the other toward him. But what if he slaps you again? Then I say beat the shit out of him."

and said that it contained a thousand which would go to the first person who him where in the Bible a minister is drink liquor.

PENT THE NIGHT OF THE PRIMARY at his club confident of victory, particularly BC's computers predicted that he would 10 votes on the basis of early returns. A.M., he and several of his supporters Rangel's headquarters to offer their and on route they learned over the at the final tally showed Powell behind es, a figure that would later be reduced after a recount. It was, of course, the defeats, with Powell coming out ahead Harlem and losing heavily, as Rangel's foreseen, in the reapportioned area. s kind of politics never depended on election mechanics, and in a sense that e been the first to realize, he would have primary even if the recount had shown him 50 votes.

in the election itself, the next few weeks onstrate just how badly Powell's politition had deteriorated over the years. At ference a few days after the primary, ized that numerous voting irregularities ection "a major scandal—a black Tea-and announced that he would run as an e in November. Now it is not an easy et on the ballot as an independent in tate, election law being written by party "qualify. Powell needed 3,000 "virgin" on his petitions—registered voters who w voted in the primary nor signed petiay of the five candidates—but to insure a of error, he really needed several times t. After a costly two-week delay resulterror in the form in which the petitions t. Powell's workers began a door-to-door y had collected 3,377 signatures at the c filing petitions, of which more than eiled invalid by the Board of Elections. went most of the summer on Bimini. ch he would telephone his New York urly, he provided little direct encourageworkers who were gathering petitions ang the general attitude that if his people on the ballot badly enough, they would had to be done to get him there. In he was drawn back to New York more to earn some ready cash speaking on poses than by a desire to take control al affairs, which were, by then, in pretty pe anyway.

past few years, Powell had suffered acial reverses—including the Huff Enter-e, the Congressional fine, and the mage that he had finally paid to Esther if it could not be said that he was meals, he was, at least, freeloading ever possible at restaurants owned by

friends. His attitude toward wealth was curiously ambivalent. It was, for him, an important status symbol and he would often boast about how rich one of his acquaintances was, but he had only contempt for people who worked so hard at making money that they had no time left to spend it—a kind of fix he had always skillfully avoided. Even in better days, Powell had never amassed much more money than the admittedly substantial sums he would spend on creature comforts. Members of his staff suspected that he occasionally received more than letters of appreciation for services rendered as chairman of one of the most powerful committees in Congress, but by and large they found his particular form of corruption more engaging than damning. One sociologist who worked on education legislation fondly recalls the time Powell walked into his office carrying a desk-model television set. He casually admitted that it was "usufruct" from an educational toy company, and added with a wink, "I hope that report you're doing reflects well on Talking Typewriters."

Powell spoke on a dozen or so campuses last fall, picking up a thousand- or fifteen-hundred-dollar fee plus expenses on each. Most of them were small, out-of-the-way colleges where he represented a breath of stale air from the highly suspect world outside. It may seem incredible that there are still colleges in this country languishing in a kind of mid-Fifties slumber, but it is probably true nonetheless, as an experience Powell had at the State Agricultural and Technical Institute in Canton, New York, demonstrates. Upon landing at a nearby airstrip, he was greeted by the chairman of the college's speaking program, a fresh-faced, short-haired lad wearing a fraternity pin on his jacket. On the drive to the campus, Powell asked how many blacks attended the school, and the student said there were about fifteen. "Fifteen!" Powell fumed in mock-anger. "Why, that's tokenism, sheer tokenism!" "No, sir," the student replied politely, "that's the basketball team."

In the school gymnasium later that evening, Powell gave his typical off-the-cuff campus talk. He attacked the Administration of "malignant" Nixon and "spirococcus" Agnew for its civil-rights record. He explained that black power "only means we're anti-white if you make us," and invited the students to participate in "the imminent revolution of blacks, Chicanos, American Indians and poor whites" as troops rather than as leaders. ("Maybe you can have a few corporals this time, a couple of lieutenants, a sergeant or two, but no more generals, baby, no more generals!") He said that blacks might be forced to choose the path of violence because America was a violent country, and got some laughs when, by way of illustration, he opened the campus paper and read the quadruple feature playing at a local movie house that week: *Blood Fiends*, *Blood Creatures*, *Blood Drinker*, and *Bride of Blood*—all in bloodcurdling color." After rambling on for an hour, Powell tried to end in a flurry of enthusiasm by telling the students that if "we all work together we could turn this nation around." Then he raised

"In his prime, Powell could win an election merely by preaching an especially rousing sermon before Election Day."

Richard M. Levine

THE END OF THE POLITICS OF DEFENSE

his clenched fists one after the other and shouted, "Right on! Right on! Right on!" but stopped as soon as he saw that the kids, instead of taking up the chant, were just sitting there looking at him in puzzlement.

IN SHARP CONTRAST TO MOST OF POWELL'S campus engagements, there was a day last fall when his militant rhetoric matched the moment perfectly—although it was a sad day for him, perhaps the first time he realized what it would be like to live without power. Early in October, inmates at five New York City prisons rioted, seized a total of twenty-eight guards as hostages, and presented the

grievances to several prominent people—Powell

in his suit, normally as stiff-waisted as

as in his suit, normally as stiff-waisted as

as in his suit, normally as stiff-waisted as

as in his suit, normally as stiff-waisted as

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as in his suit, normally as stiff-waisted as

it, however, the deputy chief police, a 40-year-old, elderly man, black, and told him that he couldn't go inside because the room was already packed.

"I'll stand against the wall," Powell said, "I can let one more person in."

"Please be reasonable, Congressman," the police officer replied.

"I want to be reasonable to the police," Powell said, pointing to the jail. "I'm goin' through."

"I'm sorry, you're not! We have a situation here."

Powell was getting angry now: his lips and beads of sweat formed on his forehead, pushed against the inspector, provoking the policemen to take hold of his arms and get him off. "What are you going to do, Inspector?" Powell asked. "Arrest me? I'm a U.S. Congressman with immunity."

He looked hard at the officer, and hurled one final insult before turning back.

"How'd you get those ribbons, anyway?"

Powell was silent during the drive to the Manhattan House of Detention, except for remarks to no one in particular. "I guess I'm no old Indian chief," at which point his two

turns assuring him that he was the only one who could settle the conflict. As soon as he arrived, Tombs, a middle-aged Negro lady threw

around him and began sobbing. After a while, down, Powell learned that her son had been in Tombs for six months awaiting his trial.

could not post a \$500 bail bond. "I'm so sorry," Powell said as she wrote down her son's name. Powell could make inquiries. By this time

of reporters had been attracted to the scene. Powell told them her story as an example of how this country does to poor people—black or white. Then he spoke about the sorry plight of

the Negroes about overcrowded jails and courts with facts and figures he had picked up that day, but doing it so well that he appeared

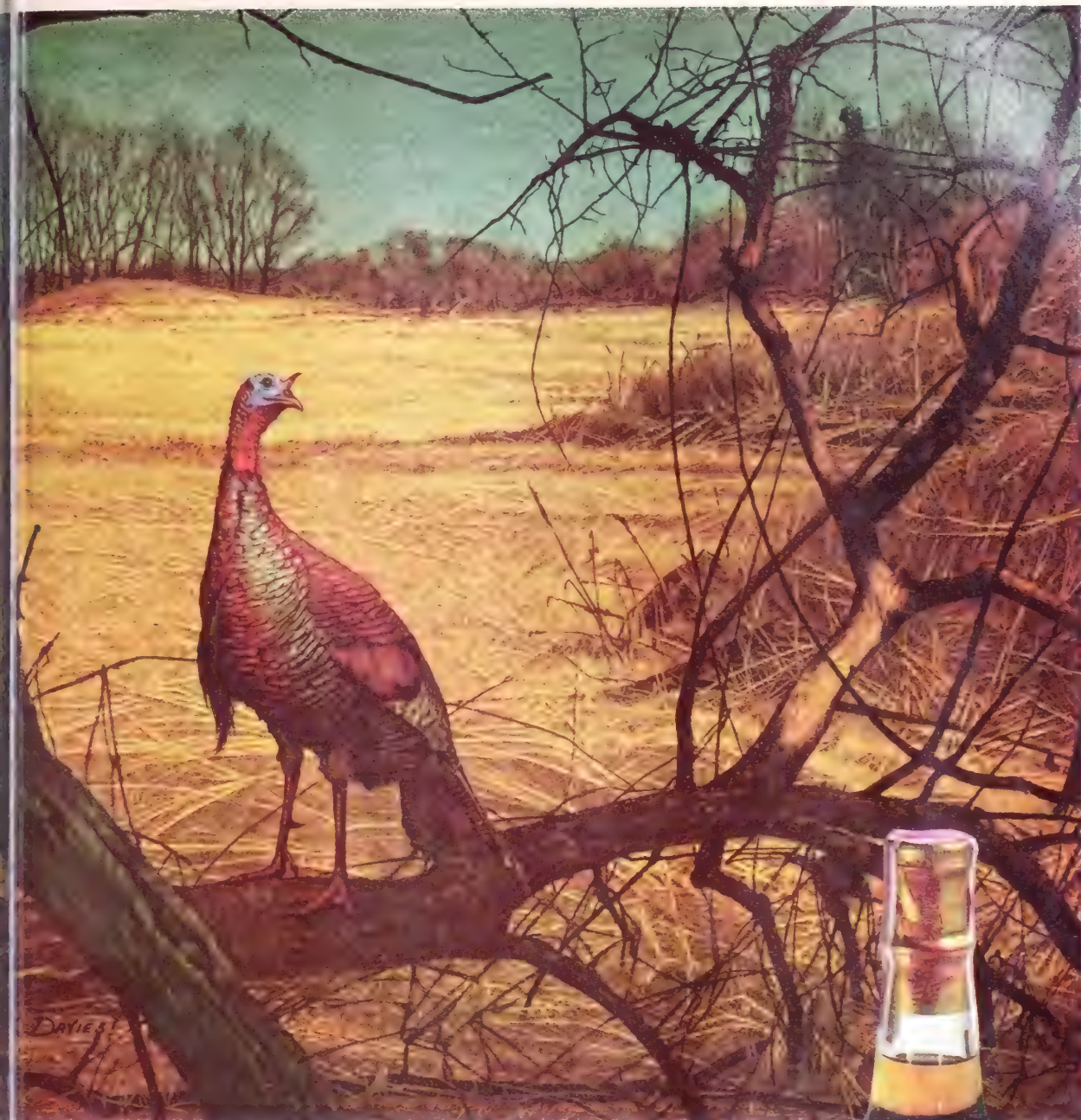
the next day at Abyssinian Baptist to introduce the prison-reform legislation he intended to introduce in Congress. By 11:30 the following

morning when Powell decided he would wait for two newsmen had shown up at the church.

THAT WAS THE MOST AMAZING PART OF the reporters and police officials could write Powell off now. His constituents

him out of office. And yet, everywhere he went—whether at a restaurant or waiting for a plane or attending the New York Knicks

games as the team's self-appointed "unofficial" there was a middle-aged Negro woman who would throw her arms around him, sometimes



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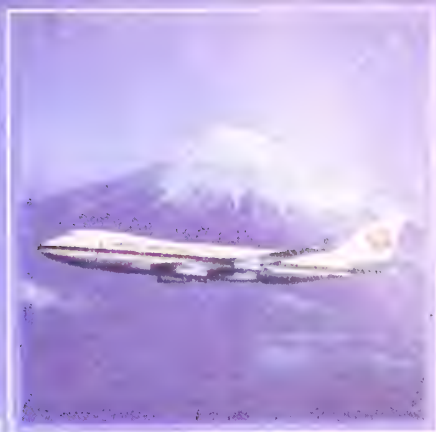
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JAPAN AIR LINES



Richard M. Levine

THE END OF THE POLITICS OF PLEASURE

a favor to ask but more often out of sheer affection. Even those who had worked hardest to defeat Powell talked about his present circumstances, personal and political, in tones of sorrow. Black people simply did not want to see him go the way he had, and one fine fall afternoon they let him know it by the thousands.

The occasion was the second annual Afro-American Unity Day parade in Harlem, a time for floats and high-school bands and a dozen varieties of black consciousness. It was not supposed to be a time for politics, but all the Negro politicians were there anyway, looking a bit out of place as they strode arm in arm up Seventh Avenue in their business suits, occasionally breaking rank to shake hands with the crowds that lined the sidewalk and center island. Powell arrived late that day, dressed in a black turtleneck and wearing his medallion—the intricate spun-gold medallion with which Haile Selassie had once made him a Knight Commander of the Order of the Golden Cross. Disdaining the politicians, he climbed onto the lead car of the parade next to a beautiful Afro-thatched young lady and began snapping his fingers to the beat of a nearby conga drum corps. “There’s Big Daddy doin’ his thing,” one kid remarked to his friends, and an old man standing behind him added admiringly: “Don’t tell me he couldn’t get 3,000 names. Shit, he could’ve *bought* 3,000 names.” Then, as Powell passed by, waving, blowing kisses, giving clenched fist salutes, the crowd took up the chant: “Adam-Adam-Adam...” It was a nostalgic tribute to an aging hero—a kind of soul version of Mickey Mantle Day at the Stadium minus the speeches and the red Corvette. For whatever else he may have been, Powell was probably the greatest folk hero black America ever had. And it is by the legend he fostered, rather than by any balancing of the bills he passed with the votes he missed, that his career must be judged.

Like all good legends, Powell’s was shaped, to a great extent, by accidents of birth. His father grew up in Franklin County, Virginia, in such benighted rural poverty that, as a boy, he never knew the name of the town nearest to his family’s one-room log cabin. But by the time his only son was born in an all-white hospital in New Haven, he was well on his way to becoming the Rev. Dr. A. C. Powell, a revered and wealthy minister whom no one remembers ever calling “Adam baby.” A dog-eared family photograph of the elder Powell as a young man shows him to have been as handsome and rakish-looking as his son at the same age, so that one easily believes that he was, as his autobiography relates, something of a hell-raiser himself before a week-long revival meeting helped him to sight “the harbor of Grace.” Pictures of him in later years, with his dignified bearing and shoulder-length white hair, display more than a passing resemblance to a children’s-book illustration of God, which is more or less how he seems to have been regarded by his parishioners.

Adam Clayton Powell, Sr., made his money speculating shrewdly in real estate during the period of

the first world war, a time when Harlem, which only recently been a posh suburb of Manhattan, was fast becoming its worst ghetto. Years later, at the birth of Powell’s son “Skipper” to his second wife, jazz pianist Hazel Scott, an unknown well-to-do friend sent along a silver spoon with a note saying that he always wanted to see one in the mouth of a baby. It had been that way when Powell was a child, too. The family lived in a four-story brownstone in the Sugar Hill section of Harlem, and young Adam was, by all accounts, endlessly pampered by devoted parents, a succession of nannies, and adoring members of the Abyssinian Baptist Church. A boyhood friend of Powell recalls that as late as his college years, his bed would be piled high with gifts from the congregation when he came home from vacation.

So a part of the Powell legend was the fact that he grew up a kind of prince of Harlem; Negroes not too much about log cabins to swallow any log cabin to-White House romanticizing from a politician. In a curious way, however, the legend was also shaped by Powell’s reaction to his upbringing. Although the elder Powell was considered a liberal minister by the lights of his time—speaking out on racial and economic injustices, even opening a soup kitchen at the church during the Depression—he also, in the Baptist fashion, preached against the more traditional sins of whiskey, dancing, and fornication. Powell was raised in a sheltered middle-class atmosphere and given a heavy—perhaps a lethal—dose of Protestant ethic values. And yet his whole mode of living shows an enormous fascination with the style of lower-class blacks. It almost seems as though he spent much of his boyhood staring out the community-house window, knowing full well that what was happening on the street was far more interesting than anything going on inside. Long ago, Powell told a reporter that when his family was still living on the top floor of the church, his father often got up in the middle of the night, walked down four flights of stairs to check the boiler in the basement. Then he added proudly, “I have been in the boiler room of the Abyssinian Baptist Church in thirty years.”

Powell’s identification with the black mode of living would have been remarkable enough considering his social background: it became the stuff of legend because of his color. In his Washington office, he kept a marvelous formal photograph of his family, taken when he was about a year old: his father standing, his mother seated with him in a lacy dress, on her lap. Once, a Congressman on his committee, admiring the picture, remarked to Powell’s parents looked as white as his own. “Probably were,” Powell told him. And it was probably true. In his autobiography, the elder Powell writes that his father was a German and his mother had French and Indian blood. His own mother, according to Powell, was the offspring of a wealthy New York beer baron and his octaroon mother, which would certainly make his blackness a matter of choice than heredity.

It was a terrible kind of freedom to have in

It sees only black and white, one that may help at for the aura of loneliness about Powell, for most compulsive need to be liked. No matter he claimed to be. Powell never really fit in. There were constant fights between Negro and Irish in the neighborhood where he grew up, and he remembers a time when he was beaten up by Negroes who took him for white and the Irish toughs who took him for black. A few years later, another group of Negro kids demanded to know what he was. "Mixed," Powell told them, thinking he had said "mick," they gave him a thrashing.

On occasion, Powell would pass for white, taking particular pleasure in staying at restricted hotels in the South before he became a nationally known figure. He also passed for white at Colgate University—even pledging a fraternity—until, late in his freshman year, his father gave a speech on the radio and was introduced as a prominent Negro man. Later on, of course, Powell sought to distance himself from his blackness to Negroes, and at such times he would often talk about his "grandfather," a runaway slave who had been branded with the letter "P" after his recapture. "I stood on a chair," he wrote of a boyhood encounter with the old man, "and traced down his brown back with my finger, that P of scarred human flesh. I swore to myself that I would not rest until I had wiped that letter from my memory and from the conscience of America."

The story was probably apocryphal, but it took on a certain truth from the constant retelling—and it is an undeniable fact that Powell was, early in his public career, a militant and effective civil rights leader. As a young minister in the Thirties, he forced Harlem stores, utility companies, and landlords to hire blacks. The tactics he used were simple ones—picketing, boycotts, and nuisance campaigns—that directed Negroes, for example, to pay telephone bills in pennies—and the results, if sometimes token, were generally concrete and quick. When the 1939 World's Fair announced its slogan would be "Building the World of Tomorrow," Powell charged that blacks were only hired as porters in a press release headed, "About the World of Tomorrow?"

Even in those days, Powell was a masterful public speaker—a kind of early media freak—and he was one of those who were involved in the Harlem unrest during the Depression who will swear to the union cards that he got credit for work they say he did. They are no doubt correct. Negro reporters often refer to Powell as the NAACP—the National Association for the Advancement of Adam Smith—Powell—for his habit of showing up on a radio, dressed in a white linen suit and sneaking in long enough to get his picture in the next paper. And Powell's name is associated with a campaign to integrate stores on 125th Street in Harlem because of an incident that occurred after an agreement had already been reached. When it became apparent that the white store owners were only light-skinned Negroes, he marched up

and down the street carrying a sign which read, "Don't just put 'em in there. Put 'em in there so we can see 'em!"

No matter. For if others came up with the idea behind a particular campaign and worked harder to execute it, only Powell, with his commanding presence and great oratorical talents, could mobilize people to act. He articulated to Negroes a vision of who they were and what they could do together that amounted to an early version of black pride—a phrase Powell would later coin. In 1944, he published a book called *Marching Blacks*, a self-serving account of Harlem during the Thirties, whose most remarkable feature was its title: very few Negroes, in fact, were marching in those days, and even those who were would have objected to being called blacks.

So if it cannot be said that Powell changed drastically during his years in Congress, there was at least a subtle shifting of balance between the black leader and the black hustler in him. He was just as outspokenly militant as ever when he first came to Washington, whether calling John Rankin of Mississippi "a Fascist and a degenerate" or introducing a bill to make lynching a federal crime. But he was powerless, as Negroes in general were powerless on a national level. The late William Dawson was the only other Negro in Congress when Powell arrived, and together they represented the two available alternatives, the Tom and the Bad Nigger, the one meekly accepting the system on its own terms, the other staging fake confrontations with it which produced a measure of vicarious revenge for black people but few real gains.

Nothing better illustrates Powell's position in Congress before he became chairman of the Education and Labor Committee than his relationship with his predecessor, Rep. Graham Barden of North Carolina. Barden was almost a caricature of the Southern demagogue, tall, cherubic-looking, and fond of saying that he "never knew the Republic to be endangered by a bill that was not passed." He ruled his committee with an iron fist and a honed tongue: it was not unknown for him to mimeograph a press release announcing a committee decision before it met, then pass the time until adjournment with his endless repertoire of down-home stories. For all his affable manner, though, Barden hated Powell with a rage that knew no bounds. He rarely addressed him by name: reportedly postponed his retirement several times because Powell was next in line for the chair; and would let Powell go anywhere, the farther away the better, despite his general reluctance to authorize junkets. In 1957, when liberals on the committee forced through rules changes which called for standing subcommittees, Barden appointed members to head them in order of seniority, but skipped over Powell. "For six years Barden was intentionally rude to me in public," Powell once told a reporter for *Ebony* magazine. "The chairman presides over committee meetings flanked by ranking Democrats and ranking Republicans. When the chairman finishes, he yields to the next ranking Democrat and so on down the line.

"Powell looked like a white man, yet he lived, not just as a black man, but as the black boogeyman of America's racial nightmare..."

THE ETERNAL CITY

by A. R. Ammons

After the explosion or cataclysm, that big display that does its work but then fails out with destructions, one is left with the

pieces: at first, they don't look very valuable, but nothing sizable remnant around for gathering the senses on, one begins to take

an interest, to sort out, to consider closely what will do and won't, matters having become not only small but critical: bulbs may have been

uprooted: they should be eaten, if edible, or got back in the ground: what used to be garages, even the splinters, should be collected for

fires: some unusually deep holes or cleared woods may be turned to water supplies or sudden fields: ruinage is hardly ever a

pretty sight but it must when splendor goes accept into itself piece by piece all the old perfect human visions, all the old perfect loves.

I was the next ranking Democrat, but Barden used to look right through me and ask the third ranking Democrat, 'Got anything to say, Mr. Bailey?' Then after every one of the 30 members, Democrats and Republicans, had spoken, I would say, 'Can I say something, Mr. Barden?' and he would say, 'Yes, briefly.' **

LACKING EFFECTIVE POWER HIMSELF, Powell chose to act out in reality the fantasies of an oppressed people—something he could accomplish with that unerring sense of style that served him as a kind of counterfeit for power. On one level of this political psychodrama, Powell lived the good life of the American Dream that most blacks were denied: thus, the powder-blue Jaguar, the yearly excursions to the Salzburg Festival, the posh vacation homes by various shores, the expensive taste in food and dress. It was an act of imitation carried to the point of burlesque, and so had a cutting edge as well. "My life with Hazel," Powell once wrote in a magazine article by that title, "has been chockful of the kind of experiences that would excite the average American husband—warm golden-brown hotcakes on a winter morning; lazy summer afternoons on

*It is characteristic of the split between Powell's public and private personality that he never seems to have given up hope of winning even Barden's affection. Several years after Barden retired in 1960, he became seriously ill, and Powell, to the astonishment of members of his committee, insisted that everyone kick in a few dollars to buy him flowers.

our Long Island beach; beer and cracked cheese on our terrace; relaxing evenings... living room before the fire with Rachma Second Piano Concerto coming out of the graph."

But Powell gave his people much more than a vicarious experience of a life of pleasure. Negroes lived equally well. He became a legend in his time, finally, because he so completely pressed the black man's fundamental ambition toward white America, the desire to imitate and defy it at once. Powell looked like a white man, he lived, not just as a black man, but as the hoogeyman of America's racial nightmare: trustworthy, lazy, spendthrift, and sexually incontinent. Middle-class Negroes lived comfortably in his style; he was a reward for good behavior; Powell lived in that style despite the most outrageous behavior. He seemed invulnerable to punishment. The Negro folk song which tells the story of Stevie, a hard-living, whiskey-drinking, gambling man who literally gets away with murder because he won't snap in the hanging noose. Powell was Stevie, the baddest nigger of them all.

When he became chairman of the Education Labor Committee, Powell was suddenly called upon to preside over a fair proportion of the country's domestic legislation. By then, however, the man and his public image had long since become inseparable and neither was made to accommodate the other's genuine power. It is no accident that Powell's personal fortunes declined at a time when blacks were taking over their own cities and sending their young men to Washington in increasing numbers so that the kind of wish fulfillment he provided came a luxury they could ill afford. His legend had gone stale. And while one might lament the waste of a man of enormous talents who could have done this or that for his people and never did, it is probably little sense in it, not only because we as a nation have the right to choose his own destiny, but because, as destinies go, Powell's was far from the worst.

THE NEXT DAY THE HAZE LIFTED over Bimini, revealing the island in all its pristine natural beauty. The sky was perfectly cloudless and sunrays fell off water that looked to be the mother lode of marine life. Late in the morning, Powell climbed the bridge of his boat, where he radioed Miami and placed a call to his office in New York. He learned that the federal court case had gone again, largely on grounds that the suit had been filed too late. The news was too predictable to be much of a disappointment and, in any case, seemed far overshadowed by the promise of the day. Back on the deck, Powell looked out through the cutaway at the darker water of the Gulf Stream beyond, where he would soon be heading, and contemplated a catch of marlin and tuna and wahoo. Then he stood with both arms up into that great blue bottle, snatched the warm salt breeze, and said, "Man, this is kinda Harlem."



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JESS UNRUH AND HIS MOMENT OF TRUTH

A former king maker campaigns in his own right.

We all believe in television

IS THERE LEFT ANYWHERE in this country a journalist, intellectual, or member of the enlightened classes who does not consider himself an expert on TV and the way politicians come across on it?

Jesse Unruh's biggest problem running for Governor of California was that every liberal thinker in the state awarded the election to Ronald Reagan before it began—because Reagan is so good on TV. Whereas Unruh, they decided, had not got rid of the "Big Daddy image" dating from his eight years as Speaker of the California Assembly. When he knocked off 100 pounds in 1963, when he got behind Robert Kennedy in 1967, he was obviously attempting to "change his image," but still he gave himself away with his incoherence on the tube. Only a Big Daddy could think he might win without mastering TV technique. He wasn't even planning any commercials. Was he just going to *boss* people into voting for him? His failure to respect the medium showed contempt for the public.

For Unruh there were some immediately discouraging consequences. First of all, a good many wealthy backers of the Democratic party rushed to get their money down on Reagan. He was, after all, the one they were going to have to do business with. He was not only a winner, he was easy and respectable, never pushy or crude—as anyone could see. Secondly, the press had a hard time taking Unruh seriously. Do you really think you can win? they asked him every day. Each time Unruh seemed to make some headway, the papers featured stories on the latest Field Poll showing him twelve to sixteen points behind—a stupendous overestimate, as it later turned out. Every big paper in the state endorsed Reagan, citing how hard he had tried and how much he had learned as governor, since they could hardly cite his accomplishments. Reporters usually covered Jess Unruh as a man trying desperately—what else?—to change his image. Certainly they weren't much interested in the main theme of his campaign—that special interests controlled Ronald Reagan and California. Nor could Unruh arouse what should have been the liberal part of his constituency. Transfixed as they were by race and war and movies and the ever-fascinating generation gap, they found it a bit of a bore to hear Jess Unruh tell them again and again that the state they live in is run by oil, insurance, and real-estate

interests. Big Daddy couldn't fool *them*. He didn't have the image to talk about cr

So that when Unruh went to the h businesses of some of Reagan's wealthy a is show how they and theirs benefited fro v tax breaks and exemptions, the TV rep er ningly explained that this was what a cand at when he is desperate for exposure but c't his own TV time. As if to say, the only 'gi form of political campaigning is the TV ot

I HAD FIRST ENCOUNTERED JESS UNRUH in 1963, where he impressed nearly v with his open and principled leadership o h fornia delegation. There was no doubt th o about his brains or courage. The que o whether he could get himself together a date, and to see how he was doing I tra him for one day in May of 1970.

Most of that day Unruh talked on cam got heckled. It was shortly after the Cam invasion, and Jess could have made an easy waved a V sign in the McCarthy manner to the students to go on "doing their own t s instead he bluntly told them they should be c for the McGovern and Cooper resolutio than marching and demonstrating. When shouted that he was just like Reagan—br smug, bitter laughter we have grown so e Unruh yelled back "Bullshit!" The auc applauded, and later on he stood in the hot hour fielding questions. He answered in t detail—far too much to charm or win th saw for the first time Unruh's obsession sheer mechanics of power and know-how. the problems are practical, and as fast as up he broke them down into the nuts process of regearing government. You co wasn't comfortable exposing himself to a popularity contest. He wanted to show th they would only put him in there, he wa who could run things. He wanted, for ex set up tough regulatory and planning ager to make the corporations pay for them. Bu in terms of pressures rather than moven after a while his audience began to drift a

On June 2, Unruh beat Sam Yorty : the primary and made a fiery victory which he said he would "take back Calif the people." But from there on, it was all

Jeremy Larner spent last year in California transforming his first novel, Drive, He Said, into a movie directed by Jack Nicholson. He is currently teaching at the Institute of Politics

When I next saw him it was August, and he flung out that he would have practically no support. He told me he'd been phoning the men himself, and he was afraid that if he kept giving a certain substance, he might turn out like Humphrey and get to liking it.

"The bastards hate me," said Jess about the big losers, "because they never could own me. I ran the Assembly I let them buy *hunks* of what you might say I sold 125 per cent—but I let anyone buy a controlling share."

I don't know another politician who would say anything like that. It was in fact exactly the way Unruh ran the California legislature during the 1960s and put through landmark civil-rights and anti-protection acts among an impressive list of flawed but relatively progressive legislation. He even wrote an anonymous (and easily recognizable) essay about his methods in the August issue of *Reader's Digest*, in which he described a rigorous game of taking money from would-be donors—to elect men who would fight corruption. When lobbyists offered him money, he wrote thirty-eight, "I turned down nothing and gave the surplus to help other, harder-pressed candi-

dates. The result was that he liberated the capitol from the control of the lobbies, though "on matters of importance to them they often prevailed." He streamlined the statehouse: providing full-time consultants, research facilities, expenses, and salaries—so that lawmakers could gather facts and maintain personal independence from lobbyists. "Big Daddy" handled the money, channeled contributions through his private funds, and made the legislators beholden to him. When it came to drawing up legislation, he would balance public interest and private obligation with full accountability to no one but himself. He had "raised the price of politics," as he said of the lobbies—who had their own way of getting off legislators one at a time—were now paying tribute to Jess without ever being sure they would get in return.

Unruh didn't do it for personal riches—in fact did not become very rich. His aim was simply to absorb money and use it effectively. It was his pride that he got the right things and came closer than anyone to getting them done. That was why he was elected in 1970 to be governor, and in 1968 had been given a chance to run for Senator against Max Baucus—a nomination that was his for the taking. Common wisdom said that Jess had overreached. He was going to cruise, and the fat-cats were waiting for their revenge on a man they'd gone along with for years and never loved.

At this point in the campaign he was getting more depressive," said Jess. For years he'd had men coming to him, and here he was not only being told to "kiss ass," but being told he had nothing to offer. Given the ambiguous feelings Jess had all his life about the kinds of deals he had felt he had to make in Sacramento, he was driven now by necessity to construct a campaign that would

do without big money. He was even tempted to "pull the Samson bit"—to acknowledge freely his dealings of the past, tell exactly how the state is run, and present himself as the man who could set it straight.

You have to scare them worse

JESS DIDN'T PULL THE SAMSON BIT. That would have been asking a lot from a man with a reputation of "the supreme realist"—about other people's campaigns. He did what he always liked to do when he was up against it in Sacramento, what made him lock up the Assembly—i.e., literally detain the Assemblymen from leaving—when the Republicans refused to vote on a school-finance measure in 1963, a move that stuck tight the Big Daddy label. He fell back on his East Texas tenant-farm toughness. "To win this thing," said Jess, "I've got to be the meanest, toughest, nut-kickingest son of a bitch that ever came down the pike." Mostly that was by way of a pep talk. What it meant was that he was used to having the powers resist him, that that was how he had always thought of himself, that he would put his head down and try to plough on through.

A supreme realist always keeps his head up, the better to look around, but a realist would have withdrawn from this campaign and probably from Jess Unruh's whole career. Jess began in politics on the USC campus when he got back from three years in the Navy after World War II. He lost at least one campus election, and it took him six years of full-time work to support his five kids and full-time politics in his off-time and two lost elections before he got his Assembly seat in 1954.

The strategy Unruh chose in 1970 was based on the thought that "you have to scare them worse about something else than Reagan's scaring them about." Reagan had his radicals on the campus, his militants in the ghettos, and his chiselers on the welfare rolls. So Jess was going after Ronnie's "kitchen cabinet" of millionaires, the men who had arranged (legally enough) a \$2 million sale of Ronnie's ranch in Malibu and who rented him his current mansion—and the very lucrative and favored interests they represent. Unruh had disclosed his finances in February (holdings \$250,000, income \$50,000, house \$49,500)—and he would hit Reagan for his refusal to do the same. In 1968 he had tried to pass tight conflict-of-interest and campaign-disclosure bills, and the Republicans had drawn their teeth. He was in a position now to take out after the interests. And he was sincere about it too.

The trouble with the idea was the very circumstance that perhaps had led him to pick it up. As has already been indicated, no one had dealt more extensively with the oil, insurance, labor, liquor, retailers, utilities, railroad, racetrack, and savings-and-loan lobbies than Jess Unruh. And perhaps no politician had expressed more uneasiness about such dealings. To quote again from *Reader's Digest*:

This is my dilemma: If I had stayed away from the lobbyists I would have been ineffective.

If I take their money and give them nothing for it, I am a cheat. If I do their bidding, I could be cheating the public. I find myself rationalizing what I have done. The tragedy is that I may wind up serving the very elements I set out to beat—yet not even know that I have changed.

There wasn't much question of how Jess would proceed, however. In the 1960s, he threw a wildly successful series of fund-raising banquets where the powers reluctantly took out ads in his programs—and Jess refused to divulge the sums he took in or how he passed them out to legislative candidates. At Sacramento he had the strength to balance off the powers—with mixed results, as he had predicted. For instance, Unruh wanted to make the oil companies pay a maximum revenue on tidelands oil rights leased by the state. He got the insurance lobby to help him hold off the oil people—with the result that California gets a bigger cut of offshore oil than any other state. But to this day, the insurance companies of California enjoy a preferred tax structure—which Jess tried to link to Reagan in the 1970 campaign.

No one has ever topped Unruh's famous prescription for a pragmatist hacking his way through the "tangled thicket" of most state legislatures: "If you can't eat their food, drink their booze, screw their women and then vote against them, you have no business being up here." Yet if the description holds, the charge of conflict of interest should be laid to the entire apparatus of state government—and not simply to Ronald Reagan.

Still, Unruh's very language suggests a critical difference between the two candidates and their ways of doing business. Jess battled with the powers—as he has battled all his life—to beat them and use them. To Reagan—who was always a star, though

never a big star, never secure—the powers are alien forces but friends who reflect with the success and satisfaction the legitimacy of one's status. One can believe that they are successful for the same reason as oneself—individual initiative the American way, the rewards of virtue. Of course the fittest survive and of course one does business with them. Or else business would not get done. Where would California be then?

Now try to explain *that* to the voters. I'm not going to do it.

IN FACT, I'M SURPRISED AT MYSELF—since I'm amazed for issue politics the past couple of years—to find myself wishing that it had come down to a straight personality contest in California. Properly understood, the choice between Reagan and Unruh *as men* presents a profound contrast.

Ronald Reagan is an extreme case of the zen-like William James called once-born. All his energies are bent toward an unqualified acceptance of Creation in its official version and the interdependence of all things good. To be a leader in his terms means to embody a state of grace. That's why Reagan the politician overlaps perfectly with Reagan the actor. As he convinces the audience, he convinces himself. Their response validates the image of Reagan and his philosophy with God's plan for His Own Country. *You're supposed to like me* says Ronnie's manner of studied geniality, and *know what you do. I will explain how basically right you are. how only the forces of evil could say otherwise. Most of us will naturally believe me, and I believe me too.*

Jess Unruh is twice-born, he knows the real world, as John Kennedy once said, is "not fair." He is one who has had to scuffle up from the bottom of American rural life. Unruh knows that men don't really live and govern by the bullshit they give about themselves. If you want to *do* good, you may not be able always to *be* good. Nor is virtue always rewarded. Means/ends choices are relative: no matter how you choose wrong, you may lose your honor and your purpose too. The only way to make it is to use your nerves and guts, your ability to make the right choice and hang on. *I don't give a damn what you like me.* he would like to say. *I'm going to get the power and use it right. If you think you could do better, let's see you beat me.*

Jess Unruh is a power broker, externally independent, standing very much alone at the center of his constant balancing, believing ultimately in himself but his own instinct and the assumption that things can be done. The worst that can happen is that his instinct fails and he pushes wrong. He must grit his teeth then and turn around and push in another way. He tries to expand and contract his power in new ways—to make a more effective deal. He won't take responsibility for himself, and then for his country. The more power Jess collects, the more open and expanding and generous he becomes. But he doesn't know the great lesson of power, that collecting power is worth nothing, it is death unless it can be shared.



Reagan is not responsible—in the sense does not seek to define his worth as governor actuality of what he has done. He is fine as he is performing and the show is the reality. something real breaks up the show—and no scripted bits to fall back on—he may get angry. And he will lie. Because if Ronnie's star, and if God's in his heaven watching free enterprise system, then the show is supposed to be accepted, and if Ronnie is criticized or there must be a conspiracy of evil. A conspiracy of all the soft, greedy, lazy, twisted people to use government to upset the natural

why Ronnie cracked and got angry and when he was asked about the homosexuals he did, or the Medi-Cal deficit that didn't exist, residential campaign that hadn't been offeased to the public. Even in this campaign, May, he cracked on TV when they asked about his '66 promises to lower taxes, end disruption, cut welfare costs, and so on. He did it, he said. And at the Regents' meeting later, when Fred Dutton and Norton Simon brought up the matter of the Irvine Company and that kind of real-estate manipulations it is around the Irvine campus and if any of the Regents such as Chairman William W. Wirth, who happens to be Ronnie's lawyer of the Irvine Company's—well then, Ronnie Simon and called Dutton a lying son of a

Reagan, like Johnson and Nixon, is a man whom the preservation of his belief in himself—what he stands for is more important than the situation. In the clutch, he may lash out to the world match up to his abstraction. For example, can't get over our being in Vietnam and so on.

Unruh's weakness and his strength both derive from the same source: his compulsion to focus on the problem within his own personality. Why up to 1966 he constantly feuded with Brown and the liberal California Democratic Council. He was going to make the deals and then he bills his own way. "Of course," he says about the charges they made in those days about it. I was rough and tough—insensitive to people and too sensitive to others—so that I let anyone talk to me."

Unruh had a good staff in those days in the legislature—the staff was never authorized to develop a system systematically. Jess Unruh stood alone and did not delegate authority. He kept his staff working for his attention, so that in the end Jess Unruh got his bills together off the cuff—with no commitments, free to deal—relying on his quick grasp of details and his ability to put things together.

In 1970, Jess is all alone again and the pressure brought out that weakness. Instead of building a campaign structure, he is going to bull through by himself. The polls are wrong, he says, going to win. Fair enough, as a working as-

sumption. But as time goes by no one can talk to him unless he shares the faith, fully and uncritically.

And so as his campaign goes on, he is more and more isolated. He gets good, serious staff people, but he can't use them well. They come and go: he is protected in the end by a few good men who stand around him wringing their hands. He is running a muckraking campaign without an organized research department and consequently he has no documentation in depth—the sort of stuff that is essential if the press is to pick up and explore his charges. Most distressing of all, he has a hundred piecemeal ideas, all of them good, but no consolidated positive program. He will lower property taxes, yes, wipe out smog, build mass transit, fight crime—but as a campaigner he offers no overall vision of the good California. No vision commensurate with his own intelligence, the seriousness of his purpose, the skill of his performance, or the needs of the people he is bound to help whether they like him or not.

Jess repeats his charges, repeats his figures, repeats his ideas and his promises—denies the polls, grits his teeth, and is more than ever alone.

Brick walls and iron gates

THE LAST WEEK OF THE CAMPAIGN: Unruh addresses an assembly of telephone workers. Los Angeles County hits 9 per cent unemployment, and he congratulates his audience on having jobs. Once more he challenges Reagan to debate, attacks his ranch sale, his house, and his bonuses to the racetrack people. He answers questions in so much detail that he runs right past his punch lines.

We go with five reporters to a school in Cerritos, an impoverished semirural suburb of L.A. The local Assemblyman plus a handful of school-board members await him—a feature for the local paper. Jess talks solemnly about the property tax, way up this year and just arrived in the mail. Luckily the kids are let out to see him—but Jess goes on about taxes. Someone gives him a cue about athletics being stopped to meet Reagan's budget cuts, and the kids chime in—and Jess goes back to bills and taxes. And Reagan's cutbacks in remedial reading. The kids fidget.

—Riding into Bellflower, a lower-middle-class white section where Tom Brokaw of NBC-TV made a poll of forty families as a test of Unruh's tactics. Nine out of ten had a negative reaction to Unruh's going directly to Henry Salvatori's house to point out that the right-wing oil man who is Reagan's strongest backer wasn't paying property taxes at the same rate as poorer people. "You can shoot a man and I won't say anything," said one homeowner, "but when you embarrass him in front of his home I get mad." Nearly everybody in California seems to own a house.

—In Watts, to black and Chicano workers in a packaging plant: "They don't care how bad it is out here—they sit up there in the hills behind brick walls and iron gates. . . . I guess I was what the in-

"Jess Unruh is twice-born, he knows that the world, as John Kennedy once said, is 'not fair.'"

intellectuals call poor white trash back in Texas. And I used to watch the politicians dividing the whites from the blacks back there. And that's what Ronald Reagan is doing in California, and what Spiro Agnew is doing nationally." Details on taxes, schools, jobs, Reagan fighting against the Nixon welfare plan through California Congressmen. Polite applause. Some look baffled. Jess goes on and says the same things over again.

—In a genteel Negro Methodist church, to an elderly audience, Jess tells how he had to put his Dad in a rest home. "A very sad thing, it shouldn't be done until the very last moment, because that's a good part of what it means to be human, to live in your own house. And now, what with heavier property taxes and cutbacks on senior-citizens programs, we're pushing the old people out of their homes." These people seek Jess out afterward to tell him their complaints, as if he were an old friend, with no constraint, no sense of celebrity.

On the bus Jess is talking about a man who came up to him in Cerritos and gave him a ten-dollar bill out of his unemployment money. He was the kind of guy every candidate cherishes in the process of losing. It turned out in the end there were more of him around the state than anyone but Jess himself wanted to know. He talked to a lot of them in the course of his campaign, traveling nearly every day through California's endless sprawl of exurban housing clusters, seeking small groups of lost and confused and embittered people. They didn't go out of their minds trying to touch him, as they had with Robert Kennedy. They simply came up and talked to him.

Is he worried?

REAGAN WITH SENATOR GEORGE MURPHY in the plush banquet room at the Century Plaza, 100 tables @ \$250/head. They praise each other for getting jobs through Washington—when California's unemployment is pushing 7 per cent. Praise each other for getting together to curb smog—when L.A. this year had a record eight smog alerts, and in some parts of town there were forty-two days when the schools couldn't let kids out to exercise. Reagan has actually announced that the state has "turned the corner on smog."

Murphy is now congratulating Ronnie and all the Republicans as "a team that believes in a philosophy that is the most successful ever devised by man." He means the free-enterprise, minimum-government myth. Ronnie refers all the time to his "philosophy." As the government gives more and more contracts and the state budget gets higher and higher.

Reagan is the only governor with a "philosophy," but it applies mainly to his presentation of self. As a governor he operates without plan or method as the state slides downhill. Welfare, crime, smog, and unemployment are up; health and education are falling. The problems of the cities are met with more freeways, more luxury high-risers, and little else.

California's education system has been down to the point where elementary and high schools can't maintain full programs, colleges periodically freeze admissions, faculty are fleeing, chancellors quit and replacements can't be found.

The next day I go with the Reagan tour to San Diego, where the Republican mayor, along with eight of nine members of the 1969 City Council were under indictment for raising the taxi meter getting kickbacks from Yellow Cab.

We start at a suburban Reagan headquarters where the TV cameras have been set up in a room for a small press conference. The Governor reads a sincere and mellifluous statement lauding Unruh for property-tax bills—Unruh denounces Reagan's tax reform. He is asked about unemployment—"a temporary dislocation due to the inflation fight and conversion to the peacetime economy." Guess what? He and George are on the job fight. "We embarked on a plan to create nine computerized job centers." Serious-looking straight into camera.

Economic problems hurting Republican? Ronnie lights up with a perfect portrayal of a man who has good news: "All the indicators are pointing up. The cost of living is not going down, he admits with a smile, but it's "leveling off."

Debate? He won't give his opponent a chance to repeat his ridiculous charges. "He has his plan, and I have mine."

Disclosure of assets? "I have nothing to disclose." Will he win by a million votes, as he did against Pat Brown? Or more? —Why, he's been in so many losing football games to talk like that, he accepts any kind of win.

He keeps it low-key, not making the most pressing, looking too good or too anxious, too slick, and is in fact so good that I cannot think of a single question he could not turn to his advantage. One would have to be a boor and try to find fault, and Ronnie would either smile tolerant or become firmly angry.

He is outdoors in the street now, moving through a perfectly coordinated speaker corps of a thousand people, fifty plainclothesmen, bodyguards, and a motorcycle corps of sleekly uniformed state police. And he handles everything with the slightest strain. Ronald Reagan has the most intelligent shallow mind, he applies the pieces with tremendous flexibility, produces the right emotion and—as long as he has an audience—never goes an inch too far. He is courteous, relaxed, humorous, confident, sophisticated—everything Richard Nixon ever was.

He hits the economic issue right off. "I'm a tool of the rich, but where do you get tax money?" From banks and corporations, of course, except that the Democrats blocked the reform.

He throws in a few jokes about Unruh, from house to house, accuses Unruh of being a highly profitable apartment building owner, mortgaged, and listed on Unruh's disclosure

ges him to disclose the tax loophole on and when he does, I will disclose my hidden ions, because I don't have any."

that's that. He is not counterattacking, just Unruh off with one hand. He asks for questioning the people not to worry about embarrassing him, he's here for a dialogue, even though onent says he's a TV candidate. He explains how crime rates are now going up more congratulates kids who ask him for a penny nt pines. "This is a wonderful opportunity what our young people are doing. Here's a l sensible thing"—in contrast to "a little kooks." Reagan's favorite word is "sensi- d the man who once handed over a redwood ith the comment that if you've seen one , now gives a little lecture on planting seed-

re? The question is a plant, enabling Rea- lenounce "legalized cheating"—due to fed- alations "mandated on us," and to offer a em: "We want to take care of the truly But we want to get rid of the truly greedy." r and applause.

people why they like Reagan. Young girl "I mean, all the issues he's for—ecology, erty tax, and things like that." Asian boy sign: "I really don't know." Retired officer: f country and a sound economy." House- We're getting back to normal again."

k at first she's kidding, but she's not, and u look at this crowd and this street, you can t. Nice little houses and trees and shopping p and down in a mild haze as far as the eye And the people are immaculately neat and lost of them are blond and of medium Here we are in teeveeland, nowheresville. ere is not the slightest trace of any of s problems except the whole place itself. gan is telling them if you are disturbed by at all it comes from the federal govern- little band of kooks, and bad clowns like

s then to Coronado Island and the del Coro- tel, where of all people the Western Grow- ciation is having its convention. (You e owners Chavez and his farm workers are Ronnie has learned enough just to make kes about Nancy and the kids and take a f well. But it's cool; they understand, he's eirs.

ar later we are lunching at the League of an auditorium packed with municipal offi- an all over the state. The indicted mayor (quitted) gets a big hand introducing Rea- as Ronnie finishes his opening jokes there noise and the reporters rush outside. About ng Chicanos are picketing for UFWOC and "Huelga! Huelga! Chavez Sí, Reagan No!" ch around for about ten minutes looking oy—perhaps because of the one TV camera rch away. Neither Reagan nor his audi- had a glimpse of them. Inside Ronnie is up his speech, telling how with local initia-

tive they can stave off "the destruction of civiliza- tion" (sometimes he calls it "the jungle"). "You just look around this room," he concludes. "Here is America—at least, here is California." We look around. About 2,500 officials—not a single Chicano or black.

Ronnie's day winds up with a visit to the Los Angeles Rams, most of whom ignore him. But Ronnie is subdued and worshipful. He presents Coach Allen with an article from *Newsweek* telling how his son always wears a T-shirt of Roman Gabriel's and how much it meant to find the team in prayer before a game.

I feel a little dismayed at the end of the day. Reagan is speaking strictly to the California-dreaming people—who, like him, believe in an abstraction that supersedes even their own material problems. But Ronnie is doing it so well and with such bravura that no reporter who travels with him believes he can lose.

I meet Unruh on the parking lot behind his L.A. headquarters and try to tell him what Reagan has been saying about him. But Jess has his head down and I sense he's not listening. Suddenly he looks up. "He's worried, isn't he?"

Usually Jess's large eyes are gentle, and they shine with intelligence and energy. Now I can see the tension play across his fleshy cheeks. His eyes are fierce, he is pulling a yes answer out of me. But what is it worth if you have to lie? "No, Jess. He's just poor-mouthing."

Unruh turns without a word and gets into his car.

ON THE WEEKEND BEFORE THE ELECTION, Jess has a series of rallies for which some encouraging crowds jam shopping centers to hear him hammer



"The feeling of going it alone is so strong that he is furious to hear that the *New York Times* has endorsed him."

away at the basic economic issues. To me Jess's people seem larger and darker and sloppier—perhaps out of place in California. Many come waving their tax bills—\$500 on a \$19,000 house in Pacoima, a ghetto in “the Valley” north of L.A.; \$1,200 on a \$39,000 house in a decaying white area.

The question is whether, in the last crunch, California workers and lower-middle-class homeowners are going to identify themselves as the oppressed or as partakers of the good life. The highway lobby, for example, is telling them in double-page spreads how freeways are the American way of life—and sure enough, they will succeed in defeating a rather piddling ballot proposition which would have authorized the Assembly, if it so wished, to devote up to 25 per cent of fuel taxes to rapid transit and smog control instead of more freeways. One has to admit that even with freeways and smog, life in California is a good deal more pleasant than in, say, rural Oklahoma. Oily beaches beat prairies, freeways and endless taco stands beat tractors and isolation, smoggy sunlight beats snow.

The Sunday before the election, Ronnie and Jess are interviewed by a panel of commentators in consecutive half hours on NBC-TV. Reagan sits relaxed before the red light goes on, looking great without makeup, joking with his interviewers. He marvels at how when he was in college there was no such thing as TV—“and now there's a section in the yellow pages *this thick!*” In the interview he is polished and confidential, and at one point Bob Abernethy, his toughest questioner, cracks up laughing while asking Ronnie if he is worried about losing. Then as Unruh is stopped outside the studio, Reagan gets spirited out a side exit by twenty security men.

Unruh, too, is good in his own way, relentlessly scoring points, though he distresses his young advertising manager by the nervous twitching of his lips—as if he were looking for something to bite—and his failure to address the reporters by their first names, which Ronnie does with affable ease on camera and Unruh himself does more naturally, but off-camera only. The ad man shakes his head and smiles: one of the things he likes best about Jess is that he can't change him.

After the show, Jess goes to another shopping center, where they hang from the balconies and cheer, though his amplified voice reaches only about half the audience. Afterward his advertising man tells him, “I want you to know that while you were in that crowd being mobbed, the CBS camera was there. Now tell me there's not something in the air!”

Everyone in Jesse's car agrees that there is something in the air. Jess himself can “just taste winning—to show how unfettered I am”—and to govern California owing his election to no one.

The feeling of going it alone is so strong that later in the day he is furious to hear that the *New York Times* has endorsed him. “I told them I didn't need their help!” His friends are wringing their hands again and warning people to leave him alone.

ON ELECTION DAY, UNRUH SURPRISES the people and pollsters by coming with points and half a million votes. But Jess c The wisdom now concludes, “You know, candidate might really have beaten Reagan! he wasn't unbeatable, after all—that much we owe Jess Unruh.

Anyhow, Jess is manic to the end. He goes late on Election Night and instead of making a beaming speech about what he has accomplished in his campaign. The next morning he holds a press conference and releases a telegram, hardly gracious: inviting Reagan to join him “to minimize the effect of big money in the plug tax loopholes ‘through which the very benefit at the expense of working Californians,’ ‘restore prosperity to California even if the departing from the economic policies of the National Administration.”

When his aides try to suggest something better, Jess snaps, “Fuck it, that's it,” grins at them, his great big teeth and slaps them on the head.

He tells reporters he is going to “build a new party among people who believe in what we're doing. Those who want judgeships, airline etc., . . . we must read out of the party.” One really be that Jess Unruh wants to rebuild the Democratic party in California so that it does not get its money from business interests?

There is another course that follows his career and his personality. I still think he should “pull the Samson bit.”

Jess, your whole life you've plunged around and pulled yourself back again and freewilled worked on your control and waited and repeated again. I don't think you will ever be able to stop from plunging—and you know you cannot foresee or control what will come of it. So he goes ahead and tell them, Jess, tell them for once that their government is like and how it works. He could tell them quietly now. You ought to know your candor and humor and sense of reality. What have always drawn men to you.

You could break that mania if you really believe in yourself. Stop charging, pick your head up and tell them quietly just who buys what, how it works, and how it can be taken back.

And they will believe you, maybe—you can't be a people—because if you do it straight and tell them only then—they will see what a chance you're giving. They might even feel the forces that have shoved and knocked you all the way from the bowl to the house of power and out again. They realize then—because they are in danger—that these are the very same forces that have shaken every own non-tube lives. Their lives which they have, just as yours is. Maybe they will take a chance, if you will. And when the great comet in the sky comes to explain about your image, they have to laugh for the sheer fun of what you're doing, and forget what he meant to say.

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ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF GUY VANDER JAGT (R.-MICH.)

On a slow day he will tarry, moving with the sure tread of a man absolutely delighted to be precisely where he is.



THE CONGRESSMAN IS READY to tie his shoelaces, having waited, as he does every morning, until he has stepped on the escalator that rises out of the bowels of the Longworth House Office Building, where he has parked his car, and is ascending to the basement, where he can take an elevator to his office on the second floor. The Congressman ties his shoelaces with a certain grace and style, the idea being that before he gets on the escalator going up, he will glance at the escalator coming down, and see if there is anyone on it he knows. The Congressman is an affable man, which is one reason he is a successful politician, and he knows a good many people in and about the House of Representatives, which is one reason he is a sound Congressman, and if he bends too quickly to tie his shoelaces while he is on the up escalator, he might pass without seeing someone on the down escalator to whom he might want to nod. There is a lot of civility in the House of Representatives; and while this can be one man's bullshit, it is another man's good manners, and without it the Congressmen might fly at one another's throats and never get around to doing any business at all. On this particular morning the Congressman, an intensely disorganized man who can get on the escalator with a pair of socks or Jockey shorts in one hand because he has forgotten to pack them in the overnight bag he is carrying

in the other hand, is completely unencumbered, so with both hands free, and after saying hello to a Congressman who was on the down escalator, bends, ties his shoelaces, and straightens himself up at that precise moment he reaches the top. "There," he says, "I used six seconds that I have wasted."

Now, this is whimsy, a ritual observed by a Congressman only because he enjoys observing it, and on this particular morning there is hardly any need to save time at all. It is a day in December, the election is past, and a new House, with six new members, will convene in less than a month. In fact, the Congress, having been so busy in its duties in the past year, is meeting now so that it can pass appropriations bills to keep the great creaking machinery of government from going flat broke, and there is not much sense of urgency about even that. The Congressman, whose name is Guy Vander Jagt, and a thirty-nine-year-old Republican from the 10th District in Michigan, will spend his day not caught by the great questions of war and peace, but by things that few people outside his district have even heard of, which, as any Congressman will tell you, are the things that usually engage Congressmen anyway. A Congressman, you understand, is seldom allowed to be apocalyptic, which is a privilege ordinarily extended only to writer-columnists, and a few show-business personalities, although the messianic complex is rampant in the House of Representatives, it is considered bad form to show it, and a good Congressman does not do so. Consequently, on this quiet day in the House among other things, seven bills and two resolutions will be introduced, when thirteen bills will be reported, a dozen committees will meet, and a certain number of Congressmen will either nod or frown on their faces or run up some small and insignificant triumphs. Congressman Vander Jagt, recording it all as a slow day, will not hurry to his office; he will tarry, saying hello to as many people as he chooses, and move through the Longworth House Office Building with the sure tread of a man who is absolutely delighted to be precisely where

Contributor John Corry was born in Brooklyn; studied philosophy at Hope College in Holland, Michigan; lived in New York with his family.

VANDER JAGT WAS MADE TO HOLD OFFICE by an old farm boy from Cadillac, Michigan, who was graduated from Yale Divinity School, took a pulpit to become a television news comm-

in left that to go through law school and a trial lawyer. In 1965 he ran for the State first telling the voters that if he won he would hold no other job than elected office, and be a servant of the people. He did win, and presently the members of the press gallery chose him an outstanding freshman in the State Senate. Senator Patrick McNamara died in 1966, and the freshman Robert P. Griffin was selected to fill the vacancy, leaving open his own seat in the Ninth District, and Vander Jagt chose to run for that. The district, made up of eleven counties on the western shore of Michigan, begins about a third of the way up the coast of the lower part of the state and reaches into the Straits of Mackinac, which is adjacent to the wonderfully desolate Upper Peninsula of Michigan. The nice thing about Michigan is that while politically it is thought of as being a Democratic State and a few outlying communities, it is virtually every class and condition of man, and Vander Jagt's own district, which is largely rural and Republican, includes a county which is mostly urban and Democratic. Despite that, in the election contests that Vander Jagt has been through, between Republican primaries, the first when he ran for the State Senate, and the second when he won back Griffin's seat. In that second primary, his people distributed a particularly scurrilous broadside which charged, among other things, that Vander Jagt had been in and out of mental hospitals and that his wife had had some number of husbands before she met him. In fact, Vander Jagt had never suffered an emotional breakdown and his wife had never been married before, but the broadside introduced Vander Jagt to the political arena in a way that gets entwined in the political process. The broadside induced a good many Republicans to vote for him. The Michigan Ninth has a number of what are sometimes called "dry" counties who do not much care for dirty pool, and that is what gets to them the most are the things that are either dismissed as home-and-motherhood issues or be recognized as the serious concerns of the people, which as often as not is what is possibly, these concerns are most apparent in the County, the southernmost county in Vander Jagt's district, where a man must search hard to find a fifth of Scotch, and where the people, like Vander Jagt, are of Dutch

Vander Jagt, in fact, won his first campaign in the County, getting elected president of the student body at Hope College in the town of Holland, and particularly astute campaign manager used the slogan "Fly High With Guy," and insisted that he would appear before him each morning fully dressed, Vander Jagt even then having a tendency to look as if he had stood in the doorway of a room and his clothes had dropped off in random. At Hope, Vander Jagt also won a very speech contest that was open to a student, which was interpreted as a sign that he would later make it in any of the enter-

tainment arts, all of which he more or less did, while finding only politics sustaining enough to stay with. Vander Jagt stayed at Yale Divinity School largely because Richard Niebuhr was there, and he regarded Richard as a more interesting man than his brother Reinhold. Later, he left the pulpit of his Congregational church in Cadillac because he could find nothing suitable to preach about death. He left television because that was just another branch of show business, and he went through the University of Michigan Law School mostly out of perversity. A dean had called him in on his arrival and said that Michigan was the finest and toughest law school about and that it was impossible to get through without the utmost devotion to law books and classes. The hell, Vander Jagt had said, and subsequently made it a point not to open too many books, and not to be particularly diligent about classes either. (Philip A. Hart, the senior Senator from Michigan, is supposed to have gone through Michigan Law School without opening *any* books. He was graduated No. 1 in his class; Vander Jagt, however, only made it into the top quarter.)

When Vander Jagt left law school, he went with Warner, Norcross & Judd, the biggest and most prosperous law firm in Western Michigan, and he was doing just fine, until one night, answering his own secret urgings, he summoned his wife Carol and announced that he wanted to go into politics. He did, running that first race for the State Senate, and being fortunate enough to have as his Democratic opponent a civilized doctor with money, who said to him, I have means, and you have none: I shall not try to outspend you, but we will debate together, and try the campaign on the issues. This they did, arriving separately with their wives at the schools, Legion halls, and churches of Western Michigan, there to talk about issues and call each other skunks and blackguards, and then to steal away separately and unite for a drink in some place where they would not be recognized. The doctor is still the most formidable opponent Vander Jagt has faced in a general election, and the Democratic party in the Michigan Ninth is a frail vessel indeed. Once Vander Jagt ran against a former minister, possessed of an enormous voice, an old Phi Beta Kappa key that he jangled a lot, and a firm conviction that the only thing worth talking about was the peril of extending aid to parochial schools. Another time he faced an apple farmer, who began each of his speeches by saying, "Hip, hip, hooray for America," and never got much beyond that; and in this last election he was up against a union official, who hardly said anything at all.

Nonetheless, Vander Jagt has remained an assiduous campaigner. In 1970, he returned to his district forty-nine times, speaking whenever he could get even two or three to gather in his name, and faithfully listening, nodding, and trying to accede to each request from a constituent, no matter how loony. In the spring of the year, Carol Vander Jagt organized a "Fry for Guy," which was a bratwurst roast in the sand dunes alongside Lake Michigan, charged admission at \$100 a couple, and raised

John Corry
GUY
VANDER JAGT

\$14,000 for the campaign. There was to be no other money, although the Democratic organization in the Ninth, which is really labor and its Committee on Political Education (COPE), had more, and it was able to use unions, their members and halls, and their mimeograph machines too. This made the Ninth one of the few districts in the country where the Democrats spent more than the Republicans, although any Congressman from the Ninth would still cherish an endorsement from the conservative Americans for Constitutional Action infinitely more than he would one from the AFL-CIO. Vander Jagt, in fact, had even asked Americans for Constitutional Action for an endorsement, and throughout the campaign he carried a copy of their telegram in his back pocket, ready to whip it out at first sight of an outraged conservative. Vander Jagt had voted for the rat-control bill, and he had voted against the supersonic transport. He had voted for the House version of the Cooper-Church resolution, which would have required the withdrawal of American troops from Cambodia, and in his finest and most independent hour he had been the only Republican to vote against a military appropriations bill. Still, a defeat was inconceivable, and he knew it, and the Democrats knew it, and so did everyone else. COPE's campaign had not been particularly good, and there were defections in its ranks. One night Vander Jagt debated a union leader who stood up and said, "Well, I want you to know that Vander Jagt is my friend and I like him. In fact, I can't think of much bad to say about him. In fact, I can't think of anything bad to say at all." Then he sat down. Still, politicians' hopes are the most fragile of things, and politicians plunge easily into despair. On election night, the first return was from a Democratic precinct in the Democratic city of Muskegon: "214 for Rogers, 115 for Vander Jagt," a voice on the phone said. "Don't tell Guy. It will only worry him." Mrs. Vander Jagt said, looking stricken herself. Then she told him anyway, and he looked stricken too. When it was all over, however, he had won with 67 per cent of the vote, and he had even carried Muskegon easily. The next morning Vander Jagt was outside the gates of a factory, awaiting the men as they came to work, and then thanking them for their support.

SO, ON THIS SLOW DAY IN THE HOUSE, Vander Jagt enters the office on the second floor into which he and his staff lately have moved from an office on the first floor. The new office is next to the one occupied by John Buchanan of Alabama, and Buchanan is supposed to have the best-looking secretaries on the Hill, one of whom had reached an ephemeral kind of fame by being dropped from the staff of Senator Joseph Tydings after she had worked as a bunny in a Playboy club. Now, *machismo* is important to Congressmen, being one of the things they use to unite themselves when politics divides them, and a Congressman is only paying another Congressman a compliment when he

suggests that he, too, is full of *machismo*. Ever after he had moved in next to Buchanan, and Jagt was visited by Congressmen who would say, "Guy, you old rascal, how did you ever manage to get this office?" All of this upset Vander Jagt, and the girls, who are good-looking themselves, and Vander Jagt, trying to do the right thing, told them that probably were more efficient than Buchanan's staff, which did no good at all. A Congressman's staff is enormously important to him, handling his correspondence from constituents and other supplicants, and it is or less seeing to it that the Congressman does not disappear under a welter of trivia. Among his allowances, a Congressman is permitted to hire up to thirteen people, and to pay them a total of \$135,000. Vander Jagt has four secretaries, one administrative assistant working for him in Washington, and one full-time man and three part-time people in his district. Every so often, he employs other people for specific tasks (addressing Christmas cards, for example), and he is planning to hire a former professor of political science, who will be something of an idea man. The Congressional bureaucracy measures and operates under rules that no one man can ever know, for that matter ever want to know. A Congressman, for example, is allowed to get a new car out of his trunk at the start of each session of Congress, or to plant a month from the Botanical Garden, or is allowed to spend up to \$3,500 a year on a vacation, but if he takes the money and puts it in his pocket, it is to be considered income. The distance calls from his office are measured by time, with one minute on the phone being four minutes, and the office may use up to 150,000 units of air conditioning in two years. However, if the calls are made between 5:00 P.M. or before 9:00 A.M. on something connected with the Federal Telecommunications System, they are free. Salaries for staff people are figured on a sliding scale, and although the base pay of, say, an administrative assistant may be only \$7,500, his salary may be \$27,000. A Congressman is allowed one free trip home every month, while members of his staff are allowed two a year. When Vander Jagt first reached the House, he had to supply curtains and wastebaskets. Subsequently, the bureaucracy shuddered into action, and gnomes from somewhere bring them in.

"Guy, these are the calls so far," Peggy says to Vander Jagt. Mrs. Martin is the oldest of the staff, a pretty woman with gray hair who reached the Hill in 1939, became enchanted with it, and never left. She is a discreet woman, married to a lobbyist for the oil industry, and one way or another she may know everyone in government. Her husband gave a party for her on her 50th anniversary in Congress, even Wilbur Mills, a man of the Ways and Means Committee, came to celebrate, and Mills is a man with such sense for parties that he would grumble when President Kennedy would invite him to dinner at the White House. Now Mrs. Martin gives Vander Jagt messages, arranging them so that the first one is one from Russell Train, the President's

environmental problems. Vander Jagt calls them, and says, "Russell, that's just wonderful, absolutely delighted, and thank you, for calling." Vander Jagt, you see, is a Republican on the Conservation and Resources Subcommittee, and about six weeks ago the subcommittee went to the White House and discussed with the environmental people and discussed with the old law that forbade industry from befouling the waters. The law, in fact, had been passed in 1899, but, like so many things in government, had lain molding until good men would stand up to it. Henry Reuss, a Democrat, who is chairman of the subcommittee, brought the bill to the hearings, wrote letters about it, and then he stood up and made speeches about it. Vander Jagt is a Republican, and therefore closer to the House, kept talking to the people there. A few weeks ago he got to Train at a cocktail party and insisted to him that the 1899 law should be resurrected. Now Train had called to tell the Administration would soon issue an Executive Order, declaring that the old law was still in effect and that enforcement machinery for it was set up. There is nothing simple about it, and in the end the 1899 law will involve four agencies (all of which will have their own lobbyists), the Army Corps of Engineers, the various Congressional committees, and the deliberations of partisan politics. Jobs will be lost, reputations will collapse, and some staff will weep with frustration. Government is not what it used to be, and it is easier to be apocalyptic than to understand it.

Train was well pleased by Train's call, and after he had disposed of some matters of no consequence, he left his office for the House gym. The gym is in the recesses of the Rayburn Building, unmarked, and it is open only to Congressmen. In fact, do a good deal of business there. They can be good fellows together and at the least of the Congressmen can approach the committee chairman, naked and alone in the gym, and ask for a favorable ruling on a bill. Some Congressmen spend more time in the gym than others, and the Republican minority uses the Works Committee, for example, meets there more or less permanent caucus. Vander Jagt is the president of the gym, which he has won from the other Congressmen voted him the title of the Year Award. This is an engraved plaque which is given to the Congressman who has been most at a game called paddle ball, and he has a very questionable line calls: actually, it is a mark of esteem, and Vander Jagt is proud of it. The only duty of the president is to preside over the gym's annual dinner, which has been held in eighteen different places in twenty years, establishments being willing to have the Congressman as guests more than once. At some of these dinners, Congressmen begin to soak their glasses in their water glasses, and then hurl them at other Congressmen. The hilarity increases, and otherwise dignified men get them-

selves sodden and bespotted, although the Great Republic itself always survives.

Nonetheless, there is a majesty about the House, even if it is not always apparent in its members. It must always be remembered that the curious ways of politics in the House, unlike the Senate, do not allow for much majesty, which is why Congressmen are infinitely more interesting and proportionately more productive than Senators, who must strike postures a lot. In the House, it is sweatier, so to speak, and more intimate, and there is more room for caprice. Vander Jagt's chief and abiding interest, for example, has been the environment, and his most notable project has been the establishment of the Sleeping Bear Dunes National Park, a tract of 61,000 acres on the shore of Lake Michigan. For years, Phil Hart had been introducing a Sleeping Bear bill in the Senate, and for years the Senate had been passing it. In the House, however, the bill never got beyond the Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, whose chairman, Wayne Aspinall of Colorado, always declined to report it unless the full Michigan delegation, Republicans and Democrats, would support it. This the delegation always declined to do, and Sleeping Bear would always die. Shortly after the '68 elections, however, Vander Jagt began to negotiate with the Secretary of the Interior and with the Park Service over a new Sleeping Bear bill, one that might please everyone, and after ten months of negotiation he produced it, staying all the time in touch with Hart, who was still laboring for Sleeping Bear in the Senate. This annoyed James O'Hara, a Democrat, who was Hart's closest colleague in the Michigan Congressional delegation, and he said that Hart should be dealing with him and not with Vander Jagt, who was, after all, a Republican. Consequently, O'Hara said, he would have nothing to do with Vander Jagt's bill, which meant, of course, that Aspinall would then reject it because the Michigan delegation would be divided. Subsequently, a lobbyist for the Wilderness Society got to O'Hara and suggested that he introduce his own bill, which the Michigan Democrats could sign, while the Michigan Republicans could go with Vander Jagt. O'Hara did, confusing nearly everyone, and inducing John Dingell, another Democrat, to say the hell with it and sign both bills. Meanwhile, the Interior Department, which had been working with Vander Jagt on his bill, suddenly and inexplicably said that it liked O'Hara's better. This enraged Vander Jagt, who, on demanding an explanation, was told that the man in the Interior Department who knew all about Sleeping Bear was on vacation and that someone had made a mistake. The department then reversed itself, and the O'Hara bill was so amended that it really became the Vander Jagt bill, even though O'Hara's name was still on it. Chairman Aspinall, however, said that a bill amended that much was a mess, and he demanded that the Michigan delegation produce a clean bill. Of course, he said, it would still have to be supported by the full delegation. During all these peregrinations, Martha Griffiths of Detroit, a Democrat, had been lobbying for her

"A Congressman is allowed to get a new steamer trunk at the start of each session of Congress and one plant a month from the Botanical Gardens."

own bill on women's rights, which was stuck off in another committee. Mrs. Griffiths wanted everyone to sign a discharge petition to force the committee to release the bill, but O'Hara, very sensibly saying that it was a bad bill, would not sign. This so angered Mrs. Griffiths that she said she would not support the Sleeping Bear bill. But, Martha, Vander Jagt said, that's *my* bill. I know, Mrs. Griffiths said, but that man's name is on it. But, Martha, Vander Jagt said. No, Mrs. Griffiths said. Nonetheless, Mrs. Griffiths said that she would visit Aspinall, and she did, telling him that she really did like the bill, but that she simply would not sign anything that said O'Hara on top. Aspinall, who is seventy-four, rather liked the idea of Mrs. Griffiths coming to him that way, and so he said that his committee would report the bill out, even without her signature.

Faithfully, the committee did report the bill, sending it to the Rules Committee, which was to decide when it would be sent to the House floor, where its passage would be assured. There was, of course, no reason to think the Rules Committee would delay the bill, which had been the fruit of so much labor and passion, but in the mysterious ways of Congress it did, and once again Sleeping Bear was languishing. Baffled, Vander Jagt approached various members of the Rules Committee, asking them why, and was told that "Charlotte didn't like the bill," although no one knew quite why. Now, Charlotte is Congresswoman Charlotte Reid of Illinois, and she is not a member of the Rules Committee, but she is a sunny woman, much admired and liked, who was once the vocalist on Don McNeill's old *Breakfast Club* radio program. The members of the Rules Committee could not possibly know much about Sleeping Bear, but they did know Mrs. Reid, who has a summer cottage in the Sleeping Bear area, and they wanted to please her. Therefore, they were holding the bill back, and they kept holding it back until Mrs. Reid and Vander Jagt appeared formally to argue their cases. Then the committee locked its doors and voted in secret. When the doors were opened, it was announced that Sleeping Bear, finally, had triumphed.

IT IS NOONTIME, AND VANDER JAGT is just sitting down in the House restaurant, and on the floor of the House the chaplain is praying over those few members who have gathered to open the day's session. Three staff people from the White House happen by, and one of them glumly tells Vander Jagt that "even cannons couldn't get the Buchanan bill out of the Rules Committee." Congressman Buchanan has sponsored a bill that would put a new consumer-protection agency more or less under the control of the White House, while a competing bill by a Democrat would make the agency more autonomous, which the staff people plainly don't want. A buzzer sounds in the restaurant, and Vander Jagt frowns. The buzzer means that a quorum call has been put forth on the floor and that a clerk is about to read the roll. The Constitution says that Congress cannot be in session unless a majority of

its members are present, and so any Congressman at any time and for the most frivolous of reasons can ask the Speaker to check and make sure there is a majority. There are quorum calls because a Congressman simply is feeling irritable, or because he wants to delay the day's business, or because he has a friend who is making a speech and he wants to roust the other Congressmen out to hear it. There are quorum calls because a Congressman is lonely and wants to see his peers milling about him. There are quorum calls because someone has spilled an empty paddle-ball courts in the gym and the janitor has dash down and get the center court. (For various reasons, H. R. Gross of Iowa asks for more quorum calls than anyone else, and the other Republicans, in accepting H. R., sometimes call him the "cop of the House." Mostly, however, H. R. is just a bit cranky.) Consequently, Congressmen spend a great part of their days walking rapidly along the underground corridors that lead from their offices to the Capitol, where they run out on the House floor, shout "Present," and then sit down. It is usually a great exercise in futility, and Congressmen resent it, but no one has been able to think of a way to stop it. Quorum calls are a part of man's record, and they are just not very well understood outside of Congress. A Congressman never wants his opponent in an election to be able to say where he was when the roll was called to the House, and so he goes on making the quorum calls. It is politics," Vander Jagt says, "if you even answer a charge, then you've already lost."

Vander Jagt waits until the buzzer rings a second time, which means that the clerk reading the roll is up to the letter Q. Vander Jagt has calculated from all parts of the Hill exactly how much time it will take him to reach the floor after that second buzzer rings; from the restaurant following for all vagaries, he knows that he can be in about two minutes, walk to an elevator, and be there just as the clerk is ready to intone "Vander Jagt." Today this gives him time to swap a bowl of soup, unnecessarily tell the waiter he will be late, and start for the House floor in a dignified manner. Allard K. Lowenstein, the liberal New York Democrat who has just been defeated for reelection after eleven years, wants to make the quorum call too, and his name is called first. "Guy," he says, "can you think of anything more foolish than a lame-duck Congressman making a lame-duck session trying to answer a quorum call? Everyone knows Lowenstein, and for days I have heard of conservatives who might be expected to want to hear from a man of his proclivities have been coming up saying how much they will miss him. Congress is a tough house to play to, but Lowenstein is a tough man, as much as any man had been responsible for Lyndon Johnson's decision not to run again, when he was something of a celebrity when he arrived, and Congressmen like to have celebrities about. More so in terms of Congressional politics, Lowenstein is an authentic radical, and conservatives are usually pleased when they meet someone they suppose is a radical—and then find he is a decent, level-headed man. For one thing, it makes a conservative

vincing him that he can get along with for another, it makes him feel daring. years, the Congressmen measure up all oys, and if a new boy is supposed to have dimension about him, he is measured up ore quickly. Ideologists do not come out Lowenstein showed he was a genuine read certainly not just another liberal politi- the old boys respected him for it. On in's first day in the House, the late L. Rivers accosted him and almost immedi- in waving three fingers in his face. Ho, ho, ters in the gallery said, Rivers is telling in not to try any fancy New York-Jewish- uff here. Actually, Rivers was very cour- elling Lowenstein there were three syna- his district in South Carolina.

THE 190TH QUORUM CALL that Vander Jagt has ed this year, and he shouts "Present" and move off the floor. Congressman Garry ops him and says he needs his vote on an ent he will offer in the afternoon. "I'll be rry," Vander Jagt says. Congressman Don moves in hurriedly and says, "Guy, don't I've been designated to seek your support Devine for chairman of the House Repub- lference." Now, this is a move by the more tive Republicans to put one of their own held by John Anderson, who is a moder- largely a ceremonial job, but most Con- are moderates, and both the right and left Congress place great stress on ceremonial "I'm sorry, Don," Vander Jagt says, "but erson is a friend of mine. I've been in his d he's been in mine." "Okay, Guy, I under- Clancy says, and almost certainly he does, ip and personal loyalty being recognized ouse as things beyond ideology, and suffi- justify nearly any position. So Clancy does to persuade, and Vander Jagt returns to le has made the round trip in four min- ere is nothing but routine in front of him, is a little bored, even though he is a man es the House. "Sometimes," he says, "I I should be paying for the *privilege* of be- ." Congressman Pete McCloskey stops by, es pleasantries, and mentions something ne Government Operations Committee. A s before, in an interview with a reporter os *Los Angeles Times*, McCloskey had said that be a good thing for everyone if Nixon were ed in some Presidential primaries in 1972. McCloskey has lean, tough good looks, and due of a national reputation left over from he beat Shirley Temple Black in a primary. er, he is a liberal Republican, and he was d by the *New York Times* in the last election, e then won with 78 per cent of the vote. In rview he had not said that *he* would enter a against Nixon, and in fact he had said that dn't be right for it at all. Still, to be young, be a politician, is to have a sense of the

possibility of all things, and it is also to think of all the other politicians who could get in your way. So, what is McCloskey *really* thinking? Another reporter wanders up to him and Vander Jagt. "Congressman McCloskey," he says, "have you had any trouble from the White House on that statement about Nixon?" "I said it because I *wanted* to make some trouble," McCloskey says, moving away, and looking leaner and tougher than ever. "It was a good answer to a bad question," the reporter says to Vander Jagt, "except that it didn't mean anything." Vander Jagt, who is young, and a politician, and gets mentioned himself when the Michigan Republicans count their candidates, looks speculative and says nothing at all.

It is early afternoon, and Vander Jagt is alone in his inner office with Bud Nagelvoort, his administrative assistant. Nagelvoort, who was a market research assistant for a baby food manufacturer in Michigan before he joined Vander Jagt in Washington, speaks very softly and very cautiously. He is superb at details and mustering all the small pieces of information that go into legislation, and like many politicians, Vander Jagt is not. Nagelvoort and Mrs. Martin are the only ones in the office who will call Vander Jagt by his first name, the secretaries always saying "Congressman," which is what Nagelvoort and Mrs. Martin do, too, when strangers are about. There is a deference shown to Congressmen, and one of the truly sad things in Washington is a Congressman who has just lost an election and must now forgo that deference forever. It is one reason so many of them never return to their districts, but linger on in Washington, wraiths around their old privileges.

The police stop traffic on Independence Avenue so a Congressman can cross and walk to the Capitol, even if it is only for one of H. R.'s quorum calls, and they will give him a number his secretary can call to fix his traffic tickets. The clerks at Washington National Airport will delay a flight for him, and the telephone company will put "The Honorable" after his name in the phone book. A Congressman can find someone to do something for him nearly any time, and while this may not corrupt him, it can easily confuse him. Politicians, like trial lawyers, want to be loved for themselves, but a politician can never be entirely sure that this is why he is loved, and so he has a harder time than most of us. Like all great institutions, official Washington sorts out men by their positions, and the positions determine the esteem one man shows for another. There is nothing wrong with this, and the Sacred College of Cardinals does it too. In Washington, however, there are more positions to go around than there are in the College, and while the cardinals only get together once in a while, the Washington people keep seeing one another all the time. Since only the strongest among them do not judge themselves mostly by the way the others treat them, they are all greatly dependent on one another. Unhappily for a politician, however, he cannot be sure whether he is treated the way he is because of himself or because of his position, and so

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John Corry
GUY
VANDER JAGT

he carries a burden that most of us do not. In his soul, it vexes him.

Bud Nagelvoort, meanwhile, is shuffling pieces of paper. "Guy," he says, "we have this." It is a confrontation they have each day, Nagelvoort carrying in to Vander Jagt the most recent memos, proposals, requests, and stray pieces of information he thinks he should know about, and Vander Jagt, after considering each one, saying either yes, no, let me see it, or put it aside. This day there is a memo on the United States and Soviet space programs. Vander Jagt wants to see it. There is more information on the Administration plan to help the railroads. He hesitates, and Nagelvoort suggests that perhaps he has read enough about it in the newspapers. It is put aside. Someone will propose a bill to increase the number of family doctors. Vander Jagt is interested. There is a statement by another Michigan Congressman. He is not interested. The Government Operations Committee will vote on something while he will be out of town. He will send a proxy. The committee is sponsoring a trip to Puerto Rico. He is interested. The offer expired last Sunday. Oh. There are clippings on the Hope College choir, new Republican officials in Michigan, and pollution in the Great Lakes, and there is a report on the Muskegon County sewage system. He is interested in all of them. There is a cable from a friend, a black artist, who is on a trip to Africa. He has just been invited for a showing in the Soviet Union. Should he go. Certainly. There are twenty-three pieces of paper, each one of considerable moment to someone or other, and if Vander Jagt stops to be thoughtful over each one he will do nothing else for the rest of the day. His talent, however, is to extrapolate, and then to decide quickly, which a good politician ought to be able to do. On larger matters, of course, it is more difficult. When Vander Jagt voted against the supersonic transport, the White House was for it: Gerry Ford, being the House minority leader, was for it too, although like any sensible leader he had said no more than, "Guy, we'd like your support on this one." Furthermore, a factory in Muskegon fabricated metal parts for the SST, and the Republican county chairman even worked there. What if the chairman were to lose a stock option, or even his job, if the SST were canceled? It was the kind of question that can get to a Congressman and gnaw at him. Vander Jagt brooded, wavered, and still voted against the SST. Shortly afterward, he learned that the men who ran the factory had never cared for him anyway, and indeed had supported his opponent. This made his vote more tolerable to him, although he wished he had known about it before.

Now, of all things that can sway a Republican Congressman, a Republican White House is probably the greatest. The White House, however, is not one man: it is a warren, a separate culture, of assistants, special assistants, counselors, and all their deputies. Their roles are unclear, and their authority never exactly defined, but they can be the ultimate source of favors and dispensations. A Congressman, for example, is supposed to be something of

a public-relations man for his district, and Vander Jagt once worked his White House sources for months to be allowed to present a pair of wooden shoes to President Nixon as a gift from the people of Holland, Michigan, who every year hold a wooden shoe festival. (Vander Jagt also decided to give President Nixon a recording made by an orchestra of wooden shoes in one hand, the recording in the other. When he walked into Nixon's office, the president said, "Mr. President, I'd like to present you with this wooden record.") In 1969, on a trip to Muskegon, Vander Jagt met with some ecologists, urban planners, and Muskegon County officials who were trying to establish a new kind of sewage system to take the sewage that was wasting Lake Michigan and divert it to fertilize barren land. It was a long-term plan, with implications for every city in the country, and it was being delayed by opposition in the state capital. When Vander Jagt returned to Washington, he met with the federal people involved, and then finally, and most importantly, with John Ehrlichman, Nixon's assistant on domestic affairs. Ehrlichman is one of the better people at the White House; his soul is not always torn between what his President might not be reelected, and what he can consider an issue on its merits. Moreover, Ehrlichmans are friends and neighbors of the Vander Jagts, and Ehrlichman's daughter is the babysitter, and from more slender circumstances than these the fate of nations, much less that of a city, has been decided. Vander Jagt and Nagelvoort talked to Ehrlichman for two hours about the Muskegon proposal, and shortly thereafter the federal bureaucracy became more interested. Nonetheless, the state government in Michigan was not ready to accept it until Vander Jagt wrote a letter from Nixon to Governor William Milliken at his summer home in Traverse City. The President told the Governor that he was personally interested in the sewage system, and although this was ill-timed—the sewage system being a highly complicated project, and Presidents generally not having time to study such things—it was *Realpolitik*. Subsequently, Milliken visited Muskegon, the governor decided it supported the sewage system, and the state government announced a \$2 billion grant to start it. Vander Jagt came out ahead too, as the League of Conservation Voters, which is interested in how *effective* a politician is, named him one of only seven Congressmen it was endorsing for reelection.

A BUZZER HAS SOUNDED, SIGNIFYING that a vote is forthcoming on the House floor, and Vander Jagt leaves his office, falling into step, as with his neighbor, Congressman John B. Anderson. "John," Vander Jagt says, "I talked to my people at the White House, and his reading is that I couldn't get your bill out of the Rules Committee with cannons." "That's just not true," B. Anderson says, "and I got an even more optimistic report an hour ago." Vander Jagt speculates. The

on has not distinguished itself when it
ed votes beforehand, and maybe it is
ain. "Well, I hope you're right, John,"
agt says. "I certainly hope so." Vander
es Independence Avenue (the policeman
c for him, of course) and he sees coming
m a Congressman he does not like, and
at matter, does not like him. They ignore
as long as they can, and then at precisely
moment, and almost imperceptibly, they
Vander Jagt keeps walking until he is in
y of the Capitol. "I'll never be able to get
that guy," he says moodily. Vander Jagt
s pace, afraid he will miss the vote, and
ets to the floor he enters on the Democrat-
t the Republican, side. The clerk reading
up to Udall, and across the floor Vander
he Republican doorkeeper. William Bon-
ing, and then very gravely taking his
er and poking himself in the eye with it.
gt stops and ponders. He is there to vote
olution that will limit the debate on a
ill that afternoon to two hours. It is the
e this year he has appeared for a record
ne understands the resolution and knows
ll vote. Sometimes, however, dashing in
committee meeting, or getting up from
unning in from the paddle-ball court, he
own what the hell he was supposed to be
and even if he has known, he has not
w he wanted to vote. Bills tumble over
e, in the House, and some of them, unso-
ed that only the staff, and perhaps a few
en, ever know what is in them. There is
at even the most conscientious Congress-
ort them all out, but they are supposed to
to the Republicans, at least, will turn to
How are we going?" Vander Jagt will
runs past him. "Well," Bonsell will say,
Gerry voted yes"—Les being Leslie
e Republican whip—or "Everyone's vot-
onsell will say, sounding a little cavalier
to, there is Bonsell, still sticking his finger
and looking at Vander Jagt with the other
ow he is grinning. *His eye*. Vander Jagt
alls. "Mr. Vander Jagt," the clerk calls.
nder Jagt says.

ernoon is waning, and Vander Jagt is
s office. A brigadier general from the
Engineers, paying a courtesy call, was
im when he returned from the House.
exchanged pleasantries, the general say-
ne Corps only took directions and did
licy, and Vander Jagt agreeing, saying
the Corps had been doing a marvelous
at pollution. Then the two Democratic
the Conservation and Natural Resources
tee came by to talk about the 1899 law
Train had called about in the morning.
counsels are capable men who work well
er Jagt and Nagelvoort, but after they
r Vander Jagt nor Nagelvoort were ex-
why they had come. The two counsels,
re Democrats, and they had been con-

cerned about who would administer the 1899 law,
and at bottom this is a political question. Vander
Jagt and Nagelvoort did not quite see it as a politi-
cal question, and they did not talk about it after
the two Democrats had left, but that was because
of the convention that allows party politics to be
present in all things in Washington, while at the
same time never acknowledged. It is a sensible con-
vention, and it allows men to work together when
they might otherwise be inclined to argue.

Now Vander Jagt is returning telephone calls.
One is to a manufacturer in his district, who wants
to object to an Administration plan for the Federal
Aviation Agency. The second is to a Republican
county chairman in Michigan, who wants his sup-
port on a candidate for the bench, and who finishes,
by saying, "Vander Jagt for Senator in '76." The
third is from a friend, who wants a favor for *his*
friend. The friend's friend is a Democratic county
chairman in Vander Jagt's district, who has just
discovered that he cannot get a loan from the
Federal Housing Administration for a home on a
private road. The Democrat thinks this is unfair,
but he would feel foolish calling a Republican Con-
gressman about it, and so has asked someone else
to do it. Vander Jagt, who knows that perhaps a
third of the homes in the county are on private
roads, agrees with the caller and says that he will
check into it. Now, it happens that Vander Jagt
plays paddle ball regularly with the chairman of
the FHA, and after a game sometime he will talk
to him about it. The chairman may or may not
think that the law should be changed, but either
way the Democratic county chairman will have his
day in court. Vander Jagt says it is a perfect ex-
ample of the way things get done in Washington.

THE MEMBERS OF CONGRESS are scattered about
the floor of the House. They are meeting in
what is called the Committee of the Whole House,
and they are about to consider the Housing and
Urban Development Act of 1970. In appearance,
Congressmen are disparate, although they like to
have their suits well pressed, and there is an un-
common number of cufflinks among them. There
are Congressmen who look like aging juvenile de-
linquents, and there are Congressmen who look like
wheezing, belching rustics (and who, in fact, turn
out to be experts in the arcanum of the tax struc-
ture, say, or the tariff). Here there is a Congress-
man with a spiky Kaiser Wilhelm moustache, who
quotes Shakespeare, and over there is a Congress-
man who won two Olympic gold medals, and a little
further on is a Congressman who steals money.
There are Congressmen who can imagine them-
selves in no other place than the House, and there
are Congressmen, a smaller number of them, who
say the House makes their souls wither within them.
Here is one, a younger man, exorcising his devils:
"There are three kinds of Congressmen. First,
there are the talented and gifted who will get out
because they can't stand the system. Then there are
the men with no talent, but they have a good job

"In appearance,
Congressmen
are disparate,
although they
like to have
their suits well
pressed, and
there is an un-
common num-
ber of cufflinks
among them."

and so they stay. And then there are the men who are bright and they stay, but for the wrong reasons. The Rayburn dictum still works—if you want to get along, go along—but the more docile you are the more resentful you become, and it becomes corrosive.”

There are Congressmen known by every man and woman in the House, and there are Congressmen so obscure they are known by hardly anyone. Their single devotions to the commonweal vary widely, and there are some easily indictable on the grounds of moral turpitude, but there is almost none who will break his word to another Congressman. That is considered the greatest of all sins, and the second greatest is to sell another Congressman on an absolutely lousy idea. Therefore, not everything produced by the House will have a great deal of merit, but very little will have no merit at all. It is a system that makes the House handle smaller issues better than it does larger ones; and a dedicated, conscientious man can work his will on small things, while he can wreck himself fighting for large things. Here is a Congressman, complaining of his impotence: “When I first got here I was shocked at the rudeness that committee members would show to Administration witnesses, and then gradually I became that way myself. Look, I checked, and there are only three computers in the House, and there are 3,700 in the Executive branch. You wait two hours so you can get a shot in at the Secretary of Defense, and then it lasts only five minutes. The only thing you know is that you’re getting bullshit from him, and there’s nothing you can do about it. My committee’s staff is loyal to the chairman, and the chairman will go along with the Secretary. It gets down to where you ask yourself, Should you even bother going to a meeting when you know you won’t get anything from it?”

So, on this day, assembled to consider the housing act, are people of many temperaments and persuasions, most of them seriously involved in their own separate projects and few of them with deep knowledge of a housing act, but none of them capable of much surprise at what their colleagues will bring forth. It is a big and complex bill they are dealing with, and it has been drawn up by the Housing Subcommittee of the Banking and Currency Committee. That is, the original bill was drawn up by the subcommittee, but at the moment Congressman Robert Stephens is rising to offer what is called an amendment in the nature of a substitute, which is 132 pages long and which would replace the subcommittee’s bill, and he is doing it with the subcommittee’s approval. Now Congressman Charles Jonas stands, and asks if he can offer three amendments to the Stephens amendment, and he is told he can, but that he must wait. Congressman Frank Brasco, however, is on his feet, offering an amendment to the Stephens amendment, and it is accepted. Now Congressman Garry Brown is up, having waited so far for tactical purposes, and he proposes a substitute amendment for the Stephens amendment, which, remember, was a substitute for the subcom-

mittee’s bill. Congressman Benjamin Blackburn, rises to offer an amendment to the Stephens amendment, and then Stephens is up again that he thinks Congressman Blackburn is offering his amendment to the wrong other amendment. Then Congressman Olin Teague is rising so that he can propose his amendment to the Stephens amendment, and Congressman Blackburn is making a parliamentary inquiry: whatever happened to his amendment? Congressman Sikes then offers an amendment to the Stephens amendment; if that amendment loses, he will propose it for the Stephens amendment. At this point there can be no more than a few members who clearly know what is happening, and they are not helped greatly when it is announced “the question is on the substitute amendment amended, offered by the gentleman from Michigan for the amendment in the nature of a substitute offered by the gentleman from Georgia.” It is a time for visceral instincts, and Van der Jagt knows only that, respecting Garry Brown, if he does, he will vote for whatever it is he is proposing. Brown, meanwhile, has demanded a teller, and he and Congressman William Barrett, who proposed his amendment, are appointed as tellers. They draw up an aisle, and the members who oppose Brown, the aye votes, start to pass by, and Brown taps himself on the chest, saying “One,” and then taps each Congressman on the back as he passes by: “two, three, four.” Barrett, by custom, is keeping his own count, and so is standing there in the aisle, antagonists in a numbers game, with the other Congressmen counting by as markers. “Ninety-four,” Brown says, finally, and then Barrett starts counting his votes. He is up to ninety-six, and waiting for five more Congressmen, found and summoned, God knows where, come running up the aisle, arms outstretched, and point first to Barrett, then to Brown, and then back to Barrett, saying “One hundred one,” Barrett says. In fact, he is confused, and so is Brown, and so are twenty-five Congressmen, who had wanted to be on the other side. It does not matter, of course, because they would still have lost; but he is a professional, and so his pride is a little touched.

HOWEVER CONSIDERABLE HIS TALENTS, Van der Jagt is among the most forgetful of men, wearing an overcoat, for example, because he will leave it somewhere behind him, and leaving home in the morning without his keys, or anything else that might persuade you that he is not a simple vagrant. Moreover, no matter how readily he may grasp a complicated piece of legislation, he is baffled by nearly any innumerable object, and by timetables and maps as well. On Election Day he was minutes getting into the voting booth because he was defeated at the lever, and when he was new in Washington he had to call the police to guide him back home because he had more or less forg-

gnizing these things, his staff com-
 hem, and now Vander Jagt is sitting at
 nile a secretary reads from a list. "Keys?"
 and Vander Jagt pats his pocket.
 ' she says, and he picks up the envelope
 f him. Vander Jagt is leaving town later
 ing so he can speak in Chicago the next
 he secretary is leaving nothing to chance.
 put through from his outer office, and
 gt gets on the phone to talk to a friend
 te House. The Rules Committee has tied,
 Buchanan's bill for the new consumer-
 agency, and while this means the White
 n't be able to get it now, it also means
 n't have to accept Democrat Rosenthal's
 r this it is grateful.

Jagt is not scheduled to leave Washing-
 3:00 P.M., and there are now more than
 stretching in front of him, which means
 s time to go to a party. If Vander Jagt
 he could go to a party, or a reception,
 at, a Congressman always being in de-
 something, but he has long since learned
 is no profit in this, and so he exercises
 Tonight the National Space Club is hold-
 tion in the Caucus Room of the Cannon
 ding so that it can present trophies to
 on Braun and the widow of Dr. Robert
 d, and as a member of the House Com-
 Science and Astronautics, Vander Jagt
 sked to attend. The president of the Space
 an from Texas Instruments, and the first
 lent is from Boeing, and the host for the
 Congressman George P. Miller, chairman
 nmittee on Science and Astronautics. It
 ing effort, and like most lobbying in
 n it is terribly *en famille*. (Washington,
 terribly *en famille*.) When Vander Jagt
 first person he sees is Von Braun. "Wern-
 ays, "the last time I saw you, you were
 onga line in New Orleans." Von Braun
 acknowledges the memory, and then he is
 someone about the stars, a fine flicker of
 lighting his face, and Vander Jagt is
 pressed. "Damn it," he says, "I know it's
 but I want to be exposed to the emo-
 of it." A lobbyist wanders by, and tells
 gt that the word is that George Bush of
 be the next head of NASA. (Two days
 t is appointed Ambassador to the United
 Bill Anders, who flew an Apollo space-
 nd the moon, falls into conversation, and
 at when he speaks to college students he
 s the *spiritual* part of his journey. "Guy,"
 hen I looked back at the earth, then, boy,
 as n't the center of things." In the corner
 m, Von Braun is introducing his young
 l Armstrong, and Mrs. Goddard is talk-
 her late husband, and a Texas Congress-
 stling a secretary from NASA. Vander
 ing warm and sustained, and as he leaves
 airport he begins to talk about his vision
 l medical academy. He has at the moment
 use of the possibility of all things. □

AN AUTUMNAL

by Anthony Hecht

The lichens, like a gorgeous soft disease
 In rust and gold rosette
 Emboss the bouldered wall, and creepers seize
 In their cup-footed fret,

 Ravelled and bare, such purchase as affords.
 The sap-tide slides to ebb,
 And leafstems, like the drumsticks of small birds.
 Lie snagged in a spiderweb.

 Down at the stonework base, among the stump—
 Fungus and feather moss,
 Dead leaves are sunken in a shallow sump
 Of energy and loss,

 Enriched now with the colors of old coins
 And brilliance of wet leather.
 An earthen tea distills at the root-groins
 Into the smoky weather

 A deep, familiar essence of the year:
 A sweet fetor, a ghost
 Of foison, gently welcoming us near
 To humus, mulch, compost.

 The last mosquitoes lazily hum and play
 Above the yeasting earth
 A feeble *Gloria* to this cool decay
 Or casual dirge of birth.

HANSEL AND GRETEL

by Howard Moss

To be baked as cookies by the mad witch?
 Not so funny. See "The Rise and Fall
 Of the Third Reich." What starts out as kitsch
 All too soon becomes a form of evil.

 The witch was wise. What sweet tooth can resist
 A candy cottage? They were wiser still
 In scattering breadcrumbs not to get lost.
 How could the witch know that they were trained to kill?

 They got back home all right, the cunning children.
 Only to end up in Munich, years later.
 Stirring up the witchcraft of their own cauldron.
 She a drunk and he a sadistic waiter.

 "Maybe it would have been better," she said.
 One day in her cups, "to have roasted in the oven
 Than to hobble around this city, half dead—
 Old movie stars in some dreary love-in."

 At which he struck her. "Peasant . . . peasant!"
 Then, lunging toward her. "You ungrateful bitch!
 I wasted my life on our stupid legend
 When my one and only love was the dead witch."



THE OLD MAN

by Larry L. King

While we digested our suppers on The Old Man's front porch, his grandchildren chased fireflies in the summer dusk and, in turn, were playfully chased by neighborhood dogs. As always, The Old Man had carefully locked the collar of his workday khakis. He recalled favored horses and mules from his farming days, remembering their names and personalities though they had been thirty or forty years dead. I gave him a brief thumbnail sketch of William Faulkner—Mississippian, great writer, appreciator of the soil and good bourbon—before quoting what Faulkner had written of the mule: "He will draw a wagon or a plow but he will not run a race. He will not try to jump anything he does not indubitably know beforehand he can jump; he will not enter any place unless he knows of his own knowledge what is on the other side; he will work for you patiently for ten years for the chance to kick you once." The Old Man cackled in delight. "That feller sure knowed his mules," he said.

SONS RARELY GET TO KNOW their fathers very well, less well, certainly, than fathers get to know their sons. More of an intimidating nature remains for the father to conceal, he being cast in the role of example-setter. Sons know their own guilty intimidations. Eventually, however, they graduate their fears of the lash or the frown, learn that their transgressions have been handed down for generations. Fathers are more likely to consider their own sins to have been original.

The son may ultimately boast to the father of his own darker conquests or more wicked dirkings: perhaps out of some need to declare his personal independence, or out of some perverted wish to settle a childish score, or simply because the young—not yet forged in the furnace of blood—understand less about that delicate balance of natural love each generation reserves for the other. Remembering yesterday's thrashings, or angry because the

fathers did not provide the desired socioeconomic advantages, sons sometimes reveal themselves in cruel ways.

Wild tigers claw the poor father for fact or imagined: opportunities fumbled, abdications, punishments misplaced. There is the man who has discovered a likeness in his son, willing to believe (far beyond what the evidence requires) that he combines the natural gifts of Santa Claus, Superman, and the senior Senator. He does not easily surrender to more mature judgment. Long after the junior partner has ceased to exist, that he may have been adopted, or that he will grow hair on the hand while the brain congeals into gangrenous matter, the father will pose and pretend, hiding bits and pieces of himself day behind his back. Almost any father's precious stuff to care can adequately cope with the pea. It is natural in sons to lust—yes, to lust—for an Old Man special enough to have embedded progeny's genes with genius and steel. It is the ideal, to have a father who will at least be sturdy, loyal, and *there* when life's vigil is riding with the hangman.

You see the fix the poor bastard is in, and you know he must at once apologize and inspire, correct and judge, strut and intervene, correct and protect. No matter how far he ranges outside his nobilities, he will remain unappreciated through the course of the paternal voyage—often neglected, misread, sometimes profaned by his own actions. For all this, the father may evolve into a better man; he may find himself closer to being what he was intended to be, a strong role having ways of overpowering. And if he is doubly blessed, he may find that when his sons (by then, most like themselves) will come to love him more than he can bring themselves to say. Then, someday, they will get to know their fathers a bit: perhaps a bit more than nature intended, and surely more than the day would have believed.

Contributing editor Larry L. King has been son, father, and—since his thirty-ninth year—grandfather. He is convinced that being a father is the most complex and demanding of these roles.

WAS THAT BLINDLY ADORING PERIOD of good when my father was the strongest of men. He would scare off the bears my imagination feared as they prowled the night in Texas farmhouse, provide sunshine and butter, make the world go away. I hid my broken toys and my skinned animal did imitations of all the barnyard animals. When we boxed he saw to it that I won by a margin. After his predawn winter milkings, and stomping his numb feet while rushing more wood on the fire, he warned that the next morning, by gosh, he planned to laze abed like a cobbler while his youngest son performed his chores.

He came along when he hunted rabbits and on alternate Saturdays when he drove a horse-drawn wagon over dirt roads to show his limited commercial possibilities in San Francisco. He thrilled me with tales of his boy peregrinations: an odyssey to the coast consuming two years, in covered wagons and on horseback, fordings of swift rivers, and pauses in the camps where my grandfather, Morris, smoked strong pipes with his hosts and passed his fingers from iron kettles containing the best called dog stew. The Old Man taught me to hunt, pray, ride a horse, enjoy country life, by his example, to smoke. He taught me that buying was unmanly, unwise, and unforgivable in Heaven; that one honored one's flag, and one's pride; that, on the authority of the Biblical source of "winds blowing in the four corners of the earth," the earth was most assuredly flat. He taught me the Religion, to bait a fishhook or gut a hog, and to sing "The Nigger Preacher."

My way of knowing what courage was in life, with no education, no hope of quick visible improvements or excitements (no new horizons) to permit him to be cheerful, shielding, and kind. No matter those Depression times, there was always something under the Christmas tree. When I walked five miles to town in a blizzard, and as it worsened, carrying a red rock and smaller gifts in a gunnysack. Though I hated his creed by buying on credit, it was possible for Santa Claus to appear on

learn that he refused to accept the largesse of FDR's recovery agencies because he might be shamed or marked by wearing the telltale olive drab "relief shirts." His employment with the Works Progress Administration, shoveling and hauling wagonloads of gravel for a road-building project. When he made the latest joke from the rural school books for "We Piddle Around"—he delivered, voice-quavering lecture: *Son, the best way some poor men has of makin' a livin'. You'd go to bed hungry out the WPA. Next time some smart*

aleck makes a joke about it, you ought to knock a goddamned whistlin' fart out of him.

Children learn that others have fathers with more money, more opportunity, or more sophistication. Their own ambitions or resentments rise, inspiring them to reject the simpler wants of an earlier time. The son is shamed by the father's speech, dress, car, occupation, and table manners. The desire to flee the family nest (or, at bottom, to soar higher in it; to undertake some few experimental solos) arrives long before the young have their proper wings or before their parents can conceive of it.

The Old Man was an old-fashioned father, one who relied on corporal punishments, Biblical exhortations, and a ready temper. He was not a man who dreamed much, or who understood that others might require dreams as their opium. Though he held idleness to be as useless and as sinful as adventure, he had the misfortune to sire a hedonist son who dreamed of improbable conquests accomplished by some magic superior to grinding work. By the time I entered the troublesome teen-age years, we were on the way to a long dark journey. A mutual thirst to prevail existed—some crazy stubborn infectious contagious will to avoid the slightest surrender.

The Old Man strapped, rope-whipped, and caned me for smoking, drinking, lying, avoiding church, skipping school, and laying out at night. Having once been very close, we now lashed out at each other in the manner of rejected lovers on the occasion of each new disappointment. I thought The Old Man blind to the wonders and potentials of the real world; could not fathom how current events or cultural habits so vital to my contemporaries could be considered so frivolous, or worse. In turn, The Old Man expected me to obediently accept his own values: show more concern over the ultimate disposition of my eternal soul, eschew easy paths when walking tougher ones might somehow purify, be not so inquisitive or damnfool dreamy. That I could not (or would not) comply puzzled, frustrated, and angered him. In desperation he moved from a "wet" town to a "dry" one, in the foolish illusion that this tactic might keep his baby boy out of saloons.

On a Saturday in my fifteenth year, when I refused an order to dig a cesspool in our backyard because of larger plans downtown. I fought back: it was savage and ugly—though, as those things go, one hell of a good fight. Only losers emerged, however. After that we spoke in terse mumbles or angry shouts, not to communicate with civility for three years. The Old Man paraded to a series of punishing and uninspiring jobs—night watchman, dock loader for a creamery, construction worker, chicken-butcher in a steamy, stinking poultry house, while I trekked to my own part-time jobs or to school. When school was out I usually repaired to one distant oil field or another, remaining until classes began anew. Before my eighteenth birthday, I escaped by joining the Army.

On the morning of my induction, The Old Man paused at the kitchen table, where I sat trying to choke down breakfast. He wore the faded old

crossed-gallus denim overalls I held in superior contempt and carried a lunch bucket in preparation of whatever dismal job then rode him. "Lawrence," he said, "is there anything I can do for you?" I shook my head. "You need any money?" "No." The Old Man shuffled uncertainly, causing the floor to creak. "Well," he said, "I wish you good luck." I nodded in the direction of my bacon and eggs. A moment later the front door slammed, followed by the grinding of gears The Old Man always accomplished in confronting even the simplest machinery.

Alone in a Fort Dix crowd of olive drab, I lay popeyed on my bunk at night, chain-smoking, as Midland High School's initial 1946 football game approached. The impossible dream was that some magic carpet might transport me back to those anticipatory tingles I had known when bands blared, cheerleaders cartwheeled sweet, tantalizing glimpses of their panties, and we purple-clads whooped and clattered toward the red-shirted Odessa Broncos or the Angry Orange of San Angelo. Waste and desolation lived in the heart's private country on the night that opened—some was so appalled on the happiest playing field of my forfeited youth. The next morning, a Saturday, I was called to the Orderly Room to accept a telegram—a form of communication that had always meant death or other disasters. I tore it open with the darkest fantasies to read: MIDLAND 26 EL PASO YSELTA 0 LOVE DAD. Those valuable communiqués arrived on ten consecutive Saturday mornings.

With a ten-day furlough to spend, I appeared unannounced and before a cold dawn on the porch of that familiar frame house in Midland. The Old Man rose quickly, dispensing greetings in his woolly long-handles. "You just a First Class Private?" he teased. "Lord God, I would a-thought a King would be a General by now. Reckon I'll have to write ole Harry Truman a postcard to git that straightened out." Most of the time, however (when I was not out impressing the girls with my PFC stripe) a cautious reserve prevailed. We talked haltingly, carefully, probing as uncertainly as two neophyte premed students might explore their first skin boil.

On the third or fourth day, The Old Man woke me on the sleeping porch, lunch bucket in hand. "Lawrence," he said, "your mother found a bottle of whiskey in your suitcase. Now, you *know* this is a teetotal home. We never had a bottle of whiskey in a home of ours, and we been married since 19-and-11. You're perfectly welcome to stay here, but your whiskey's not." I stiffly mumbled something about going to a motel. "You know better than that." The Old Man scolded. "We don't want you goin' off to no blamed motel." Then, in a weary exasperation not fully appreciated until dealing with transgressions among my own offspring: "Good God, son, what makes you want to raise ole billy hell all the time?" We regarded each other in a helpless silence. "Do what you think is right," he said, sighing. "I've done told you how me and your mother feel." He went off to work; I got up and removed the offending liquids.

The final morning brought a wet freeze blowing

down from Amarillo by way of the North F Old Man's car wouldn't start; our family had officially recognized taxis. "I'll walk you to station," he said, bundling in a heavy sweater and jumper and turning his back, I suspect, to witness my mother's struggle against the shivered down dark streets past homes of former schoolmates, by vacant lots where I played ball or slept off secret sprees, past stores lumbered for their bargains in Moon Pies, Lucky Strikes and finally Trojans. Nostalgic old guilts blew in with the wind. I wanted something healing to The Old Man, to utter a gracious goodbye (the nearest thing to repudiations a savage young pride would permit). I simply knew no beginnings.

We sat an eternity in the unreal lights of a station among crying babies, hung-over and drowsing old Mexican men, in mute imitation of those dead shows provided by bare walls and ceilings. The Old Man made a silent offer of a cigarette. He was a vigorous fifty-nine, tall, clear-eyed, dark-haired, and muscular, but his hand extended that cigarette pack and was clearly—weather-cured, scarred, one finger stiff and stiff-jointed from an industrial accident—denied and inexplicably knew that one day The Old Man would wither, fail, die. In that moment I think I first sensed—if did not understand—something of mortality: of tribes, blood, and rituals.

At the door to the bus, The Old Man hugged me, roughly, briefly; not certain, perhaps, such an intimacy would be tolerated by the stranger who bore his name. His voice broke. "Write us, son. We love you." I clapped my hand and brushed past, too full for words. I knew, then, that I loved him, too, and had the worst of times, and would never stop.

WE TOOK A TRIP LAST SUMMER, one The Old Man had secretly coveted for a long time, though, in the end, he almost had to be coaxed into the car. "I hate like the devil to leave," he said of his wife of almost six decades. "I don't know where her head swims when she walks down the steps. She taken a bad spill just a few weeks ago. I try to stay close enough to catch her when she falls."

The Old Man did not look as if he carried much of a falling load as he approached the bus. Two hundred pounds of muscle and fat created by hard work and clean living had shrunk to a hundred-sixty-odd; his senior clothing hung about him. He had not worn his bargain-basement shoes for years, except when my mother insisted on forcing the code of some rare social function. He complained, they played the devil with his gums, or gagged him, or both. The eagle was gone from eyes turned watery and rheumy; he couldn't hear so well anymore; he spoke in a voice full of false starts and tuneless whimpers, requiring full attention.

thirteen years retired from his last salary and he had established himself as a yard-general handyman. He mowed lawns, edged, tilled flower beds, grubbed stumps, houses, performed light carpentry or emergency jobs. In his eightieth year, my mother said that he might no longer climb trees for various purposes. Though he lived with that verdict disapproved it just as they had when dictated that he might no longer work the hottest part of the desert summer days. He surrendered his vigor hard, each new concession (not driving a car or giving up cigarettes) throwing him into a restless depression. He had to rise each morning at five, prowling impatiently on rainy days, muttering and pulling all the grass that needed mowing or of behind Midland was falling in unpainted such times he might complain because the Security Administration refused him permission to earn more than \$1,200 annually while he had to merit its assistance: he sneaked in the house by the simple expediency of lowering the thermostat except on the Sabbath (when, by his mother's normal joy of work translated to sin), he stayed indoors only when eating or sleeping. I had repaired to a sleeping porch of his own where it was always twenty degrees cooler in the winter and correspondingly hotter in the summer. One of the curses of modernity, he held, was that it made it impossible to be a contented man.

My mother's reassurances that she would spend the days with her twin sister, we coaxed The Old Man into my car. Years earlier, I had asked him if he wanted to see some particular place or whether I might take him there. To my surprise, for The Old Man had never hinted of such wishes, he said yes, he had wanted since he was a boy to visit the State Capitol in Austin and the Alamo in San Antonio: he had read of them in the newspaper when his mother had obtained when his father's death cut off his schooling. I had long promised to take him. Living in the distant Sodoms and Gomorrah of the East, I wandered in worlds alien to him, in search of ambitions that surely mystified him. There were flying trips home: on his last day here, an evening of conversation in the desert would become too still, dark, and lonely: I would shake his worn old hand, make promises and excuses, grab a suitcase: run. My mother, my wife effectively nagged me to do my old pledge. And so, one boiling morning we departed my father's house. He sat behind the front seat, shrunken and somehow not transmitting some youthful eagerness. As he had grown, the less The Old Man had seemed to talk, contenting himself with sly, solemn stares so well-timed you sometimes thought he heard better than advertised. Deliver me, my motherchild to tease and he would open up: Clayton King, I hear terrible things on the radio; nobody said you got garments on your back; you have ancestors. And word come to me that you was seen hesitating on the door-

step." With others, however, he was slow to state his case.

Now, however, we had hardly gone a mile before The Old Man began a monologue lasting almost a week. As we roared across the desert waste, his fuzzy old voice battled with the cool cat's purr of the air conditioner; he gestured, pointed, laughed, praised the land, took on new strength.

He had a love for growing things, a Russian peasant's legendary infatuation for the motherland; for digging in the good earth, smelling it, conquering it. "Only job I ever had that could hold a candle to farmin'," he once said, "was blacksmithin'." Then the car came along, and I was blowed up." Probably his greatest disappointment was his failure as a farmer—an end dictated by depressed prices in his most productive years, and hurried by land worn down through a lack of any effective application of the basic agrarian sciences. He was a walking-plow farmer, a mule-and-dray-horse farmer, a chewing-gum-and-bailing-wire farmer. If God brought rain at the wrong moment, crops rotted in the mud; should He not bring it when required, they baked and died. You sowed, tilled, weeded, sweated; if Heaven felt more like reward than punishment, you would not be forced to enter the Farmer's State Bank with your soiled felt hat in your hand.

World War II forced The Old Man off the family acres: he simply could not reject the seventy-odd cents per hour an oil company promised for faithful drudgery in its pipeline crew. And he felt, too, deep and simple patriotic stirrings: perhaps, if he carried enough heavy pipe quickly enough, the fall of Hitler and Tojo might be hastened. He alternately flared with temper fits and was quietly reflective on the fall day in 1942 when we quit the homestead he had come to in a covered wagon in 1894: later, receiving word of the accidental burning of that unpainted farmhouse, he walked around with tears in his eyes. He was past seventy before giving up his dream of one day returning to that embittered soil, of finally mastering it, of extracting its unkept promises.

As we left behind the oil derricks and desert sandhills last summer, approaching barns and belts of greenery, The Old Man praised wild flowers, dairy herds, shoots of cotton, fields of grain. "That's mighty good timberland," he said. "Good grass. Cattle could bunch up in them little groves in the winter and turn their backsides to the wind." He damned his enemies: "Now, Johnson grass will ruin a place. But mesquite trees is the most sapping thing that God lets grow. Mesquites spreads faster than gossip. A cow can drop her plop on a flat rock, and if she's been eatin' mesquite beans they'll take a-holt and grow like mornin' glories."

One realized, as The Old Man grew more and more enthusiastic over roadside growths and dribbling little creeks, just how fenced-in he had been for thirty years: knew, freshly, the depth of his resentments as gas pumps, hamburger outlets, and supermarkets came to prosper within two blocks of his door. The Old Man had personally hammered

"The Old Man surrendered his vigor hard, each new concession (not driving a car or giving up cigarettes) throwing him into a restless depression."

Larry L. King
THE OLD MAN

and nailed his house together, in 1944, positioning it on the town's northmost extremity as if hoping it might sneak off one night to seek more bucolic roots. Midland had been a town of maybe 12,000 then; now it flirted with 70,000 and the Chamber of Commerce mindlessly tub-thumped for more. The Old Man hated it: it had hemmed him in.

We detoured to Eastland County so he might take another glimpse of the past. He slowly moved among the tombstones in a rural cemetery where his parents rested among parched grasses and the bones of their dear friends: people who had been around for the Civil War: God-fearing, land-grubbing folk who had never dreamed that one day men would fly like birds in the sky or swim like fishes beneath the sea. Though he had on his best suit, he bent down to weed the family plot. I kneeled to help: my young son joined us. We worked in silence and a cloaking heat, sharing unspoken tribal satisfactions.

We drove past stations he recognized as important milestones: "Right over yonder—the old house is gone now, been gone forty years—but right there where you see that clump of them blamed mesquites, well, that was where your brother Weldon was borned, 19-and-15, I reckon it was. We had two of the purtiest weepin' willers you ever seen. I had me a dandy cotton crop that year." We climbed an unpaved hill, the car mastering it easily, where the horses or mules of my youth had strained in harness, rolling their eyes under The Old Man's lash. "This darn hill," he said. "I come down it on a big-wheel bicycle I'd borrowed when I was about fifteen. First one I'd seen, and I was taken with it. Didn't know no more about ridin' it than I did about arithmetic. Come whizzin' down so fast my feet couldn't match them pedals: didn't have sense enough to coast. Well-sir, I run plumb over in the bar-ditch and flipped over. It taken hair, hide and all." He laughed, and the laugh turned into a rasping cough, and the cough grew so violent that the old face turned crimson. Through it all he joyously slapped his leg.

We stopped for lunch in a flawed little village where my father had once owned a blacksmith shop. The café was crammed by wage hands and farmers taking their chicken-fried steaks or bowls of vegetable soup seriously, men who minutely inspected strangers and muted their conversations accordingly. Weary of the car and the road, The Old Man chose to stand among the crowded tables while awaiting his order. He was grandly indifferent to the sneaked upward glances of the diners, whose busy elbows threatened to spear him from all sides, and to the waitress who, frowning, danced around him in dispensing hamburgers or plates of hot cornbread. "Tell Grand Dad to sit down," my teenage daughter, Kerri, whispered. "He's all right," I said. "Well, my *gosh*! At least tell him to take off his hat!"

The Old Man startled a graybeard in khakis by gripping his arm just in time to check the elevation of a spoonful of mashed potatoes. "What's your

name?" he inquired. The old nester's eyes nervously consulted his companions before he rendered it. "Don't reckon I know you," my father said. "You must not of been around here Twenty-some years, the affronted newcomer replied. "I had me a blacksmith shop right yonder," The Old Man said. He pointed through the soft-drink sign and its supporting wall. "It was the 1920s. My name's Clyde King. You remember me?" When the old nester failed the quiz, my father abandoned him to his mashed potatoes. "What's your name?" he inquired of a victim mired in blackberry pie. My twelve-year-old son giggled as his sister covered her humiliated face.

He walked along a diminutive counter lined with chup bottles, fruit pies, and digestive aids, and only those faces grizzled enough to remember him. The aging rancher, deep in his iced tea, nodded: "I remember you." The Old Man pumped his fist, beaming. "I was just a kid-of-a-boy," the old nester said. "I was better acquainted with your son, Rex. And the one that run the barbershop, wasn't it? Where they at now?" The Old Man sobered himself: "Well, I buried 'em within three weeks of one another last month. Clau was seventy-eight and Rex was seventy-four. I was only one of the King boys still kickin'." He looked at the bunch, too. If I live to the eighteenth day next February, the Lord willin', I'll be eighty year old." "Well, you look in right good shape," the rancher said.

When The Old Man sat down at our booth, his daughter asked, too sweetly, "Grand Dad, you want me to take your hat?" He gave her an oblique glance, a look suggesting he had passed time before. "Naw," he said. "This a-way, I know it's at if this café catches a-fire and I need to be in a hurry." Then he removed the trespass to his knee and slowly crumbled crackers into the bowl before bending to feed his toothless father.

He left the motel shortly after sunrise. He could bear the contemplation of the swimming pool, turning his direct gaze on all who struggled toward the pool for jobs. Conversing with a black bellhop when I left him, he was full of new information: "That nester tells me he averages a dollar a head for his suitcases. I may buy me some fancy bric-a-brac to give him some competition. . . . Folks sure are gettin' more and more like I bet I will be, and didn't see two dozen people. . . . We went yonder to that Governor's Mansion and raised a gate and yelled, but didn't nobody come to see us in." "Did you *really*?" I asked, moderately palled. "Thunder, yes! I'm a voter. Democracy that." Then the sly country grin flashed in his eyes that keeps me wondering in the night, now, that he really had.

We entered a coffee shop. "Lord God," the Old Man said, recoiling from the menu. "This is as high as a cat's back. You mean they git it for eighty-five for two eggs and a little dab a la

ow much did he think our motel room
"Well, the way things is now, I expect
twelve dollars." No, the price had been
s. His old eyes bulged: "For *one night*?
son, let's git us a blanket and go to the

e's a heap bigger place than I thought it
he said in a hushed voice as he inspected
chambers of the Texas House of Rep-

He read the faces of past governors
the rotunda, pointing out his favorites
three good men and two rank dema-
e stood shyly, not having to be re-
move his hat, when introduced to a
gislators and when led into Governor
th's office. Probably he was relieved to
ernor was absent, for The Old Man had
ered in the company of "big shots": a
y be defined as one who wears neckties
le of the week or claims a title: I was
n what fine distinctions The Old Man
mind between a United States Senator
public.

led at the expanse of grass on the Capi-
r, inspected its flower beds, inquired
dant how many gallons of water the
quired each day, and became stonily
g when the hired hand did not know. In
of the General Land Office, he pains-
ght out the legal history of that farm
ad settled in the long ago. He was en-
the earliest maps of Texas counties he
is a boy.

it he sat on his motel bed recalling the
forgotten cattle trades, remembering
he he got drunk (at age sixteen) and
ort of whiskey so poisoned him that he
d God and his weeping mother that, if
o live, he would die before touching
o. He recited his disappointment in be-
preacher's credentials by the Methodist
i the grounds of insufficient education.
ed note preachers," he said contemptu-
n't satisfied with preachers who spoke
n the heart and preached the Bible pure.
hat's gone wrong with churches."

nd and apprentice blacksmith, he had
itten blind by his first encounter with
o-be at a country social. "I spied an-
wanted to spark," he grinned. "Next
that girl and several others go into a
e by the blacksmith shop. I moseyed
as out of chewin' tobacco. Lord God,
ght that girl was ugly as a mud fence!
agine wakin' up to that of a-mornin'."

"Then I taken a second look at Cora—
nteen—and she had the purtiest com-
eyes and . . . well, just *everything*."
see her again, he pep-talked his faint
ourage the boldness to request a date.
em like I'd ever do it," he confessed.
o her at socials or church and make a
. "Miss Cora." And she would bob me
y and say, "Mister Clyde." Then I'd

stand there like a durned lummo, fiddlin' with my
hat, and my face would heat up, and I couldn't
think of a consarned thing to say." He laughed in
memory of the callow swain that was. "It was cus-
tomary in them days for young women to choose
young men to lead singin' at church. I know within
reason, now, that it was to help tongue-tied young
hicks like myself, but I was pea-green then, and
didn't know it. One night Cora picked me. Lord
God, it excited me so that I plumb forgot the words
to all the hymns I knowed." One could see him
there in that lantern-lighted plank church, stiff in
his high collar and cheap suit, earnest juices pop-
ping out on his forge-tanned forehead, sweet chaos
alive in his heart. His voice would have quavered
as he asked everyone to please turn to Number
One-Forty-Three, while matchmaking old women
in calico encouraged him with their wise witch's
eyes and young ladies with bright ribbons in their
hair giggled behind fluttering fans advertising
Sunday School literature or pious morticians.

"Somehow I stumbled through it. Never heard
a word the preacher said that night: I was tryin'
to drum up nerve to approach Miss Cora, you see.
Quick as the preacher said 'Amen' to his last prayer,
I run over fat women and little kids to git there
before I got cold feet: 'Miss Cora, may I have the
pleasure of your company home?' When she said,
'Yes, if you wish,' my heart pounded like I was
gonna faint!

"Her daddy—ole man Jim Clark, *Lord God*, he
was a tough case—he didn't allow his girls to ride
in no buggies. If you wanted to spark a Clark girl,
you had to be willin' to walk. Wellsir, I left my
team at the church. Walkin' Cora home I asked if
I could pay a call on her. I never dated no other
woman from then on. There was another young
feller had his eye on Cora. Once I had paid her
three or four courtin' calls, I looked him up to say
I didn't want him tryin' to spark her no more. Be-
cause, I said, I had it in mind to marry her. 'What'll
you *do* about it?'—he got his back up, you see. I
said, 'Whatever I *got* to do. And if you don't be-
lieve me, by God, just you try me!' He never give
me no trouble."

The Old Man revealed his incredulous joy when,
perhaps a year later, his halting proposal had been
accepted. "Do you remember what you said?" my
intrigued daughter asked. "Durn right! *Ought* to.
I practiced on it for some weeks." He laughed a
wheezing burst. "We had just walked up on her
daddy's porch one evening and I said"—and here
The Old Man attempted again the deeper tones of
youth, seeking the courtly country formality he had
brought into play on that vital night, reciting as
one might when called upon in Elocution Class in
some old one-room schoolhouse—" 'Miss Cora, I
have not got much of this world's goods, and of
education I haven't none. But I fancy myself a man
of decent habits, and if you will do me the honor
of becomin' my wife, I will do the best I can by
you for alwa-." He bowed his head, hiding his
tears. "Grand Dad," my daughter asked, "did you
kiss her?" "Lord God, *no*!" The Old Man was sin-

"Living in the
distant Sodoms
and Gomorrah-
of the East. I
wandered in
worlds alien to
my father in
search of ambi-
tions that surely
mystified him."

cerely shocked, maybe even a bit outraged: "Kissin' wasn't took lightly in them days."

BETHEL'S AUSTIN AND SAN ANTONIO we drove through San Marcos: a prominent sign proclaimed that Lyndon B. Johnson had once earned a degree at the local teachers' college. "That's a mighty fine school," The Old Man said. I remained silent. "Yessir," he said, "a *mighty* fine school." Only the purring air conditioner responded. The Old Man shifted elaborately on the seat. "Why, now, I expect that school's as good a school as the Newnited States has." By now he realized that a contest was joined: whatever joke he wished to make must be accomplished in the absence of my feeding straight-line. "I doubt if that Harvard outfit up yonder could hold a candle to this school," he said. "I expect this school would put that Harvard bunch in the shade." My son, less experienced in such games, provided the foil: "Grand Dad, why is it such a good school?" "Got to be," The Old Man said. "It learned ole Lyndon to have sense enough to know he couldn't get elected again." He enjoyed his chortle no less for the delay.

"Didn't you like President Johnson?" my son asked.

"Naw, LBJ told too many lies. I wouldn't a-shoed horses on credit for him."

"Who was your favorite President?"

"Harry Truman. Harry wasn't afraid to take the bull by the horns. Wasn't no mealmouth goody-goody in him like in most politicians. Ole Ike, now, they blowed him up like Mister Big and all he ever showed me was that silly grin."

"Did you ever vote for a Republican?" my son asked.

"Yeah, in 19-and-23. Voted for Herbert Hoover. And he no more than put his britches on the chair till we had a Depression. I promised God right then if He wouldn't send no more Depressions, I wouldn't vote for no more Republicans."

"Do you think God really cares who's President?" I asked.

"I reckon not," The Old Man said. "Look at what we got in there now."

What did The Old Man think of this age of protest and revolt?

"It plagues me some," he admitted. "I got mad at them young boys that didn't want to fight in Vietnam. Then after the politicians botched it so bad nobody couldn't win it, and told lies to boot. I decided I wouldn't want to risk dyin' in a war that didn't make sense."

It was suggested that no wars made sense.

"Maybe so," The Old Man said. "Bible says, 'Thou Shalt Not Kill.' Still yet, the Bible's full of wars. Bible says there'll be wars and rumors of wars. I don't think war is what all the ruckus is about, though. I think young people is just generally confused."

Why?

"They don't have nothing to cling to," he said: they had been raised in whiskey homes: their

preachers, teachers, politicians, and da grown so money-mad and big-Ikey no counted. Too much had been handed to on silver platters: they got cars too matching big notions. They went off ch gods. Well, didn't guess he much blamed didn't have nothing waiting at home ex sitters, television, and mothers that cusse company or wore whiskey on the breath

"I seen all this coming during the World's War," The Old Man said. "Pec moving around so much with good cars split up and lost their roots. The m though, was the women. Women had alw home and raised the kids: that was the jo just nature. And the man of the family ac out scatchin' a living. But during the World's War, women started workin' as thing and smokin' and drinkin' in publ started, and triflin' led to divorces. I knv there was gonna be trouble because *some* to raise the kids. You can't expect kids t right if you shuffle 'em off to the side." a little a divorced man could say.

"I'm thankful I raised my family wh he said. "World's too full of meanness al these days. Ever' other person you meet' aleck, and the other one's a crook. The 1 years I was workin' for wages, there ts young feller in fifty willin' to work. A in mind was puttin' somethin' over on n Down at the creamery docks, the young h slip off to play cards or talk smut or s asses any time the bossman wasn't stall 'em. They laughed at me for givin' a hie work. I told 'em I'd *hired out* to work, v wouldn't a-give a nickel for any of 'em. q no value on their personal word. I'd lift to milk crates—lift a dozen to their one- the drivers come in and their trucks a swamped out and cleaned. I'd look arou the only hand workin'." He shook his hie didn't care about nothin'. Seemed like h well, some kind of a joke to 'em.

"Now," he said, "I think the nigger too much sand. Maybe I'd be raisin' ol self if I'd been kinda left out of it li dunno: it's hard to wear the other fel But I just wasn't raised up to believe t posed to mix with us. It don't seem natl

"Dad!" I said. "Dad . . . Dad . . ."

"Oh, I know," he said. Impatience voice. This was an old battle fought B many times without producing a v though we had selectively employed against each other.

"You still mowing Willie's lawn?" I

"Ever' Thursday," The Old Man sa your hide," he chuckled. Then: "Na moved off to Houston or some place." W male nurse and had been the first bla move into my father's neighborhood ago. Not long after that community de visited home: great were the dire predi

with Willie's staying in his place. Sixter, we were sitting on the front porch. A man walked into the yard. "Hey there," he said.

ed: surely The Old Man would burn a nbn a school, break into "The Nigger and the Bear."

he said, mildly, "How you, Doctor?" ou do my lawn a couple days early next a having some people over for dinner ight."

so," The Old Man said. "Whatcha e to eat?"

ck man smiled and said he thought he a some steaks on the grill.

in tip me one of them beefsteaks," The aid, looking mischievous. "I'm a plumb beefsteak."

ughed; the black man complimented my is flower beds before giving him instruc- exactly how he wanted his shrubbery

he Old Man walked with him across the spect the particulars. When he returned

ck into his chair, I said—affecting the sible cracker twang—"Boy Hidy, if that

oated sumbitch don't stay in his place Old Man's grin was a bit sheepish. "I

mind 'em if they was all like ole Willie."

le works hard, he keeps hisself clean, to dge he don't drink and I don't believe

if he was hungry." Then came one of ue twists of mind of which he was ca- on't take his checks though. I make 'im

ne years later, we were approaching San I always figgered this for just another

eskin town except for havin' the Alamo."

on he was marveling at the city's won- e modern office buildings, old Spanish-

s, green parks and easy-riding rivers.

lan happily waved to passing paddle

idled under a tree at a riverfront café.

rough the tears at himself when—mis- wl of powerful peppers for stewed okra—

in a country mouthful requiring a hard available ice water.

ached the Alamo with a reverence both and touching. "Right here," he pro-

pointing to a certain worn stone slab— ravis drew a line with his sword and

boys willin' to die for the right to step of 'em stepped across except Jim Bowie,

ck on a cot, and he had his buddies across." Just why he had selected that

tone not even historians may attest: the ed Alamo must make do with the

ginal artifacts and the wilder romanti- ed, where much of the blood was spilled,

epartment store now stands.

d among display cases containing pre- and pieces of a more vigorous time: s serving purposes later to be preempted

arrowheads, saddlebags, oxen yokes, tintype photos, the earliest barbed wire, a country doctor's bag with crude equipment such as an old uncle had carried in the long ago. He assembled his descendants to explain the uses of each relic, carefully associating himself—and his blood's blood—with that older time and place. He came to a new authority; his voice improved. Soon a group of tourists followed him about, the bolder ones asking questions. The Old Man performed as if he had been there during the siege. Choosing a spot on the outer walls, he said with conviction that "right over yonder" was where the invaders had fatally broken through. ("Daddy," my daughter whispered, "will you please get him to stop saying 'Meskin'?")

Taking a last look, he said, "Ma bought me a book on the Alamo. I must of read it a hundred times. I read how them damn Meskins done Travis and his brave boys, how ole General Santa Anna had butchered all them Texas heroes, and I promised myself if I ever seen one of them greaser sons-a-bitches, why, I'd kill him with my bare hands." He laughed at that old irrationality. "But did you notice today, half the people in that Alamo was *Meskins*? And they seemed to think just as much of it as we do."

Now it was late afternoon. His sap suddenly ran low: he seemed more fragile, a tired old head with a journey to make: he dangerously stumbled on a curbstone. Crossing a busy intersection. I took his arm. Though that arm had once pounded anvils into submission, it felt incredibly frail. My children, fueled by youth's inexhaustible gases, skipped and cavorted fully a block ahead. Negotiating the street, The Old Man half-laughed and half-snorted: "I recollect helpin' you across lots of streets when you was little. Never had no notion that one day you'd be doin' the same for me." Well, I said. Well. Then: "I've helped that boy up there"—motioning toward my distant and mobile son—"across some few streets. Until now, it never once occurred that he may someday return the favor." "Well," The Old Man said, "he will if you're lucky."

THREE O'CLOCK IN AN AUSTIN MOTEL. The Old Man snores in competition with jet aircraft. On an adjoining bed his grandson's measured breathing raises and lowers a pale banner of sheets. Earlier, the boy has exorcised his subconscious demons through sheet-tugging threshings and disjointed, indistinct private cries. The Old Man snores on, at peace. *Night battles never plagued me*, he once said in explaining his ability to sleep anywhere, anytime. *I never was one to worry much. What people worry about is things they can't do nothin' about. Worryin' always seemed like a waste to me.*

The bridging gap between the two slumbering generations, himself an experienced insomniac, sits in the dark judging whether he would most appreciate a cold six-pack or the world's earliest sunrise. Out of deference to The Old Man, he has known only limited contacts with those bracing

"He alternately flared with temper fits and was quietly reflective on the fall day in 1942 when we quit the homestead he had come to in a covered wagon in 1894."

stimulants and artificial aids for which his soft polluted body now begs. The only opium available to him is that hallucinogenic agent the layman calls "memory"—a drug of the most awful and powerful properties, one that may ravish the psyche even while nurturing the soul. Stiff penalties should be affixed to its possession, for its dangerous components include disappointing inventories, blocked punts, lumpy batters, and iron buckets of burden. It is habit-forming, near-to-maddening in large doses, and may even grow hair on the palms.

I remembered that we had compromised our differences in about my twentieth year. My own early assumption of family responsibilities proved healing: in the natural confusions of matrimony, one soon came to appreciate The Old Man's demanding, luckless role. Nothing is so leavening to the human species as to gaze upon the new and untried flesh of another human being and realize, in a combination of humility, amazement, and fear, that you are responsible for its creation and well-being. This discovery is almost immediately followed by a sharply heightened appreciation of more senior fathers.

We discovered that we could talk again. Could even sit at ease in long and mutually cherished silences. Could civilly exchange conflicting opinions, compete in dominoes rather than in more deadly games, romp on the lawn with our descendants, and share each new family pride or disappointment. For some four years in the early 1950s, we lived in close proximity. The Old Man came to accept my preference for whiskey as I came to accept his distaste for what it represented: he learned to live with my skeptic's atheism as I came to live with his belief that God was as tangible an entry as the Methodist Bishop.

The Old Man was sixty-six and I was twenty-five when I went away for good. There were periodic trips back home, each of them somehow more hurried, fleeting, and blurred. Around 1960, it dawned on me that The Old Man and his sons had, in effect, switched roles. On a day I cannot name, he suddenly and wordlessly passed the family crown. Now the sons were solicited for advice or leadership, and would learn to live uneasily in the presence of a quiet and somehow deeply wrenching paternal deference. (*Weldon, you reckon it would be all right if I got a better car? Well, now, Dad, I believe I'd go slow on that. Maybe you don't see and hear well enough to drive in traffic very much. Lawrence, what would you say to me and your mother goin' back to the farm? Now, Dad, why in the world? People have been starving off those old farms for fifty years. What would you do out there in the sticks, miles from a doctor, if you or mother got sick?*)

The heart of the young blacksmith continued to beat in that shrinking frame, however. He could not drive a car anymore: he nodded off in the middle of the sermon at Asbury Methodist: meddlers had barred him from climbing trees. He remained very much his own man, however, in vital areas. Living by his sweat, The Old Man saved

an astonishing amount of his paltry pen earnings, fiercely guarded his independence, pride in his age, seldom rode when he could tend the soil, ate well, and slept regularly.

On that motel bed slept a man who, at a time had fallen heir to the breadwinner's role for a gun-widowed mother and eight younger children. He had accepted that burden, had discarded it without running off to sea: had drawn on the ample rugged country grace and faith permitted by no visible resentments then or later. He had raised two family broods through famines and the Great Depressions and World Wars, industrial and sociological revolutions. Though a child of another century, really, he walked through the hardships and tediums of his time as determinedly as Emerson wrote of women passing through their trouble—"able to go through them and come out the other side."

The faintest dawn showed through the window when The Old Man sat up in bed, yawning. "God, is it dinner time? *Must* be, you bein' new here." He examined my face: "Didn't you get n-shed? Some. 'How much?' Three or four hours. 'You ain't gonna live to see fifty,' The Old Man predicted. 'What you ought to do is buy a new ton farm and work it all day. I bet you'll be in bed by night, then.'

He almost hopped into his trousers from a sitting position, amazingly agile in that fresh, most cherished. Noting my inspection, he said, "Reckon you can do that at eighty-two?" "I said, I can't do it at forty-one; The Old Man brated this superiority with a pleased air. The previous night he had insisted on playing bridge past midnight in the home of a favorite, Lanvil Gilbert, talking it up like a linebarker: *you made five? Why, that makes me somplay my double-five—and gimme fifteen dollars got your marker handy. . . . I forgot to tell you I run a domino school on the side. Got a whole class you might be able to git in.* Back at home he had again explored the distant past as his grandchildren yawned him to bed. *Old Man, I thought, what is the secret? What keeps you rested, laughing, loving each breath?* I recalled his enthusiastic voice on the telephone when he told him I had given my son his middle name. He puttin' a five-dollar bill in the mail to buy his first pair of long pants. Put it up and I'll want that exact five-dollar bill to pay for my son's sake's first long pants." Grand satisfaction visited his face earlier on our Austin trip: the son brought him a gigantic three-dollar watch. The boy had shoved it at him—"Here, Dad, this is for you, I bought it out of my own money"—and then had moved quickly away from the dangers of sentimental thanks and unmanly

As we started down to breakfast, The Old Man said, "Why don't we take Bradley Clark with us?" Sure, if he wants to go. The Old Man shook the boy. "Namesake," he said. "You namesake, you sleepyhead." The boy rose with reluctance, blinking, trying to focus

"The Old Man said in feigned anger. As your age, I had milked six cows and fields by this time-a-day."

"the boy said, incredulous. 'Do you think *what!*'" The Old Man said, ed his improbable claim.

pulling his wits together, offered The sample of the bloodline's baiting humor: "what made you rich?"

Man whooped and tousled the boy's neck-whipped him toward the bathroom. d late on my final night. The Old Man jerry-built house, on a couch across nt of Jesus risking retina damage by ectly into the celestial lights. Pictures ndchildren were on the walls and on on top, along with a needlework rep- dead Kennedys appearing to hover over apitol, and a Woolworth print depict- y sanitized village blacksmith. One of nking to please The Old Man, had the latter: while he appreciated the had been amused by the artist's con- a-mercy," he had chuckled, "the feller l that thing never *seen* a horse shod or a shop either one." The painting re- at, sweatless man effortlessly bending a s he worked in an imposing brick edi- nded by greenery, while little girls in sses romped happily among gleaming bly compounded of sterling silver. The joyed comparing it with the realities of de in the 1920's, showing him grease- grimy in a collapsing wooden structure ndescribable debris.

s—always vital to his lip movements— d darted, described arcs, pointed, per- v or vigorous dances according to the nin music. Just before bed, I asked in a nent whether he had any major regrets. said, "I wish I could of done better by your mother. I never meant for her a hard life. And I wish I could of went

morning of my departure, he was s pry- ed. Generally such leave-takings were d in tensions and gloom: for a decade n thought had hovered that this might l goodbye. Last July, however, that tune was but faintly heard: The Old vigorously alive that I began to think sure centenarian. I left him standing porch, wearing his workman's clothes, iendly fist against what he would do if te my mother more often.

s later, he gathered a generous mess of s from his backyard vegetable garden, hem to his wife with the request that her special cornbread. A few hours after became dizzy and nauseous. "I just et of them turnip greens," he explained Persuaded to the hospital for exami- medications, he insisted on returning e grounds he had never spent a night in

a hospital bed and was too old to begin. The next morning, in great pain, he consented to again be loaded into my brother's car.

The Old Man mischievously listed his age as "sixteen" with a crisp hospital functionary filling out the inevitable forms. He ordered nurses out when a doctor appeared, extracting a promise from my brother that "no womenfolks" would be permitted to intimately attend him. When the examining physician pressed his lower abdomen, The Old Man jerked and groaned. "Is that extremely sore, Mr. King?" Well, yes, it was a right-smart sore. "How long has it been that way?" About ten days, he reckoned. "Why didn't you tell me?" my exasperated brother inquired. The old eyes danced through the pain: "Wouldn't a done no good, you not bein' no doctor."

He consented to stay in the hospital, though he did complain that his lawnmower and supporting tools had been carelessly abandoned: would my brother see that they were locked in the backyard tool shed? Then he shook my brother's hand: "Weldon, thank you for everything." He shortly lapsed into the final chills and fevers, and before I could reach home he was gone. I saw him in his final sleep, and now cannot forget those magnifi- cently weathered old hands. They told the story of a countryman's life in an eloquent language of wrinkles, veins, old scars and new. The Old Man's hands always bore some fresh scratch or cut as adornment, the result of his latest tangle with a scrap of wire, a rusted pipe, a stubborn root; in death they did not disappoint, even in that small and valuable particular. No, it is not given to sons to know everything of their fathers—mercifully, perhaps—but I have those hands in my memory to supply evidence of the obligations he met, the sweat he gave, the honest deed performed. I like to think that you could look at those hands and read the better part of The Old Man's heart.

Clyde Clayton King lived eighty-two years, seven months, and twenty-five days. His widow, four of five children, seven of eight grandchildren, six great-grandchildren, and two great-great-grand- children survive. His time extended from when "kissin' wasn't took lightly" to exhibitions of group sex; from five years before men on horseback rushed to homestead the Cherokee Strip to a year beyond man's first walk on the moon; from a time when eleven of twelve American families existed on average annual incomes of \$380 to today's profitable tax-dodging conglomerates; from the first Presidency of Grover Cleveland to the mid- term confusions of Richard Nixon. Though he had plowed oxen in yoke, he never flew in an airplane. He died owing no man, and knowing the satisfac- tion of having built his own house.

I joined my brother and my son in gathering and locking away The Old Man's tools in that back- yard shed he had concocted of scrap lumbers, chipped bricks, assorted tins and reject roofing materials. Then, each alone with his thoughts, we moved in a concert of leaky garden hose and weathered sprinklers, lingering to water his lawn. □

"On a day I can- not name, he suddenly and wordlessly passed the family crown."

Story by Frank O'Connor

THE CALL



Illustration by Mrs. O'Connor after the

humorous work, *A Set of*

Variations, which was brought out by Alfred A. Knopf in 1969.

he twitted Declan about it, but Declan, a man, only grinned sadly and said slyly, "I keeps me out of harm's way, Paddy." Paddy damn well knew, was only casualist. times he was curious about the quest the monastery, of whom Declan talked a and wondered if he hadn't an undue infl to answer that question he would have d company Declan on one of his retreats, an he he wouldn't be able to stand all that ch made him melancholy even to think of it had a day off he preferred to dig himse in workshop at the end of the garden and nice thing.

In the monastery Declan made anoth t oke made Paddy think even more of his in-law's strangeness. This fellow Mick in the religion too, apparently, but of a que



PADDY VERCHOYLE WAS A MAN with a hand in half a dozen businesses, most of which brought him in a satisfactory return and would get better with time. Paddy was that sort of man. A bit of a craftsman himself, he didn't like to have anything to do with inferior goods, and would kick up hell with the manufacturer if there was anything wrong with what he sold. He could have been richer, but he might very well have been poorer, and it wasn't poorer he was getting. He had married a nice gentle girl whose brother was an accountant, and after his mother-in-law's death he had suggested himself that Declan should come and live with them. Like most of Paddy's deals, this one had turned out well. Declan seemed to have no inclination to get married. Though Kate raked Dublin for suitable wives for him, each prettier than the last, Declan seemed to prefer the company of his nephew and niece.

Though Paddy approved of Declan he thought him a queer fish, and no wonder. At home he seemed sociable enough, though a bit touchy, and was very fond of a drink, but every few months he would take a couple of days' leave and go off to a Cistercian monastery in the mountains, and most mornings he was up first and slipped round the corner to hear Mass. Now, Paddy was a good-living man, and he made no secret of it, but this sometimes struck him as going to the fair. Sometimes

ent kind. He was a small man with an ear boisterous manner—a senior civil servant, connected with a number of charities, didn't speak too well of the charities, but very popular with the children, though noticed that he never really played with them. Instead, he put on a performance, but he intended as much for their mother as for them. Even the performance he put on for personally, though consistent and flattering, seem right to Paddy. He had a feeling as if they were dealing with Ring in the way of business would keep his eyes skinned. It was only when he was talking religion or politics that he seemed to Paddy to be altogether sincere, and then with the sincerity of a fanatic. On either subject he might prove an ugly character into an argument with, and Paddy didn't argue that turned out that way. As often said to Kate, what was an argument to enjoy yourself?

Kate didn't care much for arguments, or another, but she had begun to give up on Declan's marrying. Her great friend, Ned who was a raving beauty, had fallen in love with him and told Kate that she'd marry him, drop of a hat, but when Kate hinted at it to Declan, he only gave his sad smile and said

enthusiastic girl, Kate," which was true though not to the point. And instead of talking with Nora, Declan went on long enough the hills with Ring, and they ended at a restaurant in Enniskerry and drank whiskey, salmon and eggs.

One night, Ring came round, fuller of life than ever, and when they were all seated he stood up in his chair, his hands joined and his eyes in his face.

"Ye ye six guesses what I did today," he said.

"Mick," Declan said, humoring him.

"I resigned in my resignation. God, you should have seen old George Thompson's face when I told him."

"Goodness' sake!" said Declan. "What did he say?"

"That was the occasion for the next six questions."

"But I won't keep ye in pain. I resigned and am going to join the Cistercians."

"A bombshell, and he knew it. Paddy grinned at not knowing quite what to say, but he hid it from his wife and brother-in-law closely. Kate tried to recover.

"Mick!" she said gently. "Isn't that wonderful?"

Declan saw that it was Declan who was really shocked. His mouth worked for a few moments, but he was trying to frame words that would emerge and his face was dead white. He rose and reached to the mantelpiece for a book.

"Not taking anyone?" he asked with his eyes on the book.

"A matter for committee action," Ring said with a slight touch of resentment that even he did not warrant. But Declan didn't seem to notice the bad spirits.

"It might come under the heading of good example," he replied.

The next couple of weeks he was like a man who had never been very obtrusive about his resignation, but now it was almost as though he were at all. In the mornings he got up and went to work, then had his breakfast and went to bed. For supper he got up and went out walking in the city and returned late, closing the door gently behind him and tiptoeing upstairs. He was too surprised if Declan does the same thing. "Mick Ring," Paddy said darkly to his wife, "I hope he doesn't." Kate said with a worried air, "I suppose I shouldn't say it, if it's the best thing for him, but Mother always did say he'd get married."

"I'd be very much surprised if he got married," replied Paddy darkly.

He was admitted in his favor that when Declan told the news three weeks later, Paddy gave him a look that he had been expecting it. Kate just broke into tears, and Declan had to leave her. Then, with considerable humor he told her how his employers had taken the news, and how they had been taken aback. Paddy had sus-

pected for some time that they had been considering giving Declan a partnership, and now his resignation opened an abyss at their feet. Could it possibly be that someone really thought as little as that of a promising career?

"We'll keep your job open for you, Declan," the senior partner had said, trying to delude himself into the belief that Declan was not himself or was suffering a disappointment in love. Declan's reply, too, had been characteristic.

"You'll be doing me a great favor if you don't, Jerry," he had replied. "It might be too much of a temptation." And the senior partner hadn't even seen the joke.

"Oh, if that's the way you feel about it, Declan," he had said. Of course, he had made no difficulty about notice, and now Declan was able to tell Ring that he was going with him.



PADDY TOOK THE DAY OFF from the office to drive them. He was as glad he did, because he wouldn't have been able to concentrate anyway. Kate broke down completely, and the two kids, seeing the signs of tears on her face, bawled as well. Declan and himself were both in the stage of bearing up when they drove off to collect Ring, who came out, carrying his suitcase as though he were going away for the weekend. It was Declan who asked apologetically, "Paddy, could we take the road over the hills?" Paddy, with a lump in his throat replied, "Surely, Declan," and they drove off through Rathfarnham. Paddy knew that Declan wanted to take his leave of places he had liked in the mountains, so he drove straight to Glendalough, where they had a drink and wandered for a few minutes round the early medieval monastery. Declan, looking at the round tower and the wall of mountain behind it, said tentatively, "You'd hardly say there was much credit due to Saint Kevin and the rest of them, would you?"

Ring looked at him in surprise. "That's because you never spent a winter here," he said. "Even so," Declan said with his mournful smile, "you'd have something to see when the sun came out."

"Begod, you would not," Ring said stoutly. "Half the people round here are mad—with melancholia. No city man can ever size up a place."

Declan only smiled faintly. They had a drink in Glendalough and then drove on to another favorite haunt of his, Kilkenny, where first he showed them the old churches and then took them to a pub kept by a friend who bottled his own whiskey, and kept a collection of antiques.

"I suppose you'd say this was a better place than Glendalough, Mick?" he asked.

"A man could have a damn good life in a town like this," said Ring.

"Better than Kerry?" Declan asked, almost with malice.

"No." Ring said, his eyes beginning to sparkle. "Because here you'd have gentry and shopkeepers and working-class people. In Kerry you have a chance of discovering that there's only people."

"I don't see what you have against Dublin so," said Declan.

"I never said I had anything against Dublin," said Ring, "but if you want to know, in Dublin it's nearly impossible to see anything. You never saw anything."

"I didn't?"

"No, you were too damn concerned with your old books and your old job. You should have come to the hostel and seen the way a man can be driven to Hell by three pounds he borrowed from an old woman in Mabbot Street at seventy-five per cent per annum. And mind you, when you borrow money at that rate it's no use going to a lawyer. I didn't go to a lawyer."

"What did you do?"

"I went down to the old woman herself. She said, 'I'll put my son on you,' and I said, 'I'll put my big brother on your son, and he'll know what it means to meet a man that's not scared of a knuckle-duster.' She was a nice old lady as a matter of fact." Ring continued philosophically. "Before I left she gave me tea and told me she wished she had a son like me."

"But tell me, Mick," said Paddy, who loved a good argument and didn't see at all where this one was tending, "if Kerry is all that fine, why are the boys and girls getting out of it as fast as they can?"

"Because they're too simple, Paddy," replied Ring. "They don't know the value of what they have."

"I don't agree, Mick," Paddy said sadly. Paddy regarded himself as a good Catholic, but a Catholic with a business head on him, and this was a matter he had thought a great deal about. "They leave it because the priests won't let them enjoy themselves. A boy and girl—damn it, what else is life for?"

"And that's only more of the romancing," Ring said violently. "That's like saying they have to have television. A countryman has no use for a woman only to make his breakfast and keep his bed warm."

Declan suddenly began to get irritated. It wasn't often he got irritated, and Paddy had never seen him angry, but he felt that at this moment Declan was as cross as he'd ever been.

"And what does a Kerryman want if he doesn't want women?" he asked.

"He wants neighbors," cried Ring.

"Mick, a man wants more than neighbors, Declan."

"What does he want, according to you?"

"He wants someone to devote his life to," Declan.

"Television!" snapped Ring.

"Now, Mick, it's not television," Declan said with his sad smile.

"Och, what the hell else is it?" Ring asked explosively. "What woman is worth devoting your life to? Did you ever meet one?"

Then Declan really surprised his brother.

"I did. I met several."

"Never mind the several. Did you meet any?"

"Yes. Nora Hynes."

There was shocked silence for a moment. None of them knew that it was one of those cases when intimacy goes a little too far, and one can never retrieve the situation. Paddy felt that was a case for Kate. He gave a broad uncontrolled grin.

"Then why the blazes didn't you marry her?"

"I'm not too sure she'd have had me."

"Oh, begod, she would," said Paddy still grinning.

"Then she'd be making a great mistake. I said."

"And that's only more of the damn teasing," Ring said with sudden violence. "Give me a drink. I need it when I hear people talking like that."

"Ah, why do you go on saying things like that, Mick?" Declan asked reproachfully. "Everyone is entitled to his views."

"He is not," said Ring with his eyes blazing. "That's what's wrong with the whole world, people thinking they're entitled to give their opinion on anything, whether they understand it or not. That's not a sensible view, man. That's something you saw on the movies somewhere. To ask a man all that sort of thing is no more than to ask him if he's hungry or thirsty or the want of a home or a pair of pants."

"That might be what keeps him a couple of miles from Mick," Declan said with as close an approach to indignation as Paddy had ever seen. He was not because he wanted to get into an argument with Ring, but because he feared what might happen if himself and Declan got really serious. A reaction he would be in, bringing two novices to a tertiary monastery, and having them arrested on the way for drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

"Now, Mick, I think you're taking it too far," he said. "I know what you mean, and there's a bit of truth in it, but you're taking it to the fair."

"It's all fairy tales. The trouble with you and Declan is that you have so much to say about your hands for thinking up nonsense."

"Nor it's not nonsense either, Mick," said Ring. "Not altogether. It depends on what you want in life. What a man like me wants is principled company."

"What a man wants is neighborliness," Ring said. "Someone to give him the cup of life when he's dying."

a man wants is inspiration," Declan said clearly, and immediately the other two was drunk. It was a rare enough occurrence. Declan was a steady quiet determined with a great knowledge of his own capacity.

DIED UP IN THE CAR, and they had a look at the meal in Thurles. They were on their destination now, and suddenly they all were drinking hard, assuring themselves that each was the last. But because it really could be they let themselves be tempted further. The man was on top of them now, and they couldn't do anything any other way. Paddy put it into a nut-

crust, he said, "this time tomorrow ye'll be behind ye, but I have to go on with the same. To tell you the truth, I often look at myself in the bathroom mirror and I look like Paddy Verchoyle, that's about as good as dead time you're after doing that. And what do you have to do it?" First, it's the wife, then it's the wife, and then it's the kids, then another. And yet, you wouldn't like

a wrench all right." Declan said. "I think the worst most is the kids."

god, they'll miss you a damn sight more," he said with a laugh. "A bob a week a man is worth. I suppose I'll have to contribute that." I regret old Mike Hanrahan that used to be outside the office on Friday nights for a dollar." Ring said with moody humor. "So old and dotty he's even forgotten my name. He knows that if he turns up at five on Friday he'll be a bone for him."

that he gets his bone. Mick." Paddy said and they knew he would. A great man for his responsibilities was Paddy. But he suddenly felt that he had now a bigger responsibility

he got the two men out to the car they were drunk. He knew it wasn't so much the excitement, but how was he going to get that late at night to a priest? The rest of the night on the mountain road completed his journey safely into the front yard. There was a light in the chapel on his left, and one shining before him. "Come on!" he shouted, "the sleepers, tell me where I'm to go." He grunted. For a few moments he wondered whether it wouldn't be better to bring them to a hotel for the night, but he was filled with a longing to be back with Kate and the kids. He mounted the steps to the lighted door and rang the bell. Then he heard feet slipping on the floors inside and an old priest

opened the door. "Father Cormac I'm looking for, Father."

"A very man," said the old priest. "Come in. What do you want?"

"Well," Paddy said, laughing in an embarrassed way, "I have two novices here for you."

"Two novices?" the old priest said, coming out on the steps. "Is it Mick and Declan? Where are they?"

"Well, the way it is, Father," said Paddy, "they're not in a state to come in."

"I see," said Father Cormac in a tone that indicated he didn't, and then he immediately added another "I see" that indicated he did. "Brother Michael!" he called, and a young monk came out the hall to them with a wide grin and a straggly beard. "It seems there are a couple of new recruits here I'll want a hand with. We'll put them in bed in the guesthouse for the present. I don't think Father Kevin would appreciate them with the other novices."

Declan allowed himself to be steered into the front room of the guesthouse and recovered sufficiently to say, "Father Cormac, I don't know how to apologize..." before he collapsed into a chair. "Declan was always a perfect gentleman," Cormac said dryly. Ring didn't say anything at all. He was out. "I think maybe we'll keep them here tomorrow as well, Michael," said Father Cormac.

"Father," Paddy said desperately, "I feel very much ashamed of this."

"Ah, well," Cormac said professionally, "the Lord works even through Irish whiskey. I used to be very fond of it myself. As a matter of fact, I still am," he added. "Look, couldn't we make up a bed for you?"

But this was too much for Paddy.

"Not making you a saucy answer, Father," he said. "I want to wake up in my wife's bed tomorrow."

"Yes," said the priest. "I understand that has great attractions. I was only wondering could you drive."

"After what I went through today I could drive there blindfold," said Paddy.

AND HE DID. He was glad of the experience, though he hadn't understood it. Maybe those are the experiences we are best pleased to have had. He understood it even less after a few months when Declan came out. To Paddy he seemed just the same but more of a man. That night he asked Kate if she would ask Nora Hynes whether she would still accept a proposal from him, and Kate very sensibly packed him off to ask for himself. Ring was made of tougher stuff, and he stuck it for more than a year before he too came out and married a widow with a public house.

Paddy still tells the story at length, but he hasn't reached any conclusion about it. This may be the reason he still tells it. Somewhere during that day, he feels, something happened that changed everything. It was not the drink: it was not the last glimpse of spots that had been loved, but somewhere along the way each man had glanced back for a moment on the lighted room of life, and somewhere he saw there had pierced him to the heart. □

OF DOGS

Even though we have adapted them to us, they still offer us a glimpse of how we were before we came along.

THEY ARE NOT RELEVANT. They bomb no laboratories, pollute no rivers, are color blind, and do not smoke. We allow them to walk naked among us, to occupy our houses, to urinate and defecate on our outworks, to eat well without working, to sleep at our feet. We expect them in return to follow our orders and stay out of trouble. They offer us "a glimpse of the world beyond the narrow confines of our own species."^{*} Cats conspire in silence. Dogs crack the door.

They do not see so well as we, see gray shapes in a blur across their entire pupil, lacking our central focus. Their noses are their eyes, brass rust of oak, red of wild garlic, rose of rabbit, green concrete, pale blue grass struck with orange seed, psychedelia of man—leather, gold, wool, cotton, plastic, food and drink of breath, rut of body. Ours are predators' eyes: the dogs cannot sustain our direct stare and look away. Theirs are predators' noses and can sort out hot trails and cold, spoor of other dogs, yesterday's field mouse, huddled quail, prowling cat. We cannot see what their noses see.

Jackals, they came to our campfires out on the plains after stronger men had run us out of the forests. We let them circle near because their whines warned us of larger predators beyond the firelight. Later we taught them to hunt for us and suffered them to live with us in our stilt houses in the shallows of the lake.^{**} They made us feel at home.

Whales sing to each other across hundreds of miles of open sea. Dolphins whistle and chatter and

play tricks on sharks. Both have larger brains than ours, and may be at least as intelligent, but we do not domesticate them. We are land creatures. Dogs make us feel at home.

We could not leave them alone. We played with them. We spun out their colors: black, gold, white, brown, in spots, in lines, in bands. We dressed their hair, long, short, straight, shaggy, kinky, none at all. We stretched their legs to sausages, enlarged them to ponies, shrunk them to rats, lengthened them to deer, thickened them to wolves. We gave them barrel voices or rattle voices. We taught them to yip and bark and howl. We pulled away their muzzles so that they could breathe. We clamped to the throat of a fighting bulldog a collar of amusement, or elongated their muzzles so that they could shovel their entire head into a badger's hole. We made them pull sleds, herd sheep, hunt for us, and animals, trail convicts, guard doors. We were so much clay to our fancy. Some of them remained dogs. We kept them with us.

Their thought is act. They have no symbols. They understand the signals we make with our bodies and hear the signals in our mouths. They understand the action, not the thought. Heel "means" walking next to the owner's leg. Sit "means" a body position with the hind legs on the ground. A smile "means" a wagging tail. And because their thought is act, each action is a prohibition pairs with its prohibition. We can teach them to behave "as if" they understood that call of time called thought, teach them not to kill, not to flush the covey, not to urinate on the lawn, but only by installing inhibiting signals.

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^{*}George and Helen Papashvily, *Dogs and People*.

^{**}Konrad Lorenz's image, *Man Meets Dog*.

ver the other set. Only by making them
"The sequence becomes: prepare to kill
not prepare to kill the cat, whine, retreat
on.

fact, the best our science has devised
how we think a creature of another
om we call the dog "thinks." But that has
how *we* think about the dog. We have
him, in general, either as a racist thinks
es he deems "inferior" or as a parent
would like to think, about a child. When
ought about it at all. Dogs are not rele-
more than the cooking habits of the
hom Claude Lévi-Strauss studied were
which is the best reason I know to think
n.

the old writers assumed that the dog
s gods. This is the beginning of Bishop
Washington Doan's sonnet to his dog

*ite sure he thinks that I am God—
e is God on whom each one depends
, and all things that His bounty sends—
r old dog, most constant all of friends. . . .*

s Maurice Maeterlinck:

*should we fare if we had to serve—while
ng within our own sphere—a divinity,
imaginary one, like ourselves, because
pring of our own brain, but a god actu-
ible, ever present, ever active and as
as superior to our being as we are to
?*

nor blasphemy, a sentimentality sprung
. We have used the dog to please our fan-
rather than blame ourselves we accept
blame the dog. He is dumb enough to
ods. No, we are guilty enough at having
him from his natural world and set him
ours that we hope he thinks us gods.

IS A CERTAIN TYPE OF MAN. He is not
ically Northern, or Southern, or Eastern,
n. He lives in all those regions of America.
guns. He keeps dogs. As often as he can
rom his desk or clinic or production line,
He is not usually a reflective man and
you why he hunts. He hunts because his
ated, or his grandfather. He makes an
oldier. His dogs are not pets, though he
nem for what they do. They are allies,
ids, and he has learned to imitate their
ilt. He kills birds and animals almost as
hey would if he would let them, almost
s you or I would dig into a chop. If, like
e had a tail, he would, like the dog, wag
earing a rabbit. Not quite so easily, be-
inks, but almost.

ear about the relationship between what
k calls "the world of beasts and the world
The one exists to serve the other, in life
It is an attitude at least as old as the

Middle Ages, though it has dwindled today from
conscious assertion to unconscious conviction.

One such man I know is a veterinarian. A dis-
tinguished veterinarian, Dean Emeritus of the
School of Veterinary Medicine at the University of
Missouri. He is old now, and palsied, but he still
goes out in season to hunt the one animal he has
always favored, the wildcat or lynx. He hunts with
a .22 rifle, has never used anything else, and such
is his knowledge of anatomy that he once killed a
mountain lion with two shots placed within an inch
of each other through the lion's aorta.

One shot would have sufficed; he fired the second
because, having been hurt, the lion was advancing
toward him on the limb of a tree. It fell dead at
his feet. He raises dogs. He hunts them. When they're
old and ailing, he kills them with an overdose of
Pentothal. Friends once asked him how he could
kill his own dogs. He answered that he certainly
wouldn't think of letting someone else do it. You
see: the respect is there but the sentimentality is
missing.

IN HIS CAPACITY AS UNIVERSITY veterinarian, this
man was asked, in the autumn of 1931, to wit-
ness an unusual demonstration. A hunter who
lived in Marshall, Missouri, a man named Sam Van
Arsdale, had asked the university to observe the be-
havior of his dog Jim, a six-year-old Llewellyn setter.
The dog seemed to understand human thought.



Six hundred students gathered in the quadrangle behind the University of Missouri's Jesse Hall. Paramount News sent a truck—we saw our news at the neighborhood movie theater in those days, remember? It was a cold day; Van Arsdale wore a heavy coat and kept his hands in his pockets. As the veterinarian approached the group of men around Van Arsdale, the man looked down at Jim, who sat at his left side, and said, "Jim, there is a man here who takes care of animals. Go and find him." Jim ran to the vet and touched his leg with his paw.

That day Jim picked out the letter "o" in the word "Paramount" on the side of the truck, found a man in the crowd who wore a blue shirt and red tie, and followed instructions in Italian, Spanish, French, and German, languages with which Van Arsdale was not familiar. The veterinarian looked for signals but saw none, though he came to believe that in some extrasensory way the man controlled the dog.

Sam Van Arsdale managed a string of Central Missouri hotels, the LaMoore Hotel in Sedalia, the Ruff Hotel in Marshall (the cabdriver asks a lady new to town if she wants the Ruff Hotel, and she says, "Heavens no"—town joke). He was a hunter of the purest sort, didn't let his dogs into the house, didn't even train them, had no patience for training, bought them and sent them off to be trained by a professional. Jim came to him as a joke. A man from Louisiana had stayed at one of Van Arsdale's hotels and bragged that night of his dogs. Van Arsdale jokingly disputed him. He decided to send Van Arsdale a free pup to prove his point. But since he could get \$25 for his best pups, he selected the most ungainly pup in the litter. It had big feet and strange, luminous eyes and it spent its days lying passively in the kennel. Van Arsdale pronounced it the most ungodly-looking pup he had ever seen, but its pedigree included a champion and he sent it off to be trained, first naming it Jim after watching Will Rogers play a character of that name in a movie.

At the trainer's, Jim refused to train. While the trainer's other dogs worked a field, Jim crept from shade tree to shade tree. When Van Arsdale heard, he decided to put Jim to the test, announcing in the dog's presence that he would give it to "some colored man" if it didn't perform. He and the trainer took Jim hunting. Jim walked directly to a covey and pointed and held the point while the men walked forward and flushed the birds and fired. Jim retrieved the dead bird without chewing it. Van Arsdale was surprised and pleased. "He hunts like an old dog," he told the trainer. He gave it no more thought than that. Jim was a dog. Van Arsdale was a hunter. He and Jim would hunt.

Hunting one day, and talking to his dog as hunters will, Van Arsdale suggested to Jim that he find them a hickory tree where they could rest. Jim walked over to a hickory tree and touched it with his paw. Van Arsdale was amused at the coincidence and remarked that if Jim thought himself so smart then he should find a black oak. Jim found a black oak and touched it with his paw. Van Arsdale called

for a walnut tree, a stump, some hazel berries. He can. Jim located them all. Van Arsdale drove to town and told his wife, who did not believe him. He and she and Jim drove back to the field and repeated his performances. She believed him. He married her. Jim moved into their house and lived with them the rest of his life.

Jim began then his career as Jim the Wonder Dog. Whatever Van Arsdale asked him to do, he would do. Not every time, but far more often than coincidence would account for. A trunk was pulled from the dead, and the still impassioned monomy of the living, credit his performance unless we are to postulate a vast conspiracy of people in Central Missouri to perpetrate a tale of descriptions of Jim's behavior, if not the explanations for it, must be believed.

The current presiding judge of the Sale of the Court, then a boy, saw Jim "read" the license number of an automobile from a slip of paper on the sidewalk, walk to the vehicle and touch it with his paw. Van Arsdale's grandnephew saw Jim command, imitate a jumping frog. The vic Jim's trainer was present when Jim picked up a velvet over Landon in 1936. A local wag said it wasn't much of a prediction. A salesman for a company, who had given Van Arsdale a coat found outside in a storm, later saw Jim in with pieces of paper the number and the name of the kittens the cat was carrying and would later be born. A Sikeston, Missouri businessman, at the time a junior in high school, went to see Jim at the hotel. Van Arsdale was out and had left Jim in the hands of a friend. The high-school student and a friend gave Jim commands in French. Jim followed them.

Some of these observations were reported in the press. Some were reported to Msgr. James Joseph Harper of the Kansas City-St. Joseph Diocese of the Catholic Church, who grew up near Marshall and was writing a book about Jim. One has already been written, *Jim the Wonder Dog*, by a representative named Clarence Dewey Mohr, though it names names it does not, as Msgr. Harper points out, tell who, what, where, when, why. Monsignor Harper was given a copy of *the Wonder Dog* by a little neighbor, Ruby Jean while still a young man studying for the priesthood. The book electrified him. "It happened in India," he says, "it would be a miracle but these were neighbors, people I knew." Later, Mrs. Van Arsdale, by then a widow, received a letter from someone who had heard of Jim and asserted that it was possessed of the same power. Van Arsdale put the question to Monsignor Harper. He said the idea had occurred to him, but that Jim's was probably a case of ESP.

Dr. J. B. Rhine, of the Institute for Psychical Research in Durham, North Carolina, hesitated to make that judgment since he did not personally know Jim. He points out that dogs can be amazingly responsive to covert body signals—unconscious changes in posture, a slight relaxing, a movement of the head. He studied such a dog once. It belonged to a farmer and would do almost anything the farmer

uld see his eyes. When Dr. Rhine covered his eyes, the dog could no longer see his unusual behavior. Dr. Rhine prefers to keep a dog left behind in Illinois that he found in Michigan. Bobby, a collie lost that found its family, in Oregon. Ability to predict the future is the least well-known of his performances. Van Arsdale would steal Jim if he made much use of precognition. Before he died, Van Arsdale told his son, signor Harper that he had received 1,000 telegrams from gamblers asking him to win the Kentucky Derby seven years in a row. He confirmed Hauptmann's guilt in the kidnapping case.

Van Arsdale offered Van Arsdale \$364,000 to buy him and put him in the movies, but Van Arsdale refused the offer. He and Jim couldn't hunt together. He was willing that Jim be studied at the University of Missouri and the University of Chicago for that purpose, though little was to come of either visit—but not that the dog was looted. Nothing says more about Van Arsdale's change in attitude toward dogs, or at least toward Jim, than his refusal to exploit Jim's

FROM A HAUNTING FIGURE, Van Arsdale and the tall, gruff, red-faced man, an inveterate smoker, lounge in hotel lobbies, hunter and serene dog, a black patch over his head, and looking out from that mask those eyes, eyes that saw and understood who was in the world of men? The man was and certainly must have seen in the dog a dog was—what? It is tantalizing to wonder what came of Jim. The simplest explanation couldn't do what people say he did, but he did string tall tales all over the land. He did even some of the things attributed to him. He may have been a Rosetta stone of no one to write on a piece of paper, "Tell me about Jim," and then give Jim a set of cutouts to play with? There was Jim, possibly captivated by the first intelligent conversation with another species, and no one thought of consulting the veterinarians and school superintendents or newspaper editors who saw Jim per-

formance. No one had asked Jim who he was, he probably spelled out "Jim." No one has asked what Jim, no matter how extraordinary his behavior, initiated himself. Whatever he operated on signals, as dogs apparently do, perhaps, superdog, but he was

He makes the change in Van Arsdale's behavior toward Jim all the more interesting. The man of the purest sort: he treated his dogs, perfectly decent people treated their slaves and fifty years ago: bought them and fed them adequately, kept them

penned when not in use, worked them with complete disregard for their personal preferences, and discarded them if they did not perform up to expectation. Jim's behavior changed all that. Van Arsdale would seldom allow Jim to leave his side. The dog and the man together became something much more than the man had ever been alone—in the man's eyes, that is—and the man responded with an affection that amounted to deep friendship or even love. We do not know how the dog responded; we do not know if dogs understand "friendship" or "love." And Jim wasn't telling.

But though his attitude toward Jim changed, Van Arsdale otherwise stuck to his groove. The dog became a companion to enliven the man's hotel lobbies, and other than that his function was—to hunt. Just as it had been before. It is instructive to think that Jim preferred the arrangement. If he really could pick up all the stray signals we probably send out, he certainly would have known that he could find a way to become a new Rin Tin Tin, a super Lassie, and known fame and steak twice a day. Instead he stayed behind in Marshall with his old-fashioned master. Because, if he could read us, he must have known what the other animals do not know, how painful it is to be human, how tragic it is to understand that one day you must die. Better to be a dog and lay up treasures in heaven.

JIM DIED TOO, OF COURSE, of old age and its complications, in his twelfth year, on March 18, 1937. The people of Marshall got together to mourn, if that tells you anything about Jim's powers. They are not people easily addled, by dogs or anything else. They built Jim a special coffin and laid him to rest inside—not outside, as Mr. Mitchell delicately says in *Jim the Wonder Dog*—the human cemetery. The grave remains, screened from the human graves by bushes, marked with a granite headstone of professional carving, and people still visit it. Around the headstone grow clumps of plastic flowers and leaning against one clump is a white cross of plastic foam, though Jim has no need of the Crucifixion, not having been involved in the Fall. Jim's death finished Van Arsdale, according to Mr. Mitchell:

Mr. Van Arsdale is not the same, nor will he ever be. That stately poise, the definiteness of expression, the love of adventure, sport, and travel, are leaving him. He is unaware, of course, but the space left empty by the death of Jim is largely the cause of it all.

Jim left offspring, but they showed no sign of exceptional behavior. He took his secrets, whatever they were, to the grave. It is probably just as well. We like our creatures mysterious, like a bit of the natural world following us around, its tail wagging homage to our powers. Our pets remind us of how things were before we came along: orderly and self-controlled. Even though we have cleverly adapted them to us, they still offer us a glimpse within the garden from beyond the walls. We would rather they stay there. It's crowded outside. □

"If Jim did even some of the things attributed to him, then he may have been a Rosetta stone of dogs."

IN PRAISE OF WOUNDED MEN

A visit to some veterans of America's undeclared war

FROM A STATEMENT PREPARED BY Lt. Gen. Hal B. Jennings, Jr., Surgeon General of the Army representing the Surgeons General of the Navy and Air Force as well as himself, presented by Brig. Gen. Thomas J. Whelan, Jr. to the House Subcommittee on Veterans' Affairs, November 25, 1969:

In analyzing our experience in Vietnam it is inevitable that we make comparisons with prior combat experience, particularly Korea and World War II. I am sure that everyone recognizes that in situations having as many variables as exist in military operations conducted in different locales and different time frames, direct comparisons have to be made with caution, and conclusions accepted with some reservations. This is particularly pertinent where data are, by force, incomplete, as they are thus far for Vietnam.

One of the more important indications of effective medical support of our troops is the fact that battle deaths among U.S. Army personnel in Vietnam have been lower than in the Korean war or in World War II.

This is true both in terms of the "battle death rate" which is an expression of battle deaths in relationship to troop strength and the "survival rate" which is the ratio of the surviving wounded to the total of battle deaths plus nonfatal wounds, the surviving wounded. The battle death rate for Army personnel in Vietnam for July 1965 through June 1969 was 21.9 per thousand average troop strength, as compared to 43.2 for Korea and 51.9 for the European theater of operations for June 1944 (D-Day) through May 1945 (V-E Day).

In terms of those who survived in World War II, 73.7 per cent survived in the Korean war and 81.4 per cent have survived in Vietnam. The same trend is reflected by the ratio of wounded to killed in action: 3.1 : 1 in World War II; 4 : 1 in the Korean war; and 5.6 : 1 in Vietnam.

Of those casualties admitted to medical treatment facilities in Vietnam 2.5 per cent of wounded

Army personnel have died of their wounds, markedly lower than the 4.5 per cent recorded for World War II and is numerically similar to the 2.5 per cent recorded for the Korean war.

There is no doubt that with rapid helicopter evacuation many severely wounded patients are kept in hospitals alive who could never have survived in previous wars. . . .

THE MAJOR AT THE HOSPITAL SAYS I see a lot of paraplegics and quads are "off on a swimming pool" which does not sound likely but then it is. A young quadriplegic veteran lies in civilian clothes on a leather-covered table in Physical Therapy. He has a full brown beard and looks a lot like a man who is taking out my old girlfriend. He has no use of a muscle in his shoulder but I am told that unlikely he will regain much use of his arm though he can speak and move the muscles of his face well enough.

The Major is explaining that a paraplegic has lost the use of his lower limbs, the extent of paralysis depending somewhat on just where the injury occurred. The quadriplegic, on the other hand, has a high spinal injury and has lost everything below the wound. The purpose of physical therapy is to build up and recover any remaining muscles. The hemiplegic is a different case, and depending on the extent of the age and location of the brain injury, may have the use of his right arm and left leg, or his left arm and right leg, with corresponding degrees of sight, hearing, and speech.

The Major is my guide. I call him a major though he is only a major in the Marine Corps reserves. But there is something decidedly odd about the man's bearing, his clear blue eyes, and he looks so easily at anything, and his habit of asking awkward questions. He dresses in a brown white shirt and tie, and thick crepe-soled shoes. There is an American flag decal on the

John Bart Gerald was a medic in the Air Force Reserves. He is presently teaching at Harvard. Stories of his appearance in *The Best American Short Stories* of 1969 and 1970.

his office. Inside is a book entitled *Disability*, by Harold A. Littledale, wall a picture postcard of the para-
ball team. The primary objectives of
for paraplegics and quadriplegics are
A, B, C, and D. A. speed recovery;
disability; C. develop maximum inde-
within the hospital; D. enable the patient
community and family in the best pos-
Therapy is divided into five cate-
physical; B. corrective; C. occupational;
nal; E. manual arts.

is me aluminum handclasps, through
encil can be slipped or toothbrush or
patient can brush his teeth, feed him-
t and peck at a typewriter with only the
os or deltoid muscles.

duces me to a pretty young nurse in Oc-
Therapy who says it is somewhat easier
e with veterans than with small children
u can't help getting overly attached to
he asks a man in a wheelchair if he wants
e man says no, and skidders his wheel-
to the other side of the room with the
ajor points out, of abrasive pads slipped
wrists. A bench blocks further exit. So
the girl, and I wander over to him and
shows me how the abrasive pads work.
t is trying clumsily to slip them off his
Major says he is not a Vietnam veteran
ne victim of a car accident. I am looking
an's furious eyes. The nurse asks him if
is all right, and after a pause he says
"No."

inking of the grounds outside, the acres
the neat parking lot with late-model
d Plymouths, and the flag fluttering up
e the trees on a hot summer day. The
pointing out features of the wheelchair. I
interest in the recreation schedule:

pm Stamp Club—Recreation Hall.

pm Movie—"Justine"—3S.

pm Adapted Sports program (All patients
invited to participate)—Lawn across
from Admissions entrance.

pm Movie—"Justine"—Recreation Hall.

pm Hobby Night—Learn card, coin tricks
and magic.

ag veteran sits in his wheelchair. About
oyant, he looks like a good man to drink
arm is locked at the joint in a convenient
uses the other to smoke. He says every
he goes out on a pass, and his school
ften come by to take him out riding. He is
to drive a car again, in what the hospital
jump school," and he is buying a piece of
help from Uncle Sugar if the local pols
it for a ball park. He wants to build his
se. Whenever he gets low from just sitting
he thinks about his house—he can't live
mother because she lives on the fourth floor
e's no way to get the wheelchair up there.

JEFFERSON IS ASLEEP. The Major shakes him and
asks if he wants to talk to the press. He guesses
so. He tries to sit up and doesn't. Black hair. black
moustache, black eyes, religious medal, no use of
his legs, hit in the spine and shoulder with internal
complications. He says he was a combat medic, had
treated hundreds of guys and then was hit himself.
He opened his eyes and all he thought was he was
still alive and knew at least he had one arm left. He
did not think of stopping the bleeding or bandaging
himself. He did not even want to look at his own
wounds. After a while he reached his morphine.
Then he lay there a couple of hours yelling for one
of his buddies to come up and get him, but they



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were taking very heavy fire. Finally a guy came up and dragged him to cover, then they carried him to where the helicopters came in but they were still taking heavy fire and it was about five hours before the chopper could get in. He stops talking from time to time and holds his breath, then continues in the same level voice. I ask if he hurts. He says yes, but he doesn't talk about it anymore because it doesn't do any good. I ask if people come visit him, he says no, his family lives in another state and can't get over too often. I ask him what his parents are like. He says they are good people. I ask him what he's going to do with his life. He says he has to start over, start from scratch again in everything. He is beginning to read a lot. He has a book of collected writings of the existentialists. That is what he wants to read but it is pretty heavy going. He likes Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet*. He is in pain. I don't want to ask him more questions. I thank him and as I leave he says, "Hey," so I turn around. He cannot roll over to speak to me but he gets his good arm up over his shoulder and flashes a V sign. "Peace," he says. The Major looks out the window.

FROM SENATOR CRANSTON'S RECOMMENDATIONS for the Veterans Administration fiscal year 1971 appropriation, before the Senate Appropriations Committee, May 27, 1970:

We all regret the tragic fact that more than 275,000 men have already been wounded in the Indochina war. About half of them require some degree of immediate hospitalization for their wounds. . . .

The horrible truth about the war is that it is the most crippling and seriously disabling war we have fought. Out of every ten veterans wounded in the Vietnam war, one is wounded so grievously that he would have died in a previous war. The result is an increase of seriously disabled veterans—more quadriplegic veterans than ever before and more veterans with multiple injuries—requiring intensive care and rehabilitation in VA hospitals. For example a survey of wounded Army personnel separated for disability shows a very high rate for amputation or paralysis of extremities—together totaling almost 54 per cent of all those separated for disability as compared with joint totals of about 28 per cent from the Korean conflict and 21 per cent from World War II. . . .

Three men in wheelchairs don't want to talk to the press. "You get in trouble if you talk to the press," Why, I ask. The speaker looks around him. "Because they always find out upstairs." So? "You get chopped if you talk against the Establishment. Sorry, we don't have anything to say right now." They were on their way to cash a check.

A young Marine with long sideburns and a reddish moustache shakes hands firmly, so I shake hands firmly too. His hand was hit and he still can't use two fingers after a tendon graft. He says he took shrapnel in both eyes but they are fine now.

He is about to undergo another stump because his old stump keeps splitting where the prosthetic leg. I ask him how he likes the hospital, and he says okay though it's not the best place. Why? With the older guys it's depressing, the old vets, but he goes home on weekends. He has learned how to take care of his own needs. I ask him what he thought about when he was hit. He says he never lost consciousness. He spent all his time on the stretcher trying to hold himself together so he wouldn't go into shock when they had him in the hospital. He kept his head straight in the eye. I ask him about his room. He tells me. I look at the sheet over his legs. I realize one of his legs is missing. He smiles and tells me what it is I want to know. I want to know what makes him want to go back into the war. He wants to be a social worker, work with the poor. He says, "Look, there are only two ways of dealing with things like this. If you feel sorry for yourself you're through. If you let it get to you, you sink. So you get on with what you have to do. Stop crying over what isn't there anymore."

The canteen is filled with three-by-five photos. One, I know, is Bryce Canyon, with its yellow spires and beyond, mesas dotted with green bushes under a hazy sky. Then there is a stream with boulders and green fish in the water under a very blue sky—it looks like Vermont. Then there is the California coast, with a white breakers on the aquamarine, and rocky paths through the green up on top of the hills. The garden of pink flowers and wooden benches must be Florida. The prices are okay. The coffee is wilted. Stacks of hero sandwiches are in cellophane. Some tables are marked "Reserved for Wheelchair Patients." Across from the nurse, a work of art powder-coiffed. From her watch-bracelet dangle a gold safety chain.

HE IS TWENTY AND HE HAS LIVED in Napa most of his life. He has long dark hair and peers out from under with dark eyes. He wears a leather headband and a leather symbol on a leather thong around his left wrist. He looks like the kid in my old neighborhood only he has no legs. He is seated above the knees. He says his stump is opening, so he's in a wheelchair again. He is outside Saigon.

He is sitting out on the ward talking to the other two. The two others are nineteen or twenty. The first wears a blue denim jacket over his pants. His right leg is in a walking cast, his forearm tattooed, he says everything with a laugh. The second has long ragged black hair. The third is new, out in a blue robe, ward slippers, with a moustache. He is the quietest and calmest. The blue denim jacket says he's a "first-year," where the psychiatric patients sit. For the most part they are allowed to move as they please around the hospital. With them sits a

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John Bart Gerald
IN PRAISE
OF
WOUNDED
MEN

in her street clothes. She seems to belong to the boy in the denim jacket.

The frontiersman does most of the talking. How do you feel about an interview, I say. "Hell, you won't print what I say." They might. "Well it's a capitalistic society, man." What does that mean? "It means someone's making a lot of bread on this war. What are we doing there, you know." Well, who is? "You know who. The government, the politicians." How are they making money? "Oh for chrissake."

What are you going to do when you get out? "When?" They all laugh. When are you getting out? "I don't know, they won't tell me." Your care here is okay, isn't it? "It's all right." When you get out what are you going to do? They all laugh, including the girl. What's so funny? "Man, what I'm going to do when I get out." They laugh. "I'm not going to do anything when I get out." You have good disability payments. "They're all right." Won't you get bored doing nothing? "Well I'm not going to join the Establishment." What if you have kids or something. Blue Denim: "You mean you would bring kids into this world?" Frontiersman: "Yeah, what for?" Blue Denim: "No man, it's a mess out there. Gonna clear it up." Frontiersman: "We're going to clear it up." Blue Denim: "Va va va voom." Psych patient: "Phlooeey!" The girl laughs, embarrassed. The boy in the blue denim jacket rolls his eyeballs.

Interviewer: Are you interested in the veterans' organizations at all? Frontiersman: "What do you mean?" I mean aren't there guys from the veterans' organizations who volunteer here, talk to you? He shakes his head: "Yeah, but they're somewhere else. More of the same."

What did you feel about the peace groups back home? "What?" The peace groups. What do you think of them. Blue Denim: "Peace creeps." Frontiersman: "Forget it. What has any of the peace groups done. They sure haven't helped anything." Would you work for one? "Hell no."

How do you feel about the Vietnamese? "Fuck them." Blue Denim: "Slopes. The hell with them little yellow bastards." A new arrival in a wheelchair at the edge of the circle wheels out into the middle and pulls his chair up, balancing on the large back wheels. He has no legs either, a high stump and part of his thigh, folded in pajamas. "I'll tell you what I think all right," he says. "The Vietnamese are yellow bastards, bad as black bastards, and the guys over there marrying them and bringing them home here. I could tell you what to do with them all. It's the whole problem, bad enough here already. We got enough mixed breeding already, too damn much, that's what's doing it." Hooting, "Sock it to him, baby." Blue Denim: "Say, he's looking at us like he hasn't seen anything like us before. You don't think we're real, do you?" Frontiersman: "It's a dog-eat-dog world, baby. The whole place is corrupt. Gonna take it apart." Interviewer: How does the medical staff react to talk like that? "I'm not afraid of anything anymore or anyone. What more can they do to me?"

The nurse beckons me into the office. She has gray eyes and has given me a pleasant surprise that went nowhere. Now she looks slightly uncomfortable. The Major stands beside her. "Don't take these boys too seriously," she says, "these are ones I told you about. They were all for drugs."

THE CHIEF OF PSYCHIATRIC SERVICES offers me a cup of coffee. He folds his hands in front of him, touching fingertips, and asks, "What can I do for you? I am curious about the war. You are a Vietnam veteran and want to know if the war is raising any particular psychiatric problems." He presents me with his notes on the black doctor. They suggest that the Vietnam veteran feels his efforts abroad are not appreciated. He feels more "used" than former veterans. He is more guilty, is more alienated and hesitates to help. The black serviceman in particular is cut off from society, accused by his own country. And there is an overall increase in drug use as a symptom of alienation.

"What is it you're particularly interested in?" I say I have interviewed a psychiatric patient studying the Vietnam psychiatric patients. He finds that a high percentage of his study group are overtly rejected by their fathers. He finds them an alienated angry group, with high rates of "acting out" or "troublemaking" behavior. He finds that his staff has to meet once a week in the morning to maintain its own coherence in the face of the continual onslaught on the Establishment. He finds that where a generation is sent off to die in a questionable war, for generations to come, there might be an understandable loss of trust between generations. I wonder if the psychiatric patient might hold some key to his effect on our society.

He discusses the case history of a psychiatric patient actually, admitted after a military discharge for periodic fainting spells. He told the nurse on duty that he once shot himself, but when the psychiatrist viewed him the man did not want to talk and finally said he thought only of shooting himself in the foot, which he and his buddies used about as an alternative to combat duty. He said that when he first arrived in Vietnam he found a large pile of dead bodies just lying there, though the psychiatrist thought this was a delusion at first, it appears the boy really did find a pile of bodies lying there, but had a delusion, had shielded himself from the truth, though it were too dangerous to feel any fear in Vietnam. This man was also the one who survived an ambush which wiped out his platoon. After his military discharge he was subject to frequent outbursts of anger and fainting spells. He brought him in to the hospital.

In reply to a question the doctor says that shock therapy is used only rarely, where hypnosis does not work. And though I have

iatric patients habituated to some of the used narcotics do not respond typically to drug therapy, the area proves difficult. Instead the doctor urges me to take him.

Not eager to tour the mental wards. He says, perhaps we can find someone who will satisfy your particular interests." I have been led into long locked corridors and some confrontation with my own anger. But the doctor is firm and we are joined by a young man in a suit who I am informed is a medical student. So down through the stairways onto dark floors where the doors have no buttons to push; through corridors where the patients can check out if I am told; by isolation rooms and dingy bathrooms where patients in bathrobes sit playing cards. One says, "Here come the military until I am introduced to the available patients, and then led to another floor to repeat the process, having no idea now how to find my way and finding the confines increasingly close. I break out into a mild sweat, aware that in the mental ward the definition of sanity lies in administration.

It occurs to me as we walk on down toward the mental ward, that the military and industrial complex which creates over 340,000 of its own wounded in an undeclared war of doubt—may be slightly out of kilter. And that the men who fight the machinery with violence have a sickness, though they may burn with a hatred. And that, with an aversion to violence, I am at least out of step with the times. In the mental ward in the midst of this monolith of wounded men, I fall back on old ways and memories. And follow the Chief of Psychiatric Services down through the ward and out the locked stairwell where I say a hasty goodbye.

Psychological service program at a large Veterans Affairs hospital found that "both disabled and nondisabled Vietnam era veterans are most completely nonresponsive to psychological counseling concerning education, training, and employment. (About 90 per

PSYCHOLOGIST IN CHARGE OF COUNSELING is a former executive officer of a medical unit in the Force Reserves. He explains that his unit administers psychological testing, intelligence testing, aptitude testing, interest testing, personality-evaluation testing, to help clarify the plans of those eligible for vocational rehabilitation. They are now using a computer, he says, which contains information on college admission requirements, job requirements, vocational training, etcetera. In general, it appears that the wounded Vietnam veterans are younger than World War II veterans were, are less experienced, with less "life experience." They are motivated and are initially apathetic, and

though the young are our greatest asset as a group," he says, they exhibit "immaturity." His definition of "immaturity" suggests that they are ambivalent about their goals, what they want to do, where they fit into society as young males.

The psychologist also points out that in general the wounded of this war seem to come from a lower socioeconomic group than in previous wars: the poor, selectively deprived and underprivileged, where the group ethic is day-to-day survival, to get and receive and give little, where mental illness is more prevalent, and adjustment to our middle-class society more difficult.

Asked, the psychologist says he tends to look at war as a useless destructive force of man, relatively unrelated to mental illness except as a form of stress. A person is what he is when he comes into war, and after the stress he must return to what he was. However, the psychologist points out, many join the service to escape from their civilian lives, and the military may attract many men with identity crises that have to be dealt with finally upon discharge. It is, for instance, socially acceptable to say the war has caused one a nervous breakdown, but this is really a projection of the patient's own shortcomings before the war. There is, occasionally, an unhealthy adjustment to severe wounding where the patient finds he is dependent on the hospital, and yet, as a young male, feels there is no excuse for this. The result is anger. The psychologist hopes the patient will use the hospital as a crutch, where his energies and efforts can be channeled into constructive plans. The hospital tries to wean the patients, discovering the areas where the patient is capable and encouraging him to build on them. It is the psychologist's conclusion that the concern of the average wounded veteran is not the war itself, but what am I going to do now.

I RUN INTO THE FRONTIERSMAN AGAIN when I leave the hospital. He is sitting out by the front door watching the people come and go.

Want to talk some more? "Sure, but I told you like it is." Do many other people feel the same way you do? "All along the way." I ask to see his underground newspaper and look through it while he strays back into capitalism and the corrupt society. Then he says, "Hell man, I'm getting out. Nova Scotia or something." But this is your country. "May be my country but the whole place is too violent. Panthers are storing up guns, whites are too, the police are putting away extra ammunition. Finally something's going to happen. I don't want to be around." What do you think is going to happen? "Blood. No other way to change the government." What if the government wins? "Hell man, it can't. All I know is I've had enough violence. I don't want any more. I want some quiet."

Later, when I drive by from the parking lot he is still there, sitting quietly in his wheelchair staring out at the moving traffic on the street. The doctors and nurses walk in and out around him as the shift changes. □

A young man who lost the use of his lower limbs, the extent of paralysis depending somewhat on just where in his spine the injury occurred."

BOOKS

The truth which dares not speak its name

The Death of the Family, by David Cooper. Pantheon, \$5.95.

David Cooper is one of the many disciples of R. D. Laing, the British psychiatrist who has become the newest guru to the worshippers of insanity among us. In *The Death of the Family* Cooper takes upon himself a task the master has so far—and perhaps wisely—eschewed, namely suggesting specific cures for the many socio-psychological maladies Laing has diagnosed with such electrifying effect upon those odd allies, the Media and the Movement.

It is, of course, a dangerous enterprise, for the weakest part of any social criticism is likely to be that thin last chapter in which the author finally addresses himself to proposals for reformation of the present practices he has just finished brilliantly devastating. As a rule, this material tends to be something of a letdown—either pragmatically paltry or improbably visionary, and so it has become the custom among our grander gurus to go gnomic (if not positively Delphic) at this moment of truth, and it is this custom that Laing has (gratefully, one imagines) embraced. To James S. Gordon, who spent fifteen pages in a prone position before Laing in a recent issue of *The Atlantic*, Laing murmured something about the need for radical activism being “less pressing” in England than it is in far-gone America, also noting that he is “temperamentally not very well suited for it.” He is, he said, content to create “micro-revolutions” in individuals, families, and small-scale institutions.

In ordinary circumstances one would not tax a man for such becoming modesty, but it also must be observed—as no doubt Cooper did—that such quietism is not going to stay down very long with Laing’s basic audience. They are his, for the moment, because he has, in the beginning perhaps unintentionally, provided a psychological theory that

can be used to rationalize their revolutionary gesturings. It is essential, if he is to retain their loyalty, that he offer them some sort of program for action. Logically, indeed, such a program should have followed his readably hysterical outcry of rage, *The Politics of Experience*. Alas, he came through only with *Knots*,* a series of schematizations of the games people play with one another:

*Jack’s unhappy that Jill’s unhappy
Jill’s unhappy that Jack’s unhappy
that Jill’s unhappy that Jack’s
unhappy that Jill’s unhappy*

Etc. And that’s where Dr. Cooper comes in. He has tightened the link Laing loosely made in *The Politics* between his critique of the nuclear family and the big issues that excite the party of revolution—racism, sexism, colonialism, imperialism. He does so, moreover, in the approved rhetoric (“Molotov cocktails certainly have their place in a significantly organized student-worker rebellion, in organized anti-crime, such as looting shops, and in burning anti-popular institutions . . .”) and with that blithe disregard for observable reality that so enlivens leftist political discourse today (“The true leadership principle is embodied by men like Fidel Castro and Mao Tse-tung, who lead by almost refusing to be leaders . . .”). Best of all, by a happy coincidence the alternatives he proposes to our present institutional arrangements are all ones that have been consumer-tested and approved by his basic audience, the counterculture, if not by its predecessor, Bohemia. For instance, he favors, in italics, what used to be quaintly known as free love; he is optimistic about extended family arrangements, whether as formally organized communes or as simple crash pads; he believes in free universities with students in control of faculty and curriculum and, naturally, with degrees, credits, required courses,

and all that nasty stuff provided of course thinks we must teach mental hospital-prisons, abolish the process tranquilizers, shock the conventional psychiatric bed and those dehumanizing restraints designed not so much for the benefit of patients as for the convenience of custodians. He reassures us never to have known anyone ever deemed psychotic “who goes fully into his particular rebellion come out of it within about a week given a certain lack of intelligence the guise of treatment,” though nothing about how often it happens. In any case, such psychotic behavior, in regards, following Laing, is the way of telling us to slow down and get things out. All we need to survive is a single companion who cheerfully with us on these excursions into inner space “without calling attention in any suspect mode.” One might add that this is the technique of members of the drug culture: when another comes down off bad trips, one hopes one need not accompany a humane person—whatever he or she has about increasing sexual freedom, tending families, and free universities—can feel complacent about the care for, and attempt to cure,

Indeed, one shares Laing’s sense that traditional psychiatric modes and metaphors have proved very successful in dealing with the worst psychoses and that they are inadequate as explanations of temporary mass lunacies. Right—we are right—to look for conventional wisdom of the kind Laing trades. On the other hand, on the very surface of their theories, the very tone with which they are told, a quality that puts us—on our guard.

“We find . . . in these words a delicious confusion of the rational and psychic with objective and subjective ways of presenting things without account of the reader but

Richard Schickel is at present working on a book about D. W. Griffith.

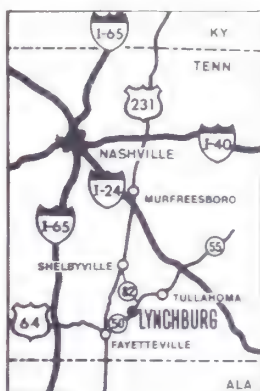
*Pantheon, \$3.95.

fragmentary citations, each associations, abrupt hiatuses of thought. We rophy of feeling which from any depths of abnicism." The words are and he was describing writings of the insane eir disposal only a disness and who therefore complete lack of judgould seem to apply aing, who believes "The being out of one's condition of the normal Cooper, who believes includes the poetry of ally lived-through madas to say that implicitly, explicitly, they believe azy and crazy is sane, deliberately ape the style in order to condition us a reversal of values. Which e simplest thing to say d also perhaps the most I think it goes to the appeal to the young revoere can be no more ation than that and, in easier one to embrace oment.

to that point a little however, it is probably fly to outline Laing's rst stated in *The Divided* ed in *Self and Others*, near-unreadable in the psychiatric monographs, jargon and quotations ed literary flights rarely away. Nevertheless, the er is finally rewarded by sive description of how levels. Laing observes f, very early in life, and ance of our families. deater self "in compliance ons and expectations of th what one imagines to intentions or expectaersonality, the one we orld, exists side by side which cannot, of course. ing, in the privacy of the absurdities and conpublic self. For those of suffer a psychotic break, be variously a source of s, or even, one imagines, onic humor. It may pre-report cards used to put ing to capacity," but it



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does not drive us mad. Unfortunately, for some this split between the false self and the true self finally becomes intolerable. Says Laing: "What is called psychosis is sometimes simply the sudden removal of the veil of the false self, which had been serving to maintain an outer behavioral normality that may, long ago, have failed to be any reflection of the state of affairs in the secret self. Then the self will pour out accusations of persecution at the hands of that person with whom the false self has been complying for years."

That, of course, is a gross oversimplification. The schizophrenic does not as a rule break into two convenient parts, but into many, each of which has its own mad life, with guilts to discharge, gratifications to seek, comments and judgments to pass on the other false selves with which it coexists under a single tortured skin. Or as Laing puts it, in a hilarious understatement, "The madman . . . is confused."

The reason for this, he suggests, is that what passes for love in most bourgeois families is actually a kind of violence. Parents send out all sorts of contradictory signals. For example, mother loves us and wants us to love her, but there is, after all, the incest taboo. We are told that father loves mother, but some of us also learn that he is the source of much of her suffering and, in any case, he has this mysterious prior claim on her affection which takes sudden, disturbing precedence over our own guilt-ridden claims. And that's only the beginning. Both mother and father insist they want us to become autonomous human beings, but they resent and fear the friends we choose, our first little venturings alone into the great world. They say they want us to choose our life's work and our life-style, but they have a million suggestions and warnings in these areas. In short, they could drive us crazy. And the family is also a paradigm for all the other institutions that lay hands on us as we grow, all insisting that they wish us well but all making assaults upon our essential integrity. The crazed person is, finally, only a man desperately resisting, with such poor resources as he has, engulfment by all these forces. Unlike the so-called normal man, he is so ontologically insecure that he believes they could actually kill him. The schizoid, as Laing says, "depersonalizes his relationship with himself . . . he turns the living spontaneity of his being into something dead and lifeless by inspecting it."

Thus Laing in the early Sixties. And

as one of his critics, Albert Goldman, says, "schizophrenia provides a powerfully suggestive metaphor for contemporary existence. Every reader of Laing's books identifies to some degree with his patients." The trouble is that Laing himself—not to mention his disciple, Cooper—has made the same identification. Schizophrenia-as-metaphor has, in *The Politics of Experience* and in *The Death of the Family*, entirely taken over from schizophrenia-as-disease. A theory that might once have had a limited therapeutic usefulness has become the basis for a social philosophy, and we have entered into a bewildering relativity.

From the start, Laing's therapy was based on the not uncongenial idea that instead of trying to arrest the psychotic break, the physician should encourage it, allowing the patient to work through it and emerge on the other side, possibly cured and certainly no worse off than if he had been subjected to shock therapy or allowed merely to vegetate in some madhouse, the function of which is less to help him than to prevent him from further offending society with his noisy presence. What emerges in the late work of Laing and his cohorts is something quite different from an argument for a radical therapy. It is a suggestion, in a phrase borrowed from Heidegger, that "the Dreadful has already happened." He adds, "It has happened to us all. . . . We are a generation of men so estranged from the inner world that many are arguing that it does not exist; and that even if it does exist, it does not matter. Even if it has some significance, it is not the hard stuff of science, and if it is not, then let's make it hard. Let it be measured and counted. Quantify the heart's agony and ecstasy . . ." This description does not actually fit contemporary reality, in which the people most likely to be Laing's readers are "into" everything from yoga to macrobiotics as they seek oneness with inner reality. But the point is clear. We are all schizoid. The difference between those of us outside the mental institutions and those inside lies precisely in the fact that the insiders have ceased to lie to themselves, ceased the pretense we are pleased to label sanity, and are acting out, in their babblings and in their silences, the truth which dares not speak its name. They are, then, in a state of grace, are perhaps even holy men. Among the outsiders only a few artists and mystics may look them in the eye as equals, and even they, it is implied, have much to learn from the insane.

Indeed, Laing and some of his colleagues acted on this. In an exemplary quality of the kind established in 1965 at Kingsley Hall, where patients and doctors were complete equals, deciding delicate matters of policy and procedure as one can tell, it didn't work well. Laing and most of the others moved out after a year. Patients allowed the place to be taken over and finally there were encroachments and assaults on neighboring neighborhoods. Kingsley Hall to be closed. It appears to have had a modest therapeutic success. A woman who was allowed to live at the point where, naked, she had been denied maintenance from a baby bottle, finally reached bottom. We began painting powerful religious works with which she had some success in a one-woman show. She is the only resident of Kingsley Hall mentioned in dispatches. We believe Laing and company will all their other successes in the long view.

But no matter. The success of Laing as a therapist is the issue, not any longer. What to test is the validity of his ideas, which have become so widely, so deeply discussed. We must begin to ask whether Laing's style is new among practitioners who have a long length of time with it. In a brilliant chapter, "The Madness of the Mad Psychologist," and the book, *The Ways of the World*, H. Farber comments that in a schizophrenic ward of therapists "had appeared what must once have been the usual habits of expression, some more florid and some more prosaic style . . ." He observes, "The repeated therapeutic encounter with schizoids, psychiatrists and psychologists, ordinary life outside the 'artificial and pallid' and the 'ferocious company of their kind' which it is often but a slight relief to believe that with the schizoid the presence 'of the unconscious,' and to imagine the schizophrenic to contain inside him a schizophrenic poet." They may come to regard the mad as a sort of oracle with whom to speak each day—a truly ragged, tutored, unverbally and

ho has a rare power to cut usual hypocrisies and pre-ordinary life, thereby arriving purely human meaning. His appears as an appropriate the impurities in the thera- even to the deceptions and con- of the world in which he true of long apprenticeship, observes, the therapist "may led toward the posture and, he belief that he, too, is an ossessed of the same charis- to grasp the real truth in n, regardless of what his in- educational limits may be."

it might be pointed out, say in 1962, well in advance at which Laing began act- print (and in his personal h the sympathetic Gordon mpathetic Goldman are to the schematization he drew

words, Laing appears to be of a known occupational hat still leaves the question bviously deranged a book *tics of Experience* should h wide popularity, why is out of control as *The e Family* could even get have mentioned the gen- ent with standard psycho- y and practice, and I should t younger therapists, like n, are especially interested g alternatives—as no doubt . But outside the field, younger lay audience, I e argued that the Laingian s a deeply felt need. He source from which all ws as the family, and we ch radical political activity ough is believed to be a est against their families. us, to be sure, but there is ency about the matter now. he family must seem to the a more or less convenient ment, at worst a drag, a ost of its functions have ed if not entirely usurped. on is now in vogue, and in e the preschool years are n three in number; and ey are over, television and ironment have taken over per of the parents' tradi- tional *cum* recreational reover, it must be clear child is six or seven that not, if it wanted to, exer- lective functions it once

had; that with grandparents living far away and the number of other adult relatives far fewer than was formerly the case, it cannot perform its custom-ary function of passing on a living tradi- tion, a sense of rootedness; that, in any event, a sense of tradition and of roots is not much use these days, the acceleration of the rate of change being what it is. Yet, paradoxically, in the cities and suburbs, in a famously child- centered society, parents and offspring are thrown in upon each other more and more. We have fewer children and we are richer than we once were, so we have more time and money to lavish upon them, and can, indeed, afford to keep them at home with us much longer than used to be the case. At the same time there is less that they need do for us economically, which means that they have difficulty in understanding what practical function they have for us—except as objects for the largess which proves to the world that we are "suc- cessful." What I'm saying, in brief, is that we matter constantly at our chil- dren, interfere with their lives and their thoughts endlessly but ineffectually. On the one hand, as they judge the quality of our knowledge and belief against the deluge of alternative information and countercultures which the media rain down upon them, we must seem hope- lessly limited, "irrelevant" to them. On the other hand, being rich and having plenty of time to meddle, we press upon them all manner of demands and aspira- tions that previous generations would never have heard about, let alone got caught up in in weak moments. No wonder they begin, many of them, to feel wrenched about, violated. No wonder, when someone like David Cooper cuts loose with a little prose poem about the joys of intra-uterine existence, commu- nicating a vision of a unitariness which we lost before we ever truly experienced it, a little pang of false nostalgia begins to well up even in an unimpressible reader. No wonder the basic Laingian fantasy, which posits the notion that once, before the family and all those other institutions got hold of us and started tearing us apart (and encourag- ing us to tear ourselves apart), we were both singular and whole, a simple true self, without need to create false selves in answer to the world's demands, has such primal appeal. The kids think there must really have been a time when, in their phrase, they had their shit together. They think there may have been a moment in history when everybody had their shit together, and



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BOOKS

they think the purpose of the
tion is to reconstitute that

How can we explain that myth? That if things are somewhat worse for them than previous generations, their experience is not exactly unprecedented? Hence has always been a light thing and that sanity has a in a sense, a behavioral for which we consciously opt for and firmly cling to all through the presence of that comic tragedy of life?

How, indeed, can we expect to have any insight into ourselves if we have always understood ourselves as double and that the true man is pretending that it could only be otherwise? Really, Laing's vision, for it seems to me, is that man believes that men can change institutional arrangements and, in turn, them, at all times, to operate in favour of a true self, without recourse to violence. Moreover, it seems to me that consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, but of sick ones. For a reasonably intelligent person can play just one man all his life, or even two. We want to play roles, try on new card new ones. We need to change—in the course of a life several times—we ought to be able to corner ourselves without shame; we should show our minds and hearts as fully as our inner need dictates; we want to be not to bore ourselves to death, but to be interestingly fluid and changeable. We want others to be that way, if only as that often proves to be. Without their cooperation as changeable, there would be no drama in life, and precious little colour (and there would be no tragedy or comedy either) if we accepted a wholeness which is the goal of the mad and his devoted following. It is merely a way of saying that, in these circumstances, we have to work to prevent psychosis becoming a mass phenomenon. Then, as the famous title of the schizophrenic's autobiography, "I never promised you a revolution." What, finally, I'm suggesting is that like all Utopian visions, Laing's ought to be based on a realistic view of human character and experience. Should it ever be achieved, it would in fact wipe out that which it was intended to enthrone.

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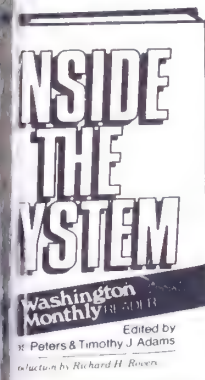
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MUSIC

Film lives of great composers

I LOVE TO GO TO FILMS about composers, for there are not many moments of comedy in this miserable world, and every bit of laughter puts one that much ahead. I don't think I have ever seen a film about a composer, starting with Harry Baur's *Beethoven*, that did not throw me and any music historian into gales of honest and innocent merriment. And so I went to see Ken Russell's film, *The Music Lovers*,* which is supposed to be about a composer named Tchaikovsky. It was the usual garbage, but unlike the garbage of the past, this was pretentious garbage, and I came away feeling irritated rather than happy. I was cheated. Garbage masquerading as High Art still stinks.

There actually was a composer named Tchaikovsky. He wrote great music, and he was a homosexual. That is about all the real Tchaikovsky and this film have in common. Russell has made a sniggering film that touches on homosexuality, heterosexuality, incest, and alcoholism: a film that is full of arty slow-motion sequences (those late-lamented cigarette commercials did this kind of thing better), completely false to the subject, self-indulgent beyond belief. As far as Tchaikovsky is concerned, Russell has merely tied a knot in the tail of history, and that is the worst sin of all. How many people will see this film and become convinced that this is how the real Tchaikovsky lived and acted?

Sample: here, at the opening, is Tchaikovsky playing his B flat minor Piano Concerto, and eating up the keyboard à la Horowitz. Fact: Tchaikovsky was not a good pianist, never played in public, and certainly would never have dared give his concerto a tryout at the conservatory. (The premiere took place in—guess—Boston, in 1875. Hans von Bülow was the pianist.) Sample: Tchaikovsky's wife is a tart who plies her business in his apartment after they

break up. Fact: Antonina Miliukova was one of Tchaikovsky's pupils at the conservatory. She probably was a nymph, and did have a hectic private life. She died in an asylum in 1917. But practically everything that *The Music Lovers* says about her is historically wrong. Sample: The great love of Nadejda von Meck's life was Tchaikovsky. Fact: she loved only his music, and was rich enough to subsidize him. The chances are she never knew Tchaikovsky was a homosexual. He was very, very discreet.

One could go on and on. It's not just the falseness about Tchaikovsky the man. It's the aesthetic falseness of the entire film, which *au fond* seems to be little more than an excuse to film some very explicit sex scenes. (The one of Meck and the peach may assume a form of immortality. Tchaikovsky has nibbled at this peach. It has touched his Lips. She reverently picks it up. She licks it. She sucks it. She does other pleasant things to it.) The funny thing is that, down deep, Russell's film is as sentimental about music as any of the comparable Hollywood films of the 1940s. It involves the way a director thinks composers *should* act and create, not how they actually do. And, of course, directors make films for a mass audience. They have to—or think they have to—glamorize their subject. So they end up with travesties that have nothing to do with music, or with the composer.

Anyway, *The Music Lovers* set me to thinking about some of the dear, long-forgotten films about music and musicians. I have always had a soft spot for one named *I've Always Loved You*, starring Philip Dorn and Catherine McLeod. To this day I clearly see Dorn as The Great Conductor. His gestures on the podium were fabulous, describable in terms only of a heavy pelican

flapping its wings for a take-off. He was cast as a pianist. She played the elbow-waving school and the revolving-shoulder school. Some movie studios, on the latter, with the torso revolving, the neck and the eyes cast in an ecstasy of musical bliss. Catherine McLeod, on the other hand, had a incessant rotation of the elbow at centric angles, so that the camera had no doubt in anybody's mind that the pianist was actually playing.

There was one called *The Daughters*, and it had Adda and Billie Burke, as well as Eugene List. This was shortly after the war, when List was still a celebrity as the Potsdam Pianist (for Truman and Stalin at the Conference). What I loved in the film was a sequence where Love pauses on the staircase by the exquisite music, and is flying in all directions. And the music that caused the explosion? Chopin's *Minute Waltz*.

But that was as nothing as *Hall*, which was an all-time classic in the annals of films about music. I have never forgotten it. Seems that there's this young man who is studying to be a pianist. Since he lives in Carnegie Hall, he is in the fortunate position of being able to hear and meet all the great pianists. Bruno Walter smiles on him. Rubinstein gives him a lesson, presumably of the *Well-Tempered Clavier* with the avuncular injunction to play Bach and Bach and Bach's (as that Rubinstein never does at public). Our young pianist meets Jan Peerce and Ezio Pinza. Comes his great opportunity. Monroe hears him play and offers him a job. Comes the starry climax, the fable wonderment of dream, and the words: "I never met a man good enough to play with me." Vaughn's.

I also remember that once I was then music critic of the

*For a discussion of Ken Russell's other work, primarily television, and an opposing point of view, see *Harper's*, January 1971.

Mr. Schonberg has been writing about music for the New York Times for twenty years.



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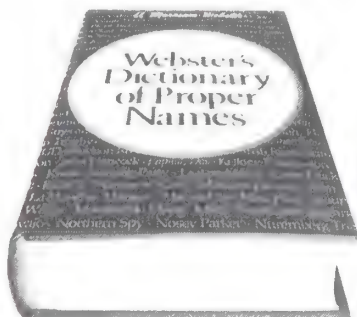
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MUSIC

Times, had a bit part in this film. He played Olin Downes, the music critic of the *New York Times*, and talked about it for a long time.

Those films about great musicians! Everyone remembers the inspired bit of casting that put Cornel Wilde into the role of Chopin. I've caught it several times on *The Late Show*. Less familiar is a film about Paganini named *The Magic Bow*, and this also had a remarkable bit of casting—Stewart Granger as Paganini, a person he resembled as the three-toed sloth resembles a saber-toothed tiger. An essay could be written about the way Granger manipulated the violin. He handled it something like a butcher lovingly caressing a side of beef.

And who can forget Katharine Hepburn as Clara Schumann in *Song of Love*? Paul Henreid was Robert Schumann. He always got the sensitive parts. *Song of Love* was as cavalier about fact as *The Music Lovers*, though not as funny. I seem to remember Hepburn playing the Liszt E flat Concerto in the 1830s—a remarkable date, considering that Liszt composed it near 1850. Still, there were compensations in *Song of Love*, like the episode where Clara rushes a piano recital to its end because she has to nurse her baby.

FOREIGN FILMS WERE just as delirious. The Russians had one about Glinka, somewhere around 1950, and those were the great days of Socialist Realism. Glinka is portrayed as the friend of the workingman, interested only in writing music that would glorify his people. There were some especially nice shots of the child Glinka seated before the piano. He is tired. He has played the piano all night. Why has the little imp done so? "I can't help it. Music is my soul." A lot of us, the next few weeks, were greeting each other with those great words. We would make

some kind of mistake, or flament, or something, and ex with, "I can't help it. Music

Jean-Louis Barrault, nor was cast as Berlioz. If not makeup was spectacular looked like Berlioz. This film *La Symphonie Fantastique* had its quota of deathless them was: "Music mean life to me." The film was of pre-*Music Lovers* that thing around to cast some ous light on a great man.

It was only a few months German film about Beethoven shown as part of the bicentennials. This at least elementary that had the virtue. Unfortunately, it was born never made up its mind what to go, and was interspersed with day musicians (Friedrich others) talking solemnly. *Meister*. Then, to alleviate there were heavy Teutonic humor. The chronology was way and that, in a most unner. And the music! Snippets there, minor Beethoven segments of masterpieces, ballet sequence.

But at least the Beethoven not distort the way that *Lovers* does. Let's say he wanted to do a secret life of sky, to explain what we mind, or how he did (or the pose of his personal problem his music came to be written doing a secret life, there ne have to be some imaginative tions. But why can't these in the actual framework of poser's life? Why do day have to be misplaced? Why essential character of the be misrepresented? Of course son might be that Tchaikovsky led a very quiet life, and th previously felt that it had t h up. In which case, he dropped his man and gone composer—Berlioz, say, whose life was convulsive and problems. On the other can just see Russell getting a and the prospect scares n got so much sex into Tchaikovsky would he do with Liszt, on lovers of the century? Probably thorough clinical examination his sexual athleticism a homosexual.

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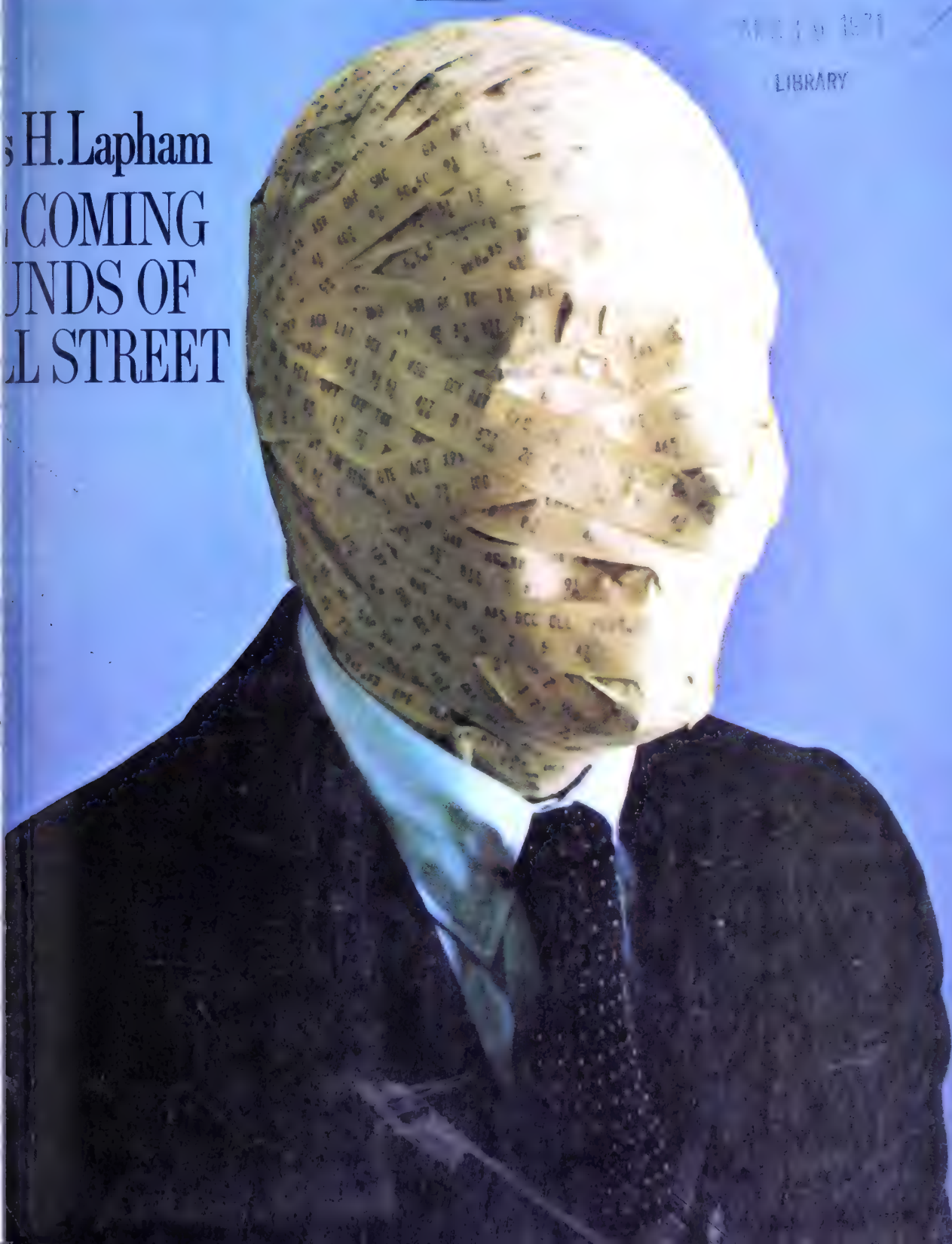
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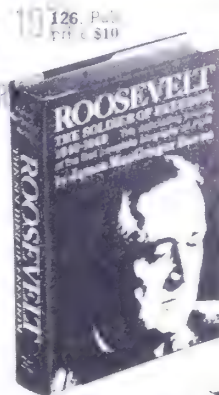
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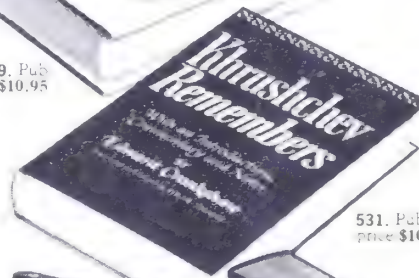
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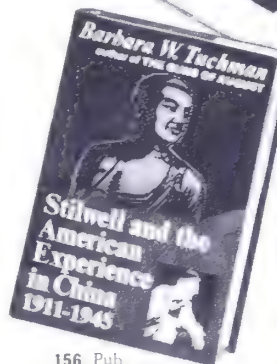
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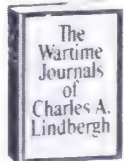
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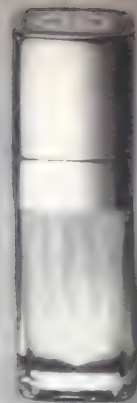
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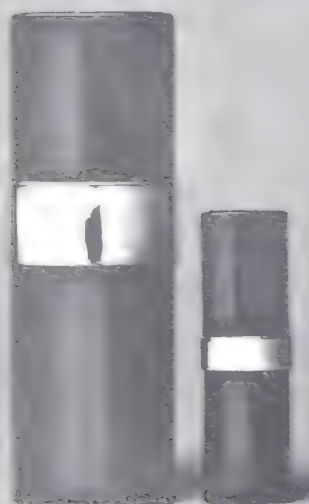
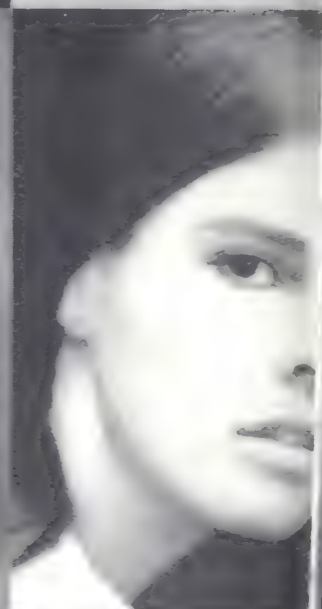
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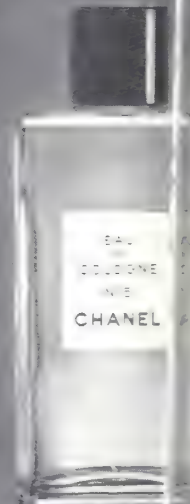
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MAY 1971

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ABOUT THIS ISSUE



The notion of writing an article about the New York Stock Exchange evolved out of my own misfortunes in the market. For years I have held shares in a number of corporations and other ventures, and nearly always I have managed to buy or sell at precisely the wrong time. I have accepted advice from a variety of brokers, most of whom speak with forked tongues; also I have listened to the assurances of bankers and investment counselors, but they, too, sold beads and cheap blankets. I therefore arrived on Wall Street early this year with the wariness of a Sioux Indian coming to talk to yet another cavalry general at old Fort Snelling.

Nor were my suspicions relieved when the market covered that impending ruin threatened through the age firm to which I had entrusted my own money. Word of the disorder reached me through friends, and I immediately undertook to get the money out before the partners sailed for Lisbon. It is not easy to extract money from a Wall Street firm, even when the money is your own, and the proceedings took the better part of two months. During the intervening months I listened every day to comforting speeches from men extolling the virtues of capitalism, but their bland complacency merely contributed to my uneasiness. A week after I managed to recover my money, the brokerage firm was censured by the government and ordered into a disadvantageous reorganization. Presumably, it will soon go bankrupt.

Of all the voices that I learned to recognize on Wall Street, I preferred the loud cries of the traders (i.e., the guys on phones haggling with each other over fractional percentages). They understood the market in an elementary way, and they didn't confuse themselves with speeches about the state of the economy, the whims of the Nixon Administration, or the policy of nations. To them it was simply "action." I assume they would have traded in the same way with the same theatrical humor.

One morning I remember listening to a trader arguing about an eighth of a point, while another dealt under negotiation about a half point. The memory of his voice remains for me as the primeval sound of Wall Street, unencumbered by the veneer of civilization. The trader on the other end of the phone had been pleading for me to give the man to remember the happy deal they had arranged together, reminding him of the thought of one another as brothers.

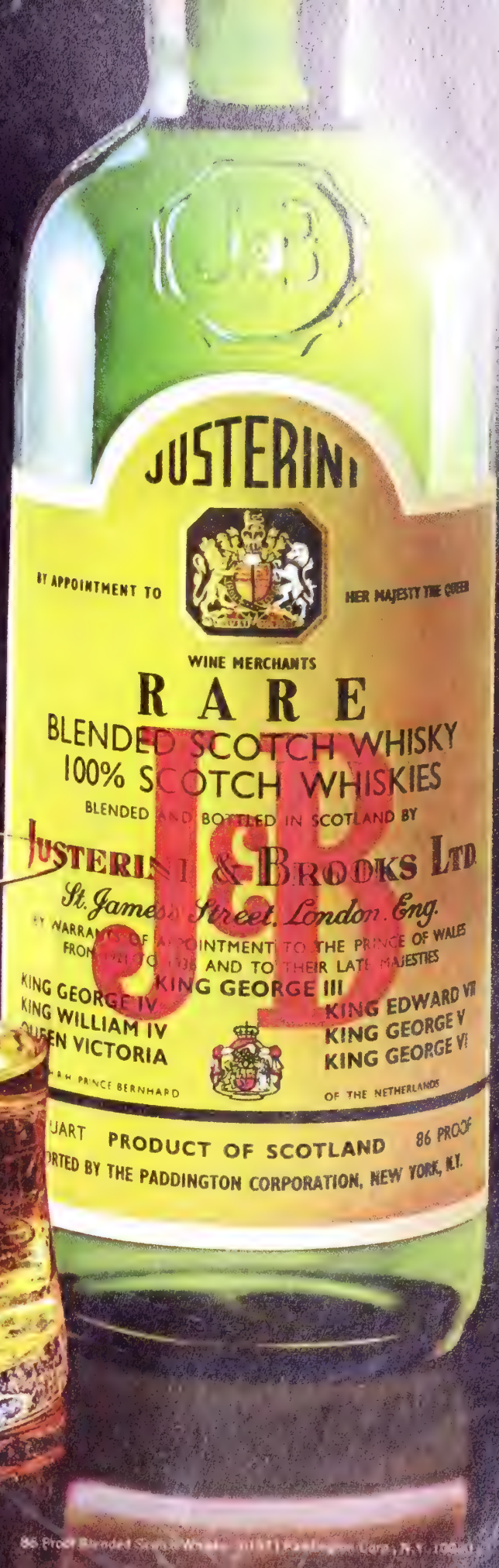
"Harry," the man said, "for an eighth I'll be your brother."

—Lewis H. Loe

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LETTERS

McNamara cont'd

David Halberstam has obviously been enjoying his sorties against Theodore Sorensen, McGeorge Bundy, and most recently Robert McNamara ["The Programming of Robert McNamara," February]. Within limits, I too have enjoyed his talented polemics—it so happened that all three of his victims always made me nervous. I come from a political culture which insists that a straight line is usually the shortest route to disaster, and Sorensen, Bundy, and McNamara were all addicts of the straight line, men who approached complex problems in a simplistic fashion worthy of Jeremy Bentham.

This passion for finding the right gimmick—with air power as the leading candidate—undoubtedly helped to turn the war in Vietnam into a political shambles. But the difficulty I have with Halberstam is that I cannot decide whether he is opposed to the war on principle, or because it turned out to be a shambles, a "quagmire" in his early formulation. He winds up his article on McNamara with the statement that "no one in the country was better prepared to challenge the spurious rationalizations of [the war], yet he remained passive."

Now, with retrospective omniscience, Halberstam may find the rationalizations of the American intervention in Vietnam "spurious," but the hard facts are that in 1963-64—when the debate was in its crucial stages—Halberstam flatly endorsed the Kennedy Administration's justifications for acting. At the risk of boring the reader with facts, let me insert a few quotes from his 1964 book, *The Making of a Quagmire*: (1) "True, Vietnam had become vital to our national interest at the time of the 1961 commitment . . ." (p. 33); (2) "Dulles made the basic decision to try and hold Vietnam, believing—rightly—that it was the key to a large part of Southeast Asia" (pp. 60-61); (3) "What about withdrawal? Few Americans who have served in Vietnam can stomach this idea. . . . Withdrawal also means that the United States' prestige will be

lowered throughout the world, and it means that the pressure of Communism on the rest of Southeast Asia will intensify. Lastly, withdrawal means that throughout the world the enemies of the West will be encouraged to try insurgencies like the one in Vietnam. Just as our commitment in Korea in 1950 has served to discourage overt Communist border crossing ever since, an anti-Communist victory in Vietnam would serve to discourage so-called wars of liberation" (p. 315).

Whether Halberstam got these rationalizations from McNamara back in 1963, or vice versa, is a matter for conjecture. But obviously if they are spurious now, they were spurious then. I feel more strongly than most about this because at the time I thought the Administration's position on Vietnam was extremely risky and, as National Chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, I was vigorously promoting the concept of "neutralization" for all of Indochina. While I fully endorsed the containment of Asian Communism, Vietnam struck me as the worst possible location for a showdown (with the obvious exception of Laos, which I have never really believed exists). Neutralization was undoubtedly a fantasy, but the Laos agreement in 1962 then offered some hope for great-power stabilization of the area. Halberstam was doubtless correct in 1963 when he wrote that a "neutral Vietnam" was "out of the question": by 1965 I saw no way to move the battlefield and, sadly, decided we had to see it through in Vietnam. But I never for one minute believed that Vietnam was "perhaps one of only five or six nations in the world that is truly vital to U.S. interests" (p. 319)—like Lee at Gettysburg, I realized we would get no cooperation from the enemy in shifting the war to a more favorable location. And by that time, in my judgment, the credibility of American commitments was clearly at issue.

This is not an *apologia*—I ask no quarter from history. It is simply a suggestion that in the course of his search and destroy missions Halberstam might take a few minutes off to meditate on human fallibility and on the dangers

that are involved when one decides the war in Vietnam became unjust and immoral the day one changed mind on the subject. At the very least, Halberstam owes an apology to those who read his book and took it seriously.

JOHN F. ROACHE
Brandeis University
Waltham, Mass.

DAVID HALBERSTAM REPLIES:

It is somewhat touching to find that *Quagmire* was so influential in leading Mr. Roche a hawk (a charge, if true, would entail no small burden of guilt) but I'll decline the honor. On crucial points of escalation, *Quagmire* which was written a year before the escalatory decisions, says that "bombing will not work: 'blow the hell out of the so-called Ho Chi Minh trail would not effectively alter the balance of power in the South.' . . . the use of combat troops it said was the most difficult of options would be more frustrating than Korea: 'even if we were fighting a uniformed indigenous enemy which had crossed a border on terrain which had a front. In the end, however, Caucasians would likely win. South Vietnamese on their own would lose a political war. If only 5 percent of the population in the South submitted to the Vietcong, the division of the U.S. combat units would probably drive the guerrillas' cause would become broader and more popular on the whole. . . . ever military gains brought by troops might soon be counteracted by political loss: the war would soon begin to parallel the French experience. . . . it would be a war without fronts fought against an elusive enemy and extremely difficult for the American people to understand. The misconceptions, misadventures, and lack of candor displayed by the American officialdom in the end does not give anyone confidence that our government would explain the conflict. . . ."

As for Mr. Roche's assertion that the book is a flat endorsement of the Kennedy commitment, he is simply wrong. A man with a document, for example, the reverse is true. The book, as I

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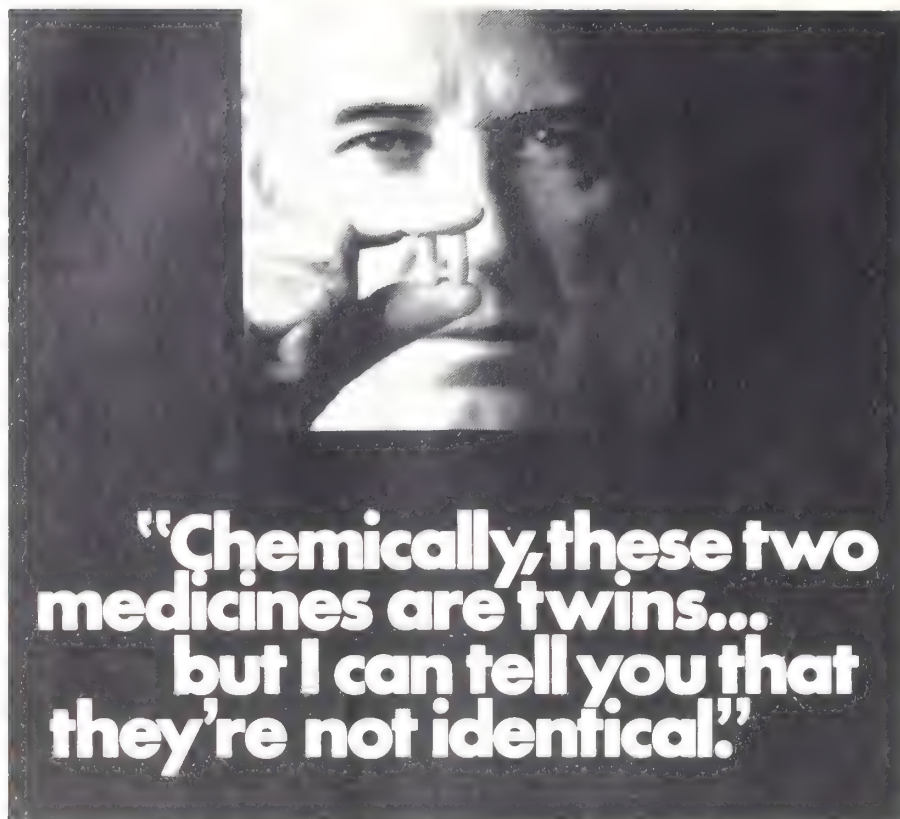
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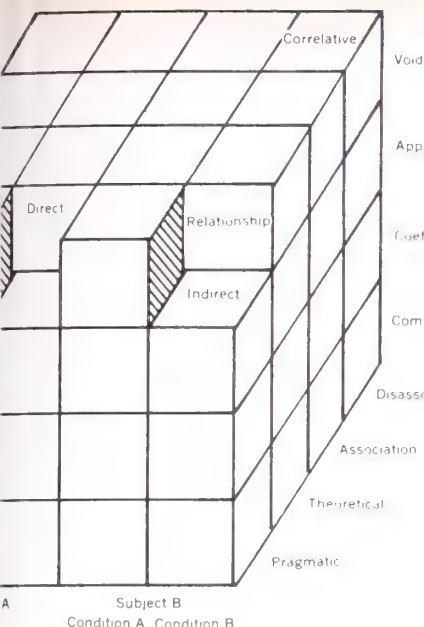
LETTERS

dicates, is a detailed, prolonged account of the death and of that very policy ("our country's major effort at counterinsurgency failed . . ."). It notes that the heirs of the Vietnam nationalism of the society, that the counterinsurgency campaign simply made a feudal regime more democratic and insensitive. It did not out in 1964 as Mr. Roche claims, it might have helped him in (and hitherto unheralded) fight the war, but in the spring of 1975 they had reached the Rubicon. It was published it was victimized for its negativism and pessimism; the White House, for example, tried to arrange hostile review, it was banned from the USIA radio Saigon. Similarly, Senator Gruening at the first major teach-in on Vietnam that spring, it as the most important book for Americans. As for apologies to Roche, I'll let that pass. Not that President Kennedy try to end his assignment in Vietnam, but his successor President Johnson, whom Mr. Roche so enthusiastically served, and serves, used to brief reporters, and to Vietnam with long tirades against me—citing me as an example, a nationalist who was a traitor, no good to his country.

Writing on

I am delighted that Richard Schickel ["Performing Arts: Movie Musical March"] should find my style lacking in the brightening (no samples given), if he found Manny Farber's style "rhythmic," and having "superb technique" (samples given: Welles' "credibly deep period" and his speed and a quagmire at the time"). But there are some elements of fact that need correction.

I include not three but four critics in the "film critic" category. Of these, tendentiously labeled "friends" by Schickel, only two are considered friends; two others are acquaintances, just like Dick Cavett, one lives in Sweden, is barely known to me, and has written unfavourably about me, which does not detract from my respect for him. I do not write a film column: *The New Leader* does so nightly. My strategy is not to give plot outline" and only



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physical skills.

re is a sampling of articles
es planned for the first issues:

Diagnosing peak intellectual
periods: This is a rarely used
re test which can precisely
e time of day which makes
m comprehension, retention,
ptual grasp. It also differen-
s of day best for intellectual
ce and times best for rote

Compensating for defective
here is too much bad teach-
much teaching methodology
ate to the individual child
g adult. When you can't
ools, what do you do? Clear,
diagnostic tests and step-by-
ctions on how to repair dam-
crease learning efficiency.

Providing infants with Intel-
aximization: At last, it has
strated that the first months
can minimize or maximize
e development. What do you
are the clear instructions
ern parental behavior, the
ironment, the language and
systems which potentiate the

4. Answering the Hunger
for Continuing Education: Lists
of books are all well and good.
But how do you design an
authoritative program—better
than what is generally available
in universities or colleges with
continuing education programs?
What about new forms of read-
ing skills? What about profes-
sional self-testing?

5. The Answer to School
Drop-Outs: There has been too
much sermonizing and too
many generalities. The latest
studies agree on the need for
diagnosis, short-term motiva-
tion techniques, the develop-
ment of better learning skills.
The techniques are reasonably
simple—once the problem is
identified.

6. New Skills Acquisition
in the Middle Years: The prob-
lem is not one of learning—but
relearning. Remarkable tech-
niques have been available for
many years—had somebody
cared to put them in such form
that anybody could apply them.
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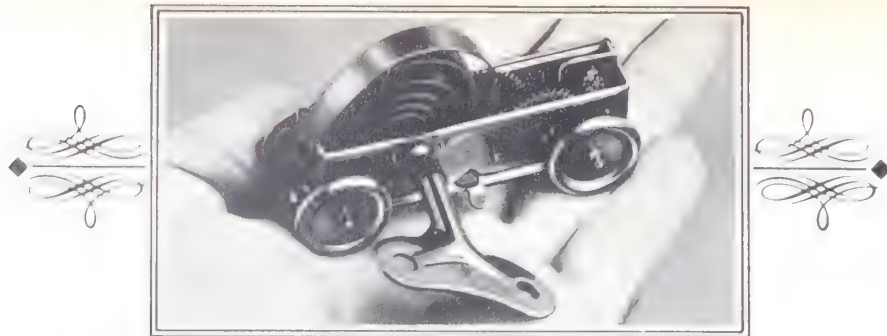
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LETTERS

graph or two" about everything except where this best conveys absurdity. Above all, the six women whom Schickel has me as "movie reviewers" I classify as "movie critics"—a mediate category between film (like Dwight MacDonald and Kauffmann) and movie review (Judith Crist, Arthur Knight, Schickel himself). I wonder how Schickel has read my book.

But what I deplore most is Schickel's disingenuousness. Thus he makes an issue of my allegedly faulting *Life* for having a tragic ending. I mention it certainly; but my main endeavor is to demonstrate why the film is a work of art so many reviewers make it into—never mind tragedy, however, defend it as "superior propaganda" and "serious, excellent entertainment," which seems to me different from what Schickel calls a first-class exercise in the detection of a satisfying political message. Again, Schickel describes *Life* as Pechter as "a true critic, by Simon's standards," though I have at least two occasions agreed with Schickel that Pechter is a person of nonentity. When he wants to praise Pauline Kael, Schickel writes that her "extended analysis of Bergman's output is not only intelligent but a simplification of Bergman's enigma, no sounder than Miss Kael's"; when, however, he wants to get at me, he calls my very analysis my "endless ege of the same film," and Farber calls it "much nearer the mark."

Finally, I am amazed to see reviews, which often run several in length, referred to as "guide" stuff "at the thumbs-up, down level" by Schickel who, when he raves about a film like *Kennerly The Music Lovers*, gets no more from *Life* than one Procrustean

Jo
New York

Though I've nothing against the time-honored tradition of settling via book reviews, I think, in the matter of consumer protection, things ought to be clearly labeled. One who thinks Richard Schickel of my book a disinterested referee to my review of *Life* (Commentary, January 1969) in the subsequent exchange of letters with Schickel (Commentary, April) is not that I doubt Mr. Schickel detests my book, or believe it

What Did Book Find Find?

October 1970, the Book Find Club's main selection was "The Lost Crusade" by Chester E. Silberman, an insider's comprehensive account of the real and military experience in Vietnam.

November, "Nixon Agonistes," Garry Wills, a brilliant and provocative "psychobiography" of the President.

December, "Crisis in the Classroom," by Charles E. Silberman, the superbly researched book on the American educational system.

January 1971, Charles Reich's "The Greening of America," the highly controversial book about the new world of "Consciousness III."

February, "The Military Establishment," by Adam Yarmolinsky, a major work on the military establishment in our society.

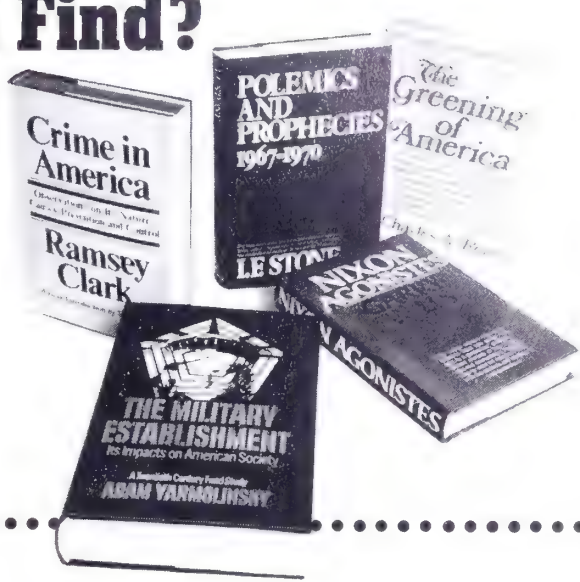
March, The Book Find Club offered two new novels. "Farragan's Retreat," by Tom McHale, a highly acclaimed trip into the wildest reaches of contemporary fiction. "Blueschild Baby," by George Cain, a first young black man who lived through the horrors and narcotics that he writes about.

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LETTERS

appeal to those for whom Mr. Simon's writing is taken to exemplify the art of criticism.

WILLIAM S. ...
San Francisco

RICHARD SCHICKEL REPLIES:

John Simon can't count either *Life* pieces run two columns minimum, not one.

But what difference does it make? Simon's basic debating technique is to use the ways to fasten on small errors and use them to discredit the substantive issues his adversary is trying to avoid the latter altogether. For example, I'm sure that my categorization with his movie-film, reviewer-categories arose not through lack of objectiveness (though large doses of objectiveness do tend to have a soporific effect) but because they are so meaningless: so clearly designed to put down his enemies rather than to date the problems of writing criticism about movies, that it was impossible to keep them straight.

As to his other points, most of them are so minor as to be unworthy of a detailed comment. If he thinks of me a "movie reviewer" (a very honorable term) gets my category wrong, since that's how I think of myself, though neither subjectively nor objectively do I believe I belong in the company with which he tries to associate me (pun intended): the contrast he finds in my two comments, between Bergman reviews does not, I think, seem to me a contradiction. I know precisely what Farber's point is in the two cited examples of his and suspect Simon, who cannot see if he can't see, does too.

One matter I do want to say more about. It is true that we come out at about the same point in our evaluations of Z. but Simon's characterization of my piece does only after worrying the public whether it is a tragedy, and he is art, for about four pages, and being dragged into the argument extended invidious comparison. Mr. Simon is being disingenuous at this point in his letter.

Re Pechter: I'm afraid he is a critic by most of the standards he raises, however little he likes it. Pechter has the requisite "objectiveness" about the subject. What I'm trying to say is that if we are turning "movies into film" for a lot more of his kind of criticism and Mr. Simon, who is so

is a consummation devoutly
d. should bear this point in
being no dearth of "pre-
mentities" eager to follow
ath. As to that gentleman
true he first came to my at-
n he attacked me in *Com-*
it's also true that I was not
ed" in his book. I am, ob-
er "disinterested" when it
n criticism. In his case "un-
would have been a more apt
as his letter reveals, there
element of simple nastiness
ibility. Combined with his
ic dullness and defensives
es him almost unreadable by
d standard of literacy.

New morality, now

ars ago, Richard Schechner,
the Drama Review, wrote a
ome of Harold Clurman's
itical writings on the thea-
h he put Mr. Clurman down
hopelessly out of date and
h with "the new theatre" of
environmentalism, ritual.
Instead of striking back,
n his article "Performing
new theatre, now" in the
Harper's, seems to have
movement. In setting out to
ne is indeed, after all, "with
looks some of this theatre's
pects, describing it primar-
n self-glorifying terms.

theatre, as Clurman points
emely varied, and with some
titioners, certainly interest-
id. But Clurman implies that
bad, it is because of adoles-
é on the part of its perform-
eeping commercialism, or
rely the desire to be novel—
entifying darker elements
tremely disturbing. A good
ne work of Peter Brook,
Schechner, the Becks (since
n from Europe), and a num-
er people, amounts to little
the worship of violence and
Nudity and crudity are not
ant issues, and are not really
stage: what matters is the
'sappearance of the idea of
a moral purpose.

Schechner's book, *Public*
hich Clurman quotes, is full
nguage of violence—fight,
power, "in warm blood,"
ecstasy, etc.—with no balanc-
tion that a function of the



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artist might be to discourage such things. On the contrary, for Schechner the purpose of theatre is to encourage license—"orgiastic," "communal," "radical," and so on. Violence is enacted not to *demonstrate* a means to an end, such as the destruction of capitalism, but to *be experienced* as a pleasurable sensation in itself. Schechner's answer to the criticism that his form of theatre resembles the literary sadism that preceded Nazism in Germany is that "The spate of sadistic writing in pre-Hitler Germany was not a cause of the Gestapo, but an indication that such impulses were there." This blanket absolutism is a moral horror, but Schechner goes further by suggesting, in a cruel parody of Aristotle's theory of catharsis, that in some undefined way "the literature probably served for a time as a safety valve." In such an aesthetic, the artist has no moral function or even ordinary moral obligation: he can do no wrong. He does not shape society, but merely reflects it, and if that society is evil, so much the better for the satisfaction of his own perverse and aggressive desires. He now has the right—indeed, the *obligation*—to write or perform all the wicked things he ever secretly wanted to do.

Thus it is no accident that these people renounce professionalism in their theatre, in both the commercial *and* the artistic sense, because professionalism means committing oneself to rigid training rather than immediate self-gratification. To be professional, to "profess" one's art, is to renounce personal power in favor of something higher, to love the theatre in oneself, as Stanislavski put it, rather than oneself in the theatre. "Willful sloppiness," as Clurman describes the new theatre, is the inevitable result of the new power aesthetics, and is perverse in the original, rather than merely the sexual, sense of the word.

Nor is it mere impatience with language that causes the theorists and "artists" of the new theatre to reject all traditional drama, to distort its texts and brutalize its meanings. If theatre is to be merely a means for personal aggrandizement and direct sensual pleasure (for both performers and audience), then our great, humane dramatic tradition not only looks ridiculous, but is seen as ripe for exploitation.... First, you ridicule traditional plays in books, articles, and lectures wherever they seem decent or humane; then, in performance, you "modernize" and rearrange the language so that the meaning becomes totally your own, in the

process stripping away all complexity and irony so that the violence will seem direct, joyous, and ecstatic. *King Lear* becomes a play about the joy of putting out people's eyes, *Macbeth* an orgiastic and communal experience of the thrill of assassination. Of course, you insist that you are merely providing a safety valve for these emotions—having made sure that the performance will do no such thing, because you have broken down barriers between performers and audience so that the audience is titillated rather than estranged, and you have removed from the text the elements of pity and fear, which for Aristotle were the means through which catharsis took place.

Maintaining that such performances will have no brutalizing effect on the participants (and may act as a safety valve!) is a sham. Of course no single production is going to turn a decent human being into a murdering Fascist, but the cumulative effect of many such performances is not only that people will become hardened to the idea of violence but that they will actually seek excuses to engage in it as a means of relieving their personal frustration and boredom. Violence is indeed thrilling and self-liberating if one can experience it without having to deal with its consequences, and it is through such experiences that the new theatre conditions its participants.

Morality is a function of culture, and culture is shaped and formed by art, which includes theatre. Thus criticism is a serious business, and not merely a matter of choosing sides or being up to date, a fact that an influential drama critic like Harold Clurman would do well to remember.

RICHARD HORNBY

Assistant Professor of Theatre
University of British Columbia
Vancouver, Canada

HAROLD CLURMAN REPLIES:

Indignation is often a vitalizing force. It may also obfuscate vision. Professor Hornby's spirited response to my short account of "The new theatre, now" is such a case. He hardly appears aware that his comments are an outraged addendum to my article rather than a correction of it. He implies that I was formerly "against" the new theatre—he takes Richard Schechner's review of my book *The Naked Image* as evidence of this—and that now I am "for" it.

Allow me, for the sake of those readers who have not seen my piece, to

quote its first sentences: "Two things prevail in regard to what is new, as the 'new' or 'avant-garde' theatre. There are the unqualified converts and those who are its entreprenuers. Both are mistaken."

The professor enjoins me to consider the interrelation of moral and aesthetic values. The concluding paragraph of my article reads, ". . . in the new theatre, one must assign worth to individual actions within every artistic movement in relation to the degree of growth in power, breadth, and depth of vision. If not, that is, to the extent that they satisfy our basic human appetites and needs. All the rest is modishness, ungrounded applied rationalizations, no more than high-sounding or startling, a fashionable trill." And preceding these remarks is a half-column statement of my historic position made as explicit as possible in so brief a space.

If he has previously read my article, Professor Hornby should know that I am not certain that consistency is an unmixed blessing, as a man of letters—director and critic—I have often "changed sides." I have always held that a critic's foremost task is to describe, understand, and elucidate, rather than praise or blame. Value judgments come later. That is why I rarely appear in "raves" of enthusiasm or of condemnation. Such outbursts are foreign to the core of criticism.

The point of my piece was that the new theatre is in large measure a new expression of the *mores* or the customary behavior of our day, and that it is a positive usefulness in the theatre expressed even when the work is embodied goes against our grain. That, furthermore, some of the new techniques and vocabulary employed serve to broaden and enrich the theatre.

Professor Hornby abhors violence, license, and morbid illness. So do I. In my quotation from Schechner's book, I cite exactly the passage in which he admits the artistic and ideologic inadequacy of much that has been done thus far in the new theatre. For my part, I reserved my "compliments" for the seriousness in the Open Theatre's production of *The Serpent* and for Grotowski's "cruelty" is a function of, not a religious motivation.

Respectfully I suggest that the professor, now that he has rid himself of typewriter of his ire, read my piece with calm, and, if he has not, further into other of my writings on the theatre, old and new.

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FOREIGN NOTES

The firewalkers of Udappawa

IT IS HUMBLy REQUESTED of the distinguished personages in the VIP compound that they will please be so kind . . . It is humbly requested, in order that . . ." The loudspeaker stuck aground in the shoals of English syntax. But soon the shouts of protest again arose from the villagers and pilgrims massed behind us, and the disembodied voice tried again:

"It is humbly requested of distinguished personages standing in the VIP compound that they will humbly . . . that they will kindly sit down in order . . . so the people behind them may have a view of the ceremonies. Thank you."

Scattered compliance from Distinguished Personages, but most of us remain standing in bored defiance. We have squatted on the ground for three hours, we two-dozen-and-odd pale-faced VIPs (in Ceylon a white skin is automatically VIP, unless it is attached to a hippie), waiting for the fire-walk to begin. Only in the past hour, as the tangerine sun dips behind the tiered limestone column of the Hindu temple, have the genuine, fourteen-karat VIPs made their appearance. They include Ceylon's Governor-General and the former Prime Minister, Mrs. Bandaranaike, who gather in a smaller *very* VIP enclosure next to ours. These government dignitaries, as befits their importance, are wiser in the vagaries of religious festivals than we garden-variety VIPs, who have driven the forty miles from Colombo under the blistering midday sun only to wait, interminably, in this fly-bitten, mosquito-infested temple of Udappawa, for the fire-pit to be readied by itinerant priests in white breechelouts.

As the sun sets behind the temple and a cooling breeze lifts, fanning the burning logs, I squat again on the elite patch of dry grass, knee-sore, stiff, cranky with impatience, and count the beats in my head before the loudspeaker takes up its garbled refrain. I am not disappointed:

"It is humbly requested of the dis-

tinguished persons in the VIP compound that they will kindly sit down so that . . . in order to afford to the people a view of the firewalkers, standing behind . . . that is . . . ahh . . . ehmm . . . Thank you." Click.

"Ach, but we *are* sitting down," grumbles Kurt, the West German photographer who crouches beside me, his ribs chafed sore by his two Leicas, one with telephoto lens, the other with wide-angle. "When will this famous spectacle to begin?" His exasperation, understandably, exceeds mine, for dusk is upon us and neither of his cameras has a flash attachment. He has already exhausted two rolls of film (one color, one black-and-white) on the smoking pile of tamarind logs in the center of the arena, snapping away from every conceivable angle at the swarthy priests who stab and worry the fire with long poles as methodical subordinates douse their heated bodies with buckets of water.

Not until it was all over did I understand that our waiting was an integral part of the ceremony. The firewalkers had submitted to strict fasts and ascetic discipline for two weeks. Our three hours in the punishing sun raised us from mere spectators to sharers in the devotional exercise. Our spirits were refined and made ready by the ordeal of patience, our bodies by the risk of sunstroke. I doubt any of us will use the word "spectacle" ever again to describe what followed.

The sky turns lavender as the last of the *very* VIP stragglers settle into their enclosure, but still the fire-walk does not begin. Some related but indistinct rituals are performed before the temple gate, which is ornamented with sheaves of banana leaves and a gaudy papier-mâché arch. Against a background of drums and flutes, painted figures of Hindu deities, larger than life, are wheeled out of the temple on animal-shaped carriages. They resemble king-sized piñatas. Saraswati, the Goddess of Learning, is paraded on a painted swan; Ganesh, the elephant-headed, on a giant mouse; Vishnu on the eagle, Garuda.

A guide explains in broken English that the fire-walk ceremony is dedicated

to Skanda, the God of War, on a wooden peacock. Behind the wheeled gods emerges an elderly village, held up by two devotees. A decision has been cut in his chest, reflecting to commemorate the some legendary hero over some ary villain in one of the countless from the three-thousand-year d the *Mahabharata*. (Ceylon's like their elephants, have legends.) The elder's face looks not with pain but exaltation. He appears a proud and privileged man.

As the chariots are trundled from, a Russian diplomat approaches the gods too closely with his obstructing the view, and is hissed by the pilgrims. A ushering him back into the VIP despite his animated protests. The pilgrims applaud this small but victory, and I clap a few times. The pushy Russian's come gratifying in itself, and it relieves the tedium.

It grows darker. The villagers have stopped their excited cavorting and retired to their rooms. To a chorus of drums and flutes the chariots are wheeled aside the temple. Swirls of dust with woodsmoke in the breeze. In the center of the tamarind logs have crumbled into glowing coals. Rising heat waves the brown pilgrim faces across the red, blue, and green saris. The women forfeit their brilliant colors, enfolding dusk, but their ghastly faces remain.

At last the priests begin to wheel the scarlet coals into a tidy bed four feet long and four feet wide of mud and grass are packed the coals to form a level pit a foot deep. Another half-hour the coal bed is leveled and and we VIPs vent our restlessness in speculation and argument.

"They're waiting for ash," says a pert Korean girl who attended college in Illinois. "I read in a book that the layer of ash on the surface protects them from the coals."

"I've heard," says a rangy man who drills oil wells, "they rub

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tus oil on their feet, in order to insulate the skin."

"Have you *seen* their feet? The soles of their feet are like leather." This is offered by a freckled Peace Corpsman from Wisconsin. "If you walked barefoot all your life you wouldn't feel a thing either." He smiles, runs stubby fingers through his thick red hair. "Well . . . not much, anyway."

"Nonsense," retorts Kurt, the West German, "that reasoning is scientifically unsound. The heat of the fire-pit will rise to thirteen hundred degrees, Fahrenheit. At this temperature human skin, no matter how it is tough or calloused, or rubbed with oils, or shielded with ash, will burn on contact with the coals. . . . A third-degree burn, at least."

I ask, "Then how do you explain it?"

He shrugs, winds fresh film into his camera, in case. "My personal opinion is that they are in a hypnotic trance that suspends normal physical functions."

"But that doesn't really explain anything," the Korean girl objects, and the arguments begin all over again.

A shift in the wind: a gust of heat like a furnace blast shocks our faces. There are no skeptics regarding the temperature of the pit.

NIGHT FALLS. A STRING OF LIGHTS twinkles on above our heads. A photographer for a Colombo paper sets up a strobe in the arena, about ten feet from the pit. After a hasty conference he agrees to share the strobe with Kurt, who returns to his place smiling, his confidence restored, and winds a roll of Tri-X into his second Leica.

Another quarter-hour creeps by. The hands of my watch perform their own penitence, independently of the stars. The faces of the fire-tenders flicker sinisterly in the firelight, a band of warlocks at a *Walpurgisnacht*. I stand up to ease my joints, unable to hold the lotus—or any other seated position—a moment longer. Inevitably, the loudspeaker clicks on: "It is humbly requested of distinguished personages . . ."

It is too much. Led by me, a hiss goes up from the VIPs, and is answered by a much sharper, voluminous hiss from the pilgrims that sounds as if the night has been stuck with a pin. Outhissed and outried, I fold to the ground with my legs under me, and sulk.

Thin pipes in the distance. Drumbeats. A disturbance across the way, causing every head to turn. A procession threads its way through the crowds, scattering bodies. The priests set up a

din of hand-clapping chants around the fire-pit. A constable removes the leader from the arena, the lights overhead go off. Preceded by flutists and drummers, the leader of the procession bursts into the arena, his face lit eerily by the glow of the coals. He is a large, stocky figure, draped only in a saffron cloth, tied up between his legs. He does a goatish jig around the pit, balances on his head a wooden throne. His eyes roll in his head. After circling around the arena he veers and enters into the glowing pit, neither slowing down nor speeding up. Sparks of fire fly into the air. The line of villagers, dressed in saffron loincloths—follow him into the fire. Two priests who have taken themselves at the entrance to the ceremony, chanting and clapping, seize the fire-walker as he approaches, clasp their hands above his head and shout an invocation at him. The leader prances back and forth beside the pit with the wooden casket on his head.

As the villagers file across the arena, I pick out single faces. They are mostly younger men, many carrying torches in their arms. Every sixth or seventh marcher is a boy or girl of between ten and fifteen. I make out several children, but no adult women. The expressions of the firewalkers range from a trance-like ecstasy of their faces to a stoical indifference. One of the boys looks curiously down at Kurt's camera. Up to the moment he enters the pit, the boy of eleven or twelve freezes in fright and has to be carried by one of the priests. I hear remarks from the villagers as they file past, though anything below a healthy skepticism would be screened out by the drumming and by the chanting and clapping of the priests. Each marcher walks at his own pace. Some lope across in three or four strides, others pause to test their will, until they are pulled from behind. Two grinning children enter the line for a second time, evidently treating it as a contest between themselves. A small girl trips and falls to one knee, but she is lifted by the next in line and disappears in the crowd. And now a strong man comes me to strip to my jockeys and leap into the pit, like *táneo* at a bullfight. But I know I am not equal to this trial: I am not prepared. Three hours in the sun is not sufficient. As an added touch, the guide's story is fresh in my mind: the Catholic priest who entered the arena to show the superiority of his faith and ended up in the hospital.



Hennessy Because there's a little connoisseur in everyone.

corched feet (and who knows
 lible scar to his spirit).
 by the noise, and by my inner
 my senses blur. The proces-
 rewalkers becomes a faceless
 engine, fueled from below.
 e male population of Udap-
 or seven hundred, have now
 ross the pit at least once. A
 up as the last villager passes.
 once more by their goatish
 leader, who vanishes with all
 into the night. The chanting
 drums and flutes fall silent.
 alk ceremony is over.
 se, then a calm. The moment
 ontáneo has passed, and I am
 s compulsion. I tremble with
 excitement.

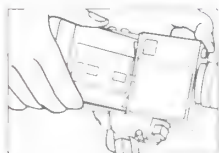
LE LATER I APPROACH a lanky
 ng man from Colombo who
 in the fire-walk and hangs
 ter the villagers have gone
 explains that the fire-walk
 is unrestricted, and that he
 several Moslems who partici-
 himself is Buddhist, like the
 of Ceylonese. On request he
 the soles of his feet, which
 es of ash still, but no other

in how the fire felt.
 d," he replies, and then adds
 "like warm red flowers."
 his smile for traces of irony.
 one. "Do you consider your-
 t?" I ask, and he replies with
 ese head-bob that can mean
 a little bit of both. "Anyone
 is," he says, "if he prepares
 He adds that he has been
 r ten days, has taken frequent
 l tasted no meat. He smells
 en now, of coconut oil and

all it takes? Preparation?"
 e says, with the light bob of
 Then he smiles, a gentle
 nile, but with an edge to it.
 ion and also faith. With faith
 n do it. Even you."
 oward the pit, around which
 VIPs have gathered, at a re-
 stance. The first walkers took
 the thin cover of ash, and
 nderneath lie exposed, like
 ows. Many of the hundreds
 nts have bitten close to the
 the pit. Kurt tosses in a
 film container. It catches fire
 , burns with a blue-red flame.
 to ash. ☐



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THE EASY CHAIR

On breathing and other ills

IT IS ELOQUENT THAT WHEN Richard Nixon envied so much in Charles de Gaulle was his verbal grace (his "ability," said Nixon, "to summarize in a sentence what most of us would have taken several minutes, several paragraphs to say"), because it is in just that particular that Nixon is so obviously de Gaulle's equal, and probably his superior. De Gaulle, placed beside Nixon, is almost verbose.

Consider, for example, the remarks made by the two men on their respective—and oddly parallel—retirements (in both cases, temporary) from public life. De Gaulle's "I say farewell to you: we shall not meet again until the tempest again looses itself on France" is a masterful appeal to that residual French yearning for grandeur that he so well understood and exploited. But Nixon's "You won't have Nixon to kick around anymore" is as eloquent, briefer, and even more fully, I believe, in the national grain.

I have admired Nixon's Farewell from the day it was uttered: but I have only recently understood how thoroughly, in those eight words, he took the measure of the nation. He somehow sensed, as his listeners perhaps did not, that Americans *must* have—indeed, cannot function without—somebody to kick around. And in that respect, he certainly knew, far better than his listeners, the size of the loss they had sustained.

There was a time in America, if we wish to probe back far enough, when individual sin was not only a fact, but a problem without solution: "From a putrefied root have sprung putrid branches," intoned the Puritans, who understood that if all was not well with the world, that was (given the endemic weakness and corruption of human nature) regrettably to be expected. As that quaint notion gradually receded, and as it became increasingly obvious that the evil is not in ourselves but in somebody else, the practice of ritualistic kicking (called colloquially, in some

sections of the country, "passing the buck") became, for all practical purposes, a necessity.

It is true that the Puritan ethic died hard: as recently as 1952 we had the novelist Katherine Anne Porter stubbornly insisting that "the refusal to acknowledge the evil in ourselves" is an "unworkable proposition." But I think it is safe to say that long before that date—as early, in fact, as the first decades of the nineteenth century—the great mass of Americans had grasped, quite correctly, the indispensable principle that *Somebody Else is always to blame*. When Brigadier General Porter McKeon explained that his left flank was turned at Antietam because of the folly and cowardice of his artillery mules, he was speaking (one might say) in the spirit of the nation.

Now, I have used the loose phrase "Somebody Else" in the last paragraph precisely to emphasize that in a free and pluralistic society such as we have in America, no single "scapegoat" (another useful colloquialism) can serve the interests of all of the people all of the time. Under our system of democratic choice, each man, woman, and child has not only the right but the responsibility to select for kicking whatever goats best suit his individual interests and peace of mind.

HAVING SAID SO MUCH, we must also say this: freedom and anarchy are not the same thing. We cannot, if our society is to function, permit totally indiscriminate kicking—permit, that is to say, each citizen to kick a totally different goat from the one his neighbor is kicking. There are many reasons for this, only two of which I shall mention here.

First, there is the purely practical problem that there are not enough goats to go around: at the very least, we should need something on the order of 200 million goats, and the last Rauscher-Haas Index (admittedly for the year 1964, but still, I think, fairly reliable) put the number of available goats at just over 125,000, including the whole

of mainland China. (If each were to kick several individuals, the 200 million figure would be much higher—but now we are into the realm of the absurd.)

Second, the proliferation of kicking beyond a reasonable point frustrate the very purpose for which goat-of-atonement was originally conceived. A goat is obviously useful insofar as it facilitates an orderly transfer of responsibility from one man kicked, that is, an orderly "passing the buck." Now, when there are many goats—let us say (although there are no figures readily available) more than one goat for every man—a certain degree of confusion is inevitable. We have, in other words, what is sometimes called an "element of riches."

The painful (and inevitable) result is an erosion of confidence. A man, with such riches available to him, is never sure that he is kicking the right goat: he is deprived of nearly all the satisfactions that usually entail. His position is as painful as that of the Puritan, but by a primitive sense of responsibility.

The Republic has always recognized the dangers inherent in such a situation and has provided against it by making available a limited number of goats upon whose culpability large portions of the electorate could agree. In 1819, the Yazoo Land Law; in the Seminole Raids, and the Mississippi compromise served this function; in the Monroe Administration; similar in the Sherman Silver Purchase and the Apache Massacres, Coxe's and Senator Arthur Pue Gorman's during the Administration of Cleveland; and Halley's Comet, the Robber Barons, the United States Corporation, and the Yellow Ribbon during that of Theodore Roosevelt. In more recent past we have had (to give some random examples) the New Deal, Socialism, the Cosa Nostra, the Charlie Wilson, and the Tonkin Gulf Resolution.

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we have been seeing a gradual erosion of the checks and balances on expiatory kicking, until a very serious imbalance has set in. Nothing better illustrates this than the curious case of Richard Nixon himself. It is immensely to Nixon's credit that he recognized the probability of an imbalance as early as 1962. Seen in this light, his "You won't have Nixon to kick around anymore" is not only a graceful farewell to his constituency, but a prophetic warning: he was saying, in effect, that the passing of himself from the national scene would deprive a whole generation of its favorite goat and lead to the indiscriminate proliferation of minor goats of all descriptions. And such has proved to be the case.

What is more alarming is that even the return of Nixon to political prominence has not in any way altered that trend. It was an act of courage on Nixon's part to plan his return, and an act of magnanimity on the part of the public to receive him. Nor can there be any question that he is being kicked virtually as hard as ever: if anything, I should say that we are getting better loft and range into our kicks than we did in 1959-60. (It is true that we are not kicking him as well as we did in the early-to-mid-Fifties, but the Nixon of those years was more resilient, and we were all a great deal younger then.)

What, then, is our problem? Why are we suffering such a malaise in both our public and our private sectors? The answer, quite simply, is that we had so glutted the market with goats-of-atonement by the time of Nixon's return that even his presence could not restore a measure of order to the chaos. Inflationary forces left too long unobstructed (Mengling has taught us) tend at last to fuel themselves—as we are now learning to our cost.

Consider for a minute the chaotic abundance of goats now available to the Affluent Society. When the world is too much—or not enough—with us, we can put the blame on the Black Panthers or the Young or the Establishment or Timothy Leary or Consciousness II or Sexually Permissive Rock Festivals or the Silent Majority or the National Guard or Jerry Rubin or the Capitalist State or Ronald Reagan or the Military-Industrial Complex or Dr. Spock or Mayor Daley—the list is forever changing, and it is as fertile and as varied as the sprawling continent itself.

What, we must ask, is the intelligent and responsible citizen to do when confronted by such a confusion of choices?

that there are Good People—many of them much like himself—and Bad People, and that the Bad People are responsible for the ills of the world. But who *specifically* is responsible for (let's say) the modest degree of failure he has experienced in his own career? If he is of a conservative turn of mind, he may recognize with great clarity that the responsibility lies with either the Black Panthers or Jerry Rubin or Sexually Permissive Rock Festivals. But to obtain the measure of therapy he is seeking, he must finally "fish or cut bait" (in Nixon's fine phrase)—must, that is to say, settle on one goat.

Or, to take an example from another sector of political opinion, let us suppose that a citizen of liberal inclination finds his third marriage deteriorating and decides to absolve himself with a program of cathartic kicking. He will derive very little benefit if he tries *simultaneously* to kick the Establishment, Mayor Daley, and the Tonkin Gulf Resolution. He must select one of the three, for it has been demonstrated time and again that the buck can be passed effectively to only one recipient at a time.

Now, I am aware that in these examples I have ludicrously simplified the hypothetical choices: in actual fact, the choices are often excruciatingly subtle and complex, and the tensions they engender nearly overwhelming.

There are those among us—and I count them some of the best minds in the country—who believe that there is basically no solution to the problem. If Nixon has returned to public life to again present his ample background to the public boot (their argument runs), if J. Edgar Hoover has selflessly postponed retirement for the same purpose, if Lyndon Johnson has graciously allowed himself to be kicked across the Pedernales, and if one beloved public figure (Spiro T. Agnew) has been specifically *invented* by the federal government for the sole purpose of being kicked—if all these things are true and still the frenzy for new goats-of-atonement persists, then there is nothing more to be done.

Now I can sympathize with this view and even, to a certain degree, share it. There is something very, very disheartening about what has been going on, and no American can look with indifference on the very real possibility that a 200-year-old tradition of orderly buck-passing will, in our time, come to an end in America. But I think there is

WHAT WE HAVE BEEN talking really, is a breakdown in the method of assigning culpability will to pass the buck is just as true ever, but our confidence has been diminished. The restoration of confidence must be the country's first concern.

Nathaniel Hawthorne once proposed a new method of classifying things according to new principles—vice, disease, intellect, sorrow, crime, love, failure, etc. It is an interesting proposal (detailed in Hawthorne's *Procession of Life*), and although finally founders on certain logical inconsistencies, it can be useful to think, in the present extremity, to suggest that we need a new classification based not on Hawthorne's list of vices (and certainly not on money or politics) but simply on the intensity of pollution.

We are more than fortunate, we are indeed, privileged—to live in a time when pollution can be measured with remarkable accuracy. While man, in ancient times, has always been recognized to be the chief fouler of his nest ("The earth also is defiled by the inhabitants thereof," Isaiah 24:3), we have never before been in a position to say precisely how much he fouls the nest as compared to nature. We now have that capability, however, and the advantages deriving from it are enormous.

To appreciate this, we need only again to the example of our third liberal—I shall call him Kingmaker Galinger—who at a critical juncture in his life is unable to decide whether to pass the buck to the Establishment, Mayor Daley, or the Tonkin Gulf Resolution. Now, suppose Mr. Galinger has at hand information about the effects of his actions upon the environment, the President, the Cabinet, the judicial and legislative branches, and his neighbors on both sides of the street. Would he not be in a position to choose his scapegoat instantly and with confidence in his culpability? (to put it another way) easier to maintain the balance a man's emuneration processes than it is to take the measure of his soul?

(The question is, of course, both bolic and rhetorical: John Foster was the last American who tried to take the measure of his actions with consequences that some day, remember.)

I have, you will observe, greatly simplified the case. "E-

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searches have been many independent observations of great originality, such as those announced by a Carnegie Institute chemist and a University of Vermont doctor showing that the cocktail-party smoker can inflict constitutional shocks not only upon himself, but upon his unsuspecting and passively inhaling neighbor.

The tortoise, it was said in the eighteenth century, could refrain from breathing for a great part of the year. It is a talent that very few men possess (Jesus Christ, Karl Marx, and Sigmund Freud being among the very few authenticated exceptions), and it is for just this reason that the Soviet and related studies are so important: *they can be applied almost universally*. I would expect that two changes would occur very quickly after we shifted to the personal-pollution count as a scapegoat-detector. First, things would become a great deal quieter—for much of the noise in the press and elsewhere these days is simple bickering over who should be the recipient of the buck. With the pollution count serving as a prescription, a justification, and a restraint, each citizen could pass the buck as he saw fit. We would have diversity under discipline—which, in essence, is what this country is all about.

Second, there would inevitably be a new ordering of culpability. When we start looking at the people around us as potential usurpers and defilers of our earth, air, and water, it would seem that various slips, shifts, and erosions of attitude are bound to occur. We would have to say, for example, of the father of ten that his vigorous multiplication of himself was no longer the affirmation we had thought it was, but something more like an indulgence. We would need to look again at the holy man in the flatulent Volkswagen, at the exhortation seeded with formaldehyde, at the benediction wreathed in cigarette smoke. We would have to ponder nice distinctions: does Eldridge Cleaver exhale more CH_3COOH than William Westmoreland? Are the speeches of Mayor John Lindsay more toxic than those of Spiro T. Agnew? What signifies the ominous rumbling in the gastrointestinal tract of Herbert Marcuse?

Easy questions? Of course not. But America has always thrived on the hard question, and I for one am confident that if we have the courage to put aside our old goats and raise our boots to new ones, harmony will once again, in God's own time, prevail. ☐

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PERFORMING ARTS

Reflections on movies

IT IS WIDELY HELD that movies nowadays are much more interesting than the theater. Arithmetically speaking, it is a fact. It should be immediately admitted that a moderately entertaining film is much more attractive than an indifferent play.

The reason for this is simple enough: there are the *pictures*. Most films today are admirably photographed. The pictures' locales are diverse, often exotically fascinating, bold in the maneuvers of their execution. The faces and bodies we see are, with the cameraman's aid, more sensuously gratifying than those beheld at present on the stage. Physical beauty, which should be one of the theater's lures, is now sadly lacking.

While the theater for centuries has been taken as an adjunct of literature, its very name derives from the Greek "theatron," which connotes seeing. In our country at least, the theater has become visually impoverished as well as verbally depleted.

Drama signifies action. In this respect also, the theater has become poor. It is generally deficient in movement. By their very nature, films, even if we think of them only in regard to editing, are all movement. In pictures we are present at the accidents of daily living, the disasters of war, the upheaval and wreckage of nature. Movies act directly on our senses. Because of all this they "grab" us more readily than any other art.

Have I, who began my playgoing career at the age of seven and spent over forty-five years of my professional life in the theater, then turned movie buff? Have I lost my appetite for stage spectacles? The debate over or contrast between the two media is specious . . . I have been going to the movies since the days of Bronco Billy Westerns. I did not give them much thought then. I just went. It never occurred to me, later on, to engage in any argument over the comparative merits of theater and cinema. Such discussion is usually more a matter of pragmatic or commercial

than of aesthetic concern. No art replaces another. My addiction to the theater and my growing interest in the movies have never interfered with my reading of poetry and novels, my love of the dance, my attentiveness to painting and sculpture, my enjoyment of old and new music.

Films are a new and exciting mode of expression. They do not, I repeat, render any other medium, however ancient or neglected, obsolete. What we are called upon to enjoy and evaluate in all the arts is the weight and quality of what they express.

The film, I have always believed, is an essentially silent medium. I found myself disturbed at first by the third dimension of speech which intruded on the two dimensionality of the screen image. I held John Ford's *The Informer* in special esteem because he used so little dialogue. (I can remember only two or three lines of the spoken text.) But we have talkies and screenwriters now, and they have added a great deal to the scope of the cinematic form.

Another addition to film vocabulary is color. Its employment has become virtually mandatory not only because of the public's taste for it, but because of the TV companies' insistence upon it. Still, I cannot help but feel that in this way many pictures lose something of their truth. This is a paradox because we do perceive objects in a variety of shades. There are certain films the effects of which are thus enhanced. But the tints employed in most films are more pigment than true color. Faces are too often drenched in an intensity of hue which makes them look glazed in a bath of cosmetics, as if they were on sale.

Many scenes photographed on big-city locations (including the slums) become glamorized to the detriment of the film's artistic intention. Paris in René Clair's *Sous les Toits de Paris* or Agnès Varda's *Cleo from 5 to 7* appears more truly itself than do the usual film images of that town which look like ads for travel agencies. One could hardly believe in the wretched garishness of the dance hall in *They Shoot Horses,*

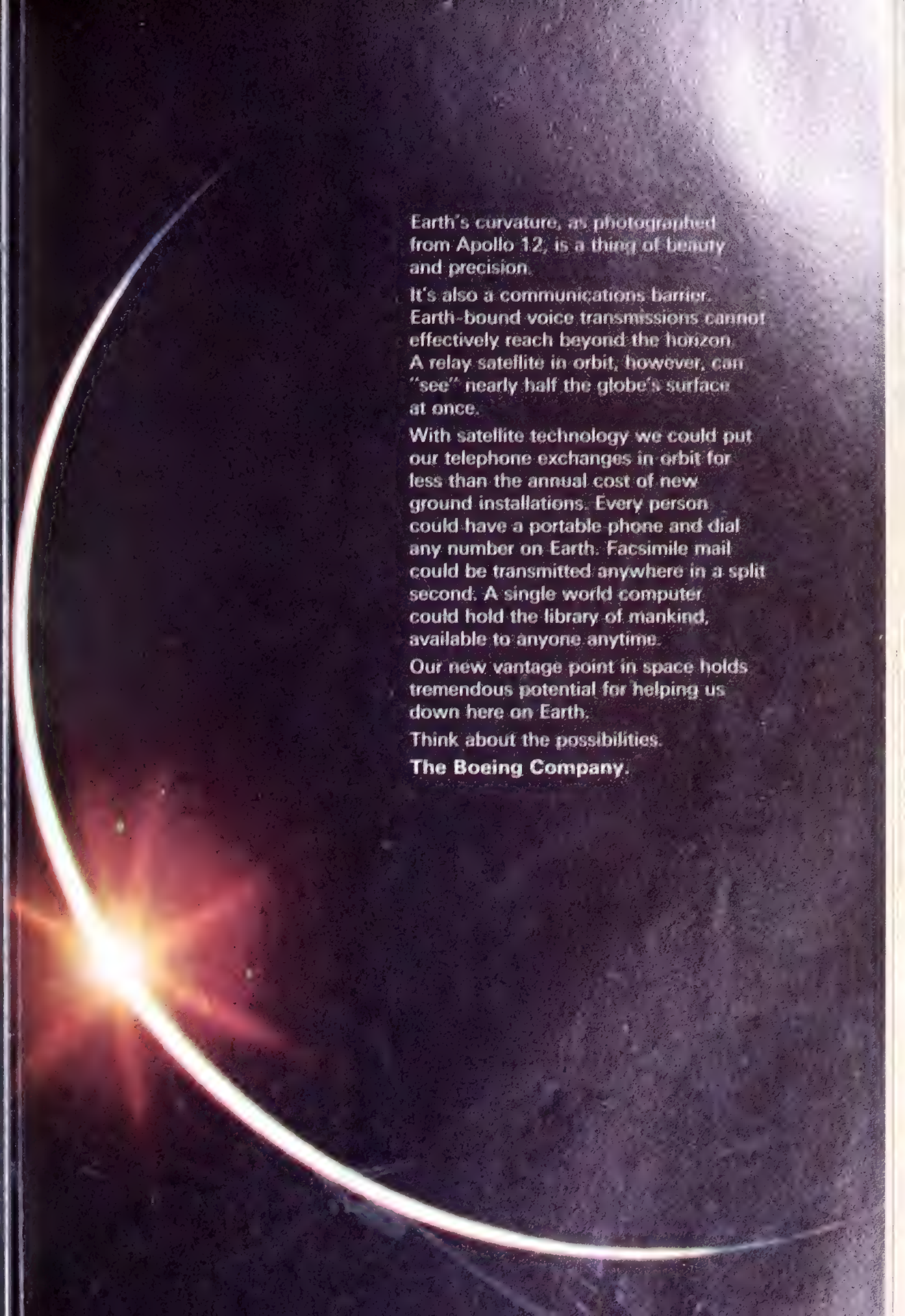
Don't They? because of the colorfulness of the photography.

It is possible that, in times of delicacy in this regard may be better. In any case, except for travel and enchantment, we have more or less to notice color in films: it is just there. The subliminal effect of its use to make the world appear opulent is perhaps a solace for a fatigued nation.

I AM NOW CHIEFLY CONCERNED with the intrinsic content to be found in the films seen in the past two years. As I choose only those recommended by people I respect, I must state that I have had a great deal of time at most of them. If I enjoy five or twenty minutes of any film, I will watch a sequence made explicit through an actor's personality in the subject matter, or director's ingenuity. I do not feel myself bored.

Though it is entirely proper to speak of the art of films, I find very little in films except when artists make a point—and they are exceedingly rare—most films—especially the American documentaries. They tell us more of time and place in which we live than any of the other media. A film, drama, or art, they lie. They are primarily designed as diversionary toys; yet they are willy-nilly instructive. The response they elicit from their vast audiences is as much a part of their message as their material. Thus, no matter how frivolous or serious, I take them seriously.

Cultured folk, when I began to see movies, held them in contempt. It was so for many years. Not only were movies primitive in technique, they were also paltry in content. They were kid stuff and as such may have done more harm than good. Even now, when they have become more sophisticated, people rarely regarded them with adult consideration. The big studios made them conform strictly to the tastes of America as the land of the brave, the just, and above all, the



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monopoly by which pro-
rolled the industry through
of the movie houses—the en-
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(restricted) as a warning to
a caution to the squeamish.

FOUND FREEDOM HAS, in my
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of filmic emancipation. But
minor matter. The erotic has
upied an important place in
treasury of the arts. There
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ified by the sight of a beauti-
ody—though such sights are
us under much more favor-
tions elsewhere. The issue
at role such images play in
of the complete picture.

refer to films primarily in-
arouse desire or to shock or
a come-on to the prurient,
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by the film's purveyors. I
so-called socially significant

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PERFORMING ARTS

films, often praised by film for good standing.

Take, for example, *Getting*. It is a picture about the formation of youth, in other words college life. Youth is represented in the movie by a great lummock (so very bright) in the shape of our favorite, Elliott Gould, who is about thirty. He has great appeal because he is like "everybody": in manner, somewhat thick-toned speech, generally crude and blunt fellow he plays—like presuming many of the young—believes educational institutions to be little factories for the production of legends. (Some of them are just that.) He is eager to assume, an advanced student eager for knowledge. His problem is that the college doesn't provide it. How do we get to know of him?

Apparently he spends even more time "sexualizing" with his girlfriends than a typical co-ed in the person of Cameron Bergen. When he behaves badly, he forbids him her bed. This is only a deprivation for him to be a housemother. He immediately compensates for it by being with a beautiful black girl. He is if he finds this novel experience especially pleasurable.

There are funny scenes—mostly caricatures—showing how dumb the academic doctors are, and there are scenes in which police brutality on a large scale is photographed: halfhearted never suffice in such pictures. The film is not only topical but revolutionary.

The principal characters in these films are shown to be "rebellious" when they are not just morose. *Rider*, made at a relatively low cost, so successful that it inspired "rebellion" in the big studios, introduces several nonconformist youths: which is not sympathetic to their like. How do they use their liberty? To profit from their freedom they undertake to transport drugs from Mexico to California.

The best thing in the picture, from Jack Nicholson's performance, is the sight of him as a drunken dude, is the sight of him as a scape. Nicholson is beaten to death because he taunts some red-neck who sent the free life of the last of the youths. Later the two boys are shot down by passing red-necks. The reason except that they are hippies. There is a moral to all this: one of them, before his death, murmurs "I love it." In other words, he now realizes he and his buddy muffed their chance at a good life. Nevertheless the



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sented to us as folk heroes of a sort.

The filmmakers are always on the side of the angels. In the supposedly satiric *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, four nitwits experiment in wife-swapping. But they can't make it after all. They are basically "beautiful people." Aside from a few hilarious bits (one of them in a psychoanalyst's office), the picture is a setup for jokes about permissiveness in promiscuity in which little else (children, work) comes into play. One might conclude, then, that this is a picture about sex, but it is really nothing of the sort. Sex is something more than a physical function. Emotions are taken as a matter of course, real sentiment is never suggested, except that the couples do not consummate their cross-copulation. Given the circumstances and the nature of these citizens, this is rather stupid of them.

One of the most engaging among recent films with some truly amusing scenes and several excellent performances is *Five Easy Pieces*. Its central figure is a man who might have been a musician—he was reared in a musical family—and, when we meet him, is a totally disoriented person. He is without any specific direction or impulse, except to drink, fornicate, and run away. He is loyal to pals and is capable of momentary affection but has no regard for women, though he makes passes at all within his reach. At best, he is sorry about his state. He is to be accepted as the maimed hero of our subculture. To see him in this light is surely to indulge in wishy-washiness, a widespread trait in a society in which an understanding of human frailty means to exonerate ourselves from all moral judgment.

There is considerable validity in the theme posited in *Joe*. Racists and reactionaries, the film implies, well-heeled businessmen as well as uncouth hardhats, lacking the sustenance of sound values, are, when balked, impelled toward murderousness. But the plot has it that a "respectable" commercial executive who earns \$600,000 a year will go back to the squalid quarters of a vicious drug addict to pick up his daughter's things—she being the fellow's girlfriend—things which consist of a few odd and soiled rags. Here, in his fury at being scoffed at by the derelict youth, he knocks the boy's brains out. Skeptical of the picture's initial steps, we are led from one lurid improbability to another in support of a thesis based on a loosely held ideology which demands proof. Everything finally is made

subservient to the fabrication of a bloodcurdling movie replete with thievery, sexual "orgy," drunkenness, playing with pot.

Minute clues reveal the meretriciousness of the whole. Bonnie and Clyde in the picture of that name are played by two spectacularly good-looking actors who needn't have gone hungry even in the darkest days of the Depression. Hollywood was prosperous then: they could have gotten jobs in the movies. More folk heroes? A jolly ballad? Seeing this film and several others less craftily made reminded me of the old cowboy song: "There was blood on the saddle, blood on the ground . . . blood all around." Blood? No, ketchup and Technicolor, as unbelievably fake as the vitals which, along with all manner of high jinks, are supposed to provide a sharply satiric comment in *M*A*S*H*, a movie practically everyone acclaims because we are all against war and especially ashamed of the Korean and Vietnam adventures, aren't we?

Everything in these films is spelled out. There is, for example, Clyde's impotence and his recovery from it through his loyal and gorgeous mate Bonnie-Dunaway. What a thrill in the mowing down of the two hapless marauders: the girl's body riddled with bullets bounces voluptuously from their impact. When that presumptuous idiot and distinguished novelist in *Diary of a Mad Housewife* disrobes Carrie Snodgrass, we observe each separate article of her clothing slowly drop from her body. Then, as a clincher, we are favored in an isolated shot with an ample view of the actress's glowing bottom. If it hadn't actually been shown, we might not have known that she had one. There is more decency in the filth of *Trash*.

Is it really possible to give credence to the extremely pretty and healthy Jane Fonda as the haggard, half-starved, hopelessly beat victim of the dance marathon in *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* followed by her inviting death at the hands of her sweet partner? For all the degradation through which her miserable life has dragged her, she cannot bear the thought that even such as he may have "deceived" her. Because of this, her contempt for life and love expresses itself by the exercise of fellatio on the master of the sordid ceremonies whose normal approach she refuses in horror with the fierce command, "Don't touch me!"

Our behavioristic flicks tend to assault: they conspire to kick the stuffings out of us. They are unabashed in the use

of four-letter words—the morrier—though this will soon prove ineffective as an instrument of terror. The earth shakes, the heavens beasts yowl and clamor, walls crumble, the world's chaos is intensified. Calm is unknown, action impossible. For the quiet we find in the films of Bresson, Bergman, Satyajit Ray, Olmi, Antonioni, Renoir, or the Fellini—*Vittelloni*—the repose essential to our big audiences have patience. Truffaut's unemphatic *The Wild Child* is a flop. Attention to little pleasures and the minutiae of daily life is the tumult of our civilization as our films' drug on the market.

Sentimentality may be defined as a disproportion between the feeling and the means employed to convey it. To present reality as a house and a bordello for the arousing superficial shock is sentimental and as poisonously manipulative as to jerk at our tear ducts with scenes of motherhood or the Stars and Stripes. Ugliness, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. The ferocious realism of our tough new pictures is as sentimental as the sweetness and light of the old.

No matter how savage their intentions or high-minded their ostensible pose, most of the new filmmakers treat us as though we were morbid children who will heed nothing but threats. Their protagonists are selves nearly always infantile, victims of low-grade mentality. With a few exceptions, in a situation from sub-Freudian psychologists we are, for instance, upon to understand and then care for and forgive the sadist of *Midnight Cowboy*. It may be against Eric Rohmer's *My Maud's*, or his latest picture *Knee*, that they are too verbose, insufficiently cinematic. But it is remarkable in one thing at least: with grown-ups whose preoccupations reach beyond the realm of the obvious slob.

THE REDISCOVERY OF SEX in films—sex without affect or even joyous sensuality—something more than mere exploitation is a sign that we are in danger of everything else. These films prove a positive asset: they compel attention that our values are not in question, but that they have previously been confirmed in



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PIECES OF HISTORY

by James Merrill

1

Depressions visible from the air
 Even today help you locate Qatum—
 Huge red sandbox somewhere at whose heart
 Twin-chambered lay the royal pair

How long equipped for a fantastic trek
 Back to the sun and moon they had to be.
 Time would have undressed them to the teeth,
 Sucked their bones, but spared their filigree.

I broke in with Daud, Taboos
 Were for the old, Harp, harper, palanquin and groom.
 The brittle ores of dagger-clasp, of wreath,
 Pellmell, hers, his, theirs, ours—by evening, what was whose?

2

I was only nine when an emotional war,
 The Spanish one, streaked with powder, entered our house.
 What right had she to arouse me, child that I was?
 Yet she tried to. Wars are whores, they have no shame.

And how about the issue of female suffrage.
 Dead now, but fat enough in her heyday to be my mother?
 Thinking of her, I peek at your ballot box
 And you burn with aversion. Young people are all the same.

These eyes have turned Aunt Tom into a vegetable
 And my godfather into sepia and ormolu.
 Old women I hardly remember come up to say my name
 And kiss me. One day you will love me, even you.

3

Up from wrinkled headlands see her loom
 Enlarged by emanations, white as pearl or lime.
 A lone surveyor working overtime
 Puts away his useless pendulum.

I dream a letter comes from Miss Thyra Reese
 Who drummed the credenda of progress into some of us
 And knew by heart "The Chambered Nautilus."
 Asking what have I done with her pince-nez and teeth.

There on the moon, her meaning now one swift
 Footprint, a man my age with a glass face
 Empty of insight signals back through space
 To the beclouded cortex which impelled his drift.

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 concentrated effort, time.

The great mechanism of our
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 which is driving us senseless.

There is something to pond
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 not antidotes to our diseases;
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it helps to have a taste of what's up there.

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I. Lapham

THE COMING WOUNDS OF WALL STREET

ars, old greed, and an implacable technology are threatening the status quo. The question is who will survive, and how.

IN EACH THE WRITING of an article on the ties of the New York Stock Exchange with a mix of awe and skepticism. Awe because in our mind vast sums of money still retain the magic of a fading enchantment; skepticism because I suspect that some of the boys are stealing. Since I can remember I have listened to the language of finance and the market. As a son of the money men I grew up in rooms where people talked of fortunes gained and lost, of uncles and aunts indulging in injudicious speculation, of golfing companions no longer able to pay the club dues. Very early in my life money assumed the aura of an arcane mystery about which it was improper to ask direct questions. Either one had it, or one didn't; if one had it, then it was unnecessary to discuss it; if one didn't have it, then it was unnecessary to discuss anything at all.

Originally a remnant of this delicate attitude clung to me like a mist, and when confronted by a very rich man in the inner offices of a very large brokerage firm, my critical intelligence sometimes melted into an abject nodding of the head. I have felt the weakness at the outset because the propaganda put out by the New York Stock Exchange and its member firms can befuddle even the clearest

of mind, given the circumstances, is not surprising. At the moment the Exchange finds itself in the midst of transformations more profound than those of the early 1930s. Besieged by enemies without (in the law courts, and competing markets), divided within among bitterly irreconcilable factions, the Exchange must

be understood not only as a building and a trading floor but also as an uneasy federation of 570 brokerage firms that do different kinds of business. Although everybody agrees that changes must take place, hardly anybody agrees as to precisely which changes. Whatever the changes, they will cost certain individuals a great deal of money, possibly as much as \$250,000 a year. Thus the dissension. The local political situation can be compared to that of Germany in the eighteenth century—the Holy Roman Empire broken up into duchies and petty principalities, each issuing proclamations and identifying their own self-interest with the will of God.

The disputes arise from the breaking up of the monopoly that the Exchange had enjoyed since its organization in 1792. Established as a federation that resembled a private club, it was dedicated to the proposition of providing a satisfactory business for its members. That and not much else. (The popular slogan of the early 1960s, "Buy a share in the future of America," was conceived as an advertising device; whether the stock market does, in fact, raise money for the development of industry is at least open to question. Its more extreme critics regard it merely as a form of amusement.)

The Exchange decides who can belong and sets the commission rates that members can charge non-members for the privilege of trading stock. It also insists that members trade listed securities nowhere else except on its own trading floor. The membership is limited to those individuals or firms that can pay a substantial sum for a seat. The present asking price is \$300,000; at the height of the market in late 1968, the price was \$515,000.

The debacle of 1929, the subsequent Congress-

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sional hearings, and the advent of the Securities and Exchange Commission did nothing to alter the fundamental structure of the Exchange. It remained a private institution, free to govern itself and carry on its affairs exempt from the antitrust laws. (Until very recently, if I was wandering around the street with a certificate for 100 shares of AT&T, I had only one place to exchange it for money. I would have been required to pay a fixed commission on the transaction, and if I objected to the amount of the commission, I would have been told that I didn't understand capitalism.)

Through the doldrums of the 1930s and well into the middle 1950s, the Exchange retained the social aspects of a well-run club: gentlemen of certain mutual inclinations getting together of a morning to transact a polite amount of business. As recently as 1955, a volume of 5,000,000 shares a day was considered extraordinary, and a man had time to get uptown to the Racquet Club for a game of squash in the late afternoon.

At college I had known several young men destined to pass their lives in such a manner, and during those halcyon years I maintained tenuous communications with them, reading of their marriages and divorces in the social columns of the newspapers, sometimes running across one or more of them on a golf course. They would inquire briefly about the uncertain barbarisms of the press, and among themselves they would talk about financial dealings that couldn't fail.

Although the technical nuance of their conversation eluded me, the substance of it seemed eloquently clear. They trafficked in various pieces of paper (stocks, bonds, debentures, etc.) that could be bought cheap and sold, in all but the worst of times, at enormous profit. (Nobody on Wall Street would be so crass as to use the word "enormous"; the preferred expression is "a reasonable profit commensurate with the risk." Which is a discreet way of putting it, except that often there isn't any risk.)

In the solitudes of distant fairways my acquaintances would confess that the market resembled a gambling casino: in the more pompous atmosphere of the club dining room they would talk about raising capital for American business and thus, by extension, for the greater glory and happiness of the American people.

Their receipts seemed to me exorbitant, particularly because from what I could understand of their work they performed the function of headwaiters. I never thought of them as thieves or villains; nor could I feel indignation on behalf of the general public, the so-called "little guy" about whom Wall Street protests suspiciously too much and upon whom it depends for the cash to run its business. Any amateur who chooses to gamble with professionals should at least expect to lose the price of the lunch. When I meet people who pound on tables and demand strict government regulation, I am reminded of Herbert Spencer's aphorism that to protect a man from his folly is to fill the world with fools.

WHAT CONFUSED ME WAS NOT THE MATH of the thing, but rather the rational organization of a marketplace that could pay so many people so much money for so little. I begrudge nobody easy access to a sufficient number of suckers. If I pass a man on the street moving a pea under three walnut shells, I never occurs to me to inform the customer of the odds. It seems to me entirely in keeping with the tenets of the American Dream that a man is entitled to what he can get away with. As a loyal citizen, I am committed to a belief in the system of free enterprise.

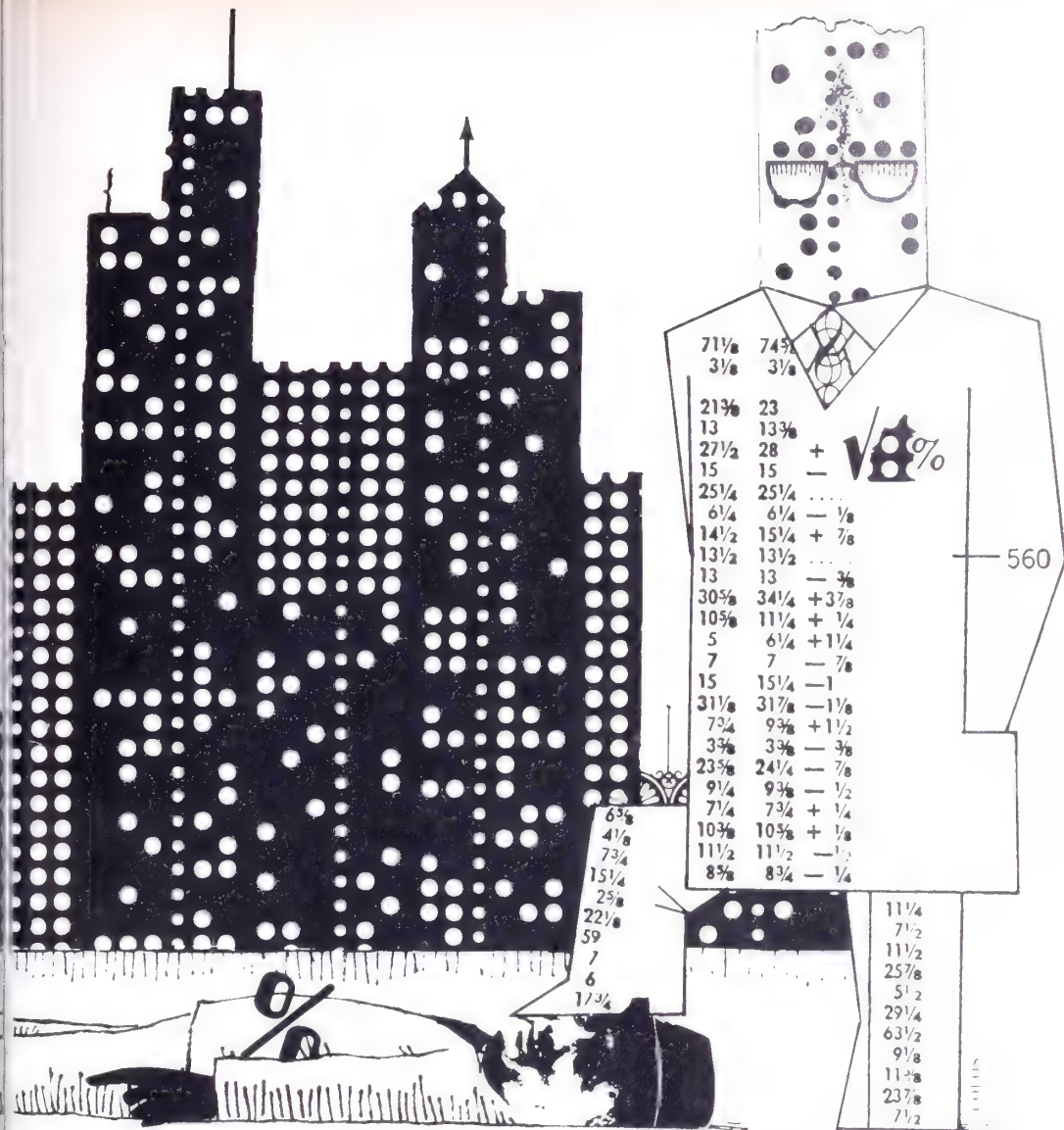
Not so the members of the New York Stock Exchange. They preach the virtues of capitalism, but they prefer the practices of the old cartel. Their instincts are selfish and reactionary, and their history is a record of unequivocal opposition to change and all changes that threaten to cut the annuity.

Within the councils of the Exchange the members vote as individuals (of whom there are a few) rather than as representatives of firms; the majority of them are gentlemen employed on the Exchange floor as specialists or floor brokers. The market is run like an auction and the specialists act as the auctioneers, quoting the bids and offers in a stock to the floor brokers who come in search of a trade. Collectively, all these men are known as "the boys on the stairs" or "the floor"; it is they whom most people associate with the Exchange, the men seen in the photographs or from the visitors' gallery, shouting around amidst a litter of paper, scribbled and dried notes, shouting to each other.

Their majority is a political one, and until recently they have controlled the workings of the Exchange. They have had the votes necessary to dominate the Board of Governors and the most important policy committees. Their means of exercising power resemble those of the United States Congress, i.e., members who oppose themselves out of the generous financial patronage income of the Exchange.

The minority faction, known collectively as "the boys on the stairs," consists of the brokers who make their money dealing with the public, either as stock underwriters, dealers, traders, or "block positioners." They are people who spend much of their time on phones, persuading a customer to buy something or haggling with a mutual fund over a question of a point in a trade of 10,000 shares. They are a minority only in an artificial sense and thus suffer with increasingly poor grace, the inequities of political disproportionment. (A firm of specialists might number twelve people, but because each of them owns a seat, the firm receives twelve votes in all elections. A brokerage firm employing thousands of people and maintaining offices in several cities might require only two floor brokers to execute orders; it therefore receives only two votes.)

Many firms obviously employ brokers for their persuasions, but their overriding policy is dictated by the aspect of their business that produces the most revenue. In general the interests don't care who does the business,



interests don't care where the business is. Their differences have to do with the conflict between the concept of a market as a system of exchange and the concept of a market as a system of transactions.

In the swollen bull market of the 1960s, the conflicts between the two factions could be explained in a glut of easy money. Both parties had to fend off the competition. They were, in effect, members of the same club, and if everybody was getting rich, what was the point in messing up the action. Few people bothered to notice that on the Exchange the balance of power was shifting to the upstairs firms; even fewer people noticed that the convenient and long-standing system of mutual advantage was beginning to erode.

It was automatic on Wall Street that nobody raises objections in a rising market. The little sign stood forever in the road announcing that the market has no clothes, but as long as the Xerox can triple in six months, the kid on the street will be conversing in Chinese. (In January, the first weeks of my research for this book, I met a broker who advised me to expect

no philosophy from his colleagues. "Downtown," he said, "there are two emotions: fear and greed. The rest is bullshit.")

THE EROSION OF THE MONOPOLY and the shift in Exchange politics both resulted from the arrival of the financial institutions in the marketplace. If in 1955 5,000,000 shares a day was looked upon as a bonanza, by 1968 a 13,000,000-share day was considered routine. The archaic mechanisms of the Exchange couldn't accommodate the volume, and so there developed a series of ingenious techniques to circumvent those mechanisms.

Lamenting the proliferation of angles and deals, Robert W. Haack, the president of the Exchange, later said, "We can't write a rule that somebody can't get around. In a small place I am surrounded by the most honorable, clever, and imaginative cutthroats in the world."

The money was too big to resist. In the process of succumbing to the temptation, the member firms violated their own rules about minimum commission rates and trades confined to the Exchange floor. Those two rules had been the iron foundations of

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the monopoly. The institutions with huge investment portfolios (banks, insurance companies, mutual funds, etc.) discovered that they could buy or sell listed stocks for lower prices (i.e., lower commissions) than they were required to pay on the New York Stock Exchange. In effect they received various kinds of volume discounts. The techniques are complicated, and for the sake of clarity, I'll attempt to explain only one of them.

The positioning of "blocks" (stock in lots upwards of 10,000 shares) requires an immense amount of capital, far more than is available to most specialists on the Exchange floor. A number of wealthy brokerage firms therefore began to act as agents for an institution that wanted to buy, say for a pension fund, 100,000 shares of General Motors. All but the last formality of the transaction could be managed on the phone. As follows:

The institution calls and announces its proposition. The broker then calls around among prospective sellers (usually other institutions), explaining he has a buyer for the stuff and does anybody want to get rid of any. If he can find enough sellers, the broker then arranges a trade between the principals at a price lower than that listed on the Exchange tape. Hopefully he can "match the pictures" (100,000 shares on each side of the deal), but if he cannot accomplish that, then he will take what's left over into "position," i.e., he will buy the entire 100,000 shares from the original customer, lay off 70,000 shares among the sellers, and retain 30,000 shares for his own account.

When this has been done (in phone conversations lasting anywhere from five minutes to three days), the broker will call his man on the Exchange floor and instruct him to both buy and sell 100,000 shares of GM. Because of the negotiated price, the net cost to the institutions will be less than if they had gone directly to the Exchange; the broker makes commissions on both sides of the trade, thus recovering what he gave away in the negotiation, and hopes that he can sell the rest of his position before the price collapses.

Other roads away from the Exchange led into the so-called third market and onto the regional exchanges in San Francisco, Baltimore, Chicago, and Detroit. The third market* operates in much the same way as the block positioners, except that the costs are even lower because the firms that make the market are not members of the Exchange and therefore can eliminate the last formality; it doesn't deal in as many stocks as the Exchange, and the trades do not appear on a tape. The regional exchanges take advantage of more lenient rules than those pertaining in New York and thus encourage several involved forms of rebate.

During the 1960s all these techniques benefited from the concurrent development of sophisticated computers and electronic systems. The trading room

*The terms *first*, *second*, and *third* markets apply to stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange. The first market is the Exchange itself; the second constitutes the regional exchanges that also trade in stocks listed on the Big Board, and the third is over-the-counter trading in listed stocks.

of Salomon Brothers, the biggest of the trading firms, resembles Mission Control at Kennedy: television screens reflecting pricing numbers, men in shirtsleeves on phones wires to 1,600 institutions in the United States, wires to London and Amsterdam, nervous cigarette smoke, electronic letters printing on walls. The room preside over an abstraction as visible as the abstractions of time and distance.

But despite the obvious conveniences of developing heresies (both moral and technological) the Exchange elected to do nothing. Encouraged by the euphoria of volume, the members rode to town in limousines with \$300,000 a year and architects' drawings for houses in the south of France. The euphoria also obscured the fragile structure of many firms and their disdain for prudent office management.

ANOTHER OF THE HYPOCRISIES on Wall Street to do with the insistence of so many brokerage firms on the virtues of sound management: gentlemen from New York travel around the country making careful studies of corporations; possible opportunities for investment; they interfere with the officers with demands to see the accounts, the systems analysis, the research, the strategy. Their word on the company affects the price of its stock the way a review in the *New York Times* affects the box office of a Broadway play.

And yet the management of their own firms so inadequate that many of them were suffering from trading during the frenzy of the bull market. The immense weight of paper clogged back office procedures. Stock certificates collected on rafters and windowsills; accountants couldn't keep track of whether a stray \$3 million was money received or money owed.

The capital structure of many firms also proved to be built on sand. In several instances the ratio of liabilities to assets exceeded 20 to 1, and much of the money could be withdrawn by the parent company on short notice; some of the money took the form of holdings in speculative stock issues.

All of these contradictions and weaknesses came woefully apparent in the market collapse of 1969-70. The Dow-Jones average lost 354 points in seventeen months, and as the volume receded, a great deal of debris was left lying on the beach.

By the summer of last year eighty brokerage firms had merged or collapsed. Some of the most famous money managers, the guys accustomed to wearing heavy gold cuff links and granting interviews to the newspapers in Acapulco, had disappeared like so many summer flies. Senior partners in other firms decided it was a good time to retire, their departure hastening the anguish of the juniors. My own Wall Street acquaintances no longer offered to play backgammon for heavy stakes; instead their voices acquired an almost shrill quality as they told dreadful stories of friends who had lost the furniture.

But among the older generation of corporate

Our wagon, complete, is \$2098,40*

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little engine
is hori-
zontal.
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comes along.

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front-wheel drive.
s, curves, ice, snow,
the skiddy spots—
no rear-wheel
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Inboard brakes for front
people. Which lead to a
remarkable stable ride.

And make our wheels so
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Only cheaper.

Slip into something small.
Our wagon's turning circle is
no bigger than our car's:
31.5 easy little feet.

Of course you know about our
anatomical, adjustable, and
ahhhh, reclining front seats.

But do you know
about our folds-up-
flat-against-the-
front-seat back seat?

That lets the floor behind
stretch into well over 5 long
flat-bottomed feet?
(not counting the tailgate).

Because there is
no hump?

And how we beat
the bumps with inde-
pendent suspension on
all 4 wagon wheels?

You know now.

We've got a wagon-
load of visibility. See?

Not only does our
hatch lift up,
but...

Wow! A wagon our size
and price with a tail-
gate you can open. A
loading platform only
about 15" from the
ground. Wow
indeed!

And goodness knows how much less than one of Detroit's little darlings***** The Subaru is one helluvawagon.



At 70 mph it doesn't even breathe hard.

*that's total suggested retail price. Not just POE, not stripped down, but loaded with the options most people buy, including radio. Not included: local taxes, dealer prep, freight. Unless you want to spring for air-conditioning, electric clock, and luggage rack. Compare Compare Forget it

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ecutives (i.e., men who work for salaries rather than a piece of the action), the evidence of collapse was received with quiet satisfaction. As men who had come of age during the Depression, they had looked upon the fantasy of the 1960s with anxious suspicion. For years they had been preaching sobriety and caution, and yet there seemed to be no end to the wise-ass kids who could make millions without apparent effort. Not only was such success abhorrent to their ethical prejudices, but it also made nonsense of their own lives. If it was as easy as buying Syntex at 14 and selling it for 140, then what was the point of all those sacrifices? Their doubt expressed itself in resentment against the spirit of the times—against much of the so-called new freedom in the culture—and when finally their prophecies of doom had come to pass, it was as if their faith in divine justice had been restored. In various clubrooms I remember their serene smiling as they inquired about the daily losses.

The crisis on the Exchange reached its climax in October and November. At the last possible moment, in a series of desperate meetings reminiscent of fictional melodrama, the Board of Governors managed to retrieve three major brokerage firms from utter ruin. The member firms eventually contributed close to \$100 million for the salvage in the belief that a general panic would destroy everybody. "We figured that if we lost the public's confidence," a broker said, "it would be years before anybody came back with as much as a quarter."

In New York the Exchange promised to make good the accounts of customers in all bankrupt firms, and in Washington the Congress passed a bill providing a guarantee of federal insurance for citizens invested in the market. On November 17, in a speech at the Waldorf-Astoria, Robert Haack suggested that now, in the aftermath of catastrophe, the member firms must confront the issues dividing the Exchange against itself. He referred obliquely to the dishonesty and selfishness that had led the faithful into the wilderness. The lecture was received by many of the members with cries of indignation. A senior partner in one firm said, "We do not require the moralisms of a paid hireling."

To which Haack, responding in kind, is reported to have said: "They'd only come to my funeral if they could cut out my heart and sell it for an eighth."

The general bitterness was exaggerated by a recognition among the members that their monopoly had gone, in the words of a speculator once describing the departure of \$8 million in a stock swindle, "where the woodbine twineth." Those firms accustomed to doing large commission business with institutions discovered that their self-interest (and therefore their allegiance) had more to do with the Chase Manhattan Bank or the Prudential Insurance Company than with the governors of the Exchange. If the Exchange could no longer enforce its rules on its own membership, then how long could the monopoly survive?

Also it became apparent that the balance of political power within the Exchange had shifted

to precisely those firms which no longer remained loyal. Although the number of votes was the same, the money wasn't. The upstairs firms during the 1960s had contributed the major share of the rescue: during the rescue of the careless and avaricious it was they who had put up most of the \$10 million for ransom. Why, therefore, should they accede to the whims of old men shuffling about on the trading floor?

With the return of volume to the market in December and January, those same firms began asking each other why they had bothered to rescue anybody at all. Forgetting the fears of the summer, they remembered that under the rules of capitalism, goddammit, some of the chaps get left to die in the desert. As has been said before, the only raw emotions downtown are fear and greed. The market alternates in irregular cycles, and over two years I had a chance to watch one of the transitions.

AT THE BEGINNING OF JANUARY nobody was quite yet convinced of the recovery; most were still wary, watching the tape for ominous portents and hedging their optimism. By the middle of February the euphoria of huge volume had reduced all but the most timid. The image that comes to mind is that of a crowd of robins emerging from under bushes at the end of a heavy rain.

The new confidence inspired the member-firms to resume the old quarreling: if in October they had been moved to reform, by February the institutions again were issuing pronouncements and denunciations. Saddened by the spectacle, a broker said, "It's demeaning to the industry."

The arguments devolved upon the two questions of institutional access and competitive rates. No longer satisfied with just the usual rebates, commissions (notably the Dreyfus Fund and Institutional Diversified Services) sought to become members of the Exchange. As members instead of customers they could make their own trades and thereby eliminate all commissions. The savings to the Exchange and to their shareholders would be enormous (hundreds of millions a year): the corresponding losses to the brokers would almost certainly oblige a number of firms to abandon the business. The commissions presently paid by institutions account for over 50 per cent of the income earned by members of the Exchange.

The implications in the question of competitive rates are equally bleak. Without the minimum commission, all but the most aggressive and efficient firms would perish. Already the SEC has ordered effective this spring, that rates be negotiated on trades of over \$500,000; in the courts there are suits challenging the minimum commission as a violation of the antitrust laws.

On both questions the factions within the Exchange are so divided that they can agree only on doing but delay. To that end they have hired lobbyists in Washington and assigned William McClellan Martin, the former chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, to make a study of the issues. Over the

response to all threats and questions, the
replied that it could do nothing until
had concluded his deliberations. By and
floor interests favor institutional access
se competitive rates; the upstairs interests
the other way around.

ensuing discussion it should be remem-
at everybody, no matter what their politics,
"liquidity" (an abundant supply of money
round in search of profit) and "the central
ace" (a seine for that money to pass
. On Wall Street those two notions cor-
to motherhood and the flag, but, as with
as, it is a matter of definition.

II

THE VARIOUS MEN WHO ADDRESSED themselves
ne questions, Don Regan, the chairman of
Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, was one
w who would speak for the record. Most
explained that forthright opinions interfere
iness, and that in these times of trouble
ertainty a man must avoid exposing him-
rafts.

expressed no such reluctance. His firm,
st and one of the most profitable on Wall
counts for about 24 per cent of the odd-lot
on the New York Stock Exchange. Having
the failing Goodbody & Co. last Decem-
ne request of the Exchange and with a \$20
ndemnity against loss), Merrill Lynch rep-
1,500,000 customers through 227 offices
re in the country. Regan is a lean and
man who has a brisk way of speaking, as
nions admit of little doubt.

Exchange," he said, "can't exist as it is now.
nachronism. It hasn't emerged from the
gy of the nineteenth century."

ught it inevitable that the present structure
apse, and he envisioned its being replaced
work of computers. That vision, shared by
ther people on Wall Street, is anathema to
interests. If the floor disappears, then so
he men walking around on it.

thought it nonsense that all transactions
be funneled into New York City through
nd superfluous mechanisms. The result-
ciency, he said, added to everybody's costs
orted a lot of people who deserved to fail.
lable technology makes it possible to cor-
the stock exchanges (the regionals, the
a, the third market, etc.) into the same
system. A man could walk into an office in
olis or Houston and watch his trade ex-
n a television screen reflecting the entire
the stock he wished to buy or sell. Under
nt arrangement, Regan said, the individual
in stocks suffers a disadvantage because
ferent markets in different places. Neither
tor nor the salesman advising him knows
bout who else is buying what and where.
of course, multiplies the opportunities for
regard to institutional access and competi-

tive rates, Regan believed both modifications in
evitable preludes to the eventual computer. Appalled
by the unseemly squabbling among his fellow mem-
bers in the Exchange, he remarked on the futility
of defending untenable positions. "You would
think," he said, "that the calamities of the past year
might have taught them something."

To the objection that the members might reason-
ably be expected to resist the prospect of their own
bankruptcy, Regan said, "So what if they go bust?
What God-given right do they have to stay in busi-
ness? That's what the country and capitalism are
supposed to be all about."

For Regan that is easy enough to say. Merrill
Lynch is sufficiently rich to make money in what-
ever way the rules allow. Conceivably, if competi-
tive rates become obligatory for all trades down to
\$1.00, the firm could simply post the rates it would
charge for different kinds of transactions. Competi-
tors who couldn't match those rates would go the
way of gas stations ruined in price-cutting cam-
paigns. (A partner in a smaller brokerage firm,
dismally aware of the possibilities, likened the
present situation on Wall Street to the evolutionary
process of natural selection. "You know what com-
petitive rates mean?" he said. "They mean that a
guy calls up and says, 'We're going to let you do
50,000 shares for fifteen cents.' Which is like saying,
'We're going to take you out and kill you.'")

2

ANOTHER FIRM RICH ENOUGH to accept competi-
tive rates with equanimity is Goldman, Sachs
& Co. The question of institutional access, however,
is entirely a different matter. Gustave Levy, the
managing partner, is a sly and determined man
to whom the admission of mutual funds to member-
ship in the Exchange seems "calamitous, to say the
least." He is also a man of considerable charm. He
speaks with a languorous drawl, a remnant of his
youth in New Orleans, and his manner implies the
instincts of a politician not unacquainted with guile.

The week before I met him, a policy committee
within the Exchange had passed, by a vote of 16 to
1, a recommendation to offer membership to insti-
tutions. Levy himself was a member of the com-
mittee, but he had not been apprised of the forth-
coming vote. Brooding on the treachery of the floor
interests, he said, "They are bush leaguers who
think they run the Exchange. But they don't run
Wall Street." (It is the consensus of men of Levy's
prejudices that floor brokers are clerks who give
themselves airs; I have heard them variously de-
scribed as "idiots," "messenger boys," and "wait-
ers.")

Levy implied that the opposition had yet to be
organized, and he expected the committee to with-
draw its recommendation. "If I was a betting man,"
he said, "I'd bet against the boys running that thing
through before the end of the year."

He argued that if customers were allowed to be-
come members, then about 400 of the 570 firms
presently in business would vanish. Some people, he
said, comfort themselves by thinking that with the

"Everybody, no
what their
endorses
and
the
market

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advent of negotiated rates the institutions wouldn't want to join the Exchange (the theory being that they could trade at lower prices and save the cost of setting up a brokerage apparatus). That comfort Levy dismissed as an idle illusion. If one of them joins, he said, all of them will join because their shareholders will force them to it.

Other partners in other upstairs firms presented more or less the same arguments. One of them, hinting at dangerous tendencies in the country, remarked that the institutions were becoming far too powerful. The control of more and more money was being gathered into the hands of fewer and fewer men: monoliths were taking shape. Within a few years the general public would be hounded out of the market, and then what would happen to liquidity and the capitalist system? Who would the institutions trade with? Even now, he said, few brokers liked to deal with the public. Where was the percentage? It takes as much time and trouble to execute an order for 50 shares as it does for an order of 5,000 shares, and yet on the latter transaction the broker makes 100 times as much money. But, like Levy, he assumed that whatever happened, his own firm would survive.

"Think of it as the jungle," Levy had said. "We are used to living in the jungle."

3

MY OWN ACQUAINTANCES on Wall Street belong to the much-reviled faction on the floor of the Exchange. During the two months that I spent downtown, I would meet them occasionally for lunch or for a drink in the late afternoon. I remember a sequence of clubrooms and old leather chairs, of hunting prints on the walls and elderly waiters responding diffidently to the ringing of tiny bells. Always we talked discreetly, the gentlemen offering the truth but never for attribution. Imagine them in their middle thirties, dressed in well-cut clothes, the first lines of heaviness beginning to show in their jowls. Think of them married to women characteristically blonde and spoiled, women from similarly established families who wonder how anybody can get by these days with only \$100,000 a year.

For men with those kind of overhead expenses the disappearance of the trading floor is unthinkable. They ridiculed the notion of a computer: "How the hell can a computer make a judgment? You think it's going to stand there and buy 10,000 shares of IBM against the market?"

Their scorn extended also to the money managers who run the investment portfolios for the banks and the mutual funds. All those guys, they said, had been to the same schools: they bought and sold the same stocks at the same times, like Seventh Avenue merchants trying to keep up with the fashion in winter coats. Because the managers dealt in such large blocks, their herd instincts wrecked the processes of an orderly market: "Yeah, smart they are . . . like sheep."

But their bitterest complaints were reserved for the firms like Goldman, Sachs, i.e., members of the Exchange who, in their unreasonable greed, were

willing to abrogate the Exchange rules and with institutions away from the floor. (In January, 40 per cent of the block business was from the Exchange.)

At the Racquet Club one afternoon, a broker said, "Levy makes all those goddamn speeches, and he sends a helicopter to pick up the receipt for his action in Baltimore."

Several other men sat down at the table, and I listened to them talk. I was moved by a new melancholy. They spoke of friends in trouble, of their wives, of the second-rate snow at Gstaad last year, of disrepair on trains to the North Shore of Long Island. Beyond the talk I could see a man surrounded by reassuring lawns and

The Question of Gambling

Nobody on Wall Street likes to concede an analogy between the stock market and a gambling game. The image is too unserious. It suggests raffish men in flashy clothes, accompanied by ladies of uncertain virtue and perhaps holding marked cards in their hands.

The gentlemen downtown prefer to speak of investments. The word is so much safer, conveying an image of prudence, dark suits, banks, and sound advice. They compare the buying of shares in established companies (not, of course, speculative issues) to the buying of real estate or jewels. They mention innocent widows who, twenty years ago, bought stock in IBM or the Travelers Insurance Company, and who now, like figures in a Biblical parable, discover that their investments have been rewarded a hundredfold.

The men who speak in such a way usually have retired from the more callous aspects of the action. Either they have become senior partners in a firm or they have begun to devote an increasing amount of their time to the Audubon Society and the Metropolitan Opera.

The younger men, still paying off the mortgage on the house in Greenwich, admit that a bad investment in some ways resembles a bad bet. But with the qualification that a gambler who makes an investment is not certain to lose. The compulsive gambler must, in the end, lose everything. The investor has a chance of getting lucky over the long term.

Certainly the individual who attempts to gamble in the short term must make his bet at least a 10-to-1 shot. He compounds his losses if he conceives of the market as a random track or a lottery: in the short term it resembles a backgammon game in which a player plays against other people. The professional knows how to move the 6-3 in even the most difficult circumstances; they might get

by an extraordinary run of luck, but not

At some companies, the assembly line isn't the only place you find interchangeable parts.

of the organization whose
lapses too quickly into the
all-little-cogs-in-the-great-
wheel, we're-all-just-members-
of-a-team" brand of thinking.

met the guy. If you're
and unlucky, you may have
ted him at a score of job
vs. If you're older,
d luckier, you may
re had to listen

at an
nt business
where at
could
no
ent

he is a
king to
nself
ore
ing is
ibility
believes
he
l represents
ly the
ness of his
y's understanding of
e of *individualism*.

at's wrong with a wheel
full of little cogs?

g, as long as you are talking
actors, not people. But
are not stamped out of
-steel, neatly interchangeable
her pieces of stainless-steel.

think. They grow. They
mistakes and learn. They
eas. They offer opinions.
are knowledge. They
. They lead. In short, they
individuals.

Would the Minnesota Vikings
knock "teamwork"?

Yes. If it meant to them a blind
and desperate game of follow-the-
leader, as it does to so many
institutions.

We think that "teamwork", even

possibility of making mistakes
unless they know that you believe
a few mistakes on the way to
greatness are inevitable.

At 3M, we are committed to a belief
in individual worth. And we haven't
kept it locked in our hearts as a
kind of brotherly secret. A good
deal of energy has been devoted to
making this clear to all our people.

No machine or committee at 3M
ever gave birth to a thing like

pressure sensitive

masking tape,
or an amazing
new office
machine
that
copies
color in
color.

At the
heart of
each new
invention,
each production
or marketing
idea, is an *individual*.

We think that his dedication and
spirit of discovery has a
direct relation to our dedication
to the principle of individual worth.

3M is a continuing success story.
Because everybody is *somebody*
at 3M.

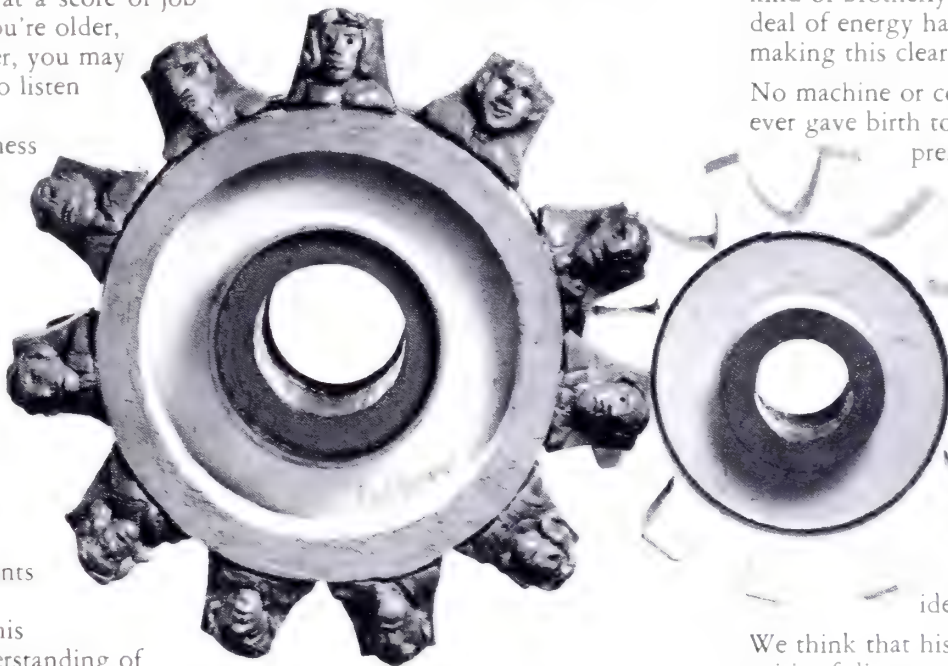
3M
COMPANY

3M Co., 3M Center, St. Paul, Minnesota 55101

narrowly defined, leaves room for
exceptional contribution on the part
of exceptional members of the
team without diminishing the
success of the whole. We'll bet
that the Vikings agree with us.

There's a catch to it.

People need the right climate. They
simply will not act like individuals
unless you treat them like
individuals. Mostly, they won't offer
opinions unless you make it clear
that you are seeking opinions. They
certainly aren't going to risk the



Lewis H. Lapham
THE COMING
WOUNDS OF
WALL STREET

playing in the sea at Southampton in the summer.

When they left college, the privileges associated with membership in the proper clubs had seemed inviolate. Now suddenly they weren't so sure. I remembered that they had begun with such bright expectations, and all of them had married Daisy Buchanan. And yet none of it had quite worked out. The new music didn't sound like Cole Porter, and Daisy was into Women's Liberation. Outlying golf courses had begun to give way to housing developments, and on the Exchange floor, as one of them remarked, "you meet an awful lot of guineas." They felt themselves threatened on all sides by people who didn't behave like gentlemen and who refused, for Chrissake, to play according to the rules.

THE BROKERS IN NEW YORK speak of the SEC in Washington as if it were an office of the Spanish Inquisition: in the part of the Grand Inquisitor they invariably cast Irving Pollack, the director of the Trading and Markets Division. Having heard him described by his enemies, I expected a sinister bureaucrat embroiled in plots to lay waste the substance of Long Island's Nassau County. Instead, Pollack turned out to be a fervent apologist for the fundamental integrity of the Exchange and all its progeny. "We are fortunate," he said "to have the best capital markets in the world."

Throughout the conversation his attitude remained that of an indulgent schoolmaster in charge of good but mischievous children. Gradually it became apparent he was also an innocent dreaming of a perfect system of regulation, which, if only it could be accomplished, would reward virtue with success and punish sin with failure.

A small man in a blue suit, smiling owlishly through heavy glasses, Pollack explained that the securities industry had fallen prey to the same economic forces that overwhelmed so many other industries in the late 1960s. The airlines, for instance, the telephones breaking down, the labor disputes, and the pollution, the demise of Penn Central, the trouble with Lockheed and God knows how many other companies.

For years, he said, the SEC had been telling the brokers in New York that the market was adjusting itself to the changing times. For years he had been dispatching helpful recommendations. Pollack shrugged and spread his hands in a gesture of resignation. "But nobody learns from experience. Every once in a while you need a Thalidomide case to shake people up."

In the summer of 1970, hoping to conceal the extent of their losses, a great many brokerage firms omitted inconvenient entries in the accountings rendered to the Exchange: in most instances the Exchange loaned money to such firms without demanding full disclosures. Pollack excused the deceptions as being consistent with human nature. "They didn't mean any harm," he said. "It wasn't a venal thing. They really thought they could work their way out of the mess."

He was also one of the few people to express sympathy for the floor brokers. They were like firemen on the railroads, he said; their job would become obsolete, but how could you expect a majority within the Exchange, to vote reforms that would deprive them of their \$1 million a year? No, he said, we must understand things and continue to seek the perfect system whereby corruption and waste didn't benefit anybody. We must prove that morality is also able.

Speaking of the stock market as an opportunity for the small investor, Pollack pronounced it a place if a man didn't attempt to gamble. He mentioned a graph showing the inexorable upward movement of the Dow-Jones averages over the past 100 years. A man could trust in the averages, he said, because the government no longer took a laissez-faire attitude toward the market. He mentioned the thirty million individual owners of shares, and reminded me of the countless others who hold stock in such indirect forms as union pension funds.

"There are too many people in the market," he said, "who don't know they're in the market."

5

THE NUMEROUS CRITICS OF THE EXCHANGE in harsh voices that do violence to Pollack's benevolent idealism. Many of them are career brokers (in the third market, etc.), but among the dispassionate ones I found a few blocks from Pollack's office among the lawyers on the staff of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee.

They felt the Congress had been too lenient with the securities industry when it came to Washington last fall in search of government support. Even reforms, they thought, could have been attached to the bill guaranteeing federal insurance.

"The bastards were scared to death," a Washington lawyer said. "They could have been made to agree to that."

Another lawyer said, "Where was everybody in 1968?" And then, in answer to his own rhetorical question, "They were taking the money out of the cases. One bad year and they're down here, begging for insurance."

Discounting the natural antagonism between a Washington lawyer and a New York broker, the antagonism sometimes founded in an enviable comparison between their respective salaries), the lawyers nevertheless explained a number of malpractices, dictations, abuses, and illusions that should be mentioned. I had heard the same things explained in New York, but in New York the explanation was elementary, so much a part of the standard operating procedure, that I hesitated to ask questions regarded as both stupid and in poor taste.

- The price of a stock doesn't necessarily reflect a true value. Primarily it reflects the market's estimate of the company's value at a given time. It's worth. To deal in stocks is to deal in opinions.

- Stocks are sold rather than bought. They are commodities, like soap or floor wax, and they must be merchandized. Thus it is to the advantage

that many brokers remain in business. The promotional effort contributes to the value of the product.

Usually a customer knows only that he wants something. He tends to call up a broker and ask, "Is this good?" thus attributing to a salesman the role of a financial consultant. But few salesmen even read an annual report. They live on commissions, and it is almost impossible for them to answer the customer's question with the name of the stock. Free advice is worth what it

costs. Many brokerage firms run their business with customers' money. A satisfactory number of them leave their money with a firm in various ways, either as cash or, in a margin account, as stock registered in the firm name rather than in the name of the customer. Although the firm is holding the money, it can lend it to other firms at the going interest rates. Merrill Lynch is not only a brokerage house but also as one of the largest banks in the United States.

When a brokerage firm operates a mutual fund, it creates a conflict of interest that few men can resist. The broker makes commissions from the stock owned by the shareholders in the fund. When he is having a lean year, he has trouble resisting the temptation to trade the shares for no other than his own profit.

When asking to distribute shares of a poor new issue, underwriters promise cooperative brokers a better deal (presumably forthcoming in the future) if they will agree to sell the

issue. Some brokers attempt to bribe a fund manager to put his money on a sure thing. The manager buys the stock for his own account and returns the favor by putting the broker commissions on the fund.

When an institution wants badly to rid itself of a stock, it will guarantee the broker a deal in which the broker will not lose money. The proposition is as follows: "I will sell these 10,000 shares at \$50, and if it doesn't work out (i.e., if the price falls), next month we'll give you enough commissions to cover your losses. Among unscrupulous specialists on the floor, it is customary to raise the price of a stock if they think the block is coming toward them. They achieve their purpose by moving the stock upward in a few days, selling 100 share lots, and then, at the higher price, selling 5,000 shares.

The so-called "basketball game" is an attempt to manipulate the market in the manner of the 1920s. A group of accomplices (funds, brokers, or anybody who knows basketball and can afford to play it) buy heavily in a stock that doesn't have many outstanding shares. The first man buys 1,000 shares at \$20; the second man buys 1,000 at \$22, and so forth until the group has managed to dribble the price up to, say, \$40. The first man then sells out; the others follow in a sequence opposite to the one in which they bought. At some time they play the game another man gets the enviable position on the team, and

they repeat the process until everybody has some part in it.

With more time and study I'm sure that I could extend the foregoing list to several pages. I have been told, for instance, of "warehousing" and the infamous "shelf trick" of take-over bids and the trading of inside information. I assume that I compare to the more astute gentlemen on Wall Street in the same way a beginning bridge player compares to a member of the Italian Blue Team.

But the point, I think, is clear. The lawyers in Washington explained that in 1970 the trading of stock on the Exchange produced roughly \$4 billion in commissions. They figured that if the excesses could be curtailed, the annual commissions might be reduced to \$2 billion.

ALL OF WHICH MEANS WHAT? Any but the most general conclusions seem to me doubtful experiments. Certainly the rules of the game downtown will change, and certainly the new game will be more difficult than the old one. Not as many people will make as much money.

The various scenarios of future events depend on suppositions that may also prove wrong. If computers replace the trading floor, then maybe the brokerage business will prosper. In 1934 the besieged interests on Wall Street announced categorically that the advent of the SEC would mean the end of the stock market. Instead the SEC became a benevolent ally, and the market reached heights undreamed of in 1929.

If only ten or fifteen major firms survive the forthcoming adjustments, perhaps the public will feel more comfortable with brokers organized as corporations rather than as partnerships. Instead of the liquidity receding into stagnant water holes, perhaps it will flow forth with the recurrent sweetness of the Nile.

Possibly, as some of the despairing prophets imagine, the Exchange will become a kind of utility, the brokers reduced to nothing more than civil servants. Conversely, if the financial institutions are admitted to membership, then maybe my acquaintances at the Racquet Club will sell their seats for as much as \$1 million and retire to play backgammon on a veranda in Palm Beach.

Whatever happens, I don't expect to live to see the coming to pass of Irving Pollack's dream of perfection. If the market continues in any form, so will the fear and greed. I assume that there will always be a guy on the phone with the story of a deal that cannot miss. The promise of easy riches invariably attracts a crowd, and in times of panic and falling prices, the same crowd invariably believes in swindling villains.

I like to think of the confusion on the Exchange as a game of musical chairs. Everybody knows that sooner or later the music will stop and a lot of the boys will be left without a place to sit down. Meanwhile they edge uneasily around the room, watching the bandleader and nudging their friends into corners.

The Exchange could exist as it is now, a relic of an anachronism. It has been born from the technology of the nineteenth century.



Walter Scott welcomes you aboard one of the continent's great romantic train rides

From Sault Ste. Marie to Hawk Junction, Wawa and Hearst, the steel ribbon of the Algoma Central Railway winds through 321 miles of Northern Ontario wilderness that once had known no form of transportation but the Indian's canoe.

In 1938 Walter Scott came to the railway; after a third of a century of railroading, he knows

more about the legendary Agawa Canyon country than almost any man alive, and he's as accessible as the land is remote. He'll share with you his infinite fund of Algoma folklore as you ride the train through this land of defiant ramparts, rose-washed in the luminous northern air.

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Walter Scott and his railroader son, John, aboard the Algoma Central Railway's Agawa Canyon train. Photographed by Karsh of Ottawa.

waterfalls, the soft green carpet of
and pine. Unexpectedly, the train stops
up a band of fishermen with triumph in
s . . . or the whistle shrieks because a
uous moose has taken possession of
a .
Ontario.

y unchanged since the last of the
slipped away. The place for a different
... the kind that returns a man to the
ngs of his being; to earth and water,
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the crystal air and restful nights of loon-broken
silence and star-crowded skies.

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Northern
1

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THE ALEX KARRAS GOLF CLASSIC

by George Plimpton



I DOUBT THAT AMONG ATHLETES there is any group as inept at golf as football linemen. That generalization may be as unsteady as the one which states there are no pianos in Japan, but I, for one, have never seen a tackle or a guard on the golf course whose caddy for safety's sake didn't tend to keep the golf bag between him and the ball when the lineman was sashaying back and forth and getting ready to hit. The lineman who comes invariably to mind when I consider these matters is Alex Karras, the great Detroit All-Pro tackle. His actions on a football field are as confident and quick and erratic as the motions of a dragonfly above a pond; but on the golf course an earthbound quality and something of the hermit crab take over. His golf swing is a quick furious swooping snatch at the ball, which from a distance looks as if he were flailing at something that had got inside his shoe; invariably at the conclusion of his swing a large piece of turf is dislodged from the fairway and sails into the air with his ball perched on it like a decoration. He has produced a bewildering variety of shots. His teammates still talk of a shot he made at the Red Run Country Club near Detroit which ticked off the very tip of his driver and sailed into the big plate-glass window of the club's front room. The glass dropped out of its supports with a great roar. Karras stood around uneasily on the tee for a while and then he went up on the club porch and peered over the windowsill into the room. He could see his ball lying amidst the shards of glass. A waiter appeared at the far end of the room, balancing a breakfast tray. Karras called down to him. "Hey, is this room out of bounds?"

It always surprised me that a man possessed of such satanic, if controlled, fury on a football field could keep himself contained playing such awful golf. But the sole impression he gave, on the few occasions we played together, was of enjoying himself hugely, even when he disappeared into the deepest rough to flail away at an errant shot. Still, I could not have been more surprised last summer when the phone rang and it was Karras on the other end informing me that he was giving his own golf tournament in Flint, Michigan—the Alex Karras Classic, it was called—and would I drop everything to come out and play in it.

"It's your tournament, Alex?" I asked. "A golf tournament?"

"That's right," he said. "It's been put together in three weeks. It's to benefit victims of cystic fibrosis. I don't know what it's going to do to my image."

Karras has a considerable reputation in football circles for being a black-hat bad-man sort of character, who says what he thinks in a refrain, though appallingly candid, fashion—by which, in one instance in 1963 he incriminated himself to a year's banishment from the National Football League for admitting he had placed an occasional small bet on football games.

"Perhaps I can run away with the proceeds," he said. "Well, are you coming?"

"But you know my game," I said. "It's not as bad as yours. It's awful."

"Well, I know," said Karras. "But this tournament is different. No one's going to play goofballs. The whole tournament has been set up as a defense of revenge on the game."

"We've got these gags," he explained. "They're going to bring good golfers right damn down on their knees. We've got these tape machines all around the golf course. There'll be these terrible noises coming out of the woods—cars crashing, elephants screaming, things like that, all on tape amplified to really make the golfers jump. We thought of mining the greens so they'd blow up. Tiny Tim is going to rush out and carry a flag. We've got parachutists..."

"Tiny Tim!"

"He's been asked to the tournament. No kidding. He agreed."

"And you put all this together?"

"Pete Buterakos and me," said Karras.

"Holy smoke," I said. "Pete Buterakos? I guess I'd better arrange to come."

I had never met Buterakos, though I had heard the Detroit Lions talk about him. Football is his passion and he was around them often. He was a salesman who had made a considerable fortune selling cemetery plots—though it was said he could have done just as well selling beanbags. He was a pitch combined quantities of zest and coupled with self-confidence: his lectures on motivation were famous throughout the Midwest. I once heard a tape of a speech he had given at the Lions training camp—a wild burst of inspirational cajolery delivered with evangelical fervor and punctuated with the crash of the various prop-

George Plimpton is the author of *The Bogey Man*, an account of an amateur's adventures in professional golf. He is editor in chief of *The Paris Review*.

s particular trademark and were used to the points he raised in his talks. To show e is an obstacle course," he would hoist up urdle, or set off an air hammer to illustrate e is full of windbags," or fill the air with ombs to indicate "a clogged mind." On the the inspirational talk I heard, there was a deafening crash which I was told was a bomb ("life is full of abrupt changes" had cue for it) which he had rolled out behind which had in fact blown a big chunk of out of the wall. The Detroit coaches had him annually for these talks in the hope of perk- team, and as Joe Schmidt, the head coach, d, "Buterakos not only keeps you on the edge seat, but usually two or three feet above it." t a salesman." Karras once told me about os. "He'll do anything." He went on to de- speech on business administration he had Buterakos deliver before 4,500 people in ring which he had talked for over an hour ed a variety of props into the audience, in- live pigs ("there are pigs in the business , rubber snakes ("competition can turn n into snakes"), and blood-soaked daggers- top there are people waiting to stab you in (k"). He climaxed his talk by bursting a mock brick wall that had been set up on .

t did he do that for?" I asked. how you can overcome anything." Karras or him there's no such thing as an obstacle. wearing a Superman outfit."

OF THIS WAS HIGH PRAISE coming from rras, who himself was no slouch as a sales- e Schmidt once told me that Karras had p at his door during the off-season with a itcase, and it turned out he was selling

, Alex, I've got a Bible back in the house," said.

ook at the tooling and the leather work on e," Karras said, displaying one. "It's only ucks. You'll be needing a reserve Bible, in other one gives out."

e all right in the Bible department," said.

these Bibles are different." Karras said. could sense he was getting desperate. do you mean they're different?"

, they're German Bibles. Printed in Ger- t's so different about that?"

, these German Bibles have got a different ferent ending!"

s right," Karras said. "They've done some around with the Resurrection and things . But it'll cost you fifteen bucks to find out t."

mn near bought the thing," Schmidt told ere's only one greater con man in the ter-

ritory and that's Pete Buterakos. And as for the two of them together . . .!"

Most golf tournaments are a year in the making. Karras and Buterakos had been working on theirs for three weeks. Buterakos was the proprietor of a small golf course near Flint named Shady Acres. That was to be the locale of the tournament, which would, as I understood it, utilize the pro-am format of having one local athlete (most of them from the Lions, but a few representatives from the Tigers, the Piston basketball organization, and the Detroit Red Wings, the hockey team) playing in a four-some with Flint businessmen who would cough up \$50 (to benefit cystic fibrosis) for the privilege. A number of outside celebrities were going to come in to play—"a whole mess of astronauts," Karras had told me. "And of course Tiny Tim."

"What's Tiny Tim going to do," I had asked. "Is he going to play golf?"

"I'm going to parachute into the middle of the tournament," Karras said. "And Tiny Tim is going to rush out and present me with a bouquet. In the background the Ortonville band is going to play 'Tiptoe Through the Tulips.' That's what's organized for Tiny Tim at the moment. We may have something else for him to do."

There had been a number of meetings in Flint at which projects of this sort were planned. Buterakos was very much in evidence. At one meeting he gave a roar and threw a dead fish onto the table—a big red snapper he had bought from the local fish market. "These proceedings are dead!" he shouted. "You've got to swim against the current to get anywhere. You've got to have more zest, more pep. Now let's get down to business." Various duties had been assigned. Carl Brettschneider, the former Lion line-backer, was supposed to turn up at the tournament with a large selection of balloons to be passed out to the crowds by a local Flint clown named Upsie-Daisy.

"That's all you're expected to do," he was told. "Can you pull it off?"

"Yes," said Brettschneider. "I'm going to devote two nights to blowing them up."

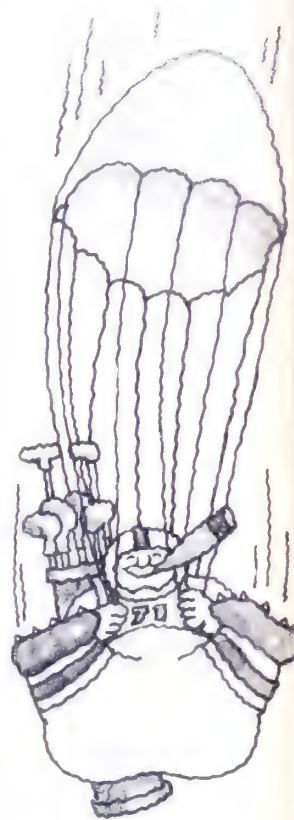
When he turned up early on tournament day, Buterakos ran toward him and asked, "Where the hell are the balloons?"

"Well," said Brettschneider, "I've got some good news for you and some bad news. The good news is that I've decided I'm going to play in the tournament. The bad news is that I haven't got the balloons."

"No balloons!" Buterakos was furious. "What the hell's Upsie-Daisy going to do without balloons to pass out?"

"I've thought about that," said Brettschneider. "Upsie-Daisy can *shake hands* with people. It's more personal. What can you do with a balloon? But to have your hand grabbed and then the big hello from Upsie-Daisy, well that's something."

Buterakos was not mollified. He took a hard look at Brettschneider and blew a piercing blast on his whistle. "Let's move it," he said. "Let's goddamn move it."



George Plimpton
THE ALEX
KARRAS GOLF
CLASSIC

BUTERAKOS' WHISTLE WAS HIS PERSONAL trademark. He wore it on a white cord around his neck. I heard it for the first time at five-thirty the morning of the tournament. Arriving in Flint late the previous night, I had only three or four hours sleep in the motel before the whistle shrilled out in the corridor and a sharp rap sounded on the door. He was waiting for me—a big-chested elf, my first impression was, the whistle tucked in a corner of his mouth as he stared at me with peaceful brown eyes that seemed to belie what I'd heard of his energy. I told him that I wasn't expected to tee off until nine o'clock or so. I was awfully tired. No, he said. I had to come out to the golf course and see the "whole damn thing unfold—right from the beginning—" as he put it.

So I gave in and we drove out to the golf course. I stood and stomped my feet in the cold. There was no end of activity. Buterakos said it was worthwhile having a tournament just to see so many of his friends up at 6:00 A.M. He pointed out a man struggling with a wheelbarrow full of soft drinks. "That's Dave Doherty. He's got an undescended testicle—one ball. Hey, Dave," he shouted. "You're really working your ball off."

Doherty shook his head wearily.

"He takes a lot of kidding," Buterakos said.

He took me over to a table crowded with tape recorders. The man tinkering with them looked up and said, "Hey, Pete. You want to hear the lions?" He flicked a switch which turned on a weird jangle of sound. "The tape's on backwards," the man said, "but that's a fantastic sound, right Pete?"

Buterakos beamed at me. "The sound effects are going to be something else." We watched a man going by carrying a small cannon. Buterakos explained that it was to be hidden behind the first tee and shot off from time to time, just at the height of a competitor's backswing.

"Wait 'til you hear that thing," Buterakos said. "It'll make the golfers jump into the next county."

Alex Karras arrived. I never could look at him without a sense of surprise at his occupation: he had an enormous torso set on short stout legs, a behemoth fat-boy shape really, and yet on a football field he could move with astonishing speed—"like a duck gone mad," his teammates said of him. He wore heavy horn-rimmed glasses. He was dressed in a white mesh shirt and yellow golfing trousers. "Have the horses got here yet?" he asked.

He was assured that they had. A pony cart appeared around the corner of the clubhouse with two ponies in the traces. Beside the cart walked a man with a guitar.

"You know what that guy's going to do?" Karras said to me. "He's going to travel around the golf course in that little cart, with those ponies dragging him, and he's going to stand up with this big Mexican grin and sing the Mexican Hat Dance. He's going to belt out that song all day long, just that one song. He says to me, 'But I know a lot of songs.' I say, 'No, the Mexican Hat Dance is the one we want. It's a big golfing song.'"

"What did he say to that?" I asked.

"I tell him that the Mexican Hat Dance in golfers when they're putting," Karras said. "He doesn't know what putting is. So I tell him, 'When the guys are bending over the ball, try to put it in the hole, and that's when you should be real close with those ponies and your cart so you can belt the Mexican Hat Dance right at them.'"

Out in the parking lot, the competitors began arriving, getting their golf bags out of the car and toting them across to the lawn in front of the clubhouse. I recognized some of the Lion players, Nick Eddy and Mel Farr, who played on the defensive backfield, and Mike Lucci and Wayne Walker, two of the starting linebackers. The rest were primarily Flint residents, businessmen largely to the hundred of whom in the course of three weeks had bought the \$50 tickets. Many of them went down to the practice putting green and began working on their putting strokes. They seemed very serious. They wore the latest style in golfing attire, no golf shoes with the flaps over the laces, and some wore hats with the decal of their home course. Almost all of them had Arnold Palmer putting stance, the hunched shoulders and the locked knees. The first impressions of the tournament must have been reasonably favorable: there were at least some concessions to tradition. A scoreboard. The caddy had the name of each foursome's leader on the back of their shirts—which was a fine professional touch except the letters were stuck on with an adhesive that wouldn't hold, and one or two of the letters had dropped off and left startling variations on the original name. Nick Eddy's name in no time was reduced to ICK EDD. Mel Farr's to EL FA. Mideastern simplicity: EL FA.

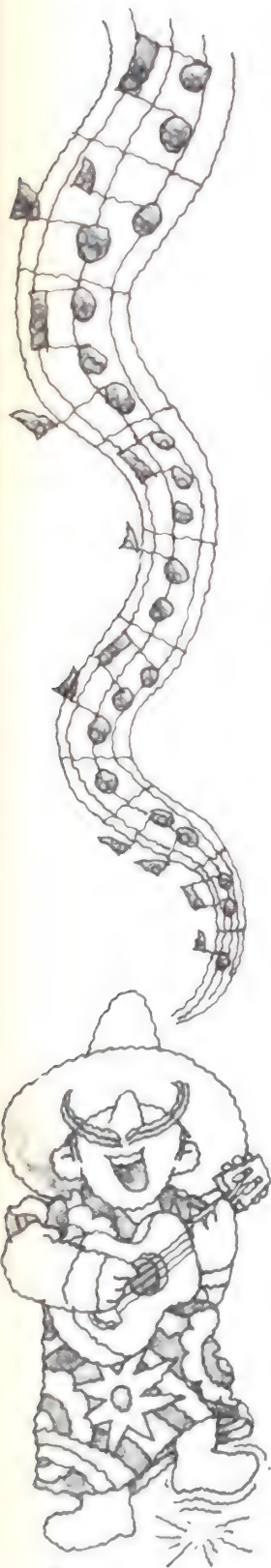
The first indication of the tournament's quality was the Mexican guitarist's serenade, on the practice putting green. As Karras said later, he must have gone wild seeing all those golfers putting.

"De da, de da, de da, de da-da-da-da-da," he sang, his foot tapping, an enormous grin, his guitar strumming hard.

The golfers looked up. "Hey, can it, man," heard one of them say. The foot kept tapping. The guitarist imparted an odd beseeching quality to the song, straining for a therapeutic effect.

IF THERE WAS ANY DOUBT as to the tournament's character, it was settled at 8:30 A.M. when the first foursome went off. Bill Munson, the Detroit quarterback, was the first golfer off the tee. The amplifiers were suddenly turned on full and a sudden scream of tires, the rattle of gunfire—just at the top of his backswing someone behind the first tee pulled the lanyard of the cannon. The noise was deafening. Munson leapt straight up in the air, his legs a-twangle, like a puppet gone awry. A lot of white smoke drifted down the fairway. Buterakos' whistle began shrilling. "All right, Mel, let's not just stand around. Let's move it out."

Visibly shaken, Munson addressed the ball and knocked out a drive, and then stood by as the other Flint businessmen in his foursome teed off.



in concentration, as around them con-
crash the trumpet calls, the cymbal clash-
the amplified sounds of toilets flushing.

difficult to gauge the reaction of these
ho had arrived expecting to play a serious
golf. Down on the putting green when the
ent off, they started up from their Arnold
ances and looked at each other; they stood
omewhat nervously, it seemed to me, re-

in their togs, like egrets about to take
t I didn't see anyone pack up and go home.
sir time came, they walked up to drive off,
is extraordinary to see them in that hurri-
ound on the first tee—Buterakos intoning a
d doubtless fake biography about them into
hone ("that sweet sweet guy on the first tee
ones of Flint, out on \$10,000 bail his niece
together..."), the amplifiers bellowing
lling variety of sounds, and the golfer him-
ed over the ball, murmuring to himself to
ft side come through" or whatever mental
that he was using, and actually worrying
t a slice but about the *cannon* going off.
to hit straight drives moved off the first tee
rity.

out for the swamps!" Buterakos shouted
n. "Look out for what's going to be com-
f the swamps."

's going to be coming out of the swamps?"
tim.

swamps?" he asked quietly. "No swamps
ourse."

in foursome moved off an hour or so later
ncident. But behind us, I turned to watch
inn, the Lion place-kicker, mis-hit three
a row, one of which went four feet. I
er that he pleaded with Buterakos to turn
ise so he could concentrate, and Buterakos
All right, he would, and he then palmed
ck golf ball which was specially prepared
hen Mann lashed at it, it smoked and
harply into two pieces.

clouds had been gathering most of the
and the first drops began to come down
e o'clock—a heavy abrupt spatter in the
he fairway. My own foursome had reached
corner of the golf course. We were out
of the tape recorders. The Mexican Hat
an had materialized on two greens as we
ing out. With the rain, golf umbrellas were
it up, and under them nervous discussions
about the lightning which was ripping
making us start nervously. No one could
to the safest place to be. The rain began
down so hard that the landscape went gray
raindrops flickered off the fairways like
s. One of our group went out and stood in
le of the fairway under an umbrella. His
yed with us. We were under trees, such a
h of them that we felt ourselves safe—but
nsistent and said we were wrong and all
ols. We watched him through the hissing
rain, and we wondered if there was enough
our umbrellas to conduct electricity. The

lightning was awesome. Someone said that Karras
and Buterakos had let their special-effects depart-
ment get out of hand.

After a half-hour of constant downpour we
trudged back to the clubhouse. The golf course lay
under stands of water, still being pocked by rain as
the thunderheads moved on. Both competitors and
onlookers had pushed inside the clubhouse. The
noise was fierce. I could hear Buterakos' whistle
going as he desperately tried to keep things stirred
up. I saw him trying to lead a group in some squat-
kicks that I assumed were variations of a Greek
dance.

"Faster, faster!" he was shouting at the band.

"It's a disaster," someone was saying in my ear.
"The band ought to be playing 'Nearer My God to
Thee.'"

Across the way a heavyset man was shouting.
"He's not coming. Tiny Tim. He's got halitosis."

"It's laryngitis," I was told. "The weather. He's
got to protect his vocal cords. That's what his mana-
ger said."

Karras came by carrying a bouquet of blue
flowers.

"I hear Tiny Tim's not coming," I said.

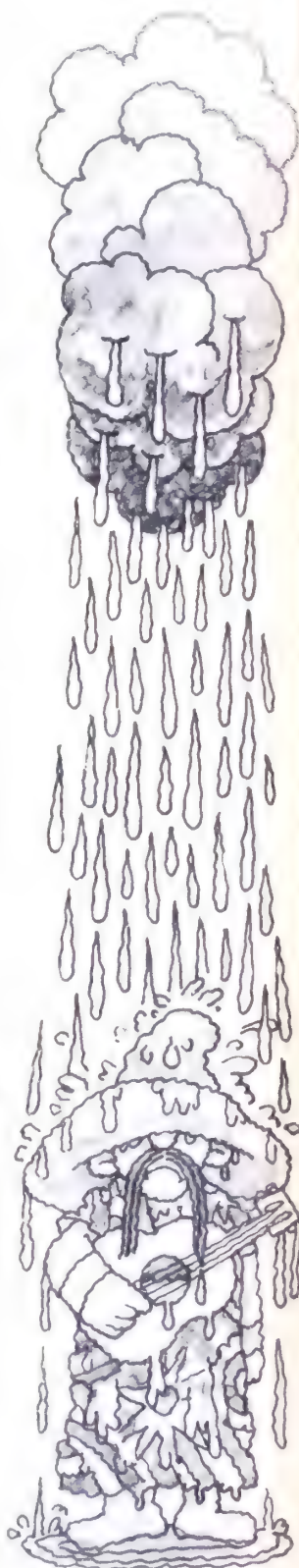
"Things were going too smooth," he said. "I
knew something like this was going to happen. It
was so well planned too."

There had been considerable speculation in the
newspapers (Karras is always news in the Detroit
area) about his actually jumping in by parachute;
he had had a knee operation the previous winter and
the Detroit Lion management was reportedly up in
arms. In fact Karras had no intention of jumping.
His plan was to hide in a Port-O-John lavatory
structure and at the appropriate moment rush out
with a parachute apparatus trailing behind him as
if he *had* jumped, and with a big smile he would
accept the flowers from Tiny Tim and there would
be pictures and the next day the people in the area
would look at their papers and say, "Well, old Alex
is up to something: what is it *this* time."

The rain stopped, and after a while the tourna-
ment started up again. We heard the Mexican Hat
Dance man off in the distance, and we could see
the ponies straining to pull the cart through the
mud. There were distant explosions.

My own golf was atrocious. The rain had soaked
my golf pants and they had split completely down
the seam without my being aware. A girl had come
up and said, "Hey, are those good-luck pants or
something?" and I had reached back to find the
back of the pants gone. My golf style changed
abruptly. I developed a tendency to keep my back
to the trees and away from the crowds, and on the
putting surface I changed my Arnold Palmer put-
ting crouch to an upright telephone-pole-like stance,
so straight that I could barely reach the ball with
the putter.

WHEN WE GOT IN FROM THE ROUND, I went back
to the motel to change. I returned for the
post-tournament golf dinner, which was held under



George Plimpton
THE ALEX
KARRAS GOLF
CLASSIC

a vast moldy tent, somewhat low-slung, and inadequately lighted, so that one had the sense of eating in a lantern-lit brewery cellar. The noise was deafening. A bagpipe band came under the flaps at one end of the tent and skirled around for a while, marching up and down between the long wooden tables, until someone gave a signal and they sat down at a table for dinner, the instruments propped up on the benches beside them.

Karras had urged me to come to the golf dinner. He said it would be "different." The prizes were not what I would expect. In fact, I would not recognize the usual pro-am dinner at all—with its familiar climax of applause and the day's low-ball team sauntering up to the awards table to receive silver bowls and sets of matched irons. "No *sir*," said Karras.

An auction preceded the award-giving, which Karras presided over, shouting above the noise. The Flint merchants had donated a number of items, any one of which would have tested the mettle of the most expert of auctioneers. Among other things, there were ten Big Boy flashlights to be got rid of; ten stencil kits; five domino sets; there was quite a lot of men's wear. "What do I hear for these sox?" Karras would shout, holding them aloft. "Do I hear a dollar for these sox? They run from size ten to thirty-three. Size thirty-three will cover your entire body!" The last item was a small desk globe. Karras tried to sell it to the man with one testicle. "Dave, you'll want this thing around the house," Karras called tenderly.

The awards ceremony followed. Karras was replaced by Sonny Eliot, the Detroit TV weather caster. Eliot is an extraordinary phenomenon in the Detroit area—a small lively man who has added such a dimension of entertainment with his quicksilver approach to reporting the weather, of all things, that he is a considerable hometown celebrity, right up there with Gordie Howe, the hockey player, and Al Kaline, from the Tigers, and six blocks ahead of the mayor. Detroit people set alarm clocks to be sure they don't miss Sonny Eliot's program which concludes the eleven o'clock evening news—looking in to see what comic ingenuity he can bring to a weather front bearing down on the Peninsula area.

Even Sonny Eliot seemed somewhat shaken by his duties. He took over the microphone and held it as if he expected it to explode. Karras and Buterakos stood behind him and prompted him from time to time. The chief awards were for the winning foursome. All day long there had been rumors that each member of the low-ball team was going to win a car. Flint, after all, is a big automobile town with many General Motors divisions, particularly Chevrolet, and a number of people, lining up birdie putts, doubtless sparked their concentration by telling themselves a car could be in the offing.

"And now the grand moment!" Sonny Eliot shouted. A silence descended. A group near the Mexican Hat Dance man turned around and tried to get him quieted down. "Each member of the

winning foursome—" Eliot shouted, and he off their names "—receives an auto-mobil-
credulous cries] and we got these cars right o
waiting for their new owners!"

One of the winners was sitting down the
from me and his eyes were bright with excit
He had bought a Big Boy flashlight set duri
auction and he began banging it on the table.
Christ!" he shouted.

Eliot was calling directions to a group of
down at one end of the tent. The flaps were
back and we stood up from our benches and
to see in the semi-darkness what turned out
four total wrecks hauled in from a junkyard
victims of head-on collisions, wheelless, just jubb
of blue metal, and Sonny Eliot began shoutin
right, you winners, you'll find the keys abo
sun visor. Gentlemen, start your engines an
get those damn things out of there."

The winner with the Big Boy flashlight
shaking his head. I felt a twinge of sorrow. He
must have been some part of him which fe
he really *was* going to get a car, with its new-l
smell, and he was going to slide across the
seat and reach for the keys. . . .

THE AWARDS CEREMONY I WANDERED OVER
I spoke to Karras. He had a cigar stuckle
center in his mouth. He removed it and said
and Buterakos were already jotting down id
the 1971 Karras Classic. "It's going to be
and louder," he said.

Buterakos came by. "We're talking about
Karras Classic," I said.

"We're going to shoot Alex out of a ca
Buterakos said. "Did he tell you about the
petters in the trees?"

"Oh yeah," said Karras. "There're going
these trumpeters in the trees. A lot of them.
see them sitting up there, and they'll blow
cavalry charges."

"What about the animals," Buterakos said
him about the animals."

"Yeah," said Karras. "These animals are
to rush out onto the fairway from the forest-
herds of them. We'll ship them in secretly a
and get these kids to drive them out during
nament. Strange animals too, like llamas
Flint golfers'll look up from their shot and
say, 'What the hell's *that*?' "

"And yaks," Buterakos said. "The bush
and these yaks stream out."

"Is there an animal called a ginook?"
asked abruptly.

"A ginook? Well, I don't think so," I said

"Well, there ought to be," Karras said. He
were fixed. "The bushes part and these
rush out—a whole mess of them.

"Then," Karras went on, "we're going
these mysterious professionals playing wit
of the foursomes. We'll tell these Flint busin
that they are lucky. 'You may not have dr
Kaline for your celebrity,' we'll tell them



got an honest-to-God golfing professional with you. You've drawn Bill Tank. You're break the course record."

"who?" they ask.

"y, Bill Tank. The pro. He's out of San o Country Club. Came in third in the Open one year."

These Flint guys get all excited," Karras d, "and they get out early on the course ce their putting. They bet on themselves. meet them on the first tee, we get this seedy d britches and he says, 'Tank's the name. 'pro partner,' and he steps up and hits the t thirty-two feet. He drinks a lot, this guy, stone jug, and on the fourth hole he topples nd trap and they can't get him out of there. cold."

is the rest of Bill Tank's foursome going is?" I asked.

it? Well, the thing is you keep them off so they don't know if they're being taken e or maybe just unlucky. You ride out to in a golf cart, somewhere on the back nine. ed, and you say, 'Gee, for God's sake, Bill Tank? You guys must be ripping the part.'

give you one of these: the cold look. Then that Tank's back in some goddamn sand colder than ice. 'What a damn shame.' 'what a real damn shame you got him on is bad days.'"

" said Buterakos. "I'm going to stir up es." He gave a blast on his whistle. "Get king under way!" he shouted. He turned lked off: "You tell him about the midget?" , the midget," said Alex. "Well, we tell foursome that they got a great pro playing n, this guy called Jim 'Dynamite' Grogan. get to the first tee and they say, 'Well, Grogan?' all excited, and the midget steps he says 'I'm Grogan.' He's real nattily n a golf outfit, very correct, and he's got t hulking caddy, a real monster of a guy. ies the midget's golf bag tucked under one way you carry a telescope.

midget steps up to tee off. He's got this ball he's playing with, which is a little han the American, and after he's put it he the tee, he squints out from under this tiny hat and he says in that little helium voice gets have. 'Hey, how long is this course?' y tell him it's about six thousand yards. sand yards?" the midget says.

it turns out that the midget regularly plays -three courses, with the more difficult holes up to fours and fives, and he gets around in atch players get around a regular course—eventy, seventy-two. He's never played a ouse. So he tells these Flint businessmen. s, this is quite an experience for me. This privilege, playing a regular course."

he steps up to the ball and he's got this real rooved swing, sweet as anything, except f it isn't more than three or four feet. The

ball goes out, click, real straight for fifty yards down the center of the fairway. The midget watches it go and he's real proud. The Flint businessmen hear him say to himself. 'Oh you sweetheart. You really sweethearted that one.'"

"Well, Alex," I asked, "how do the Flint businessmen take this?"

"You blame the PGA," Karras said blithely. "You tell the Flint businessmen that the PGA recommended this guy and how are you going to tell from the guy's name, which is Jim 'Dynamite' Grogan, that he measures in at a shade over three feet tall?"

"And the caddies," I asked. "I suppose you'll have a number of them planted to do mischief."

"The caddies!" Karras began to laugh, his hand flying up to his mouth. "Oh my," he said. "The caddies. Oh Christ. We'll get these real wise-guy caddies, these old Scottish people, old and wrinkled, and with these thin mean voices, so that you think they're terribly old *women*, one hundred and fifty years old, but they 'know the course.' And they give these Flint guys this weird advice—like they show the guy an angle off the tee facing a forest that goes all the way to the Canadian border, and they say, 'Clear that tree and you're home free on the dogleg...'

"Hell man..."

"It's the shot. I'm telling you. Hit it right and you drop right down for a wee easy chip. I've been working this course for sixty years,' etcetera, etcetera.

"So the guy faces around in this absurd position, just as crazy a shot as hitting off the stern of a boat, and he hits a tremendous drive, probably the best drive of his life, and after a while they can hear the ball rattling around in the tree trunks. So the caddy says, 'What did you hit it in there for? That's a bloody forest.'

"You told me to," the guy says.

"You were supposed to *fade* the shot," the caddy says, 'not hit it into the bloody forest,' and he gets all disgusted and stomps around, this furious wizened little man, and the guy from Flint feels all guilty."

Buterakos' whistle was shrilling in the distance. "His mind is turning," Karras said. "Hey, you want some golf tomorrow?"

"You must be kidding, Alex," I said. "The game has got to you. To you and Buterakos. What's his golf game like?"

"It's awful," Karras said.

"I should think so."

"I know a good course a hitch down the road," he said. "We'll play early tomorrow morning."

"My mind is turning," I said.

"Will there be trumpeters in the trees?" I asked.

He looked at me. "What are you talking about?"

"Or llamas? The bushes parting and these llamas rushing out?"

"You gone loco?" he asked. "A friendly game of golf—that's what I had in mind."

"I didn't know," I said. "I just thought I'd ask."



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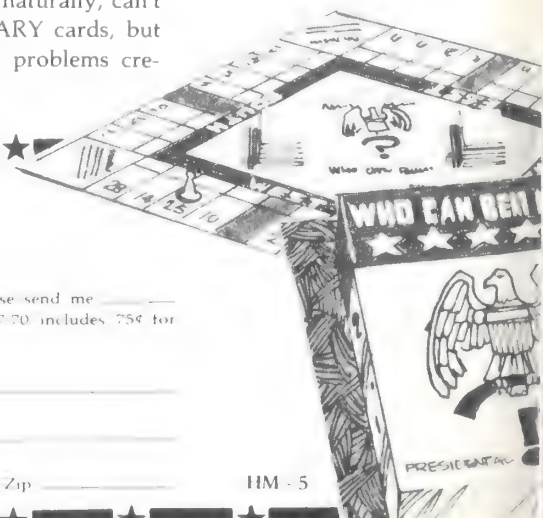
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HM - 5



BUM OF OLDER WOMEN

—or something like it—a young man can make just so many missteps.

S TWENTY-FIVE and I was fourteen. She was virgin and I was not. She was my high-achiever of chemistry, the one teacher in any school who ever gave me a failing grade.

Her name was Eleanor Brophy, and she had a strong Irish accent and a lot of Irish softness. The first time I saw her angry was when one of the boys in class mocked something I said at the end of the class, where I was fumbling an answer, and I looked at him. My work got worse and worse the next year. I had taken chemistry because of my ambition to be a doctor. When my work got, the more often she kept me in school for conferences. "Kauffmann," she said, "I don't understand it. You write all these poems, but you can't remember valences."

While writing poems and stories, some of which I published in the school magazine, and when she kept me to go over a wretched test paper, if she did not, I asked her whether she would read something of mine. I did this partly because I knew which she saw. But part of it was her fierce brows so unlike her manner, and her hair that, too.

I had long brown hair that she wore in a bun. She had a broad brow and serene smile. Her features around her strong neck I saw again later in the city. Miss Brophy was flat-chested, and I had a somewhat graceless pigeon-toed gait. I couldn't imagine anything about her different from what it was, which is one of the marks of perfection.

Her school was at the top of the Bronx on the edge of the park. I lived in Manhattan. She had a blue Ford, and one day after she had kept me waiting over a paper, she said she was driving to the city a bit and would give me a lift. On the way she accidentally went through a red light. I laughed and blushed. "Ah, now you've got something on me, I suppose."

At the state regents' exam at the end of the year she failed me in the course, and I had to wait a year in order to graduate the next June. The next time round I did superbly in chemistry, and I had a sudden vision of how it was supposed to be. Suddenly, and everything followed easily from then on. One clean autumn day she and I walked out together, and she said she felt like driving to Westchester to see the leaves. I said impatiently, "Take me," and she said, "All right, come on."

Twice a month through the year we drove

up there and drove roundabout Kensico Dam and parked for a while and talked. And laughed. In the car the world dropped away, everything of our ages and of school. For her birthday I gave her a poem—not of love but of praise. For my birthday she gave me a novel.

And on my birthday I asked another present. We were sitting in her car on a wooded road, talking and laughing, which was all we ever did. I asked her to take down her hair. She laughed and said, "Don't be foolish, Stanley. What for?" "So I can see it," I said. "It's foolish," she laughed again, and took it down. "There. What's that now?" she asked. But she knew what it was—in the look of it and the meaning of the act—or she wouldn't have done it.

Her hair was long and full, and, cloaking her shoulders, it changed her. I thought it was the most intimate thing a girl had yet done for me, though I had slept with two before that.

We laughed and teased some more, and again on other days. One day we were in the car and her hair was down and we were teasing and her face was close. Swiftly she turned her head away. I didn't kiss her, then or ever. But all at once I knew something I had never known before. I had power. Over a woman. Not just a girl—this was a woman—and I had power. I had never known that. With the two in bed in the country. I had only been the receiver of favors.

I got an almost perfect mark on the next regents' exam, and I graduated. That summer she came, with her sister, to visit me at the farm where I worked, the last summer I ever worked on a farm. In the fall I went to college and saw her a couple of times. Then I called her one day at home and her sister said she was out. A few days later I got a note from her inviting me to the Alumni Assembly, saying that she was always glad to see her former students, and she wished me well in my studies. It was the perfect friendly teacher's note in her perfect teacher's hand.

It was a testament of fear. I was clever enough to be touched, and young enough to be proud. But I liked her so much, I was so grateful, that I never called her again.

II

IN THOSE DAYS IT WAS COMMON for lower-middle-class families to have maids who "slept in." New York apartments often had maids' rooms and bathrooms; and immigrant girls, called greenhorns, were plentiful. Irish, German, Polish, mostly. Some

Stanley Kauffmann is film and theater critic of The New Republic. This article is one in a series of "albums," the first of which appeared in The Hudson Review.

families had Negro maids, but it took another ten years before the supply of white girls dwindled and most of the maids were black.

So it was quite usual for an apartment to have in it an adolescent boy, son of the family, and a young woman who spent her nights on the premises. Stories buzzed among the boys; most of them lies or exaggerations.

I exaggerated too. I told my fellow thirteen-year-olds about my wild lovemaking with Anna, our German girl. She was a pleasant, slow farm girl, near thirty, childlike and prudish. I explained to her in mixed German and English that I was going to be a doctor, which I thought was true, and that as part of my education she ought to let me examine her, which I thought was sly. Occasionally, when she was sure no one would come home to interrupt, and when I had flattered her sufficiently, she allowed me various gropes and peeks.

By the time we got Polish Anna, I was fifteen and a college freshman. She was in her mid-twenties, chunky and small-breasted and sullen and strong. The first day she was there, I was home alone for lunch. She put a dish before me on the table, bumping me slightly; then in the kitchen doorway, she paused and looked back. "Hey, you know, you look like one of those movie stars," she said.

It was some sort of invitation, I supposed. What kind? How far? "Yes? Which one?"

"That cute one, Robert Montgomery."

In the thickest fumes of adolescent fantasy, I could not think this likely. Nobody could possibly think that. Clearly there was something else involved. I felt uneasy, incompetent.

The next afternoon, when she was fixing dinner, I went into the kitchen for a piece of fruit. When I took it out of the icebox, I looked at the pan below that caught the water from the melted ice. I was supposed to keep an eye on it, and it was nearly full. I carried it past Anna at the stove to the sink, and while I was tipping it, she grabbed my ribs hard from behind, in her ten tight fingers. "You're strong, right?" she whispered.

My mother was in the living room, not far off. I turned around to Anna, excited and scared. I didn't know what to do.

She grabbed my chin in her hand, so tightly that it hurt. "You know Bobby Berger?" she whispered. I had never heard the name.

"He was in the place I worked six years. Fellow like you. He liked to have fun. I bet you like to have fun."

I tried to laugh carelessly, my chin still tightly in her grip.

She let me go and jabbed my chest with her fist. Close to her, I could see how beautiful her skin was, how deep and crazy her slitted eyes. "I don't like the way you got your hair cut," she whispered. "A good-looking fellow, you should cut it different. I fix it for you some time."

I got away, out of the kitchen, and I kept away from her as much as possible the next few days. Anna said nothing to me in front of others. But when there was a chance, she gave me sullen looks,

as if there were something between us. I had recently seen a movie in which a girl found out her lover was pregnant, and she had given looks like that to her seducer.

A few nights later I was in bed reading. From the living room I could hear my parents' voices and the radio—that eternal radio with its continuous hours and variety hours while I was trying to go to sleep. My door opened, and Anna came in.

"What's the matter?" I said.

She whispered sullenly and close, "I'm just coming up. I'm supposed to take care here, right? I want to make sure everything's all right?" She was next to the bed. She grabbed my chin again as I lay there. "Everything okay?"

I heard the radio and the living-room laughter. I wriggled.

"You remember Bobby Berger?" she whispered. She slid her hand under the covers. "You should talk to him, he could tell you I take care." She found what she was groping for.

The radio announcer was selling some kind of automobile. A round and cheery voice.

"Hey, come on," I whispered, "you can't—" I felt powerless, thrilled, caught. I knew that was important, but I didn't know what to do. I heard that radio.

"You call him up, I give you the number." Her hand was still fixed under the covers. She looked over me. I didn't know what was going to happen to me, to my whole future. Would everything be wrecked?

Then suddenly she withdrew her hand, touched my chin again, and went out.

I didn't sleep much that night. Prospects, orgies, true stories to tell my friends. But also sheer fright at having this girl in the house. The idea of my new, secret world of sex being discovered, impinging on the other world of my family.

I knew I couldn't handle the situation. I saw that sex always involves safety, in some degree, or at least is concerned with status. One has to be able to rely on the other person, somehow. Anna promised wildness, and disgrace.

The next morning I asked my mother how she felt about the new maid, and she said that it was only fair but that she was willing to give her another week's trial. "Well," I said "also, it's not so nice." My mother blushed. When I came home that night, Anna was gone.

I felt relieved and elated. What a narrow escape, what a retrospective triumph. I could store that episode away, I *had* it, complete, it could not come back for the worse. Not for the better, either, of course, but it was good enough as it was. I told my friends that Anna had sneaked into my room one night for the five days she had been in the house, then sneaked out early in the morning. One of my friends told my mother had discovered her leaving and fired her on the spot. They almost believed it—thought—they believed something, because they had got a glimpse of Anna one day when they called for me.

My conscience used to bother me sometimes

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- Launch a broad national research program for developing sources of electric energy to provide the reserve margins required . . . without exhausting fuel resources and without further damage to the climate in which we live.

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about getting her fired, but it had all occurred too early for me. I wonder what happened to her. Something squalid or terrible, probably. Is she dead? Is she alive?—the beautiful skin gone, the crazy eyes crazier.

III

DOLLY WAS MY GIRLFRIEND'S MOTHER. They lived in a small house on a street of identical houses in a Long Island suburb, but they were very different from the neighbors. The father was English, a salesman who would have been quite successful except for the alcoholism that he had acquired in the British Army, off in the colonies somewhere. Dolly had been born in Germany and brought here when she was ten. In her youth she had been on the operetta stage in a small way. She got her first job, as understudy, because she resembled the star of the show, a woman famous in the theater, and later in films, for her exquisite profile and dainty manner. The producer who hired Dolly said to the star, "This is what you looked like when I first met you." It tells almost all about Dolly to say that the star did not hate her after that introduction.

Her daughter Enid was in college, in the drama department, with me. She was fine and also slightly affected: and the fact that this quite consciously fine girl was devoted to me was more than my ego could bear. I bullied her a good deal of the time, and although she fought back, she never really bullied me in return. But we often had good times, and we saw each other from our sophomore year until about a year after graduation. Her eyes were her best feature, gray and superior. She had not inherited her mother's profile or figure, or the funny, delicate pathos.

I was in their home often, and often spent the night there, on the sofa. I liked it best when the father was out: and when he disappeared on a week's binge, which he did every couple of months or so. I stayed there as much as I could. Dolly was wretched but somewhat liberated during those episodes. Money was especially tight during the binge weeks, but she was glad to have him out of the house. He was always very courteous to her, but she was his prisoner. She had no way of making a living, his behavior cut them off from having friends because she didn't want the neighborhood to know about the binges, and she had no relatives in this country. She stayed with him for Enid's sake, to see her somehow through college, but she slept in Enid's room. A condition he accepted in his deferential sober weeks.

Often during the binge weeks she and Enid and I had cozy little meals at the bridge table we set up in the living room.

One summer Enid got a job as a counselor at a children's camp. I was going to stay in the city to do some work, and when I saw her off at the railroad station, she said, "Try to get out and see Dolly once in a while. She's so fond of you, and you know how things are likely to be with the pa."

I telephoned Dolly about a week later, then went out for Sunday dinner with her and Gordon. In the

cooling afternoon I took her for a walk in the rural streets nearby. She told me stories about childhood in a German town, including on the deaf old sexton named Pachs who used to sleep in the last row of their church during services. One Sunday near the end of the M. priest intoned loudly, "*Pax vobiscum*," and the sexton started awake, sprang to his feet, and out, "*Hier bin ich, Herr Vater*." As I leaned forward with laughter, Dolly looked at me smiling like a pleased child.

She asked me to come out again in two weeks. When I got there, about noon, I knocked on the door. No answer. I turned the knob. The door was open, and I went in. As I entered the tiny bedroom door at the top of the stairs, Enid and Dolly looked out, her face tired and anxious. She had evidently forgotten about me, but she made a cry of surprise. Then she burst into tears and came running down the stairs to my arms. Gordon had been off drinking for almost ten days, no word from him, but the checks he had when drunk had begun to come in and there was no money in the bank. She was practically penniless, alone—she hadn't wanted to write and tell Enid—she had mostly just been lying there, waiting. Frightened.

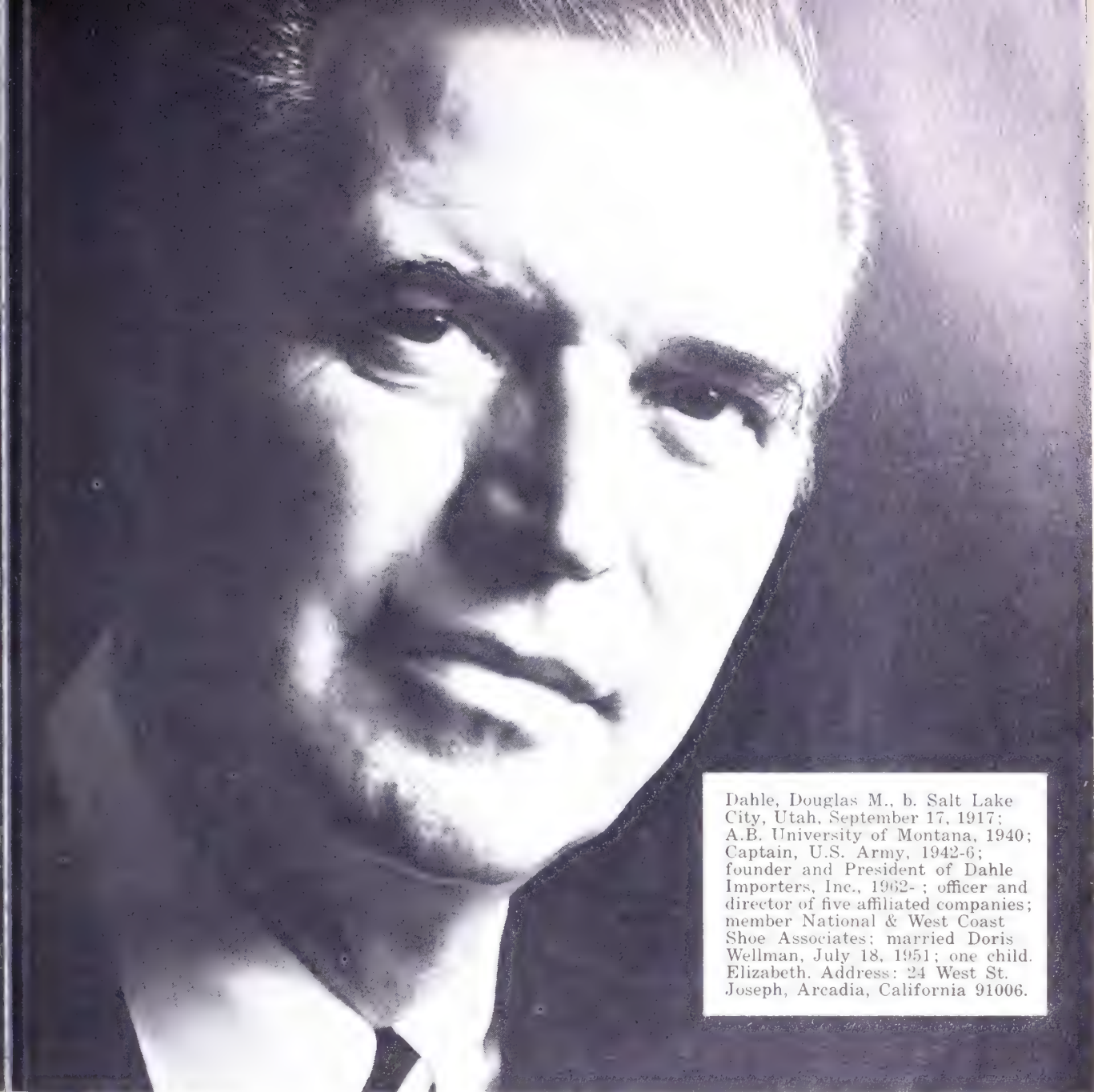
She was wearing something thin. She was a thin-bodied, very beautiful woman, clinging to me. In the years since then, I have often had flashbacks in which we slipped to the floor of the hall and, out of a huddle of emotions, made love. I know that we did not: but I still feel as if it happened.

By and by we had sandwiches of something and iced tea. She held my hand and apologized for being so foolish, and I held her hand and apologized for not to say such things. She was in her early thirties. I was a college boy of eighteen, but the years were ours, as friends, as woman and man, as lovers, as spirit. I thought that she knew how close we were to come to making love, although there had been no overt sign. The fact that she was Enid's mother made it more mystical and sad to me. When we went for a walk in the late afternoon, I felt as if I had returned, graver, to reality.

Gordon's binge ended: the summer ended. Eventually, after a couple of years, the affair with Enid ended—an overdue ending, considering how he had treated her. When she told me she had begun to see someone else, the first thing I thought of was my pride, which was proof enough that I was right to break it off. The second thing I thought of was that day with Dolly; that there would never be another.

IV

I WAS THE BEST SENIOR STUDENT in the class, so I got the annual plum. Each year the exclusive girls' finishing school in Connecticut put on a play, and each year they asked the head of the college drama department to recommend a student of his to direct their show. In my senior year he recommended me, and I felt imperial. The



Dahle, Douglas M., b. Salt Lake City, Utah, September 17, 1917; A.B. University of Montana, 1940; Captain, U.S. Army, 1942-6; founder and President of Dahle Importers, Inc., 1962-; officer and director of five affiliated companies; member National & West Coast Shoe Associates; married Doris Wellman, July 18, 1951; one child, Elizabeth. Address: 24 West St. Joseph, Arcadia, California 91006.

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a hundred dollars and expenses—in 1935. Up at that school I met Mireille.

They were very careful of their girls. Boys were rarely allowed on the school grounds. All the male parts in their plays were performed by girls, and besides there was a faculty member present every time I rehearsed. Just because I was there, nineteen and appreciative. Like so many of the rich, this school was stingy. Instead of buying copies of the published play for the cast, they typed up copies. The play they had chosen was Barrie's *Quality Street*; and at the casting tryout, we read through the typescripts in the presence of a caricature schoolmistress, black throatband and all. We came to the stage direction, "She runs to the window to peep between the curtains." The typist had left the final "p" off "peep." There were strangled giggles in the presence of the granite teacher, and I concentrated as hard as I could on my hundred dollars.

At the first rehearsal, the faculty proctor was the French teacher, Mademoiselle Parlier. She was in her early thirties, long-nosed, full-bosomed, long-waisted, and small. She wore a shirtwaist with flowing sleeves and a dark velvet tam. I thought she looked like the heroine of a French film, very real. After we were introduced, I turned to work and worked hard for about three hours.

I had to be taken to the railroad station after every session—I went up there twice a week from the city—and this day Mademoiselle Parlier offered me a lift. As we drove, I could tell from her manner that she had been impressed with my work. I was flattered, but I had no kind of intention toward her. I had no thought of it. She seemed unattainable. French, perhaps thirty-five. Besides, I didn't want to risk that money.

We chatted, and in the course of the chat, I presumed to ask her first name. She said, "One that you have never heard, Mireille." I had been given a present, a golden chance. I said, "Isn't that the name of an opera by Gounod?" She was as impressed as I had hoped, and said, "You are the first one in this country who has ever heard of it."

In a moment we turned into another road, and she said, "I live just there, a little cottage. Do you have time for a cup of tea? My English habit. I acquired it there. Shall we have some?" I was happy, nothing more; and as there was another train in about an hour, I said yes.

It was a pretty house with flowers, and a low-ceilinged living room with a piano and a violin and art books and French paperbound volumes all over. She made tea, and we smoked and talked for a while, very cozily. Then she took me to the station.

At the next rehearsal she was the proctor again, again in the velvet tam. "I have told the headmistress that I do not mind attending the repetitions. I am interested in the progress of the play," she said. I forgot her again during the rehearsal, then again she offered me a lift. Again, as we turned into her road, she asked me whether I had time for tea and I accepted. And again I had no slightest intention toward her. But I knew later—anyway I know now

—that she had made up her mind about me the first day, that the first invitation had been for her the chance to see whether she could rely on my discretion and the second invitation was because she had decided.

Again we had tea, and I loved my new teacher who was almost finished with college, conversing about books and life with a Frenchwoman in an art-filled cottage.

It was time to go, and I asked whether I could use the bathroom. She said it was through the bedroom. I went through and closed the bathroom door. When I came out, the bedroom shades were drawn, the bedroom door was closed. She was on the side, leaning against the door, naked.

What I remember more strongly than my shock or excitement is the look on her face as she looked toward me. Something like hatred. I tried to tell myself it was hunger only, but there was hatred in it. It was wonderful to me. New.

I took a much later train, and every rainy day after that, I took that later train. I had never felt anything like this, so immersed. I had never been with girls. I had used the word "love," but never the first time I had felt drowned, grateful for drowning.

After five weeks, the play was performed one afternoon. The headmistress and the parents were very pleased, and there were compliments and a punch. Then Mireille drove me to the station again, and again I took the later train. At the station, as her car, as the train arrived, I said I would telephone her the following week. I wanted the thing to end, and anyway I assumed she would be wounded if I did not make some sort of promise. I had no clear idea how it could continue, but it didn't matter at the moment. She said, "Yes, Do telephone."

That was a Friday. I called her on Monday afternoon, ready to spend some of my hundred dollars on a hotel room if she could come to New York on train fare to go up there. She said, "Oh, don't do that. There are some friends here now. Could we postpone tomorrow?" I called the next day, and she said that she wasn't planning to visit New York that week; she was busy with end-of-year affairs. I couldn't come up there either. I was baffled by her to write it off as mood. I called again the following week and she very nearly hung up on me. She was much more remote than on the day we had first met. I tried frantically to close the distance on the telephone, but it was ice all the way. She ended the talk.

I didn't call again. It wasn't my pride that was ready to be humbled, but I felt that she was not sufficiently interested to humble me. She had not.

I couldn't understand. The woman with whom I had been until two weeks before—the bed had been between us. Then I remembered the first bedroom and the look on her face. I supposed that that had been in the beginning.

What love might be. I did not yet really know, but I saw now that romance was a male invention licensed by women and sometimes pitied by men.

THE BLACKS AND THE UNIONS

way will the blacks choose—to fight to eliminate all segregation in the unions, or to become pawns in the conservatives' games of bust-the-unions?

OF THE MAIN ARTICLES of faith in liberal America these days is that the interests and objectives of the American trade-union movement are in fundamental conflict with the interests and objectives of black America. One can hardly pick up any of the major journals of liberal opinion without finding some form of the statement that the white worker has become affluent and conservative and that his security is to be threatened by the demand for racial equality. A corollary of this statement is that it is a primary function of the labor union to protect the white worker from the economic advance of the black. Furthermore, the argument is that there are no signs that the blacks may be giving up in their struggle for economic betterment, and that a hostile confrontation between blacks and whites is not only inevitable but necessary.

It will be that historians of the future, reflecting on the events of the past five years, will conclude that the major effect of the civic turbulence of this period has been in fact to distract us from the economic and pressing social needs of the nation. Perhaps nothing illustrates the point more clearly than the whole question of the relations between blacks and the unions.

The question itself, however, cannot be properly understood except in the larger context of the history of the civil-rights movement. Negro protest in America, if the movement is in its turn to be properly understood, must be divided into two distinct phases. The first phase, which covered some of the first half of the decade, was one in which the movement's clear objective was to destroy the foundations of racism in America. Thus the focus of the struggle was the South, the evil incarnated was Jim Crow, and the enemy, who possessed a special talent for arousing moral outrage even in the most reluctant sympathizers with the movement, was the rock-willed segregationist.

One thing about the South more than any other region has been obscured in the romantic vision of America—of ancient evil, of defeat, of enduring struggle—that has been so much of our literary and cultural tradition: for the Negro, Southern life was precisely a quality of clarity, a clarity in the face of an oppressive system. The plantation system and folk culture rested upon

a clear, albeit unjust, set of legal and institutional relationships which prescribed roles for individuals and established a modicum of social order. The struggle that was finally mounted against that system was actually fed and strengthened by the social environment from which it emerged. No profound analysis, no overriding social theory was needed in order both to locate and understand the injustices that were to be combated. All that was demanded of one was sufficient courage to demonstrate against them. One looks back upon this period in the civil-rights movement with nostalgia.

During the second half of the Sixties, the center of the crisis shifted to the sprawling ghettos of the North. Here black experience was radically different from that in the South. The stability of institutional relationships was largely absent in Northern ghettos, especially among the poor. Over twenty years ago, the black sociologist E. Franklin Frazier was able to see the brutalizing effect of urbanization upon lower-class blacks: "...the bonds of sympathy and community of interests that held their parents together in the rural environment have been unable to withstand the disintegrating forces in the city." Southern blacks migrated north in search of work, seeking to become transformed from a peasantry into a working class. But instead of jobs they found only misery, and far from becoming a proletariat, they came to constitute a *Lumpenproletariat*, an underclass of rejected people. Frazier's prophetic words resound today with terrifying precision: "...as long as the bankrupt system of Southern agriculture exists, Negro families will continue to seek a living in the towns and cities of the country. They will crowd the slum areas of Southern cities or make their way to Northern cities, where their family life will become disrupted and their poverty will force them to depend upon charity."

Out of such conditions, social protest was to emerge in a form peculiar to the ghetto, a form which could never have taken root in the South except in such large cities as Atlanta or Houston. The evils in the North are not easy to understand and fight against, or at least not as easy as Jim Crow, and this has given the protest from the ghetto a special edge of frustration. There are few specific

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injustices, such as a segregated lunch counter, that offer both a clear object of protest and a good chance of victory. Indeed, the problem in the North is not one of social injustice so much as the results of institutional pathology. Each of the various institutions touching the lives of urban blacks—those relating to education, health, employment, housing, and crime—is in need of drastic reform. One might say that the Northern race problem has in good part become simply the problem of the American city—which is gradually becoming a reservation for the unwanted, most of whom are black.

IN SUCH A SITUATION, even progress has proved to be a mixed blessing. During the Sixties, for example, Northern blacks as a group have made great economic gains, the result of which being that hundreds of thousands of them were able to move out of the hard-core poverty areas. Meanwhile, however, their departure, while a great boon to those departing, only contributed further to the deterioration of the slums, now being drained of their stable middle and working class. Combined with the large influx of Southern blacks during the same period, this process was leaving the ghetto more and more the precinct of a depressed underclass. To the segregation by race was now added segregation by class, and all of the problems created by segregation and poverty—inadequate schooling, substandard and overcrowded housing, lack of access to jobs or to job training, narcotics and crime—were greatly aggravated. And again because of segregation, the violence of the black underclass was turned in upon itself.

If the problems of the ghetto do not lend themselves to simple analyses or solutions, then, this is because they cannot be solved without mounting a total attack on the inadequacies endemic to, and injustices embedded in, all of our institutions. It is perhaps understandable that young Northern blacks, confronting these problems, have so often provided answers which are really non-answers; which are really dramatic statements satisfying some sense of the need for militancy without even beginning to deal with the basic economic and political problems of the ghetto. Primary among these non-answers is the idea that black progress depends upon a politics of race and revolution. I am referring here not to the recent assertions of black pride—assertions that will be made as long as that pride continues to be undermined by white society—but to the kind of black nationalism which consists in a bitter rejection of American society and vindicates a withdrawal from social struggle into a kind of hermetic racial world where blacks can “do their thing.” Nationalists have been dubbed “militants” by the press because they have made their point with such fervent hostility to white society, but the implication of their position actually amounts to little more than the age-old conservative message that blacks should help themselves—a thing that, by the very definition of the situation, they have not the resources to do.





The same is true of black proposals for revolution. For to engage in revolutionary acts in a temporary America—where, despite all the revolutionary rhetoric, there is no revolutionary situation—is to divert energies away from the political arena where the real battles for change must be fought. It also precipitate a vicious counterrevolution, the chief victims of which will be blacks.

The truth about the counterrevolution is that there are powerful forces, composed largely of the corporate elite and Southern conservatives, which will resist any change in the economic or racial structure of this country that might cut into their resources or challenge their status; and such is precisely what any program genuinely geared to improve his lot must do. Moreover, these forces today are not merely resisting change. With their representative Hubert H. Humphrey at the helm, they are engaged in an assault on the advances made during the past decade. It has been Nixon's tragic and irresponsible choice to play at the politics of race, not, to be sure, with the primitive demagoguery of a "Pitchfork Ben" Tillman, say, but nevertheless with the same intent of building a political majority on the basis of white hostility to blacks. So far he has been unsuccessful, but the process of racial polarization which we have recently experienced persists.

What is needed, therefore, is not only a program that would effect some fundamental change in the distribution of America's resources for those in the greatest need of them, but also a political majority that will support such a program. In other words, nothing less than a program truly, not merely verbally, radical in scope would be adequate to meet the present crisis; and nothing less than a politically constituted majority, outnumbering the conservative forces, would be adequate to carry it through. Now, it so happens that there is one social force which, by virtue both of its size and its very nature, is essential to the creation of such a majority—and so in relation to which the success or failure of the black struggle must finally turn. And that is the American trade-union movement.

A Martin Luther King observed: "Negroes are almost entirely a working people. There are pitifully few Negro millionaires and few Negro employers. Our needs are identical with labor's needs—decent wages, fair working conditions, livable housing, old-age security, health and welfare measures, conditions in which families can grow, have education for their children and respect in the community."

Despite the widely held belief that the blacks and the unions have not the same, but rather irreconcilable, interests—and despite the fact that certain identifiable unions do practice discrimination—King's words remain valid today. Blacks are

mostly a working people, they continue to need what labor needs, and they must fight side by side with unions to achieve these things.

Of all the misconceptions about the labor movement that have been so lovingly dwelt on in the liberal press, perhaps none is put forth more often and is farther from the truth than that the unions are of and for white people. For one thing, there are, according to labor historian Thomas R. Brooks, between 2,500,000 and 2,750,000 black trade unionists in America.* If his figures are correct, and other estimates seem to bear them out, the percentage of blacks in the unions is a good deal higher than the percentage of blacks in the total population—15 per cent as compared with 11 per cent, to be precise. And since the vast majority of black trade unionists are members of integrated unions, one can conclude that the labor movement is the most integrated major institution in American society, certainly more integrated than the corporations, the churches, or the universities.

Moreover, blacks are joining unions in increasing numbers. According to a 1968 report by *Business Week*, one out of every three new union members is black. The sector of the economy which is currently being most rapidly unionized is that of the service industries, and most particularly among government employees, such as hospital workers, sanitation workers, farm workers, and paraprofessionals in educational and social-welfare institutions. This category of worker is, of course, both largely nonwhite and shamefully underpaid.

Like other workers, blacks have gained from the achievements of their unions in the way of higher wages, improved working conditions, and better fringe benefits. To be sure, in some unions whites still possess a disproportionate number of the higher-paying jobs and there is not yet adequate black representation at the staff level and in policy-making positions. But the question of what continues to account for the perpetuation of such inequities cannot properly be answered by the fashionable and easy reference to racial discrimination in the unions. Statistical surveys have shown that the participation of blacks in the work force is no higher in nonunionized occupations than in unionized ones. Indeed, as Derek C. Bok and John T. Dunlop have pointed out in their remarkably informed and comprehensive study, *Labor and the American Community*, even in the automotive and aero-space industries, where the unions have been known for dedication to racial justice, the percentage of blacks, particularly in the skilled jobs, is not appreciably higher than in other industries.

THERE HAVE, THEREFORE, TO BE far more fundamental social and economic reasons for present inequalities in employment. Primary among these reasons are certain underlying changes within the entire society which are being reflected in the evolving character and composition of the work

*"Black Upsurge in the Unions," *Dissent* (March-April, 1970).

force itself. The upsurge of union organization among minority-group workers in the fields of education, sanitation, and health care, for instance, is the result of the rapid expansion of the service sector in the economy.

Another crucial factor here is government economic policy. The tremendous growth in the economy from 1960 to 1968 increased nonwhite employment by 19 per cent, 4 per cent higher than the increase for whites, and during the same period the unemployment rate for nonwhite adults dropped from 9.6 to 3.9 per cent. A large number of these new black workers entered unions for the simple reason that they had jobs. And none of them are out of jobs, not because of unemployment discrimination, but because the Nixon Administration's economic policies have so far caused less than a net increase in unemployment.

All of which is not to exonerate the entire labor movement of any possible charge of wrongdoing. It is rather to put the problem of economic inequality into some useful perspective. The inequities which persist within the unions must of course be corrected. They are in fact being corrected through the work of the labor movement itself—the efforts of the Civil Rights Department of the AFL-CIO, particularly noteworthy here—the civil-rights divisions of the federal government, and the efforts of black trade unionists who are taking over leadership positions in their locals and are playing more of a role in determining union policy. The union drive against discrimination was exemplified by the campaign made by the AFL-CIO to have a Fair Employment Practices section written into the 1964 Civil Rights Act. Both President Kennedy and Robert Kennedy were opposed to including an FEPC section, but they were overruled because they thought it would kill the bill, but Senator Edward Brooke pressed for it. He did so for a simple reason. The AFL-CIO is a federation of affiliates which maintain a relatively high degree of autonomy, and no central body can urge compliance with its policies; the decision to act is left up to the affiliates. He felt that the only way the AFL-CIO could effectively work with unions practicing discrimination would be to demand compliance with the law. He testified before the House Judiciary Committee that the labor movement was ready "for legislation for the correction of shortcomings in its own ranks." And the passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act greatly speeded the process of correction.

Most labor leaders, I believe, are opposed to discrimination against the blacks on moral grounds. But they also have highly practical grounds for their position. They understand that discrimination against blacks threatens the entire labor movement as much as it threatens the blacks. They know from long experience and from the fact that anything which divides the labor movement makes it more difficult for them to struggle together for the achievement of common goals that the antagonisms have undermined solidarity in strikes and have been exploited by management as a means of weakening unions. The following passage from the classic study, *The Black*

A cartoon illustration of a man with glasses, a mustache, and a suit, holding a book titled "Generation". The man is smiling and looking towards the viewer. The book has a picture of a person's face on the cover. The background is dark and textured.

Please specify

Bayard Rustin THE BLACKS AND THE UNIONS

written in 1931 by Sterling D. Spero and Abram L. Harris, may not be typical of every company's approach to its work force, yet it describes a practice commonly in use till this very day:

The Negro is now recognized as a permanent factor in industry and large employers use him as one of the racial and national elements which help to break the homogeneity of their labor force. This, incidentally, fits into the program of big concerns for maintaining what they call "a cosmopolitan force," which frees the employer from dependence upon any one group for his labor supply and also thwarts unity of purpose and labor organization.

People no longer lend much credence to the idea that management continues to think and operate in such convoluted terms. But it does, and so does labor. Indeed, such terms as "labor solidarity" or "labor disunity" are standard tools of the trade in labor-management relations. A further error is to imagine that unions might from such reasoning increase unity within their ranks by excluding blacks. On the contrary, given the character of the American working class, the *only* possibility for genuine labor solidarity is for the blacks to be fully integrated into every level of the trade-union movement. If they are not, then they will continue to exist outside the unions as a constant source of cheap labor exploitable by management to depress wages or to break strikes.

Another notion which has passed into vogue among some blacks as well as some whites is that the whole problem of integration can be finessed by organizing the workers into dual unions. This is not a new idea; nor is its feasibility any greater today than was evidenced by a record of impossibility in the past. For were there to be racially separate unions, it would naturally follow that the interests of blacks would be diametrically opposed to those of whites, with whom they would be in competition. And once again, no matter how innocently or unintentionally, the blacks would remain in the role of being a reserve army that could be called into action whenever companies felt the white workers needed a good kick in the pants.

Of course, the blacks would also be victims in this situation since they would be at the beck and call of management only if they were chronically unemployed. Thus, exploitation is as much the effect of poverty as its cause. It is only the poor, those who are needy and weak, who can be manipulated at the whim of the wealthy. This introduces another notion concerning the welfare of black and white workers about which there has grown up a misplaced skepticism—namely, the function of the supply of labor. Put very simply, it is in the interests of employers for the supply of labor to be greater than the demand for it. This situation obtains when there is high unemployment or what is often called a "loose" labor market. Under these conditions, the bargaining position of the unions is weakened since labor, which is after all the product unions are selling, is not in high demand, and also because there are a lot of unemployed workers whom the com-

panies can turn to if the unions should in any way prove recalcitrant. Generally speaking, an excess supply over demand for labor exerts a downward pressure on wages, and, vice versa, there is an upward pressure on wages when the demand for labor outpaces the supply. In addition, this dynamic supply and demand affects the level of racial antagonism within the work force. If supply equals demand, i.e., if there is a high level of unemployment, there will be tremendous competition for jobs between white and black workers, and racial tensions will increase. Under conditions of relative employment, there will be little job competition and greater racial harmony. As George Lichtheim recently pointed out: "If economic conflict as a function of political antagonism is ruled out . . . the reduction of cultural tensions . . . need not and doubtless will not fall to zero; but they can be held down to a tolerable level."⁸

THESE IDEAS SHAPE THE CONCEPTUAL underpinnings as well as the behavior of many of the principal actors in our country's economic conflicts. To find that they tend to be ignored in so much of the discussion of blacks and unions is as much testimony to the naïveté of liberal journalists as it is to the public-relations skills of corporations. A good example of what I mean is the press comment accorded the terrible racial conflict in the building trades and the Administration's policies in this area.

Racial discrimination exists in the building trades. It is unjustifiable by any moral standard, and as to the objective of rooting it out there can be no disagreement among people of good will. However, truly to achieve this objective is another matter. One important distinction here is often overlooked. One cannot set varying moral standards in judging the performance of institutions; the same standards must be applied equally to all—to the unions, to corporations, to the churches, etc. But beyond the realm of moral judgment is the crucial question of social utility. Blacks could attack Jim Crow in the South without regard to the welfare of the black counters, the hotels, or whatever, because they have little or no stake in them. This is not the case with the trade-union movement, a social force in which blacks *do* have a stake. If blacks attack the unions in such a way as to damage them irreparably, they will ultimately harm themselves. As it happens, certain presently self-styled friends of the blacks are in fact not at all averse to such a possible development.

Writing in the *New York Times*, Tom Wicker reflected the views of many liberals when he described the Nixon Administration's strong and forceful position on the building-trades issue as "gratifyingly able." Wicker's analysis, however, never advanced beyond this point. He never asks why the Nixon Administration—particularly Attorney General John Mitchell, and most particularly given other

⁸ "What Socialism Is and Is Not," *The New York Times Book Review* (April 9, 1970).

olicies—would suddenly take such an in-
he welfare of blacks. The question is
stituous nor idle. Why, in fact, would
it who has developed a "Southern
who has cut back on school-integration
d to undermine the black franchise by
own the 1965 Voting Rights Act, nomi-
e Supreme Court men like Haynsworth
ll, cut back on funds for vital social pro-
proposed a noxious crime bill for Wash-
C.—which is nothing less than a blatant
white fear—why indeed would such a
ake up the cause of integration in the
ades?

with, Mr. Nixon's Philadelphia Plan—
ires contractors to make a commitment
ertain quota of black workers on a job
\$500,000 of federal funds are involved
does nothing for integration. In order to
ommitment, a contractor could shift the
mber of black workers in an area onto a
job, a procedure known in the trade as
arding. He would thus satisfy federal re-
for that job, but no new jobs would
for blacks and no Negroes would be
to the building trades. In fact, the con-
even achieve compliance simply by mak-
ert of good faith, such as contacting cer-
e in the area who are concerned about
icipation in the building trades. If those
not produce any workers, the contractor
his job and can get the federal money.
elphia Plan makes no provision for train-
es it provide a means for blacks to attain
y of journeyman status within the unions.
l only to temporary jobs, and even in this
eficient. It is designed primarily to em-
e unions and to organize public pressure
em.

the truth, the plan is part and parcel of a
publican attack on labor. The same Ad-
on which designed it (as well as the
strategy), has also sent to Congress a
that would increase federal control over
union political affairs. Republican Sena-
representatives have introduced dozens of
bills: one of which, for example, would
ight-to-work law for federal employees;
ould restrict labor's involvement in politi-
ies. Moreover, the Administration has
heat on labor at the same time that it has
ssure against discrimination by the cor-

antages to the Republicans from this kind
should be obvious. Nixon supports his
mong the corporate elite and hurts his
n the unions. He also gains a con-
ver for his anti-Negro policies in the
d above all, he weakens his political op-
y aggravating the differences between its
gest and most progressive forces—the
ement and the civil-rights movement.
iladelphia Plan and related actions are
f the Administration's attempt to pin onto

labor the blame for inflation in construction costs.
The *Wall Street Journal* has suggested that con-
tractors welcome the thrust for integration in the
building trades since this "might slow inflation in
construction by increasing the supply of workers."
There is reason to believe that Mr. Nixon thinks
in these same terms. It will be remembered that on
almost the very day he proposed the Philadelphia
Plan, he also ordered a 75 per cent reduction in fed-
eral construction—thereby reducing the number of
jobs available in the industry and producing the
twofold effect of exerting a deflationary pressure on
wages and increasing competition among workers
over scarce jobs. When Nixon finally freed some of
the construction funds some months later (a move
no doubt designed to improve the economic pic-
ture for the 1970 elections), he warned that "a
shortage of skilled labor runs up the cost of that
labor." He said he would issue directives to the
Secretaries of Defense; Labor; and Health, Educa-
tion, and Welfare to train veterans and others to-
ward the goal of "enlarging the pool of skilled
manpower."

It should be pointed out in passing that the Presi-
dent's approach to the problem of inflation in con-
struction costs cannot succeed since he has made the
typical businessman's error of identifying wages
as the major inflationary factor. According to the
Bureau of Labor Statistics, on-site labor costs as
a percentage of total construction costs decreased
between 1949 and 1969 from 33 per cent to 18 per
cent. During the same period, the combined cost
of land and financing rose from 16 per cent to 31
per cent of the total cost. Thus land and financing,
not labor, have been the major causes of inflation
in construction. Nevertheless, the President con-
tinues his crusade against "wage inflation."

The concern with increasing the supply while re-
ducing the cost of labor is what motivated the
Nixon Administration's most recent act in the con-
struction field—the suspension of the 1931 Davis-
Bacon Act. Here the "deflationary" intention is
more evident than in the case of the Philadelphia
Plan, but the similarity between the two moves is
striking, particularly with regard to the anti-union
role envisioned for the unorganized Negro worker.

The Davis-Bacon Act requires contractors on
federal or federally assisted projects to pay all
workers, union or nonunion, the prevailing union
wage rates. The suspension of the Act will not di-
rectly affect the wages of unionized workers who
are protected by their contract. It will, however,
enable contractors to cut the wages of nonunion
workers, and this, in turn, should encourage the
employment of these workers instead of the higher
paid unionists. Thus, there will be fewer jobs for
organized workers (there is already an 11 per cent
unemployment rate in the construction industry),
and the bargaining power of the unions will be
weakened. Since many of the unorganized workers
are nonwhite, it might be argued that this is a boon
to their fortunes since they will be more likely to
find work. Aside from the fact that they will be
working for lower wages, the question is again

Wages—union-
and nonunion
mined solidarity
exploited the
means of weaken-
ing unions."

Bayard Rustin
THE BLACKS
AND
THE UNIONS

raised whether it is in the interests of blacks to let themselves be used by employers to hurt unions. I do not think that it is. Their interests lie in becoming part of the trade-union movement. Ironically, the current attack on labor may speed the process of their entrance into the labor movement, for in situations where union standards have been threatened by open shops, unions have been spurred on to fully organize their industry.

It should be emphasized that this would only encourage changes that have already been taking place for a number of years as a result of pressure from civil-rights groups and union leaders.

Seventy-nine Outreach programs now operate in as many cities and have placed over 8,000 minority-group youngsters in building-trades apprenticeship training programs. Sixty per cent have been placed in the highest paying trades—the plumbers, electricians, sheet-metal workers, carpenters, pipe fitters, and iron workers. This is far from sufficient, of course, but within the past two years, these programs have expanded by over 400 per cent, and they are continuing to grow. The role of civil-rights activists should be to continue to see that they grow.

THE BLACKS HAVE A CHOICE. They can fight to strengthen the trade-union movement by wiping out the vestiges of segregation that remain in it, or they can, knowingly or unknowingly, offer themselves as pawns in the conservatives' games of bust-the-unions.

The choice must be made on the basis of a critical assessment of the current economic plight of blacks. More than any single factor, the Nixon Administration's policies of high interest rates, "fiscal responsibility," and economic slowdown are undermining the gains which blacks made during the past decade. Dr. Charles C. Killingsworth, a leading manpower economist, predicted some months ago that within a year the unemployment rate is likely to go up to 8 per cent. We could expect the rate for blacks to be twice as high. Nixon's managed recession may calm the fears of businessmen, but it will do so at terrible cost to blacks and to all other working people. There are, no doubt, many well-meaning people who are concerned about the plight of unemployed workers under Nixon, but it is only the labor movement that is fighting every day for policies that will get these workers back on the job.

Thus, it is clear why unions are important to black workers. What may perhaps seem less obvious and must also be sharply emphasized is that the legislative program of the trade-union movement can go a long way toward satisfying the economic needs of the larger black community. The racial crisis, as we have seen, is not an isolated problem that lends itself to redress by a protesting minority. Being rooted in the very social and economic structure of the society, it can be solved only by a comprehensive program that gets to the heart of why we can't build adequate housing for everybody, why we must always have a "tolerable" level of unem-

ployment, or why we lack enough funds for education. In this sense the racial crisis challenges the entire society's capacity to redirect its resources on the basis of human need rather than profit. It can pose this challenge, but only the federal government has the power and the money to meet it. It is here that the trade-union movement can play such an important role.

The problems of the most aggrieved sector of the black ghetto cannot and will never be solved by full employment, and full employment, without government as employer of last resort, is the cornerstone of labor's program. One searches in vain among the many so-called friends of the black struggle for a seconding voice to this simple yet far-reaching proposition. Some call it inflation, while to others, who are caught up in the excitement of the black cultural revolution, it is eccentric and irrelevant. But in terms of the economic condition of the black community, nothing more radical has yet been proposed. There is simply no other way for the black *Lumpenproletariat* to become a proletariat. And full employment is only one part of labor's program. The movement's proposals in the areas of health, housing, education, and environment would, if enacted, achieve much less than the transformation of the quality of urban life. How ironic that in this period when the trade-union movement is thought to be conservative, its social and economic policies are far more progressive than those of any other American institution. Nor—again in contrast to most of the other groups officially concerned with these things—is labor's program merely in the nature of a grand proposal; there is also a record of performance, particularly in the area of civil rights. Clarence Mitchell, the director of the Washington Bureau of the NAACP and legal chairman of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, a man more deeply involved in the national civil-rights battles than any other black American, has said, "None of the legislative fruits we have made in the field of civil rights could have been won without the trade-union movement. We couldn't have beaten Haynsworth without it, and the struggle against Carswell would not have been a contest."

Labor's interest in progressive social legislation naturally leads it into the political arena. The Committee on Political Education of the AFL-CIO, the Political Action Committee of the UAW, and the political arm of the Teamsters were active in the state in the last election registering and educating voters and getting out the vote. This year trade unionists were more politically active than they have ever been during an off-year election. The reason for this is clear. With so many liberal senators up for reelection, and with political alignments in great flux, 1970 presented itself as a year that might initiate a new period in American politics—one in which would see the regrouping of liberal forces and the consolidation of a conservative majority.

One of the important factors determining the kind of political alignments that will emerge

od of instability will be the relationship
he trade-union movement and the liberal
ty, and today this relationship is severely
Differences over the war in Vietnam are
y cited as a major cause of this division,
has been a great deal of misunderstanding
ssue. The house of labor itself is divided
war, and even those labor leaders who sup-
ive enthusiastically backed dove Congres-
ddidates who have liberal domestic records,
nem such firm opponents of the war as
nsfield, Edward Kennedy, Vance Hartke,
art, Howard Metzenbaum, and Edmund

er understanding of the trade-union move-
liberals may be developing, but for the
he antagonistic attitudes that exist cast
gical pall over the chances for uniting the
ic Left coalition. It must be said that the
contempt with which the liberals have
ttack the unions bespeaks something more
ere political critique of "conservatism."
H. Raskin writes that "the typical worker—
struction craftsman to shoe clerk—has be-
bably the most reactionary political force in
ry"; or when Anthony Lewis lumps under
category the rich oilmen and "the members
ful, monopolistic labor unions"; or when
Kempton writes that "the AFL-CIO has
pily in a society which, more lavishly than
istory, has managed the care and feeding
petent white people," and adds, "Who bet-
sents that ideal than George Wallace": or
ny other liberals casually toss around the
labor-fascists," one cannot but inevitably
that one is in the presence not of political
n but of a certain class hatred. This hatred
cessarily one based on conflicting class in-
hough they may play a role here—but
hatred of the elite for the "mass." And this
multiplied a thousandfold by the fact that
a democratic society in which the coarse
e can outvote the elite and make decisions
ay be contrary to the wishes and values,
even the interests and the prejudices, of
o are better off.

ifficult not to conclude that many liberals
cals use subjective, rather than objective,
n judging the character of a social force.
essive force, in their view, is one that is
from the dominant values of the culture,
which contributes to greater social equality
ibutive justice. Thus today the trade-union
it has been relegated to reactionary status,
ugh it is actually more progressive than at
in its history—if by progressive we mean a
nent to broad, long-term social reform in
to the immediate objectives of improving
nd working conditions. At the same time,
it impoverished social group, that sub-
which Herbert Marcuse longingly calls "the
and the outsiders," has been made the new
d of liberal progress. And it is here that
and New Leftists come together in their

proposal for a new coalition "of the rich, educated,
and dedicated with the poor," as Eric F. Goldman
has admiringly described it, or in Walter Laqueur's
more caustic phraseology, "between the *Lumpen-
proletariat* and the *Lumpenintelligentsia*."

THIS POLITICAL APPROACH, KNOWN AMONG liber-
als as New Politics and among radicals as New
Leftism, denotes a certain convergence of the Left
and the Right, if not in philosophy and intent, then
at least in practical effect. I am not referring simply
to the elitism which the intellectual Left shares with
the economic Right, but also to their symbolic
political relationship. Many of the sophisticated
right-wing attacks on labor are frequently couched
in left-wing rhetoric. Conservative claims that
unions are anti-black, are responsible for inflation,
and constitute minorities which threaten and in-
timidate the majority reverberate in the liberal com-
munity and are shaping public opinion to accept a
crackdown on the trade-union movement.

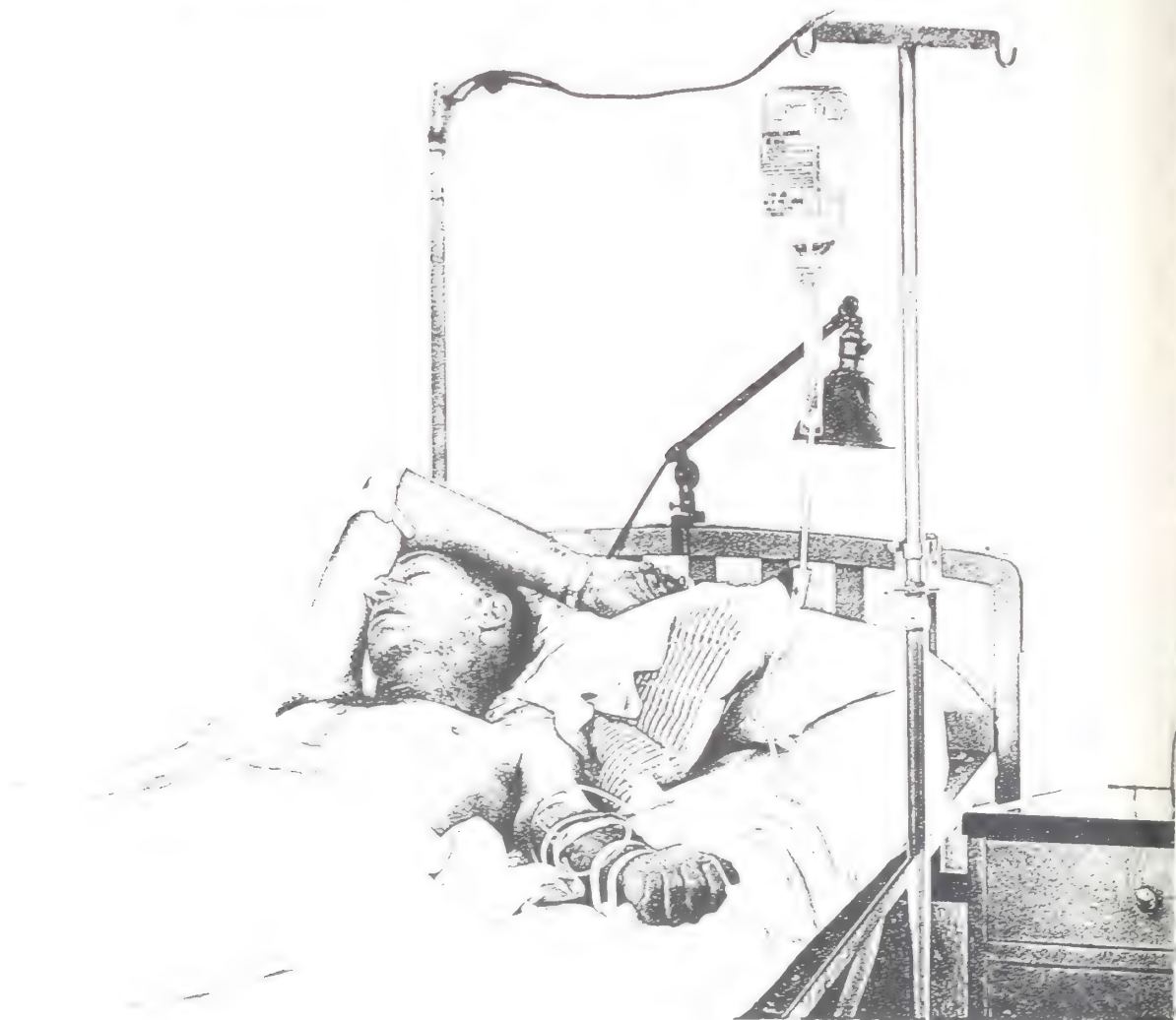
While many adherents of the New Politics are
outraged by Nixon's Southern strategy, their own
strategy is simply the obverse of his. The potential
for a Republican majority depends upon Nixon's
success in attracting into the conservative fold
lower-middle-class whites, the same group that the
New Politics has written off. The question is not
whether this group is conservative or liberal, for it
is both, and how it acts will depend upon the way
the issues are defined. If they are defined as race
and dissent, then Nixon will win. But if, on the other
hand, they are defined so as to appeal to the progres-
sive economic interests of the lower middle class,
then it becomes possible to build an alliance on the
basis of common interest between this group and
the black community. The importance of the trade-
union movement is that it embodies this common
interest. This was proved most clearly in 1968 when
labor mounted a massive educational campaign
which reduced the Wallace supporters among its
membership to a tiny minority. And the trade-union
movement remains today the greatest obstacle to
the success of Nixon's strategy.

The prominent racial and ethnic loyalties that
divide American society have, together with our
democratic creed, obscured a fundamental reality
—that we are a class society and, though we do not
often talk about such things, that we are engaged
in a class struggle. This reality may not provide
some people with their wished-for quotient of
drama, though I would think that the GE strike or
the UAW strike against GM are sufficiently dra-
matic, and it may now have become an institution-
alized struggle between the trade-union movement
and the owners and managers of corporate wealth.
Yet it is a struggle nonetheless, and its outcome will
determine whether we will have a greater or lesser
degree of economic and social equality in this coun-
try. As long as blacks are poor, our own struggle
will be part of this broader class reality. To the
degree that it is not, black liberation will remain a
dream in the souls of an oppressed people. □

though
actually not
progressive than
at any time in its
history...."

a story by Stephen Erhart

AS THE HIPPIEST DOCTOR ALMOST GROOVED



THE CORPSMEN ON THE HOSPITAL SHIP are heads. and here is what they know. why they smile in the morning slipping past your bed. why they smile. fey boys. wheeling out the bodies after breakfast.

They saw you opened in the light room at the waterline. six surgeons working. four more waiting turns. They saw two at your head. drilling with a power drill. hand-held. good-naturedly cursing when twists of your cranium got stuck. gouging the bone from the bit. joking with the abdomen team as a lathe operator would joke. hearty craftsman ("How do you like my tools?"). thrusting a strip of wire through the holes. sawing from the inside at the lid on the delicate pudding of your brain. cursing again when the wire broke.

They saw your blast-shattered torso split. solar plexus to below the navel. intestine turned out on the green cloth, picked over by rubber-gloved hands. shrapnel plucked out. casings mended. the punctured bottom of a kidney cut away. patched with a piece of your fat.

They saw you rinsed. brain and bowel. in a brown solution. then clear water. sucked down a suction hose. your capillaries cauterized with a small tip. burned with twelve volts from the brand-named Bovie (some kind of electric).

They saw two doctors probe at your legs. where were leaking in a hundred places. split them like hot sausages. dig for the pumping arteries. oozing veins. pinch them off with scissors. lay your blood puddling on the floor under the table.

The chief neurosurgeon took a break. stepped into the next operating room: "I wanted to see what a good case looked like. This guy in the other room was full of holes. There's no part of him left. He's opened up. both legs filleted all the way down.

And another surgeon. who has looked just like you. says to your chief orthopedist. in the lounge. over coffee. "You know those round things with the holes in them. those are arteries. you're supposed to cut those off. stop the blood from coming out."

Stephen Erhart lived and worked in Vietnam from 1966 to 1969. left for a year of travel in Indonesia, and is now back in Vietnam writing.

Stephen Erhart
AS THE
HIPPIEST
DOCTOR
ALMOST
GROOVED

someone mentions at midrats that there's been a change in sailing orders, that they'll be at sea an extra week, the chief says, "Yup, that's the Navy for you."

The spade picks it up, gazes at him dreamy-eyed, smiling, "Man, how you talkin' like that? Twenty-eight years, man, you got twenty-eight years in the fuckin' Navy. Man, you can't talk about nothin'."

The chief took pictures of the eyeball coming out (your eyeball, you didn't know it was going so soon as they, you didn't mark its passage. How many hours before you knew, coming to partial consciousness on the deck above—only partial from here on out, for they took away scraps of your mind, dug them out with their steel rods, gouged into the pink-red pools filling among the ganglia that used to think you were yourself).

He's got this fantastic new lens, really something, quite the latest, miracle piece of equipment, you shoot five inches away from the eye, the brain, the testicle (another doctor, the last to work, except for the dental surgeon doing a mandible job, snipped open your scrotum sack—dark, near-purple in there, the darkest hue in the rich montage you were last night—he snicked out the shrapnel, probed deep with a finger, like the leg-and-gut men scooping with their hands, popped them out one at a time, the balls—"Balls, that's a medical term," one of the corpsmen smiled behind his mask—firm knobs, to look for holes. No holes, that you were spared, that which the grunt fears most of all—

"Damn, that scares me," the Marine sergeant mused over beer after a day in the bush, where half a dozen mines and booby traps were found and one man got it in the balls. "Not bein' able to get some leg. I'll tell you the way I went through that field today—just like this. One hand holding my weapon, the other right here." He clasped a hand over his nuts—

The doctor stuck the knobs back in, just as the Southerner, the orthopedist beside him, complained that he'd stolen his scrub man, jibed the scrub man: "Don't give that to him. Give it t' me. Ya was scrubbin' fo' me fuhsht." And the testicle doctor, who was closer, grabbed the syringe from the scrub man, squirted the brown solution three feet through the air, raining it down all over your leg, the green cloth, the floor, then emptied it with a flourish in your scrotum. "Next case," he grinned, behind the mask he wore.

So you've got your testicles, and your penis, poor shriveled thing with the catheter tube sticking out of it all through those operations. You can still get some leg if you can just get a girl. It's not likely you'll get the female nurse who took your pulse and gave injections there in the pulse and recovery room while the fluids ran in and out the tubes. She knows that parts of your body are gone, remembered only by your sweetheart, fiancée, wife, and, more indelibly, by the film of our specialist, the medical photographer).

He's got all of you inside the camera box, got all the other broken bodies in there too, and when

the battleship *New Jersey* sailed by on d
afternoon you were hit, he went on decl
her in—different lens, same box—he's g
Vietnam that floats his way inside the b
matic, Panatomic, special film; there's not
escapes his box.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE HOSPITAL SHIP v
bridge to see the *New Jersey*, both sh
way, pulling alongside at sea. "The *New*
going like hell," he boomed over the lo
system, "but we're gaining on her," and
roared in appreciation. Hundreds of men
nurses, at the rails with cameras, getting
side their boxes too.

Afterwards, in his cabin, the captain tur
the porthole, offered his hand. "That was
Jersey," he deadpanned, "in case you ha
heard." Of course I had, everyone had, b
of the Navy, sailing the coast, firing her
at the mainland, north and south of the
round 2,700 pounds, the size of an arm
going overhead with the noise of a fre
and when the shore party calls for a ro
don't call in coordinates, just a grid squa
meter to a side—that's the area you take
a round from the *New Jersey*.

The captain passed out cigarette light
the name of his ship. "Our ship," he sai
was still thinking of the *New Jersey*. "Our
treated over 6,000 battle casualties since
over and, here's an interesting point, almo
the same number of disease cases."

Two commands aboard this ship, sh
pany and hospital company, two captains
captain, the ship's commander, has fina
word overrides the other's. Yet his ship
armaments, except a few small arms, car
classified material, remains fully lit up
even in hostile waters, has never suffered
attack. It is a floating hospital, and all th
does is drive it around.

"We fight the other war here," he sa
many other wars does that make, now?),
that nobody hears about." The captain,
to command a destroyer division, is a m
man, still thinking about the *New Jersey*.
ter landings," he perked up a little, "we've
9,000 helo landings aboard without a sile
hap. We just had a ceremony commemor
9,000th accident-free landing, gave an
the pilot."

Only a couple of hundred died; most
who get this far are kept alive. "About
ones we can't save are the ones with seve
damage. And those are the only ones I p
think, sometimes, it's just as well not to s
grimaced at the pain of having to say this.

"But these are fine boys," he said, gazin
eyed toward the porthole and the *New*
"these are fine boys." And then he said, I
some of these hippies and yuppies [wha
must have wondered, those are] who are p

The only way to clean up the world
is to start in your own backyard.
We started more than thirty years ago.



In the last few months, we have pushed
the way for a cleaner environment to a new high.

In Cleveland, Buffalo, and Toledo, from December
through March of 1971, we put into operation
the most effective environmental control
facilities that have ever been built. This doesn't make
Republic. But it *does* make air and water
cleaner in Republic plant cities.

In Toledo, new Republic environmental control facilities
include three new waste water terminal plants and
a new electrostatic precipitator capacity for our open-
hearth shop. Earlier, we built a giant "hairpin" cooler and
duct to cool and filter electric furnace emissions.

In Cleveland, Republic has just installed what is
believed to be the largest private facility in Ohio for
air quality control. It processes 100 million gallons
per day — equivalent to the consumption of a
100,000 people. Other major new Cleveland
facilities include treatment plants for blast furnace
waste water and a giant duct that connects electrostatic

precipitators in our two melt shops. Emissions from
both our basic oxygen furnaces and open-hearth
furnaces are cleaned. The system removes more than
98 percent by weight of the particulate matter.

In Buffalo, we just started up a new bar mill waste water
treatment plant and new basic oxygen furnace
electrostatic precipitators. In addition, Republic pays
a major share of costs for a unique system that pipes
fresh water from Lake Erie to the Buffalo River. The
system "freshens" the lower river, increases flow rate,
and reduces buildup of waste materials.

For more than 30 years, Republic has been installing
sophisticated equipment to control the quality of water and
air in the communities where we make steel. In recent
years, we've dramatically accelerated such operations as
part of our continuing efforts to achieve cleaner air
and water.

Achieving this required millions of dollars and hundreds
of thousands of man-hours of research, engineering,
design, and construction, by our own people and
suppliers. We had to start from scratch in each situation,
because "off-the-shelf" equipment did not exist
anywhere, at any price. It had to be created over a
period of years as precise needs were revealed.

At Republic Steel, we were working on problems of
environmental improvement long before *ecology* became
a household word! We've come a long way in cleaning
up our own backyard. And we are planning now for
the future. Republic Steel Corporation, Cleveland, Ohio.



Treatment facilities at a Republic Steel mill.

Republicsteel

MUSIC VOLUTE*

by John Hollander

Beauty as if of surface, washed up from her
Bivalve half, and half-veiled in unbridled spray.
Came to us from no mud-oozing depths
But like someone who had always floated.

Arose, to the laughter of sunlit breakers:
Whitecaps waving farewell to the water's loss.
The land's new prize slipped from the roof of
Ocean, onto the low Cyprian shore.

Brain coral, shelved on fringes of reef, placed in
Shallow deeps, emblems of thought bursting forth once.
Benign athenoma, from between
Halved Olympian lobes of wisdom: sunk

To these resting places, each piece then found some
Layer of envisioning sleep below which
No dreaming currents of green sunlight
Streamed among soft bells, making them tremble.

There are greater depths. The old mind needs only
Levels of dream to hang in where small fish streak.
Eyes moving rapidly, by large ones:
But in what regions unsounded does this

Spiral evolve?—singing its own enchantment:
Revolve, my line. O revolve the spinning reel.
Winding the curve that things grow into.
Not the shrill twisting of deformation.

Depths at which this torn page of antiphonal
Or gradual music suffers its inscription
Lie below sonorousness. This shell
Breeds no imprisoned nymph in its chambers.

Down among the flowering choirs of shell swims
Sad, half-deaf Polyphemus, his helmeted
Huge, plate-glass eye slowly turning as
The length of his father's glimmering halls

Glides dimly by him. He will never find her
Here, the Nereid girl, a vanished sparkle
Of changing wave that slides through hands in
The sporting water, or avoids our eyes

When, from the beach recumbent, they reach over
The breaking foreground for her momentary.
Golden flank. Even the memory
Eludes his glassy gaze, even ghosts of

The gay, green daughters of metamorphosis
Dissolve in the sea-god's unechoing deeps.
The diver winds his slow, watery
Way till, lonely, he breaks the surface:

But with what bauble? High, dried, in the desk-light.
A polished bibelot, an inane snoring
At the ear if one tries to listen:
No whorled music survives even our heights.

**Volute* means a small Caribbean shell whose surface markings resemble music ms. notation.

all the time could be here just once to see these boys on the operating table."

About half the casualties return to the bodies still good enough for love and so: both testicles and eyeballs still in place, as will still be malingering, onwards, copes don't return to battle. But you—your body enough now, destroyed, enough of it is so that they will ship the rest of it home for you.

THE CAPTAIN DOESN'T KNOW IT, but the hippies are on board already, or the remnants of bodies, recalling them as you see that guy in here last night?" or they change shifts.

"What happened to him?"

"Died, man."

"What'd he die of?"

"What'd he die of? He was crushed, tore out."

Groaning as the hippest doctor almost ("almost all the way down"), but as he grooves, as he did not say, "Man, half blown away," he speaking to you sternly: "The more you fight it, John, the more to hurt. Try to relax, John," leaving it to the man to say, "Just let it come easy, John, easy," and to say in the lounge, "No face, man, no face."

But at least the doctor did not say either the captain said—for doctors have too much that, they've seen this stuff too much, and how much they can do for a man, how good for, how long, they know which to kill with their juice—he did not say, like the carrier commander Fredric March in a remembered movie of the Korean war, "we get such men? Where do they make these?"

And neither of them, the doctor or the said, like the two souls on the beach melodies at the 18th surgical hospital, the carrying off the chopper the upper half body, one who didn't get to the ship, man wrapped in a poncho, just half, the blown away by an American 105-mm. buried and body-trapped, most of the there, hanging out, gathered together in the and a piece of one buttock and thigh but just that much of his lower half still attached the outer layer of skin, dragging on the ground a tail, and one detached meaty leg, now carried in one med's hand, wrapped in jacket—neither the doctor nor the captain did the cameraman chief say, nor the bud behind him than you when it happened, almost dying, but not, for very shock, "He a small guy too"), no one but the two speaking in a long, heavy whisper, turning away, to work or to do another number. "Oh, man—wow."

NION IN CONCORD

ecome of the Class of '45? What's become of their town?

D GET REACQUAINTED, the mimeographed id. "Concord Rod and Gun Club. Straw-Road . . . Smorgasbord Dinner, Dancing, ig . . . SEE YOU THERE!"

ation summoned me to the twenty-fifth the Concord High School Class of 1945. led, somewhat to my surprise. I wanted d always remembered, with embarrass- g, a rather difficult adolescence in Con- now, trying to rediscover my own past. find out what the surviving evidence ould reveal to the observation of middle

really know what value there is in re- one's past, what secret there is to be t as the years pass with increasing speed. for what has died becomes an end in one can search only in specific places. se that now belongs to somebody else. en that no longer exists, in the various stores and graveyards of the town that aes, in recurring dreams, to have been town.

cord Rod and Gun Club is a long, low et in some rather nondescript woods. Its apparently designed it as an isolated citadel ity—a large stone fireplace, exposed ceil- antlers on the walls—but there were signs omen had been at work. Ears of corn he doorways, and streamers of crepe rvest colors of brown and orange, flowed iling.

e seemed to remember me quite well. ned cheerfully and clapped me on the They remarked that I had grown a lot e the old days. But I myself, the returning ad that I could hardly remember any ot even after we had bowed toward one a quick inspection of lapel badges, with photographs from the class yearbook of even then could I recapture more than emory of exactly who they were, or how e been children together.

DURING THE DEPRESSION, which uprooted red a good many people of my age, but ldhood was relatively comfortable, since eld the same job throughout that whole ertainty. Year after year, he lectured on t at Harvard, and so we never moved

very far from Harvard Square. I had been born in Boston, and I spent my earliest years in Cambridge, and from those days I still retain the meaningless recollections of neighborhood oddities—old Miss Carruthers going out every day for a drive in her mysteriously silent, bottle-green electric automobile, and Mrs. Sperry, the wife of the dean of the Divinity School, appearing on her side porch at ten o'clock every night to cry out for her roving Scotch terrier: "Peter! Peter! Peter!"

Martin Luther once said that even if he knew the world was coming to an end, he would go on plant- ing trees. At the beginning of 1933, when my father's world was beginning to come to an end, he planted an elm tree at the corner of our front lawn to celebrate the birth of my sister Liesel. But this was just a gesture. Cambridge was (and is) too large and too heterogeneous to be anyone's home- town, and besides, we didn't live there much longer. Now that Hitler had come to power and we couldn't go back to Germany in the summers any more, my father bought a farm in the hills outside Brattle- boro, Vermont.

As the Depression tightened, he sold the house in Cambridge and tried for a time to commute to Brattleboro, which in the middle of winter was a rather rough 100-mile trip. My mother learned to live with ten-foot snowdrifts, and we—my brother Paul, my sister Liesel, and I—staggered out onto the road every morning to catch the ancient Ford station wagon that carried the farm children five miles to school in Brattleboro. There, in the Green Street School, everything was very old-fashioned. The bright children learned to conjugate verbs and parse sentences, and the dumb children flunked year after year until, at the age of sixteen, they finally dropped out of the fourth or fifth grade and stayed home on the farm. We also learned to fight for dear life. The only fights in Cambridge had been wrestling classes, in gym suits, but here every challenge had to be settled in the mud of the playground. Liesel, newly enrolled in the first grade, soon announced proudly, "I can beat every boy in the first three grades."

Not long after I had started the eighth grade, and the nights were getting cold again, we all moved back to the suburbs of Boston, to a rented house in Belmont. But Belmont is not a town: it is a series of boxlike houses on rows of neat streets, without any sense of cohesion or community. I spent much of our year there in flight from roving gangs, and when I later planned for a time to write a pseudo-

Otto Friedrich was man- aging editor of The Sat- urday Evening Post at the time of its demise. His book, Decline and Fall, is an account of that event.

Otto Friedrich
REUNION
IN CONCORD

Dostoevskian novel about a mindless, motiveless sex murderer, I inevitably set the scene in Belmont. No, Belmont was not a hometown either.

My father has always had an acquisitive feeling about real estate. Houses and plots of land affect him the way jewelry affects women—treasures to be savored, inspected, priced, considered, reflected upon. So as he drove between Cambridge and Vermont during these hard years, he kept track of a number of places that were marked for sale, places that kept sinking in price during every year of the Depression. There was a large and beautiful house in the very center of Concord, a former Colonial inn, of white clapboard, with four living rooms and ten bedrooms and a long garden out in the back. In the middle of 1941, my father noted that the price of this grand old house at 54 Main Street had dropped to \$8,000, and he bought it.

I lived there only three years, plus one year of commuting to college, so Concord is really no more of a hometown than Cambridge or Brattleboro or even Belmont. But Concord is where I went to high school and got my first job and went on my first date, and such a town becomes, in memory, one's hometown.

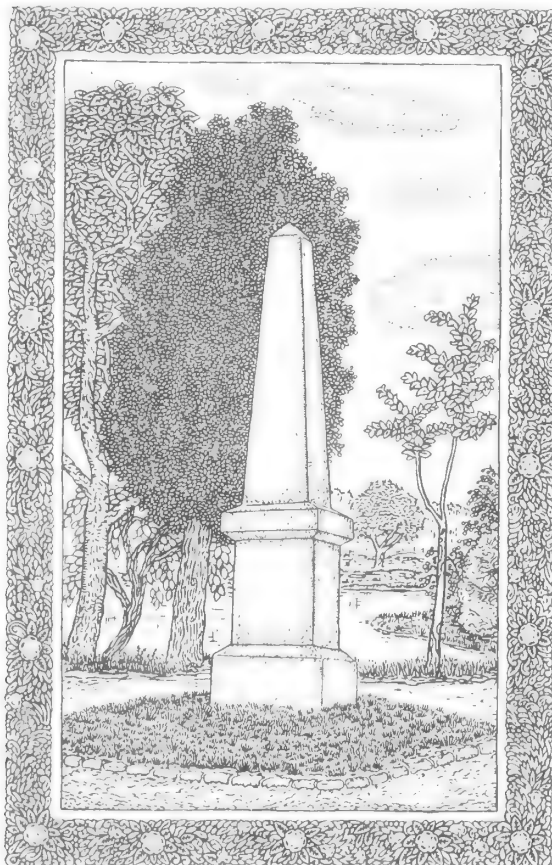
THE TOWN OF CONCORD is unique in all America, says the guidebook, "because it has three famous periods in its history, any one of which would be a sufficient claim to distinction. First, its history reaches back more than three hundred years to the days when the early Puritans made here in the wilderness the first Massachusetts settlement away

from the tidewater. Second, it was the scene of the first battle in the war of the Revolution. Third, it was the home of Emerson, Alcott, Thoreau, Hawthorne, great authors of the period and the 'Flowering of New England.' Moreover, it is not just a museum but a beautiful, elm-shaded town of homes, schools, farms, and businesses, rolling from year to year. . . ."

YES, CONCORD IS A TOWN unlike any other. There are a great many bronze plaques to celebrate that fact. Here, at the end of Main Street, is the site of Jethro's Tree, where, in 1635, Simon Willard first bought from the Indians 100 acres of land square." And over there, the white Unitarian church with the blue dome and massive Doric pillars—that church was founded in 1636, rebuilt in 1673, and rebuilt again in 1828, and John Hancock presided here over the Provincial Congress, and then the church burned and turned sideways, and then it burned down again, then it was rebuilt once more. And out on Monument Street, the famous Minuteman stands eternally on guard over what Emerson called the "rude bridge that arched the flood," preventing the British from firing "the shot heard round the world." For over a century, these plaques and pillars have established Concord's identity, its view of itself as a national treasure. The citizens of Concord consider it natural and proper that outsiders should come from far away to admire their monuments. It is when the citizens of Concord refer to the local aristocracy of "families who were here before the Revolution," they mean, literally, those farmers who were here in 1775, the Buttricks, Barretts, and the

But let us begin less heroically. Let us begin at the railroad station. The Boston & Maine Railroad provides regular and dependable service between Boston and Cambridge out to Concord, Fitchburg, and points west. The Concord station was a small building found all over New England, a small, square building with an almost pagoda-like roof that slopes steeply down in a four-sided pyramid. For many years, the painters would come and apply a coat of paint, usually gray, sometimes a muddy blue.

The station was known as the depot, and for many years it was the social center for many of the tough young men who lived nearby. They were a mixture of Irish, Italian, and French Canadian, known as the "depression boys." Some of them were among the best linemen on the railroad, but most of them remained small—wizened and toughened by years of adversity and the knowledge that they had no future. They were not vicious, in a sadistic sense, but they would not tolerate competition, arguments, or insults from any newcomers to their territory. For many years, it has become popular to argue that no man can ever know how Negroes feel, I suspect that anybody who ever grew up in a "hometown" got some idea of how Negroes feel every time he encountered that town's "depression boys." What I felt, in any case, were fear, helplessness, and a doomed desire to please. One could



PHILIP VAN ALDER

kids; one could only hope that they did one's existence. (Outside their territory, were reversed, of course, and the depot me our Negroes, the slum children of a n. Concord had only one real Negro, the fat, elderly cook at Freddy Childs' res- who was known as Pappy. It also had one or named Arkin.)

ason that I had to pass among the depot that I was twelve, and the only job open f that age was to deliver newspapers for illard, who tended the newsstand at one e railroad station. Harry Bullard was a t old man, about sixty, with red veins eeks. He always wore a flat, checked cap ad and a dirty brown cardigan to keep a in the winter. My brother Paul, a year a I, was the first one to get a paper route ry Bullard, and then he arranged to get e. It seemed a great honor, one's first job, al income—half a cent per paper, about ars a week in all.

pot kids, who didn't mind tending Harry newsstand from time to time, refused to e papers, and as fall turned into winter, why. I had to get up at six-thirty every and bicycle to the station in the darkness. llard was already there, standing behind r in his little stall, waiting for some early to buy a paper. His breath made faint the air, and since the railroad office en until seven, the only light came from ulb that hung over his head. By this time, llard had already dragged into his lair es of *Heralds* and *Globes* that had been ff the train. He had cut the wires that m, and he had stacked the papers on his wooden counter. And now we, the paper ved on our bicycles to load our share of to our white canvas bags and wheel off n.

ther Paul and I each started with a route fifty papers, but as the temperature sank below zero, and the snow banks re- our feet high, week after week, and I set -thirty every morning in a kind of blue ilor cap that folded down over my mouth ed icicles as my breath froze—as all this , the other paper boys dropped out, and d of the year there were only two of us as a small boy named Bruno, who stayed own neighborhood on the south side of ad tracks. Throughout the rest of Concord, one who delivered the newspapers—about morning, about 100 every afternoon.

nes, though, when the weather got Liesel drove along after me on her bicycle, e to spin the folded papers onto the front At the age of nine, she was still too young route of her own, but she was content ng behind me, because she wanted com- because she had nothing else to do. I d her up the long driveways, particularly ch contained troublesome dogs, and she

would always ride off with a sense of pride that I had assigned her to the mission of delivering that day's *Globe* or *Traveler*.

When I try to remember Liesel now, I really remember very little. There are pictures that tell me what she looked like, a square, sturdy girl who liked to play football, not pretty but handsome, in a sisterly sort of way. She wore her dark-blond hair in pigtails. The thing I remember most clearly about her was a quality of eagerness and hope. She wanted very much to please people, and, as the only girl after two brothers, she felt that nobody cared about her very much. To a certain extent she was probably right. Old Harry Bullard liked her a lot, though, and he fussed over her whenever she came to the depot to help me with the papers. He sold her Life-savers at cost, three cents a pack.

During the summer of 1943, I stayed in Concord by myself, delivering the papers and sweeping the floors at the bookstore and packing the china for Mary Curtis's gift shop and washing dishes at Freddy Childs' restaurant, which he called The Mill Dam, and one day my mother telephoned from Brattleboro to say that Liesel had drowned. Nobody knew how it had happened. Liesel had had the measles that spring, and the measles have strange aftereffects, but the doctor had pronounced her cured. So she went to the swimming pool of some neighbors who lived in a bizarre old Victorian mansion called "Naulaka," which had been built by Rudyard Kipling, during his Vermont phase, and was still something of a local museum. My father was hoeing a vegetable patch along the road that led up to the pool, and he shouted after Liesel to ask whether she really felt well enough to go swimming in such cold water. Liesel said she did, so my father waved to her as she climbed the steep hill to the pool. And she waved back.

There were two other children at the pool, younger ones, children of a farm family that lived on the other side of "Naulaka." After a time—nobody knows how long—they wandered home and told their mother that Liesel was lying at the bottom of the pool. I was not there, but I can see the rest, even now—the woman telephoning our house; yes, they say that Liesel is lying at the bottom of the pool, and my mother throwing down the telephone and slamming through the screen door and shout- ing wildly across the vegetable garden, and my father shouting back, what? what? and then drop- ping his hoe and starting to run, panting, unbel- ieving, up the hill to the pool. He jumped into the freezing water and dragged Liesel's body up onto the mossy brick walk that ran along the edge of the pool. And pressed his thick, strong hands against her back and tried to force the water out of the lungs. And did force some water out, trick- ling out onto the stone pathway by the side of the pool, but too late.

The telephone call made no overwhelming im- pression on me. Liesel was dead. Well, so Liesel was dead. This was a Saturday, and Saturday was the day we had to go down to Harry Bullard's news- stand and put together the Sunday newspapers. The

For well over a century, plaques have commemorated the establishment of Concord's identity as a national treasure."

Otto Friedrich
REUNION
IN CONCORD

Sunday papers arrived in great bundles—hundreds of sports sections, hundreds of comic sections, hundreds of rotogravures and society sections—and we arranged the bundles on the floor and slipped a copy from one pile to the next until we had a complete Sunday paper.

"Liesel drowned," I said to Harry Bullard as I started my work. He looked at me in amazement.

"Don't make jokes like that," he said, angrily.

"I'm not making a joke," I said. "My mother just called me about it from the farm."

Harry Bullard turned away, fussing with a new bale of papers. I set to work then on my own job of folding sports sections into comic sections—feeling nothing more, really, than a sense of self-importance. I had delivered big news. I had impressed and startled my boss, Harry Bullard.

He had no way to say what he felt, perhaps because he was a poor and uneducated man, or perhaps because I was a callow boy who could not have understood anything he said. So Harry Bullard said nothing. What he did, in silence, was to get down on his knees next to me on the floor of the depot and help me fold my Sunday papers.

WHERE IS HARRY BULLARD NOW? Dead, I suppose. I drove my rented Hertz Ford to the depot to see whether the place was still there.

Yes, it is still there, and with a new coat of gray paint too, but it is not a railroad station any more. The railroad still runs through here, but now you buy your ticket on the train—not a bad idea, it seems to me—what was the point of all those ticket

stations at every stop along the line? The building itself is occupied mainly by a store called Look, and Listen, Inc." It sells rock 'n' roll records. Out in front, there are two wooden barrels filled with petunias. In the wing that used to be Harry Bullard's newsstand, there is a real-estate office. In the blue metal boxes, which contain the *Traveler*, the *Globe*, and the *Record-American*, these papers used to be separate entities delivered them, and there was also a *Pocket* for the dead, and you deposit coins in the slot to get your paper. The job that got Harry Bullard up at six o'clock every morning no longer needs a Harry Bullard. The machine works by itself.

ALL STORIES LIKE THIS are always the same, my wife says. "You go back to see things where you grew up, and you find that everything has changed, and everything looks smaller and more used to, and that's that."

This is certainly true for Cambridge, which has become the Greenwich Village of New England, and it is certainly true for Brattleboro, where a new highway now cuts through the woods just behind our farm, and it is probably true for Brattleboro, though it's a little hard to tell, since Cambridge has had a relatively little effect on places that scarcely exist. But I am here to report that Concord, Massachusetts, has not changed at all. Or rather, it has been given way to the supermarket and the supermarket way. On the contrary, to the extent that Concord has changed, it has become more Colonial (which means pseudo-Colonial) than ever. It is full—much too full—of little boutiques that sell leather goods and pottery and framed etchings and old oil paintings. There are still just two banks, both of regional size, with large lawns in front. Most of the sidewalks are of earth, not concrete. The two drug stores, Snow's and Richardson's, still confront each other at the corner of Main Street and Walden Street. And there is still no traffic light at this main intersection: a policeman stands in a box and directs traffic by hand.

So let us start over again, approaching Concord not by its railroad line but by the main highway that stretches about twenty miles out from Boston. It used to be a narrow blacktop road called the Cambridge Turnpike, which wound past a few small farms and then across some marshland in the center of town. This was where I expected to find the standard kind of destruction—the rows of leveled trees, the felled trees, the filled-in marshland, the dead uniformity of suburbia. It was not so. The superhighway swerves off to the left, before it reaches Concord, and the maple trees along the road into town still stand, as they have stood, fat and round and complacent, turning yellow now and shedding their leaves onto a road that is still narrow, and a marsh that is still a marsh.

The Cambridge Turnpike leads to a fork in the road with Lexington Road, and here at this junction you can observe, on the left, the splendid white



Ralph Waldo Emerson used to live, but reached the junction, I looked to the right, that was where the McKennas used to live.

AT NIGHT, at the Concord Rod and Gun Club, four of us alumni were sitting around a table drinking beer, and one man said, "I saw Leo McKenna the other day."

"Who?" said someone else. "How was he?" "He was the first man said. "Okay."

THE FULL, almost mythological impact of the McKennas, since the only McKenna in the family was Tommy, who was a year or so older than me, a rather gawky boy with a large head. He ran like the wind, though—a half-miler, miler, cross-country runner. In fact, he was the state champion in several of those categories, and in Concord, to be a state champion was a very big thing to be. But Tommy was only a cousin of the McKennas who lived in the house across from Ralph Waldo Emerson's house, a plain wooden house, plainly furnished. The McKennas were not rich, but not poor. They went inside, where Mrs. McKenna ruled the house like a queen, for the social center of the place was the large square lawn where a game of baseball was always in progress.

Concord, being a rich and progressive town, had a large playground, complete with a baseball field, a quarter-mile track, tennis courts, and a swimming pool. But, as sometimes happens, the swimming pools were empty most of the time, and nobody who wanted to play football would ever go to the McKennas' house on Lexington Road. The great virtue of the McKennas' house was that I was one of the players, and so I got to play in the back yard with my brother Paul, and Doc Flavin, the dentist who lived further out on Lexington Road, and occasionally Jimmy Walker, a radical. The oldest of the McKennas them was Joey, who was a year or two younger than me. Since it was his football, he generally did the blocking, which enabled him to run and shout and catch a pass. As for the little ones, the year-olds—Leo McKenna and various nephews—they had to play in the line. "Get out of the block out," Doc Flavin would shout at every play. Day after day, we assigned the boys to their fate, never to run or pass but to block a pass, only to block and suffer on behalf of the elders and betters.

Years later, I was living in Paris and writing a novel, and my brother Paul wrote me about the Concord High School football team and how it was a kind of legend. Did I remember the legend? The Concord football coach, once a quarterback at Notre Dame? A heavy-set man with a rapidly receding hairline, a professor who was not exactly a Knute Rockne but

rather an imitation of Pat O'Brien playing Knute Rockne in that movie. Anyway, my brother, who had also gone his own way, to Yale, to Russia, to Mexico, and was now back in America, watching football games on television, and one day there was a high-school national championship, somewhere in North Carolina, and there, in the maroon jerseys, was Concord High School, which had won something like seventy games without a defeat, and there, at quarterback, throwing long passes and leading a flawless T-formation offensive, was none other than little Leo McKenna.

THEY, WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO Leo McKenna?" I asked, in the Concord Rod and Gun Club, of the man who had seen him on the street.

"He got a scholarship to Dartmouth," the man said, "and he played there, of course, and now he's in business, and says he's doing pretty well."

He spoke as though he had seen St. Paul or St. Francis—one of us, but one of us who had really made it.

AS AN OLD TOWN, Concord has many generations of the dead, and many monuments to those many generations. The first settlers lie in the Old Hill Burying Ground, or in the cemetery near our house on Main Street. Sleepy Hollow, out on Bedford Street, has an "Authors' Ridge," which contains the graves of Emerson, Thoreau, and Hawthorne, but this is really the town's new, modern graveyard, established after the old places were full. At the center of town, where Main Street, Lexington Road, and Monument Street all converge, the town commemorates its war victims. There is a boulder listing twenty-five dead in "The World War," then, across the street, a large tombstone with a plaque naming forty dead in "World War II." Beneath that, on the same stone, they have economized by simply adding another plaque for the two dead in Korea. And Vietnam? Is there another plaque being cast in some foundry, or are they waiting for the war to end?

At the center of the square is the Civil War Monument. Two college students, boy and girl, were standing in front of the ugly monolith that commemorates the forty-eight who died in "The War of the Rebellion." They both wore blue jeans, and they held hands, and the girl touched her long blond hair as she said to the boy that she had always heard it called the American Revolution, so why did this plaque call it the War of the Rebellion? The boy did not know the answer. He mumbled an evasion. And the dead who are commemorated by this squat, square pillar do not know that we have forgotten what it was that killed them.

WE, THE GOOD GERMANS, were in favor of America's going to war—my father lectured for all kinds of lobbying groups with names like "Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies"—

"Concord, Mass., has not changed. It is the same way as the super-market and the superhighway."

And, while the big change was "Purges for the People," the big change was "Purges for the People."

It would be better we could get your article.

As I think back on the home front in 1941, all new enrolled, I think that its most extraordinary was the idea that we were all in the imminent enemy attack. On the third floor house, for example, we kept a number of pillows and blankets just in case we were hit. Nazis' new phosphorous bombs could not be washed with water, only with sand. I took to walking classes in the high school gymnasium and Church members would bring tourniquets to air-raid victims. And to a town so much devoted to skiing, we signed up as skiers. On a hill not far from Main Street everybody went skiing in the winter, there wasn't a sporty family that perhaps for that reason the soldiers of sport would have to explain. I think had a search for signs of Hitler's Heinkel-III bomber in the hills. In the winter many of the soldiers of enemy planes, moved to the mountains of the state of Massachusetts. I think that was because they had a lot of time to spare from their jobs. I think that was because they had a lot of time to spare from their jobs. I think that was because they had a lot of time to spare from their jobs.

There was no delay from Washington. I left for New York on the 10th of January. I started early, and a man from the post office called on me and asked for the fee. I showed the receipt and he gave me a letter for the post office. I left for New York on the 10th of January. I started early, and a man from the post office called on me and asked for the fee. I showed the receipt and he gave me a letter for the post office. I left for New York on the 10th of January. I started early, and a man from the post office called on me and asked for the fee. I showed the receipt and he gave me a letter for the post office.

14. I am aware of the fact that
I have a right to be heard, and I
am aware of the fact that I have a right to be heard.

others. Since 1970, the number of marriages, and one town, have forced any man in fact, any advertisement more dramatic than the above. But in this line of research, the number of marriages and the number of marriages are not the same. The number of marriages is not the same as the number of marriages. The number of marriages is not the same as the number of marriages.

[illegible]

and so the picture simply ended with showing his teeth as he fired his machine the dawn mist.

IS IT THAT SO LITTLE has changed in Concord?" I asked one of my classmates at the Rod and Gun Club. Ed Damon is his name. Always got better marks than I did in every math and science—not much better, only a two, but he was always number one in this. I was always number two. It used to irritate me, but now I don't much care. He has a car, and he teaches courses on laser rays at the University.

"It's a matter of that thing called zoning," Ed Damon said. "Two acres is the minimum. I don't want all new buildings are supposed to be red brick, and with pointed roofs. That's Mrs. Hosmer and the board of selectmen wanted it. You remember Mrs. Hosmer? Out on Main Street?"

"I don't mind telling people what she thought," Ed said. Kathleen, another one of the class. When Woolworth's put up an ugly neon sign in front of their store, she made them take it right down. And when she died last year, she left a will that the hearse be drawn by horses.

"Mrs. Hosmer wanted everything to stay the way it has always been," said Ed Damon. "So they still don't have a movie theater, in a town of twenty people, unless they're still showing movies at the Veterans' Hall, and I don't think they are. People don't even think it would keep people out on Main Street after nine o'clock, and they might throw gum wrappers on the sidewalks."

I HAVE LED a very sheltered life, because the only dead body I have ever seen was that of Liesel, who was brought down to Concord and placed in the dining room in a coffin with a velvet lining. Friends and family passed through intermittently to pay

respects, having to do what we all had to do, to go to the funeral at her lying in the coffin, but we did all of it. The undertakers had done quite a job with rouge on the cheeks, so she looked, as fresh and earnest as ever, as though she might have been asleep at any moment. But there was also an extraordinary quality of stillness, motionless—she made one feel that this is what death is, the end of everything. Her rouged face was like that of a very large doll made of

plaster, in the living room, my father played a sonata, the Allegretto from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, which is, I think, as mournful and desolate a piece as anyone ever wrote—but theatrical. He has never disliked it ever since then. My father sat on the ugly purple sofa and stared into space as the morose theme sounded over and over

again. My mother just wept. In the middle of the meal, or while washing the dishes, or just sitting in a chair, the tears would suddenly start welling up, and she would blow her nose loudly, and no one could help her.

Onward, *Christian Soldiers* was Liesel's favorite hymn, so that was what the organist played as we gathered in the Episcopal church at the far end of Main Street. The minister said the usual things over the coffin—he had not really known Liesel very well—and then we paraded out, my brother and I pushing the coffin along on its dolly wheels. Our own friends—Doc Flavin, Jimmy Walker, and Joe Wheeler—served as embarrassed pallbearers. They had not known Liesel very well either. She was just a kid sister who tried to play football and tagged along on my newspaper route.

The procession drove up Main Street to Sleepy Hollow, where, on a gentle hill under some pine trees, a deep rectangular hole had already been dug. The closed coffin was placed on two thick gray canvas straps and then lowered into the hole. The minister said the familiar words about dust to dust and threw the first handful of earth onto the silver coffin. Then a workman with a shovel began shoveling more earth onto the coffin until it slowly vanished from sight, as though sinking into the ocean, and I remember thinking: *How can she ever*

AT THE LONG DINNER TABLES of the Concord Rod and Gun Club, where we ate slices of roast beef and piles of creamed potatoes, I sat next to an amiable lady named Nancy Halpin, who served on the organizing committee and therefore knew where people were now.

"But what about the teachers?" I asked. "What has become of Miss Camilla Moses, for example?"

"She's with the flowers of the fields, as they say," said Mrs. Halpin. "Died some years ago."

"And Mrs. Freeman? And Miss Weir?"

"Mrs. Freeman remarried, I think. And I don't know what happened to Miss Weir."

MISS WEIR, WHO TAUGHT FRENCH by means of pure terror, was a small, stocky woman of about forty, as I remember, with her gray hair in a bun, and I have no idea why she terrified us so. She never raised her voice, never inflicted any punishment, but she managed to radiate a quality of sarcasm and contempt that made us read, to do anything to win her good will. Not praise. Miss Weir did not give praise. A grunt of satisfaction was the most we could hope for.

On the first day of class, she began by picking up a book and saying, with the appropriate gestures, "*Je prends le livre. J'ouvre le livre. Je tourne la page. Je ferme le livre. Je mets le livre sur la table.*" We all sat there in utter bewilderment. Then Miss Weir called on a large, bovine girl in the front row, who had flunked the previous year, to repeat the mysterious words she had just said. Miss Weir

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issued no textbooks until two weeks later.) The fact that I can still remember this sequence of sentences almost thirty years later gives some indication of the mysterious power that Miss Weir exercised over her little group of ignorant adolescents. Miss Weir's class for beginners, the sophomores, took place during the sixth period, after lunch, and when I was a freshman I could not understand why all of her pupils spent their lunch hour studying French. When I was a sophomore, I understood, for we too gobbled our food and then devoted the remaining time to a hopeless effort to avoid Miss Weir's scorn. But two facts remain: Miss Weir treated everyone exactly alike, teaching the dumb children as ruthlessly and relentlessly as the bright ones, and when she was through with us, we had learned more than we ever learned from any other teacher. In short, we had learned French.

Mrs. Freeman was exactly the opposite. She was probably about the same age as Miss Weir, and scarcely a great beauty, but whereas Miss Weir radiated cold, hard authority, Mrs. Freeman radiated glamour. She dyed her hair a reddish brown, cut in bangs, and she wore harlequin glasses, and Mexican bracelets that jangled on her wrists. I had an enormous crush on her.

She taught ancient history, but ancient history was only her point of departure. Indeed, anyone who knows Muriel Spark's *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* knows Mrs. Freeman. She loved to make preposterous assertions, and the more preposterous they were, the more vividly we remembered them. I still recall being baffled by her announcement that Katherine Dunham, whom I had never heard of, was "the greatest dancer in the world." I recall even more strongly her declaration that "anyone who doesn't think P. G. Wodehouse is the funniest man alive should be taken to a hospital to have his head examined." She was not completely absurd, however. She taught us, in her ancient-history class, about such hitherto unknown phenomena as the paintings of El Greco and Renoir. We sat and gaped and absorbed, and when, several years later, my brother Paul sent some money via Western Union and had to compose some question that only I could answer, and thus, as by a code, prove my identity, a bewildered Western Union clerk recited to me this riddle: "What are the three centers of ancient Persian civilization?" Any of Mrs. Freeman's prize pupils could have answered without the slightest hesitation: "Persepolis, Pasargadae, and Susa."

ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE REUNION, I went to look at the Concord High School, but it was locked, and so I could only note that everything looked much the same. A plain stone building, designed and built in the year of my own birth, 1929, in the post-office style of the period. Over the door there is a bas-relief showing some ambiguous figures who may be studying or conferring or taking part in a legal judgment, and the motto says: "Progress, Education, History."


Later on, at about one in the morning at the

Concord Rod and Gun Club, Leo Duggan and I were drinking beer, and Leo Duggan said, "What school? That wasn't the high school you said. The high school nowadays is a huge place out where the town dump used to be. That building where we went to high school, you know what that is? That's just the *sixth grade* in the Concord school system. That whole place is just nothing but a sixth grade!"

FINALLY, I WENT BACK to our old house at 100 Main Street, but slowly, circuitously, as if I were going to a rendezvous with an ex-wife I still wanted. I wandered first through the center of town and then, instead of staying on Main Street, drifted off along Walden to the red brick High School office and the red brick gymnasium, then back to the former high school to the red brick library, savoring, not quite consciously, the delay in the moment of recognition. Walking over the street to the library, I couldn't avoid eventually looking across the street and seeing that the house was there, and that it was, like the beloved ex-wife, so velvety familiar and yet hideously altered. The new master now, and the new master has his will.

Once it was a long, elegantly simple building, perhaps forty feet across the front and seventy feet in depth, three stories high, but with a story that was empty and haunted. I used to use these attic rooms for the workshop where he built model airplanes, and my father used one as a storeroom of garden storeroom, where he kept ripening pumpkins and gourds, but otherwise there were the ghosts of past occupants, now long forgotten. When my father finally sold the house, he sold it to some people who said they believed in "restoring" old houses, but they in turn sold it to the Concord Academy, a girls' boarding school that was passing cancerously through a whole row of old houses along Main Street. And now that the house is a dormitory packed with adolescent girls, the atmosphere apparently live in terror of a holocaust. They have built a vast rectangular stairway up and down the whole outer side of the house, so that if fire breaks out among the girls who are packed onto the old, haunted third floor, they can all come tripping down to the ground in safety.

I stood for a minute on the sidewalk across the street, looking up at the windows of my father's house on the second floor. When we first moved in, in 1941, my brother and I both lived in this room, not because there weren't plenty of other rooms for each of us to have to himself, but because we had always shared a room, and it was the natural way to live. My brother, however, developed a passionate desire for apartment life, and moved out into the hall, where he erected a partition and devised a sort of "living area" for himself. While I was listening to my radio, my brother was lying on his stomach on his bed in the hall, occasionally reaching down to turn a page.



For four generations
we've been making medicines
as if people's lives depended on them.

Lilly

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Dostoevsky or Tolstoy that lay on the floor beside the bed.

For a time I felt hurt and rejected, but I soon came to realize that I now had a splendid room all to myself, my own fireplace, four windows looking out over Main Street, my own desk and bookcase. In due time, I went off to college, where the dormitories were built in lavish pseudo-Georgian style, with courtyards and bell towers, but also with cockroaches crawling out of the fireplaces and occasionally appearing in the soup, and so, when it came time to write my thesis for graduation, I came home to entrench myself in this room. Freed of virtually all responsibility, except to get this one thing written, I reverted to my natural hours, sleeping well into the afternoon and working all night, and here, to everyone's surprise, I finally did produce a "scholarly" treatise on the development of centralized government in France under the rule of Cardinal Richelieu. And then, without waiting for graduation day, I sailed on a freighter to Le Havre, determined never to return.

Still, this house is mine, just as any house I have lived in is mine, and I haunt it now, just as other people haunted it when I first came there. And, in fact, the house door stood wide open before me. Inside, in what used to be the front living room, with the French provincial sofas, and that Rembrandt, the man in the golden helmet, there were now half a dozen girls lounging around on double decker bunks. On the walls, there were college pennants—Harvard, Yale—and signs saying things like "Beware of the Dog."

I asked who was in charge of this place, and one of the girls went off to fetch a housemaster, an amiable blond man of no more than thirty, in Bermuda shorts. He seemed surprised that anyone had ever lived here—in the sense that one lives in a house, as contrasted to a dormitory—but he said that the building was virtually empty because of vacations and he had no objection to my wandering around.

It was a novel and unpleasant experience. Here, where there was once a single family of a half-dozen people, there was now a herd of perhaps fifty adolescent girls, perhaps more. In the front hall, where we once had a mahogany table that bore a silver salver for calling cards, there were now thick pipes running along the ceilings, with a series of valves and faucets and spouts that would start sprinkling in case of fire.

As I climbed the stairway, I felt a sense of acute claustrophobia. Every niche or corner had become a separate room: every original room had been chopped up into two rooms; and every one of the new rooms, occupied by a trio of girls, overflowed with teddy bears, record albums, cashmere sweaters, and tennis rackets. The space around the bay window where my mother used to sit on a chaise longue and read Thomas Mann, veiled by a perpetual haze of blue cigarette smoke, was now, all by itself, a warren. The end of the hall, where my brother used to sulk over his Dostoevsky, was yet another. My own room, in the corner, had three girls in it. And

even on the third floor, once so empty and frightening, there were now rows of stuffed and Beatles posters and all the paraphernalia of adolescent girls. I speak not a word again of girls—the few I saw were bright and pretty, charming—but only against a system that put such a house into such a tenement.

The housemaster, whom I met once again on the ground floor, was no more than a ward of the law, seemed to occupy an apartment that had been hacked out of what were once the laundry and a butler's pantries. He escorted me to the back of the house where I used to set out on my paper route, and asked me whether that old garage had always been there.

"Yes, that was our garage," I said. "But what has been happening next door?"

Between our place and the cemetery there had been a white Victorian house, all turrets and verandas, occupied by Mr. Pratt, a businessman of some sort, who used to annoy my parents by utilizing his front lawn with wagonloads of horse manure. And beyond that, in the gray corner of the Pratts' property, there had been a cottage of Mrs. Merwin, the piano teacher who lived together with Miss Darling, a nervous violinist. I lived further out on Main Street, used to join my father for evenings of Haydn trios. Now I could see only a large, square brick building, looking like a cross between a hospital and the back of a department market.

"That's a parochial school," the housemaster said. "but it's going out of business."

"How come?"

"I really don't know," the housemaster said.

"And how about our back garden out behind those bushes? Is that still the same?"

"What back garden?" the housemaster said.

ALL THEORY ASIDE, all history and social and literary pretenses aside, what I remembered most vividly about Concord, of course, the girls. For almost thirty years, I remembered them just as they were, beautiful, immaculate, their long hair bouncing off their shoulders as they walked, and their bodies writhing to and fro under their thin dresses. They seemed only half aware of their own sensuality, scarcely aware of the fact that we, the boys, were of little else. In retrospect, it is difficult to judge the quantity or variety of sexual behavior in any given situation, but my guess is that in the Concord High School of the 1940s, sex remained largely a matter of daydream and potentiality, and that there was very little actual fornication. If this is true, then we all have the same memory, all the class of 1945, of possibilities unfulfilled, and this is what draws us together.

When I first heard of these class reunions at the time of the twentieth, I decided not to go, partly because it was inconvenient, but also partly because I knew that the beautiful girls of the 1940s would no longer be so beautiful, and I preferred

The mild sensation: it was a philosophy before it was a Scotch.

ries ago, one of the world's
men learned that things, as
s life, needed a sense of
rtion. Else they soon paled.
d the idea took hold. Except,
ned, in Scotch.

Scotch appeared to have that
of proportion so necessary
to wear well, year after year.
we set out to find Scotch's

golden mean. To create the one
Scotch that could lay claim to that
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them remain in my memory as they had once been. But then, when I got another chance, the twenty-fifth reunion, I decided that no matter how fat and wrinkled and complacent they might have become, I wanted another look at Phyllis and Sue and Marcia and Ruth and, above all—

"I don't think you should use her real name," my wife says. "Why not?" I protest. "It was just a date. Nothing happened." "Well, you make yourself look like a fool," my wife says. "So it makes her look like a fool for having gone out with you."

I must first explain, though, that I was and have always been a victim—or beneficiary—of the theory that bright children should skip grades for the sake of their intellectual development. I started school at five, and I taught myself to read, the following summer, by memorizing Stephen Vincent Benét's *Book of Americans*. "Oh Daniel Drew, Oh Daniel Drew, it makes me sick to think of you . . ." and so, slipping ahead of my contemporaries, and developing a fierce sense of intellectual competitiveness, I eventually enrolled in college at the age of fifteen without ever achieving the two things that mattered much more to me than my splendid grades in Latin and algebra. I hadn't made the varsity baseball team, and I hadn't kissed a girl.

In the matter of courtship, the difference between a boy of fifteen and a girl of seventeen is almost overwhelming. Year in, year out, I mooned over the girls of Concord High School, staring fixedly at the underwear faintly visible through the backs of their dresses, dreaming fantastic dreams about kissing them in the back garden, but I hardly dared even to speak to them, much less take them to the war movies at the Veterans' Hall. One result of these inhibitions was that I scarcely even knew these beautiful creatures, and the second result was that when I finally got up enough nerve to ask one of them to go out with me, I felt I had to offer her the most extravagant date I could.

The girl whom I then adored, with more silent misery than I had ever devoted to her predecessors, was named—well, let me call her Marianna. I knew her only slightly, but she was large and soft and round, with freckles and long brown hair, and I went to bed every night thinking about that long brown hair and—well, yes—that bosom, and so I finally told my mother that I wanted to buy my first sports jacket. I gave no reason or explanation. She took me to Pete's Clothing Store and reluctantly bought the jacket that I picked out, an ugly brown jacket that my older brother had. The price was \$17.50. Then I sent a letter to the Colonial Theater in Boston to order two tickets for Ethel Barrymore in *The Corn Is Green*. As soon as the tickets arrived, I called up Marianna and blurted out my invitation: "Would you like to go to the theater in Boston next Saturday to see Ethel Barrymore in *The Corn Is Green*?" The poor girl must have been too startled to decline. "Why—uh—yes, all right," she said, agreeing to our first date.

I had no idea what the rules for dates were—only

two years later, when I went back to Europe, discover that there are no rules), and so the evening became a marathon of boredom and consciousness and embarrassment. The first item was transportation. Nowadays, everything changed to such an extent that I have sent my daughter off on dates with boys who are driven and from the movies by their mothers, but Concord of the 1940s, I had to walk, in my brown sports jacket, to Marianna's house on Lexington Road, and then escort her on a twenty-five-mile hike to the railroad station. Marianna, too, in her brown jacket, with a matching flaring skirt and frilly white blouse. She was also taller than I, already a woman really, whereas I, the stumbling suitor, kept blushing furiously and hoping that nobody would recognize us as we marched mostly in silence, the length of Main Street.

At the station, Harry Bullard's newsstand was shut down for the day, so I was spared the glances of the depot kids, but then we had to face each other. Marianna and I, for the long evening. First we had to clamber onto the train to Boston. Great God, look at Marianna's bottom as she, on the steep iron stairway!—and then we sat in the better part of an hour on the red-plush seats that rattled and swayed as we creaked into Lincoln and Waltham and all stops to North Station. Then we descended into the subway and looked brightly at one another as we screeched along to Park Street, where we had a choice of changing to the Boston train or walking down Tremont Street for another quarter of an hour. We walked. On the way, we stopped in Schrafft's for an ice cream sundae with chocolate sauce. By this time, Marianna was quite numb. She didn't really want an ice cream sundae, but she was ready to go along with whatever was proposed.

Finally, we climbed up into the balcony of the Colonial Theater, the oldest and mustiest in Boston, and watched Ethel Barrymore stride about the stage and strike out at her partners with all the wit and power in that reverberating voice. Or half-watched, all through Miss Barrymore's struggles with the problems of the Welsh coal miners, I was preoccupied with the fact that Marianna was sitting next to me, plump and luscious, with nothing between us but a hard wooden armrest. But I did not reach out and put my arm around her or even to take her hand, much less to, God help us, pinch her prettily. The most I could bring myself to do was to press my arm against hers, as though accidentally, against an armrest that separated us. Marianna's arm, in fact, offered a certain amount of resistance, but we never found out whether this was part of the costuming or simply part of a girl's defense against what must have seemed a bizarre pushing and shoving in the adjacent seat.

And so, as the curtain fell, the first time for Ethel Barrymore coughed and cackled down the stage, and then we had to start the long walk back to Concord, Park Street, subway to North Station, train out to Concord. . . . Poor Marianna must have

such as I during those long silences while
clattered around a curve, and the loud-
North Station said that the train would
leaving, and then we bounced along on the
seats that always smelled of old cigars.
earth did we talk about, we who scarcely
h other, during almost three hours of
from Concord to Boston and back? The
occurred to me the other day, while shaving,
just as suddenly, the answer, stored away in
through all these years, came back to me.
about Frankenstein. I had just read Mary
novel, and so I told Marianna the entire
n to the last details of the hunt across the
since she had seen the movie version.
ad not, she told me the whole plot of that.
ite soared up into the thunderclouds, how
ing made the electrodes sizzle in the
neck, and then we remarked, many times,
fferent one plot was from the other.

Concord at last, we walked the length of the street in silence once again while I reflected on these agonized newspaper debates about the woman in the doorway at the end of the first date. "Will you ever respect her again?" Dorothy Dix asked in the *Herald*. But Marianna just said yes on her doorstep, and that was that. From then on, just as before, we hardly spoke to one another again.

ed very much to see Marianna at the
h reunion, and I wouldn't have minded
become fat or had dyed her hair bright
perhaps I would have minded—but, of
e wasn't there. And neither were the rest of
I had remembered so clearly for so long.
here is Sue?" I asked my friend at dinner,
e member of the organizing committee. I
ound very offhanded, with a tone of only
t interest.

arcia?"

"Best, in Colorado. I think, working with
program for teaching poor children."
truth?"

"But West too. I don't know exactly where."
"Marianna?"

married to an engineer or something, north of Boston. She said she wanted to be reunion, but then she decided she take it."

A NUMBER OF THEM—particularly the ones I know best—couldn't make it. My wife, for one, was off on another anthropological expedition among the Indians of central Mexico. And Doc Flavin, son of the town dentist, a stockbroker in New York, and Chuck, who was once a halfback, sent us an account of his visit to the Corning Glass Company: "I have been mostly in sales jobs in television, electronics, and pottery ware products. From '67-'70 I was a manager for Corning's operation in

Latin America. I...was responsible for companies in Mexico, Argentina and Brazil..." As for Joe Wheeler, a farmer's son who had been both a sturdy long-distance runner and an enthusiast for student peace movements, he couldn't come because he was in Rawalpindi as head of the U.S. foreign-aid mission to Pakistan. "In the long run," he wrote to the class committee, in the foreign-aid-bureaucracy rhetoric that he had made his own, "what happens here in Pakistan, the fifth-largest country in the world, will make a difference to the people living in Concord. We Americans have a new appreciation of this..." And so on.

There was another group that didn't come either. The depot kids. Rene, who regularly filched my bicycle and hid it behind a warehouse; Bill, the track star who was known to smoke cigarettes, and thus was doomed to sin and degradation; and—what shall I call her?—Josie?—the girl who, on dates, made sexual advances to her terrified escorts. Had they all left Concord? I suspect not, but they were the kind of people who moved from one job and one shabby little house to another, and perhaps the mail didn't get forwarded, or, if there were questionnaires soliciting information on what had become of our young hopes, then perhaps the depot kids, now in their forties, would be inclined not to answer.

Who, then, came to the reunion? Or in other words, who were we, the reunited?

It was rarely acknowledged in Concord High School—it is rarely acknowledged anywhere in America—that we live within a jungle gym of class relationships and that the sense of class governs every aspect of our lives—what jobs we get, whom we marry, what we tell our children. Much of the upper level of the class of 1945—selected by any standard or index you prefer—left Concord and went out into the world, to college, to jobs in New York or Chicago or, for that matter, Rawalpindi. And most of them never came back. Many people on the bottom level apparently also drifted away—I say “apparently” because nobody ever keeps track of the bottom level—and they have not been heard from since. So we, the reunited, represented that celebrated Middle America that President Nixon keeps addressing and the *New York Times* keeps analyzing. And despite all the rhetoric of election-year politics, this Middle America shows very little sign—to me, at least—of the fears and hatreds that various experts generally attribute to it. These people have built their own small empires—staying in the same place and the same job and with the same wife or husband—and they are quite pleased with what they have built.

Mildred Burk Edwardsen reports: "Married to Ted Edwardsen for twenty-four years and we have two daughters aged twenty-three and twenty-one, plus two granddaughters.... My husband and Howie Soberg own and operate a service station in West Concord.... I do the bookkeeping for the business and that keeps me busy most of the day...."

Mary Elizabeth Shepard Dahl reports: "Married

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twenty-three years and we have two daughters twenty and seventeen. . . . Have lived in Concord, Pittsfield, Littleton, Greenfield and Centerfield, all in Massachusetts. Have vacationed in Florida. . . . Husband Henry's position as Supervisor of Prison Camps . . . keeps him busy. . . . I couldn't have a more pleasant life. I enjoy our home, love my family, and talk to my flowers. . . ."

Mary Harrington Valliere reports: "Married twenty-three years, with three children—twenty-two, nineteen, and fifteen, and one grandchild. Am accounts-payable supervisor. Being the wife of a career serviceman I have traveled throughout most of the U.S. . . . A very happy day a year ago when I watched my husband retire from the Air Force after twenty-five years! At last we can settle in one residence."

Bud and Marge (Harmon) Larrabee report: "Married twenty-two years and have four children. . . . Bud is a product manager for S.D. Warren Paper Mill. . . . We decided to make our home in Maine, and after twenty-one years we consider ourselves practically natives! Where does one find a beautiful old eight-room Colonial house built in 1792. . . ."

Rose Brothen Chisholm reports: "Married twenty-two years and Jack and I have seven children. . . . Married to a fireman whose weird hours keep us crazy! I work in a nursery school which is lots of fun!"

Roy Barnhart reports: "Married fifteen years and have seven children. . . . Electrician. . . . We are all conservative Christians (born again). We are all conservative Americans. . . . I enjoy hunting deer and elk and have been lucky. . . . My greatest joy is introducing people to my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. . . ."

Do you see the pattern? Not much of the wealth and celebrity that seems to preoccupy everyone in New York, but a good deal of stability and security, and perhaps even serenity. But it is not quite that simple either. One of my reunion comrades, whom I once knew fairly well and admired as a good football player, told me as we stood together at the bar, getting a new round of sixty-cent Scotches, that both he and his brother have been working at the same jobs, for the same companies, for more than twenty years. And I remarked, without meaning any criticism, "You guys sure do like to stay in one place." And just for a second, there was a strange look in the man's narrow blue eyes—was it anger, or resentment, or possibly even fear, of the future and the past?—before he remembered that we were all buddies drinking together at the bar, and he said, "Well—yeah—I guess so."

And then there is the problem of educating Kathleen's children. She has five, between the ages of eighteen and nine. She is a nurse; her husband, an insurance man. She is very nice, very warm, and her problem is that the Catholic schools are closing down, and she doesn't know what will become of her children's education. We ourselves all went to Concord's public schools, of course, but Kathleen appears to have given up on them. It is not just

the Negroes—though Kathleen is opposed to the present program of busing a few dozen children out to Concord for their schooling. There is also an experimental curriculum (or lack of curriculum) in the public schools nowadays, and the classmates of 1945 say to one another, "The kids just play games on the floor, and don't learn anything."

Kathleen put her children in the public schools. "They aren't very good either," she told me with a sorrowful smile, "but at least we can teach the children to read and write." But the revolution has come to the parochial schools, too. The Rose Hawthorne School, that ugly brick building that had arisen next to our house on Main Street and was diplomatically named for the novelist's daughter, but it was nonetheless considered a symbol of the advancing power of the Boston Catholic Church—and now it is closing down. The building had been offered both to the Academy and to the town, and neither of them wants it. But why is it closing down? "The nuns don't want to stay there any more," said Kathleen. "They want to go to the world. They want to teach in the ghettos. What will the middle class do with its children?" Kathleen found a new parochial school, St. Bridget's, in the nearby town of Maynard, and she drives them there every day on her way to work. "But I don't know how long that will last," she said. "A lot will depend on the new bishop."

I liked Kathleen, in her black party dress and the transparent net sleeves and the feathered cuffs and wrists. In the suburbs of New York, it seems to me that everyone fights with everyone else, but Kathleen is friendly and nice, and I hope very much that she somehow finds a school that will provide what she wants for her children.

THE REUNION LASTED UNTIL after 2:00 P.M. Then, slightly drunk, I took a wrong turn on a rented Ford and got hopelessly lost on a back road that wound through the dark woods. It was three o'clock before I got back to the Colonial House (founded in 1716, once occupied by the Hawthorne family, and so on), so I slept late the next morning, but I felt it my duty, before leaving Concord, to inspect the famous battlefield. In all the time I had lived here, I had not been to the battlefield more than two or three times—and then only because of patriotic parades on April 19 and July 4. I was there, and once my father made a little speech to the little crowd that stood by the Old North Church.

There is much more to it now, and it is more stately. All of Monument Street, where I had delivered the papers, is now a National Park Service road, advised by the National Park Service, and the entrance to the Old North Church is guarded by two bearded youths on motorcycles, and no one is planning to go vrooming down the path. Even the July 4 orators used to call "hallowed be thy name." This is, however, not permitted. A National Park Service patrolman ordered the black-jacketed

their motorcycles in the National Park Service lot, and they grudgingly agreed. Everyone shows proper respect. On the path to the hall, mothers led bored children by the hand, the old lady in black blew her nose and stuffed it back into her handbag.

The North Bridge is not a very impressive structure, a simple arch of wooden beams, obviously

The monuments have a certain elegance, not only Daniel Chester French's Minute-Man standing guard with his rifle and plow, but a plaque that honors the British victims: "Three thousand miles and died, to keep upon its throne. . . ."

The National Park Service has everything well planned. Signs guide the visitor from the battle site, down the stagnant river and up a sandy path to the Buttrick House, where, in the middle of a formal garden of clipped hedges and cypress, you come to "The Lookout." Here, observing the field from a hillside terrace, you can push a button and hear a recorded voice describe the battle in the excited tones of a sports broadcaster. It's a small and unheroic business, it seems to me, this small and unheroic most of our early history.

In my youth, I always thought of the Battle of Concord as a mighty confrontation between the British regiments of red-coated British soldiers and a relative handful of American frontiersmen who won their great victory by a combination of courage, daring, and marksmanship. The monument makes no such claims. It tells us that a force numbered about 100 men (mostly boys, probably, wandering forlorn through a strange woodland, the Vietnam of their day) were met with no resistance until the gathering of Yankee farmers reached 400, and then a hail of gunfire from opposite banks of the river killed a total of two Americans and three British. Hereupon, the outnumbered English retreated to Boston.

At the Lookout, as the disembodied voice excitedly describes this small encounter, four Chinese—two adults and two children—stood and listened passively to the strange beginnings of American history.

THEY WAS ONE OTHER THING THAT I still had to do on my pilgrimage to Sleepy Hollow. It is an old family cemetery, on the hill just north of the house. It is quiet and serene, with many pines that stand dead. Near the entrance on Bedford Street, among those grand names of the nineteenth century—General Joshua Buttrick, Ephraim Farrar, Curtis ("Soldier of the Revolution"), Artemus Wheeler, and "Sister Sarah, wife of John"—As I walked up the hill, a youth with blond hair whizzed past me on an English bicycle, the seat high, the handlebars low. He was apparently using the cemetery for a shortcut. At the curve next to a giant locust tree, he disappeared from sight. The graves are further from the road, so,

as you turn inward, you enter the twentieth century, and the headstones bear simpler names, and the families in the family plots are smaller. I wondered whether I could find, among all these graves, the grave I had not seen for more than twenty-five years. But perhaps I had forgotten how much I remember. I found the grave as easily as a sleepwalker finds the garden door. It is on that gentle hillside, under that grove of pines. Next to it is the grave of Susan H. Warren, beloved daughter of Edward and Frances Warren, 1929-36, and next to that is the grave of Hugh Fraser Leith III, 1941-44. The gravestone for the three-year-old has some toy trains carved across it, and on top, his real name: SKIPPY. And beyond that—how did this quiet hillside come to be the graveyard of dead children?—lies James Baldwin Bourquin—1944-1954.

My father commissioned some distinguished artist to create Liesel's tombstone. They agreed on a handsome stone of greenish gray, and the artist worked for months to produce a charming design, a flower in the center and a small duck on each side. The only trouble was—as we saw when the artist finally arrived with the finished tombstone and stood proudly to one side to receive our praises and congratulations—that he had spelled the name wrong. Well, what can you do when your daughter's misspelled name has been chiseled in stone? You accept the strange misfortune, and you erect the monument: Liesel Friederich.

As I sat by the grave, on a white, wrought-iron Victorian bench that my father had installed there, I also observed that he had planted a number of mournful plants. There is a little rhododendron, about a foot high, and a yew, and some scraggly myrtle that creeps across the grave. There is also a dead rose bush, quite small, still bearing its promise on a white tag: "Nearly wild, sub-zero rose."

But did I remember anything new? Feel anything more deeply, or more intensely, than before? Recreate, in some way, that small, brave girl who died so long ago? No, there was nothing at all, there in the silence among the dead children. Only the mysterious bicyclist, who kept sweeping past every few minutes along the circling paths of the graveyard, like a vulture.

MY FATHER WAS SURPRISED WHEN I told him that I had gone back to Concord. He wondered why I had done it. I couldn't explain. He asked whether I had gone to Liesel's grave. I said I had. I asked him how often he himself went there. He said he went about twice a year.

"That rose bush you planted there is dead," I said.

"What?" my father said. At seventy, he can't hear very well any more, so a great many things have to be said twice.

"That rose bush you planted there is dead," I said, louder.

"Oh," my father said. "Well, then, I'll just have to plant another one."

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BOOKS

Ballet for the man who enjoys Wallace Stevens

Ballet Chronicle, by B. H. Haggin. Horizon Press, \$17.50.

Looking at the Dance, by Edwin Denby. Horizon Press, \$7.95.

About five or six years ago I began going regularly to the ballet, much too late in life and mostly to the Balanchine company at Lincoln Center. At first I looked upon ballet as a diversion from our harried New York existence, a refreshment of the senses making few demands on the mind. But after a while I began to care about the ballet as an art form, the distinctive qualities of Balanchine's work, and the nature of my responses to it. That an heroic leap or an elegant lift was exciting in itself could hardly explain the flood of pleasure, and sometimes the intensity of emotion, this dancing brought to me. Soon I fell in love with the whole thing, a little amused at having succumbed to so "aristocratic" an art. My friends teased me good-naturedly, and I found myself remembering a comic story by Sylvia Townsend Warner in which a London Trotskyist is "exposed" as a passionate admirer of Jane Austen. But then again, why not?

Toward the ballet itself I wished to remain an amateur spectator without pretension to critical knowledge, and it's as an amateur spectator, the merest beginner at watching, that I write these pages. What interests me is to put down in words how one approaches an unfamiliar art with habits and sensibilities developed in the criticism of another.

When I first started watching ballet

Irryng Howe, editor of Dissent, is the author of such recent books as Decline of the New and Beyond the New Left.

I knew nothing, and still know very little, about the modes of technique that form the basis of its choreography. Yet the conviction came to me that I had blundered onto a great artistic enterprise in George Balanchine's company, and that the excitement it stirred in me wasn't merely a naïve onlooker's response to charming decor and gymnastic feats. It was an excitement that came from encountering the work of a master. For while I commanded neither the perception of detail nor the vocabulary to describe the finer differences between Balanchine's choreography and that of other companies, I became persuaded (it's hardly news) that he is an artist of the highest rank and, still more rare, an artist who at the peak of his career remains both faithful to his own standards and marvelously indifferent to the fashionable trash now despoiling our culture. At a time when people discuss, as if these taxed their powers of analysis, the literary merits of *Portnoy's Complaint*, the mythic elements in *Easy Rider*, and the intellectual content of *Soul on Ice*, you could take a bus to Lincoln Center and see such wonderful achievements as *Liebeslieder Walzer* or *Bugaku* or *Agon* or *Prodigal Son*.

Innocence being hard to rest with, I began to read the ballet chronicles of B. H. Haggin, best known as a music critic (*Music for the Man Who Enjoys Hamlet*). These often had the effect that all good criticism has: that of articulating for the inexperienced observer such as myself feelings and insights he holds but cannot structure, so that he says about the critic's work, "Yes, that's just how I saw it, that's how I'd have said it if I could." A critic whose life-

long devotion to severity of stance has been inspiring to many critics in other fields, Haggin staked a good portion of his career on the judgment that Balanchine had become the central artistic figure of the past several decades and out of that belief he became one of the most devoted expositors and defenders of Balanchine's work. His book *Ballet Chronicle* collects his writings on ballet in a handsome volume for which the 250 photographs of dancers and dancing are not merely illustrations but are intimately related to the text. Haggin is a contentious critic, sometimes a cranky one; he can be taking still another smack at Edmund Barnes, the *New York Times* reviewer whom he regards as the spokesman for a stylish philistinism. But Haggin is a powerful critic: honest, impassioned, utterly devoted to his calling, especially good at showing the relation between ballet and the capacities of the mind. Balanchine chooses for it, and he has control of a virile prose style.

Reading Haggin led me, through his own generous recommendation, to another and greater dance critic, Edwin Denby. And I was overwhelmed. Denby is a great critic and a great writer who ought to be as well known as, say, Edmund Wilson. Again and again I was struck with admiration at Denby's gift at describing a ballet with poetic exactness, for the reflectiveness with which he explores the aesthetic of ballet in the first fifty pages of *Looking at the Dance*, and for the lightness and lucidity of his prose. Haggin is a good judge in judgment, but his eye simply is as fine—I can't imagine anyone else—as that of Denby. And since

and pretty much the whole of Denby's American career, Denby and Haggin the later years, constitute together a school of ballet as well as in the art. For the sheer pleasure of quote a passage in which presents images of two moments in the *Concerto Barocco*:

limax . . . against a background of chorus that suggests the reeds in the wind before a break, the ballerina, with her fully outspread, is lifted by her partner, lifted repeatedly by arcs higher and higher. The culminating phrase, from the rest height he very slowly descends. You watch her body descend, her foot and leg stiffly downward, till her toe hits the floor and she rests her weight at last on this single sharp point. It has the effect at the moment of a deliberate and sudden plunge into a wound, and the tension of it answers strangely to the physical stress. And . . . the final phrase before the coda, the ballerina slid upstage in two or three steps that dip down and rise into an extension in second position, receding cry—creates an image that corresponds vividly to the light of the musical passage.

What he admires here is the combination of precise notation and disciplined and still more, the way one can see the other.

II

Coming to a new experience there is no choice but to bring to bear upon it the resources of what we have experienced previously. So it was that when I was watching the ballet I found myself asking at times about . . . the history of literary courses. Any teacher who has survived that grueling process knows that it can be more exacting but also more perilous than the rig of advanced students. Not to caution, the beginners inevitably fall into the most difficult trap. "But *why* do you say that this is better than Erich Segal? Can you *prove* it? What do you mean by 'better'? And what's the use of it anyway?" It is such background mind-boggling questions that a teacher elicits from beginners, even if he is staggered by the prospect of answering. In the ballet I found myself combining responses of both the beginning student and his teacher. Once, in any

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even evening, I had often past the street pleasures of watching—and often I was lucky enough not to get past them—I asked myself questions: why does one ballet seem better than another and what do we mean here by “better”? What is the relation between motion and emotion? Do ballets have meaning other than the trivial fact that some “tell stories”? Not perhaps the best questions to start with, but in my sophisticated ignorance there it was.

Consider, first of all, the problem of virtuosity. The virtuoso feat, especially for male dancers, clearly has traditional sanctions behind it, and when a dancer like Edward Villella begins to leap and race and spin, there spreads through the theater a wave of excitement—almost an involuntary excitement, related to but somehow more “primitive” than an aesthetic response. Ballet finally consists of more than this, but it rarely proceeds very far without some virtuoso display, the sheer power of the body to do remarkable things in patterns of pleasure and risk. Yet if one had been trained in modern literary criticism, it was hard not to feel some suspicion of precisely those virtuoso feats that did in fact give one pleasure. Was it enough for a grown man, to say nothing of the

special kind of creature who enjoys Wallace Stevens, to sit there and succumb to those gymnastic capers? One wanted to know whether these had some organic relation to the ballet as a whole or were merely intervals of display that broke the continuity of the dance by showing off the powers of the star?

With time I came to think my question unanswerable because poorly posed. There could indeed be gratuitous and even grating display in certain ballets if, to begin with, they had laid claim to some closely worked system of symbolism: but there were other ballets, usually to be preferred, which were loosely arranged as suites and in which the pleasure consisted precisely in the display of varying possibilities of a given configuration or kind of dance. In these latter ballets there was no external or imposed idea, no literary or dramatic scheme: there was only, as in Balanchine's *Agon* or *Episodes*, the development of a dance theme or mood—or the juxtaposition of contrasting themes and moods—so that virtuosity seemed entirely in place, if only because it is inherently part of the very nature of dance.

For decades literary criticism had been cracking its thick head on similar

problems, with some critics, for instance, dismissing Dickens, the great verbal virtuoso since Shakespeare, as a writer lacking in seriousness because he was forever dazzling the reader with pieces, rhetorical bravura, and cleverness of plot. Only recently has there been developed a critical appreciation of the fact that the kind of novel Dickens wrote is not necessarily inferior to that of Flaubert wrote: it is only different claims to formal value that depend on theatrical expansion than that of unity. And so too it might be for ballet.

Thus Edwin Denby, in describing a Nijinsky performance some years ago, wrote that “the leaps and the dance were all one single flowing line of motion . . . It isn't a question of how he jumped one jump, but how smoothly he danced the whole ballet.” No doubt—if only it were always so. But my impression is that it's not always so. There are arts in which virtuosi are displayed simply count for more than they do in others: it is hard to imagine ballet without its cadenzas of whirling bravura, though it is hard to imagine a great ballet devoted exclusively to them. So I came to think, rightly or wrongly, that ballet was an art in which the controlled execution of technical feats, though rarely a ground for the highest appreciation, played a vital social role, and not merely in performance but also in its very esthetic, since it was an art embodying a directly sensual almost animal appeal through a release of strength, grace, and skill. I began to see this, yet not succumb to that fanaticism about feats of execution which marks some balletomania, but perhaps a beginning toward seeing ballet in its own right and not as a means for literary and dramatic shadow.

There came next the question: how much can the beginner see by himself? Can he “get” by himself? What do the limits of amateurism become a serious handicap? On this point Denby is very charming in his advice that even of us who aren't specialists should not details of technique to those who can and meanwhile be content with enjoyment. But it's not really quite so simple since precisely one's enjoyment of one into trying to apprehend the details of technique. And here Haggins came as more of a help, since he was especially about the appropriateness of a given dancer for a particular piece. He has kept track, in his criticism, whether the dancer in question

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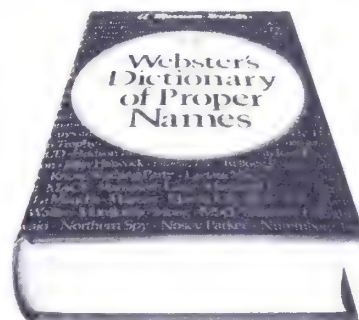
tains the standards required by the part or allows it to grow slack or vulgar. Haggin has written, for example, that the brilliant Villella, in his performances of *Prodigal Son*, has gradually allowed himself an excess of mimetic gesture. And while in honesty my eye couldn't follow his on such details, still the mere fact of becoming aware of them as possibilities made me a more responsive if also a more frustrated spectator. For I could see, as it were, how much it was that I couldn't see.

Some points even an amateur could notice. Recently I was able to watch three consecutive performances of Balanchine's *Who Cares?* In the last of these the strong French dancer, Jean Pierre Bonnefous, took over the lead, and anyone could see that he was a victim of cultural confusion: he simply couldn't make any sense of the American dance routines that Balanchine had melded into ballet. But even in the first two performances, where Jacques d'Amboise was quite at ease with the idiom on which the ballet depended, one could notice differences in execution—in the second performance that I saw, d'Amboise allowed himself, as a crowd-pleasing gesture, a little shimmy of the hips that I hadn't seen in the first performance and that seemed to violate the tone of easy innocence Balanchine had set for the whole thing. But was I really sure I had seen this difference? Could I trust my eye? A professional dance critic would have had to know.

About other things I felt greater confidence. A mark of Balanchine's genius has been his ability to absorb into the strict confines of ballet styles and motifs from other kinds of dance: the Viennese waltz in *Liebeslieder Walzer*, Japanese ritual dance in *Bugaku*, American show dancing set to Gershwin melodies in *Who Cares?*, and modern dance patterns in *Episodes*. What struck me repeatedly in watching these notable works was that, while open to seemingly alien materials, Balanchine remained insistent that they become part of ballet, adapted to the art which was uniquely his medium. Free of the cant about "mixed media," he has kept lacing new materials and styles into works that nevertheless retain their firm basis in traditional ballet. It is a token of his achievement that he obviously believes in the self-sufficiency, the adequacy, of ballet and has therefore been seldom tempted to "render it profound" through the importation of myths and depths, allegories and agonies. In works as different as *Bugaku* and *Who Cares?*

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he has borrowed ritual patterns and popular steps, but at no point has he succumbed to the decadent temptation of reducing a high art to a low or popular one in the name of "invigorating" it. Here Balanchine could teach a lesson to practitioners in all the contemporary arts, if only they had the wit to learn.

What I have also become able to see is—not yet the distinctive strength or weakness of a particular performance, which does require a good deal of technical sophistication—but the distinctive style of particular dancers. The Balanchine company has a number of splendid dancers, but those who most capture one's imagination are Suzanne Farrell, unhappily gone these past few years,* Edward Villella, and Violette Verdy. The last two, older dancers and by now masters of their art, represent sharply different styles. To explain what I mean I find myself turning to, of all things, an essay on Alexander Pope by an English scholar, Norman Callan, who writes of two kinds of poetry:

that in which the poet seems to gain his effect by triumphing over his material, and that in which he seems to suggest that no difficulties exist because the medium is so perfectly suited to the theme . . . Inevitably the first is more spectacular; it conveys a greater sense of power, if only because it calls attention to its own emotional urgency. The second calls for greater perceptiveness on the part of the reader.

The first of these styles is Villella's: a figure of ardor, exertion, vibrancy, and exultant triumph. When at his best, he brings an upsurge of blood, a quantity of tension and happiness—what a wonderful creature is man! Verdy is a dancer in the second style: a figure of composure, craft, and all-but-inhuman control. When she dances at her best, one feels at ease in the assurance that all will be done to perfection—what a wonderful achievement is art! And indeed these two dancers seem to recognize some such difference in their talents. Haggin quotes each of them appre-

*Miss Farrell, a gift from nature, has a tensile purity of style, a natural hauteur of line and gesture, which makes every moment she is in evidence remarkably beautiful. Some personal dispute seems to have led to a break between this brilliant young woman and Balanchine, and the results have been very sad. Seeing her dance recently with the vapid and pretentious Béjart company from Belgium made one want to weep for the fate of this artist in exile. It was like seeing Joe Di Maggio in his prime condemned to shag flies for the Hoboken A.C.

ciating the other, and Miss Verdy as saying about their work together that it has an element of "provocation," a relation of "loving competition: I *submit*—but compete: he is *gallant*—but competes also."

III

Surprisingly, there were one or two ways in which a background in literary criticism seemed to help in approaching ballet. You might expect that someone with such a background would immediately respond to the literary "content" of those ballets which have a story line or claim to represent some idea about the external world; but in fact I found myself disliking most such ballets and only with time could learn to enjoy a few of them. For if one cares strongly about the richness of language and the moral complexities and intellectual nuances which the arts of the word cultivate, then it becomes clear very soon that ballet simply cannot provide these—cannot provide them by its very nature and is likely to be self-defeating if it tries. I recall another company doing a ballet based on a Strindberg play, which seemed to me trivial and thin because it set in motion comparisons with the original from which it could not possibly profit. For while the gestures and motions of the body can be tremendously evocative and, in a special way, communicative, they should not be asked to compete with literature or theater, any more than literature or theater should be asked to compete with dance. And this indifference to ballet as theater, which I have not struggled very hard to overcome, turned to outright annoyance at the efforts of some choreographers to use ballet as a medium for social or philosophical comment. Watching Nureyev perform with dazzling powers in a quasi-allegorical work called *Ropes of Time*, or even worse, the ill-fated company that had to act out Maurice Béjart's ambition to become the Godard of ballet, I found myself absorbed not by the dance itself but in grumpily trying to figure out what its symbolic import might be. And all I could come up with was some vague awareness that these ballets were trying portentously to say something about agony and alienation in modern life. Nor was my dislike for such works due merely to the fact that their "point" was trite, like opening twenty-four complicated boxes to end up with a Mother's Day card; it was the result of a growing persuasion that these ill-talented people

were trying to force the medium something it had no business doing.

Support for this view came in a comment from Haggin which he wrote years ago about *The Cage*, a ballet Jerome Robbins suggested, apparently by the practice of certain insect females devour the males. "A transition from the unpleasant to the ing and horrible," is how he describes it. "But my objection to that; it was to the fact that that was nothing more than that: the elements achieve nothing beyond the pleasant or shocking explicit moment."

Yet it would be silly to adopt of absolute strictness and insist only "pure" ballet is desirable. Obviously there are entrancing ballets, *La Sonnambula* and *Firebird*, in some kind of "story meaning" guide and lead into pure dance. In ballets there are passages of dance done with more or less interest to me almost always representing a decline of pleasure. And in general, as an art form can realize power, certain kinds of narrative—the kind of fable, for example, in which simple turns of incident rest on mythic and ritual elements, or so comfortably available as a dance seem mythic or ritual. "Fit" the geography somewhat in the way myth. Haggin puts this well in remarking on *Prodigal Son* that in its seductive "the movements are not literally meaningful but a transmutation of meaning into powerfully and evocative imaginative dance metaphors. So even in the kind of ballet that the simple line of dramatic incident in dance does not represent a concrete idea as much as "translate" the idea or idea into the idiom of movement. Thereby the fable or story matters insofar as it can yield a substance for "dance metaphor" and in the course of so doing, fade into the background. A wonderful example that occurs in *La Sonnambula*, where the dancer encounters a sleepwalking giant and discover who or what she is, is the move and swirl her rigid body. It is the relation between the two figures itself that is beautiful to watch. "Metaphor" in motion that seems enough sufficient to the eye and mind.

With time, then, I became tolerant of those ballets that are parasitical on drama or literature. The ones I loved the most, and are those like *Symphony in Temperaments*, *Jewels*, and *Li Walzer*, which have no d

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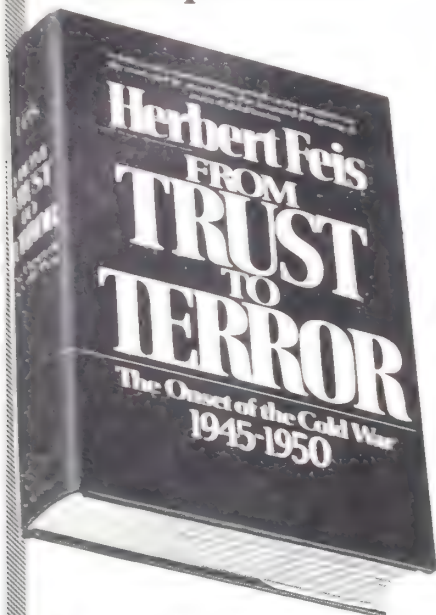
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BOOKS

"story meaning" yet are far from being merely decorative or display pieces. It is in such works that Balanchine releases his gift for endless inventiveness in behalf of pleasure. "He leaves the audience," writes Denby, "with a civilized happiness. His art is peaceful and exciting, as classic art has always been." Denby could hardly have realized how strongly this view of art would challenge the dominant styles of our own moment.

Does Balanchine know the great sentence in Wordsworth's Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* in which the poet speaks of "the grand elementary principle of pleasure" as constituting "the naked and native dignity of man"? Like Matisse, the twentieth-century artist closest to him in spirit, Balanchine continues to believe in the validity of pleasure even in our terrible time, and indeed, the obligation of the artist to bring pleasure to his audience. Some years ago Lionel Trilling published an essay, "The Fate of Pleasure," in which he argued persuasively that as an aftermath of the triumph of cultural modernism "we confront a mutation in culture by which an old established proportion between the pleasure-seeking instincts and the ego instincts is being altered in favor of the latter." Perhaps Trilling might have modified his remark a little if he had taken into account the work of Balanchine who, again like Matisse, established or absorbed the styles of modernism yet found it possible to work from the aesthetic principle proposed by Wordsworth.

And what pleasure his ballets can give! The interplay of solo dancers and corps as a shifting relationship of figures in motion and arrest; the division of the corps itself into segments that fan apart, come together, interweave, and reappear intact; the way a woman dancer creates a sense of the exquisite through the phrasing of her steps, and a male dancer, in Haggin's words, "can fill the stage space in a progression of enormous tension and grandeur"—these are but a few of the pleasures, described, alas, much too abstractly. Denby writes in one of his reviews, "A painter who is a very bright critic told me that at the opening of *Symphony in C*, during the rush and surge of the finale, tears came to her eyes because it was all so entirely objective." That last phrase is wonderful—the rush and surge of motion which, for once, is unburdened with ego, desire, or self, and which in the strict geometry of art sets its own terms, establishes its own limits,

and thereby can reach its own of transcendence.

In the era of modernism it of course, been easy to accept with pleasure, and sometimes, have the kind of response Den I would find myself feeling a li about such visual hedonism a remember—actually, misrem phrase I had once heard attr Matisse, that he wanted to p ntures for "tired businessmen I struck me, years back, as a concession to philistinism, later did I come to realize he my impression had been. To looking up Matisse's "Not Painter." I find the relevant wonderful evocation of Ma and Balanchine's art and per art that may yet emerge be tormented greatness of moder

What I dream of is an art of of purity and serenity de troubling or depressing subj ter, an art which might be mental worker, be he busin a writer, like an appeasing i like a mental soother, some a good armchair in which to physical fatigue.

IV

And yet . . . the question "Ang," insidious as it m could not be readily shaken c V ing the ballet one wondered: i the spectacle of grace and str pleases one? Couldn't one se in a boy doing somersaul o beach or a girl walking ew street? And isn't Willie May a fly ball as elegant as Nup pas de deux? Or is the point that the boy on the beach on the street is engaged in event that one happens to ob Willie Mays performs artisti ly moment in a game that is by an art, while the ballet is a w controlled toward artistic es may be part of the difference not nearly enough of an ex since art surely signifies m willed recapture of those tr ments in experience that mov us.

I wouldn't pretend to be answer these questions, but comfort in the fact that Denby and Haggin struggle too, perhaps because they ha friends who ask the wrong

As if partly in respons writes:

al ballet movements, like of music, could be used as plastic medium in assemblage which they were meaningful in assemblages in which unicated what Aldous called "the eloquence of" . . . Balanchine's dance in their succession . . . were session of Mozart's piano in which the same language was used to fill out formal scheme, but the observed were constantly new thing, delighting one with fresh play of mind and

matters it is Denby from n learn the most:

nce soon notices if the unusual control over her if what she is doing is clear to the eye, if there is emphasis and difficulty in her motion. In slow movements or sequence you enjoy seeing the quality of an impulse and the of a phrase. Now you are watching a charming dancer, showing you a dance.

shows you a dance, she is now the steps are related, the coherent and make some can see that they make in relation to the music on to the story; and now the dancer shows you they also as dance phrases simply.

last passage—"as dance y and simply"—that is crucial is the hardest thing for a ee or "understand." even if intuitively what he responds by then argues for the coe dance, its status as work

in serious dancing is a steady force, the dancer out to the audience with a herself off from the rest of ction . . . In serious dance, audience must be kept aware of the complete action on stage area, because the nd, therefore, the drama g are appreciated clearly to that fixed three-dimensional. So the best dancers are remain within what one e dance illusion . . .

by we return to "some of that seemingly ever-present visually handicapped, who Denby.

that it is possible to give so much expressive power to dancing, though they grant it is possible to performers of music or of plays. To recognize poetic suggestion through dancing one has to be susceptible to poetic values and susceptible to dance values as well.

This last sentence illuminates, haunts, and troubles. As for "dance values":

When the dance is over one understands it as a whole: one understands the quality of the dancer's activity, the quality of her rest, and in the play between the two lies the meaning of the dance aria, the comment it has made on the theme of the ballet. One has understood the dance as one does a melody—as a continuity that began and ended. It is a nonverbal meaning, like the meaning of music.

But what are those "poetic values" which Denby associates with and sees arising spontaneously out of "dance values"? Obviously they are not, or not merely, the kind of self-indulgent daydreams that can creep into one's mind while listening to music or watching a ballet: they are something deeper and less self-serving, they are disciplined intimations of grace and nobility. Here Denby tries very hard but cannot avoid some vagueness:

In your excitement as you watch the quick dancing, it will often evoke in passing an intensely poignant fantasy image of human relations. Such moments are not self-consciously underlined; they seem to happen of their own accord in the dancing . . .

The French writer Gautier, who loved ballet, said of himself that he was a man who believed in the visible world, and at its best ballet seems the art most likely to reconcile us to that world, as it embodies a union of motion and feeling, body and spirit, act and suggestion. What remains unclear to me, however, is how this union is achieved, how the "dance values" establish "poetic values." Perhaps it would be as well to stop here. Perhaps it is reasonable to accept the difficulty of putting into language the impressions and sensations of a wordless experience. Perhaps these are problems that ultimately appear in the consideration of any art. And perhaps they merely reflect the stumblings of a beginner who, after committing the sin of print, fears he has fallen from innocence without having reached knowledge. □

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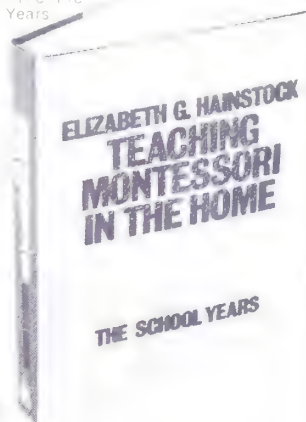


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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Nonfiction

The Gift Relationship, by Richard Titmuss. Pantheon Books, \$6.95.

We have, on the average, about twelve to thirteen pints of blood in our bodies and can safely and easily give up between a sixth and a quarter of this every year. Transfusable blood for medical purposes can either be a priceless, and unpriced, gift with certain unique properties (the recipient being an anonymous person unknown to the donor), or a commodity in the possession of which health means wealth, and illness or accident, instant impoverishment. Depending upon whether or not blood needed for transfusion has been bought (and must be paid for), it can be distributed with or without regard to the literal riches or poverty of the recipient.

This remarkable book is about transfusable human blood and the ways in which it is distributed in Great Britain and the United States. But it is about much more than that. The title, with its tendentious definite article, evokes that of anthropological studies of giving and receiving in a primitive culture. Actually, it concerns the structures of sharing, in our own society, of a possession so primitive that not only is its substance close to the essence of our lives, but its name is mythological as well. Whole blood and plasma can be donated or sold; in many countries in the world, the proportion of paid donors (and note the irony generated by the fact that the word "donor" is, echoing conventional and more general biological usage, a blanket term for both "donor" and "vendor") varies widely. In Sweden, West Berlin, and the U.A.R., all blood is apparently paid for; in Japan, South Korea, and the Philippines, almost all of it. In the U.S.S.R. and the United States, the ratio of paid-to-unpaid donors is about 50-50; and in the United Kingdom, no blood is paid for at all.

Professor Titmuss's detailed study of the implications and effects of the British and American systems is as power-

fully discursive as it is statistically specific. The searching questions of his basic argument keep probing the material throughout his discussion: he maintains that sold blood drives given blood out of circulation, that it redistributes a commonly held pool wrongly by making the poor support the rich, and that the existence of a market for blood manages to deprive the free donor of his right to give. He examines conditions of sale of blood, reasons for giving, economic and social parameters. He raises all sorts of economic, sociological, and moral questions (aside from the prudential ones involving the increased risk of hepatic and, most recently, malarial infection from bought blood) that the market system poses.

This is one of those profound and elegant sociological studies—it may become a classical one—which, it is reassuring to discover, are apparently still being done.

—J.H.

Negative Space: Manny Farber on the Movies. Praeger, \$7.95.

There are phrases that Manny Farber (painter and film critic) created that have never worked their way into general usage. One of these terms is "termite art" (the opposite of "masterpiece" or "white elephant" art). Termite art, which he sometimes calls termite-tape-worm-fungus-moss art, is without ambitions toward gilt culture. Furthermore, it "goes always forward eating its own boundaries, and likely as not, leaves nothing in its path other than the signs of eager, industrious, unkempt activity." I think it not unfair to call Mr. Farber a termite writer, and this book of his a termite book. He seems to agree with Henry Miller that "we must search for fragments, splinters, toenails, anything that has ore in it..." His approach to movies is to find something good and praise it.

In a career that has covered more than three decades—during which he has at one time or another written regularly for *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, and, most recently, *Artforum*—Mr. Farber has consistently maintained an

anti-*auteur* position, that is, acclaimed whenever possible to the bit actor, the writer of play, but never the director, happens to be of a strong influence to merit examination (cases of Godard and Buñuel). Especially he seems to look hard at their gestures, and the space they occupy; insofar as a director is away from an actor, or toward a particular feature of his anatomy, into the impulse toward puppetry. Farber finds among *auteurs* that he is decidedly in favor of the film, and as far as I know is the one who coined the phrase "underground film," meaning by it the grade of film that "finds its natural home in the caves..." congested theaters "prints that seem overgrown with moss, sound tracks infested with hiccupps. The spectator leaves the theater though he were a pirate diving from a giant sponge." Termite art loves it.

The problem with the book is its termite-style. Mr. Farber gives a lot of undecipherable material along with much imaginative, and accurate criticism. His ideas are rich but obscure. The collections in a *Golden Eye* are "caterpillar guts," Antonioni in *La Notte* into a "typical aid composition," the voice of an actor in *How I Won the War* is "metal Cheerios." In addition to his familiarity with painting has been his vocabulary with frequent reference to a handy visual style, a show of purification. Hobbema, Bruegel, Lard, Bellini, Rosa Bonheur, Walker Evans, Dubuffet, Matisse, Ensor, Hartigan, Caravaggio, Oldenburg, Goya, and so on. An interesting side journey, but again weak in communicative effect.

Reading *Negative Space* is like dropping on someone's mind and don't all think to great purpose. But in an age of instant communication when "The End" on screen required time to say yes or no, has transpired, the oblique

ays, along with the sincerity
fulness, may do good to all
nem. —S.M.

ple: **A Husband and
terly Frank Account of
rience in the Masters and
ex Clinic**, by Mr. and Mrs.
Monte Gherltler and Alfred
ard-McCann, \$5.95.

always obvious, but it often
sexual potency is the secret
f this society, for which—
he black market of public
ucation, parentage, intelli-
tical power, money, land
nd other commodities of
omething less than the offi-
exchange. The reason for
lar overvaluation is often
omen (*Candidate X has the
which will appeal to the
te, the brokers murmur*),
seem more than a little in-
each other's sexuality. Foot-
l boredom with figures like
airman of General Motors.
s more, at least economically
an the Prime Minister of
agine, then, the position of
who has been teetering on
sexual bankruptcy for ap-
ten years. Thus Harold,
mist, in the hardware-store
Los Angeles. Equally desti-
tute, Joan. Their problem:
potence.

builds a nice sense of sus-
I don't want to undermine
sing in detail the progress
I would like to suggest that
ad it (what a needless ex-
hat "utterly frank" means
nk) not because it is an
rily profound or sensitive
ecause it depicts in such a
htforward, single-level way
more miserable deficiencies
l system, which we all muck
and of which these two
me the unwitting victims.
e, there's the old one about
you like sex and all, being
ehow better. Joan had had
ld sex life before she met
knew they had a problem
married him. Why was she
this man? Would this make
hip somehow more special,
there's the taboo, in polite
h favors performance—that
he job done, and getting it
at the expense of lazy sen-
of Masters' and Johnson's
that they play, no inter-

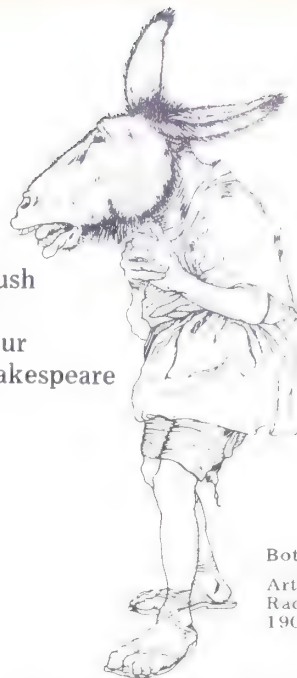
course now, just *play* with each other.
And finally, the problem of the domi-
neering woman, the end result of always
having been told that behind every man,
etc., when if she'd just been allowed to
be occasionally in *front* of the man, she
wouldn't feel a need to control him all
the time, including, however subcon-
sciously, in bed.

Masters and Johnson come through
in this as brilliantly perceptive as well
as almost brutal in their application of
both psychological and physical reme-
dies. Joan, under severe psychological
pressure, realizes that she tries to run
everything in sight, including Masters
and Johnson and the cure; Harold, led
to relax somewhat about sex by the
limits of the prescribed exercises, learns
that sex is not a duty and a test, whereby
he "better produce," but rather a source
of pleasure, indeed, an act of love.
At the opposite pole from those of our
poets who view the sex act as the pro-
found psychic mystical moral event of
our lives, they resemble in their final
successful ecstatic exuberance nothing
so much as someone who's just won the
million-dollar lottery. —J.M.H.

Risk, by Rachel MacKenzie. Viking,
\$3.95.

Risk is such a small thing it is in
danger of being overlooked—an ac-
count, less than sixty pages long, of its
author's experience of a rare and dan-
gerous form of heart surgery under-
taken in an attempt to end a debilitating
heart condition which had not re-
sponded to less heroic methods of treat-
ment. Miss MacKenzie obviously cannot
report, except by hearsay, on the opera-
tion itself, but about the painful
explorations prior to it and about the
trip back, complete with a couple of
frightening detours, she is brilliantly
precise. Hers is the best account of the
psychology of patienthood in a modern
hospital I've ever read. She writes in the
third person (because when we are pa-
tients that's the way we see ourselves)
and she gets it all so right that one is
forever being stopped by fibrillations of
recognition. There are the sudden flut-
ters of hopes and fears both real and
unreal, the quick spurts of gratitude and
resentment created by the services and
disservices of the medical staff, the
dreamlike state induced by drugs and
by prolonged passivity in which small
matters—like a sip of ginger ale—loom
large, and large matters seem suddenly
trivial. She does not make too much of
her experience, but she does not make
too little of it either. Hers is a perfect

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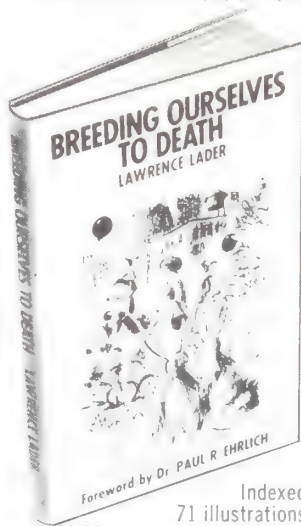
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

little piece, flawless in its prose, in its observations and its emotions. In a moment when the reconstitution of personal experience as literature is our major cottage industry, Miss MacKenzie reminds us that distillation can be a cooling process for which high degrees of emotional heat are unnecessary and, often, counterproductive.—R.S.

Fiction

Smith's Gazelle, by Lionel Davidson. Alfred A. Knopf, \$5.95.

The creature was first reported in the *Proceedings of the Royal Zoological Society* in 1867 as a "handsome little beast with an expression of Madame Patti": is it real or fictitious? What is all this precise detail about Lieutenant George Lucie Smith, who so described him, about Motke Bartov, who makes the first modern sighting in the Wadi Parek of southern Israel in February 1957, about the Weizmann Institute of Science at Rehovot, about the even-toed ungulates, the order of mammals to which Smith's Gazelle is said to belong? But unless the reader is willing to spend the next month checking and sorting, he must settle down and accept it all. Allow the short hairs at the back of the neck to bristle as the gazelles with the lyre-shaped horns show against the skyline, fantastic shapes from dreams. By the end of Chapter 1, there is only one of them alive on earth, fortunately a female in kid, and she is running like hell.

Hamud, an Arab villager, who happens to be a repulsively deformed murderer and a semi-genius, is, like the gazelle, on the lam; he becomes her preserver. His assistant, whom he regards as a messenger from God, is Jonathan, nine-year-old Israeli, a rebellious delinquent because of what he has seen his parents doing while conceiving a child in the Kibbutz Gei-Harim—the "Kibbutz near the Ravine." Jonathan's drafted cohort is Musallem, great-grandson and sole surviving hope of a Bedouin tribal chieftain. Then there is the ravine itself, which becomes the refuge of Smith's Gazelle, of Hamud, and eventually of Jonathan.

Always the factual understructure is there to ease us into the fantasy: how the Kibbutz financed its swimming pool and came to a viable economic understanding with the Arabs in the neighboring olive grove; how to breed conies and use them for their skins; how often to cut alfalfa, how often to resow; how

to survive an attack of male drugs or doctor. When Hamud laments the rushing population of the gazelles he is nurturing in the ravine, that in ten years there will be running on the order of 740,000, it is credible to Jack London.

The story ends in a complicity for the Six-Day War has been revealed by the hundreds the gazelles "liberated," but it is easy to see that the beasts could not survive accidental beastliness. In the end, which I would not be meaning to reveal, the solution is right, and Jonathan and Motke are the great-granddaughters of the original Gazelle.

Levkas Man, by Hamud. Alfred A. Knopf, \$6.95.

The themes of this tumultuous are at least threefold: (1) the story of a rogue son for his brilliant father, (2) prehistoric Hamud as murderer and artist, revealed by paintings on the Greek island of Levkas, and (3) the dire implications of anthropological evidence for the survival of modern man. It is all of a sea voyage, a smuggling operation, romantic love, and the juggernaut of the titans of academic psychology.

To enjoy this most ambitious by the author of such popular culture novels as *The Wreck of the Deare*, the reader must have a taste for suspense prolonged to the point of the winch, for bravura in the ability to imagine through a map of the Mediterranean the life of man's prehistory; a taste for slugs of information, from Piltown and Leakey to the latest news from the dig at Kenyan, Interpol, and smuggling of politics and antiquities, from (from Malta to the Ionian and Seas), channels, harbors, wide blow-holes, skull fragments and paintings, the geology of variations. Perhaps worried about what he is asking for, the author provides a "Note" following the text giving a year history of his idea. It is in Henry James offered an introduction by Roderick Hudson assuming a republication in the definitive New Edition.

The story begins quietly in Sunday street, before an Amsterdam; the son, with a pit in the pit of his stomach, under the door of the old man's ho-

WRITING last month's article Ken Russell's film *The Music* have seen Bob Rafelson's *Five* es, and that deserves a few it is the most honest film musician I have ever seen. It an ex-prodigy on the piano crown it over and become the to a bum. This young man jobs (we see him working on the oil fields), lives with a nks a little too much, is sul-happy. He has to go home to k father. Father was a musi-re his sister (pianist) and iolinist), and also his brothe-e (pianist). There is some ing. The sister is a good anist to be recording Bach's *Fantasy and Fugue*. He him-one piece through—Chopin's elude. He plays that because, it is about the easiest piece er wrote, and he is out of le beds his brother's fiancée ses to her, but she will have m.

bsolutely searing scene, he paralyzed, motionless father. t take it, he says. And, any-nost meaningful line in the obably was not good enough. pregnant girlfriend take off. road he leaves her, his wallet, erylthing, and climbs into the ck headed north. God knows appen to him.

truck me about the film was etely unsentimental, natural usic was woven into the film. re other things worth men-y things, but let's stick to ne various musicians in the t talk about music. They *did* tter of fact, they really acted ans, which means they acted ne, and anybody else. What-talk there was about music etely professional, including o's remark to the fiancée to that he had faked a little d she had faked a little emo-ay, he matter-of-factly says, that E minor Prelude better as eight years old.

se history of an ex-prodigy, remarkably true. All great alists, meaning pianists or re ex-prodigies. To achieve n piano or violin, one has to ery early age, five or six. At ne reflexes are socked in. Sel-history of performance has a great pianist or violinist d later. Some prodigies go

Harold C. Schonberg

MUSIC

Prodigies and music

on to make it. Others fail and become obscure, working as teachers, giving occasional concerts. Some drop it entirely. They have worked at their instrument eight or more hours a day, year in and year out, and then comes the terrible realization that no matter how hard they work, no matter what their ideals, or how strong their musicianship, they do not have it in them. For one reason or another, whether physical, intellectual, or psychic, they are not big-time and never will be.

That is the predicament of the young man in *Five Easy Pieces*. He rebels and gets out of music. But what can he do? All his training and energies have been in one direction only, and it is not a direction he can follow. So he sulks, he broods, he feels sorry for himself, and he takes whatever comes his way (including women). Part of this is necessity—a man has to eat—and part is the necessity of punishing himself. So he constantly is pushing his nose into the dirt a little harder. *Five Easy Pieces* is an honest film, with a few moments of sad comedy. Probably the most brilliant is the scene where the pianist finds himself in a traffic jam on a freeway. The truck in front of him has an old upright piano lashed to the back. He clambers on the truck to find out what is going on, sees the piano and—still wearing his hard hat and working jeans—opens the lid and derisively starts to play the F minor Fantasy of Chopin. Soon he becomes rapt in his imaginary recital. The truck takes off, and into the distance goes our pianist and the strains of the Chopin on the out-of-tune upright.

All other films about music treat the art as a Mystery, in a sentimental, false-to-life manner. *The Music Lovers* certainly did. But musicians, including composers, find nothing particularly mysterious or sentimental about their art. Most composers in real life have never been particularly glamorous figures. There are exceptions, like Liszt, but the majority have been solid bourgeois types who keep to a schedule like a bank clerk. This is especially true

today. Virgil Thomson in *The State of Music* quotes a friend as saying that composers are neat little men who live in hotel rooms. "They are frequently unmarried," continues Thomson, "but unmarried or not they are super-old-maids about order. . . . The papers on their desks are arranged in exact and equidistant piles. Their clothes are hung up in closets on hangers. Their shirts and ties are out of sight, and their towels are neatly folded. There is no food around. There isn't even much music around. It's all put away on shelves and in trunks. Ink and pencil are in evidence, and some very efficient rulers. It looks as if everything were ready for work, but that work hadn't quite yet begun."

What makes the creation of music a mystery to the public at large is the fact that great music has such an emotional wallop. Any emotion of such potency must (the innocent believe) be prompted from Somewhere. God, or something, puts his finger on the composer, and music spurts out—music that transcends the word, transcends painting, transcends all of the other arts. But musicians do not think that way (maybe Wagner did: he was one of the few) and do not work that way. As Mendelssohn once said, the meaning of music lies not in the fact that it is too vague for words, but in the fact that it is too precise for words.

Thus a composer assembles notes into a logical sequence. His intellect is always under control. He does not put on a toga and stroke a lyre when he composes. There is no flash of lightning, no communication with the Beyond, no pact with the Devil, no dream life. Composition is a rigorous application of intellect to tone and rhythm. A composer in a way is a mechanic with a special set of skills. ("Composers combine notes. That is all."—Stravinsky) Music is an art of formal relationships; it is tone and rhythm manipulated for expressive purposes. The composer's job is to put an idea into its appropriate form. Some ideas lend themselves to extended development (symphony), some to linear development (fugue), some to short forms (prelude and étude). A composer grapples with his material. He puts his rear end on a chair before a desk or a piano (most composers work away from the piano) and he painstakingly bends his material the way a writer does, trying this and that, putting on something for size and taking it off.

Of course, every composer has his

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MUSIC

own way of doing things. Some of the earlier ones (Mozart, Schubert) had the kind of intuition that could produce a composition in a substantial complete form. It was in the heads of those that remained was to notate it. (Beethoven, Mahler) went through excruciating pains before they wrote. They sketched and reworked and worked and reworked, discarding more material than went into the completed work. A composer like Mahler went toward mysticism, and he read various things into the creation of his music—but those readings came only after the work was completed. While the neurotic was writing his music, he was occupied with the purely intellectual process of creating a structure, and he would have been much too occupied to think about God, Nature, Afterlife, Meaning, and the other physical things that so concerned the other artists.

It may be that a composer's (or an artist's) work is a reflection of his life. That is a truism. And, getting on to films, there can be films about composers that try to explain a man's life by correlating it with what he wrote about the man's attitude toward life. But not in the whoop-de-do manner of *The Music Lovers* or other films of this ilk. For, as I said last month, the art of film has composers not actually really act, but as the director would have them *they should act*. The result is false and false to music.

The virtue of *Five Easy Pieces* is that it dispenses with all such romantic sense. The more I think about it, the more impressed I am. It could have made an easy play for the director, for instance, by having the virtuoso musicians play things like the *Lullaby* or "Moonlight" Sonata or *tasy-Improptu* or any equivalent—no—these musicians play Mozart, and the kind of music with serious musicians concern themselves with. Come to think of it, there was not a slightly false musical touch in the film, and that was when the camera panned down to Jack Nicholson's hands while he was playing the *Prélude*. He has beautiful hands. Most pianist's hands are square, spatulate fingers and a wide space between thumb and forefinger. An anatomical lapse can be forgiven; it is not Nicholson's fault if his hands conform to the romantic notion of a pianist's hands should look like that. *Some* pianists do have beautiful hands.

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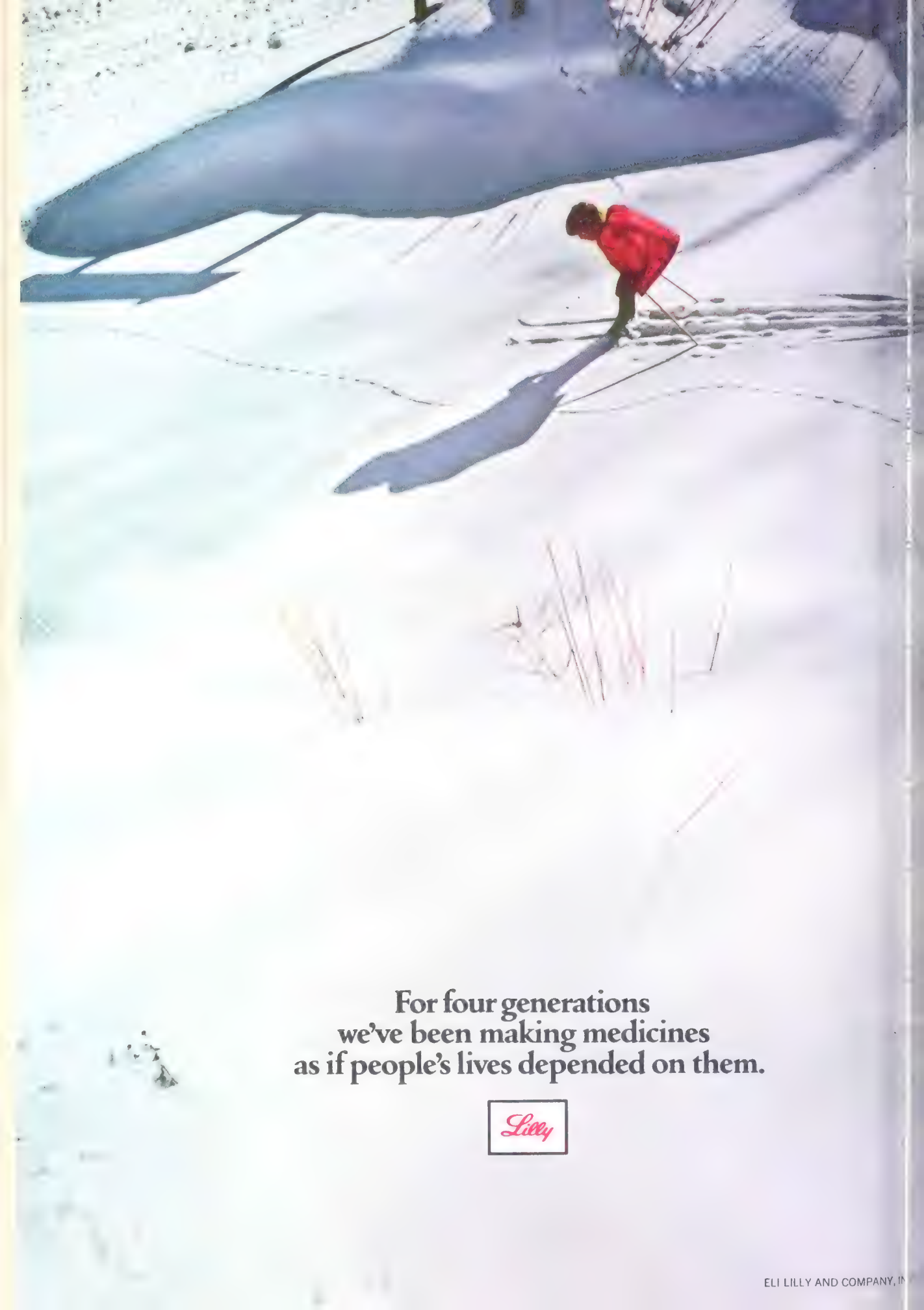


WINNERS
Straight

LOSERS
Exit



YIELD

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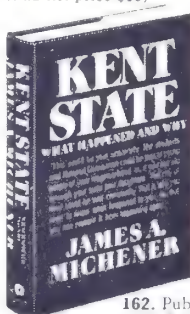
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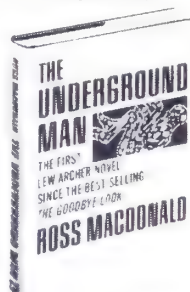
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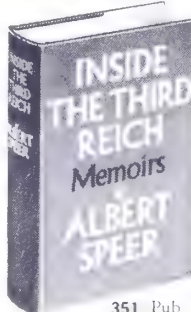


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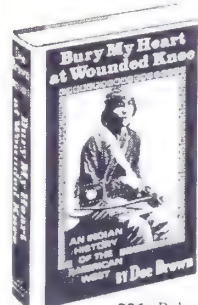


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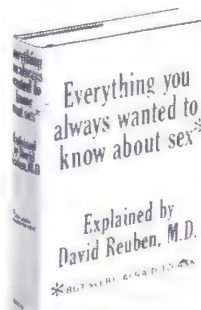
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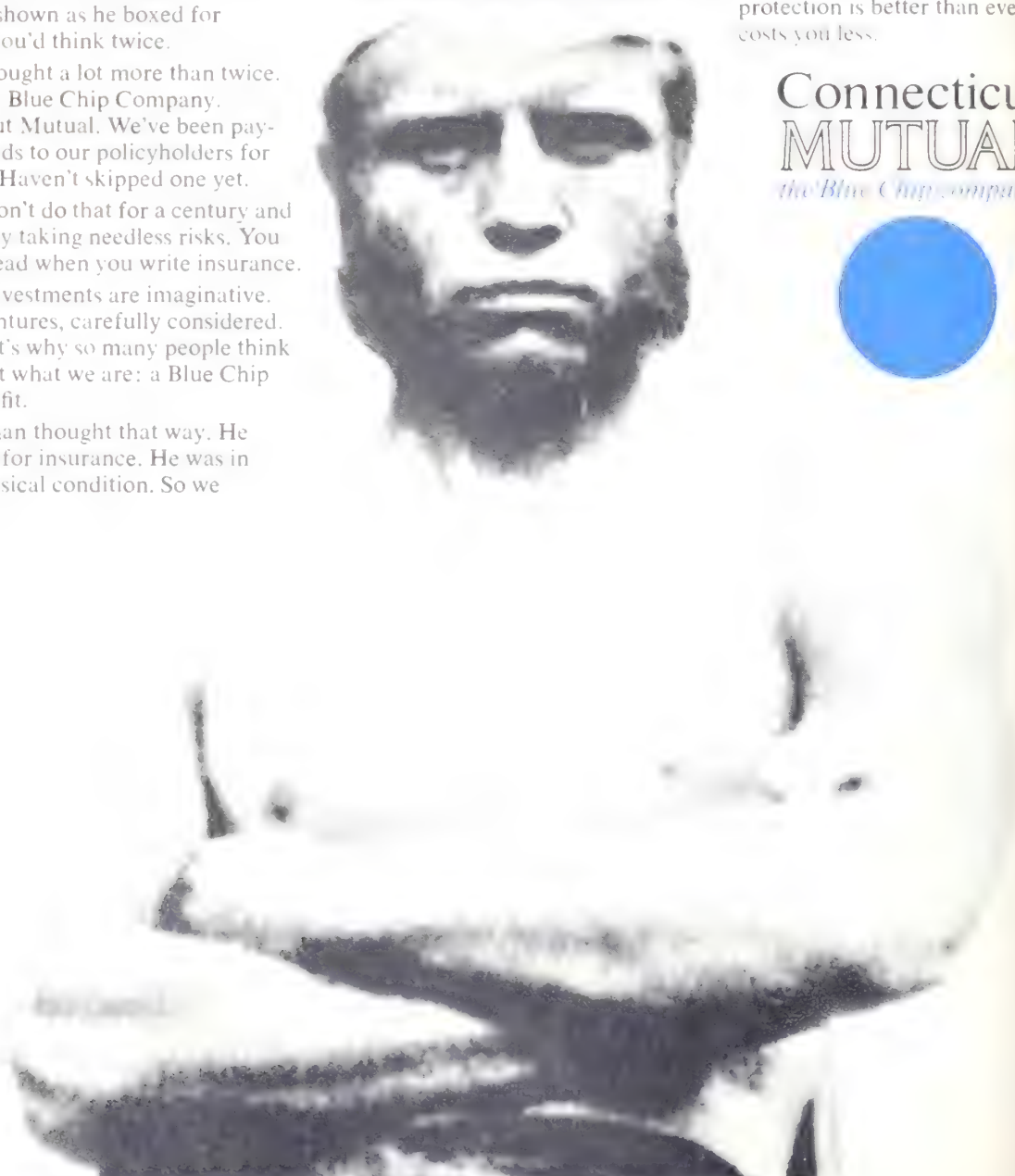
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LETTERS

Norman Mailer, PW

Norman Mailer ["The Prisoner of Sex," March], the novelist, is under attack by the forces of Women's Liberation as a leading male chauvinist. After a typical Maileresque inundation of rhetoric, abuse, cuteness, and scatology borrowed from the pool halls, he finally gives his whole case away toward the article's end. "Still he had not answered the question with which he began. Who finally would do the dishes? And passed in his reading through an Agreement drawn between husband and wife where every piece of housework was divided . . .

"No, he would not be married to such a woman. If he were obliged to have a roommate, he would pick a man. The question had been answered. He could love a woman and she might even sprain her back before a hundred sinks of dishes in a month, but he would not be happy to help her if his work should suffer, no, not unless her work was as valuable as his own. But he was complacent with the importance of respecting his work—what an agony for a man if work were meaningless: then all such rights were lost before a woman. So it was another corollary of Liberation that as technique reduced labor to activities which were often absurd, like punching the buttons on an automatic machine, so did the housework of women take on magnitude, for their work was directed at least to a basic end."

I was fascinated that Mailer could have made the defense he did, and then given the whole case away in such a statement of naked, unsubtle male arrogance. Look at the details: "If he were obliged to have a roommate," which means if he were obliged to treat someone as an equal rather than as his underling, and assume equal responsibilities for housekeeping, he would choose a man. Why? Because he could not bear to treat a woman as an equal. He could love a woman, even if she sprained her back at the sink. Does it

not then follow that he loves her because she will be his slave? And what kind of a love is that? But he will not be happy to help her if his work should suffer, that is, unless her work were as important as his own. His smugness, his security, is transparent. He can say this because he cannot imagine any woman whose work is as important as his own, much less a woman he would marry. Which reduces to the proposition that he would never marry a woman unless he believed her work, her capacities, were inferior to his own. But his blade cuts two ways. He could never agree that her work as mother and homemaker was the equal of his work as writer. . . . So he sets his male creativity up as forever a superior function to her female procreativity, her role as caretaker, nurturer, sustainer.

Mailer has run through four marriages. In the last instance, his wife was a creator, an actress, and part of the separation [Mailer reports] was due to the fact that she, as an actress, had been sacrificed to the imperious needs of Mailer as an author. Thus Mailer emerges as a double-headed monster of egotism. He cannot conceive that procreation is as significant, as ennobling, as essential to wholeness of personality, as is creation. This is the arrogance of the half-man, the spiritual cripple, who makes his incompleteness into a virtue. This leads him to two disasters of abortion. He emasculates from himself his own procreative nature, which might have been the most profound sustainer and renewer of his creativity, if he had discovered and affirmed it. And he tyrannically emasculates from women their creative function, reducing them to female peons, to broodmares beneath his male ascendancy. And the pitiable thing about Mailer is that this crude arrogance reeks from his person, no matter how cleverly he thinks he has rationalized the prejudices in which and by which he lives. And this not only characterizes his marriages, but his writings also, which are corrupted by the infantile posturings of his ego, re-

gardless of the worth of his understanding. No matter how well he understands, and how well he is understood, there is always the little exhibitionist Norman, mugging and hamming stage, stealing the scene from the

But the caricatures that the world make of the creative of human personality cannot be counted its essentiality. The woman, is the work. In the sense, the whole life is one woman realized this when he wrote many books of poems, but of bringing out successive editions of *Leaves of Grass* to which his poems were added. Mailer says, "What an agony for a man if work were less." How can he fail to see the agony: what an agony for a man if work were meaningless? He could "then all such rights were lost before a woman." Is not the heart of the argument for women's liberation lying at last to the issue that the rights for women have been lost before men?

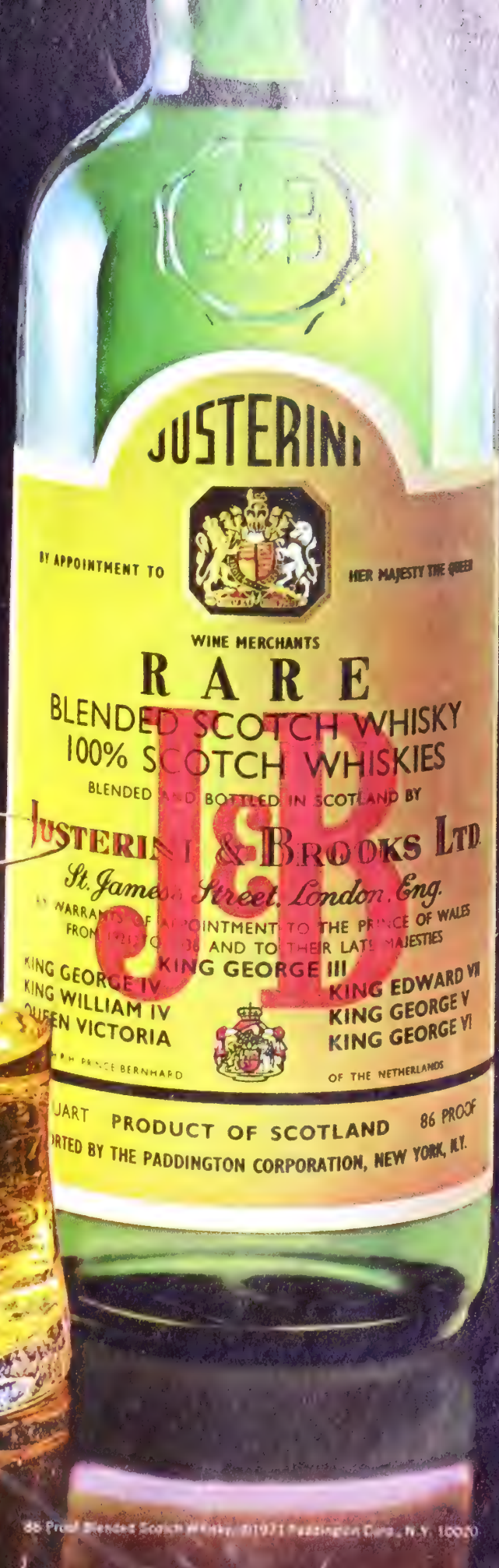
Self-realization is a human work. creative work, is the element the rightful function for women as much as for men. . . . All persons, male and female, young, mature, must stand equal and respect their self-image, that self-estimate they identify with themselves. It is accorded to them by the world. Furthermore, all the various forms of creativity, in all mediums and areas, must be equally regarded as architect and the mason building together. . . . Each man and woman to be creative in her and his work and at her and his chosen task. The pitiable thing about Norman Mailer is his inability to realize that he is not so gotten as great an artistic snob as from washing dishes as he is from writing. He is not only a male snob: he is the epitome of the male snob. . . .

KENNETH L. PATTON
The Unitarian Society of Falmouth
Ridgewood

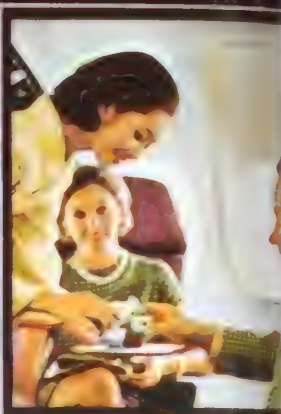
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to me undeniable that the
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and brilliant piece to be
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like Luther, like Freud, he
his obsessions on History,
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LAWRENCE NANNERY
New York, N.Y.

st been told I was to cover
ghts for this newspaper. So,
and groovy little girl, I read
it. And read it.

ow what I learned? That
ailer is forever writing his
ne trite *Bildungsroman* sort,
ll because he never deepens.
have already developed in
r's mind, Mailer's pen mak-
alid because of his affected
His work craft is fashion-
l and anti-heroic.

Mailer is not a writer's
is the brainchild of some
nat's-happenin' Hollywood
Norman Mailer is dull.

he basic difference between
omen—or between Norman
me, at any rate—is that he
et it all hang out, and I don't

JEANNETTE SMYTH
Washington Post
Washington, D.C.

I do not like the personality, politics,
or prose style of Norman Mailer, nor do
I find the argument in "The Prisoner of
Sex" flawless. However, his demonstra-
tion of the inadequacies and distortions
of Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics* is con-
vincing and indicates that the English
Department of Columbia University
had been mau-maued by that termagant
of Women's Lib.

Let this serve as a warning to any
future Kate Milletts who might seek a
doctorate in English at the State Uni-
versity of New York at Binghamton: so
long as I am a professor in this depart-
ment, such a shoddy piece of work will
get thrown out bag and baggage.

PROF. JOHN V. HAGOPIAN
Harpur College, S.U.N.Y.
Binghamton, N.Y.

I found "The Prisoner of Sex" fair,
honest, and, above all, entertaining;
but I would like to correct two typically
male attitudes: one, a woman's men-
strual cycle is no more a "curse" than
a man's beard, which he has to shave
every day. Secondly, this so-called
"foul" womb might be shown (statisti-
cally) to ". . . disrupt every attempt
at *uniform* behavior" and be the chief
cause of automobile accidents, admis-
sions to mental hospitals, attempted
suicides, and criminal behavior among
women. However, statistically, it can
be proved that more men than women
commit crimes, commit suicide: more
men than women are mental patients,
alcoholics, soldiers. What, pray tell, is
so great about the hormones of the
male?

ALICE JOHNSON
San Francisco, Calif.

It was borne upon ER (which could,
one supposes—in Great Britain, of
course—be construed as Elizabeth, Rex,
though on these shores the case can, he
thinks, be made for Eager Reader) that
something, perhaps something even
primal was at issue. The cover bespoke
it: the awed words of the Editor offered
imprimatur, introit, and invocation.

"Attend! Attend carefully to this,"
ER urged himself. "You have consorted
happily (and otherwise) with women;
though a male by birth, you have al-
ways felt their problems to be your
problems, and recognized and acknowl-
edged some of theirs to be, at times,
uniquely nastier variations of the gen-
erally put-upon conditions of most hu-
mankind; the names of Friedan, and
Atkinson, and the Millett-who-would-
not-be-a-typist (and who can blame

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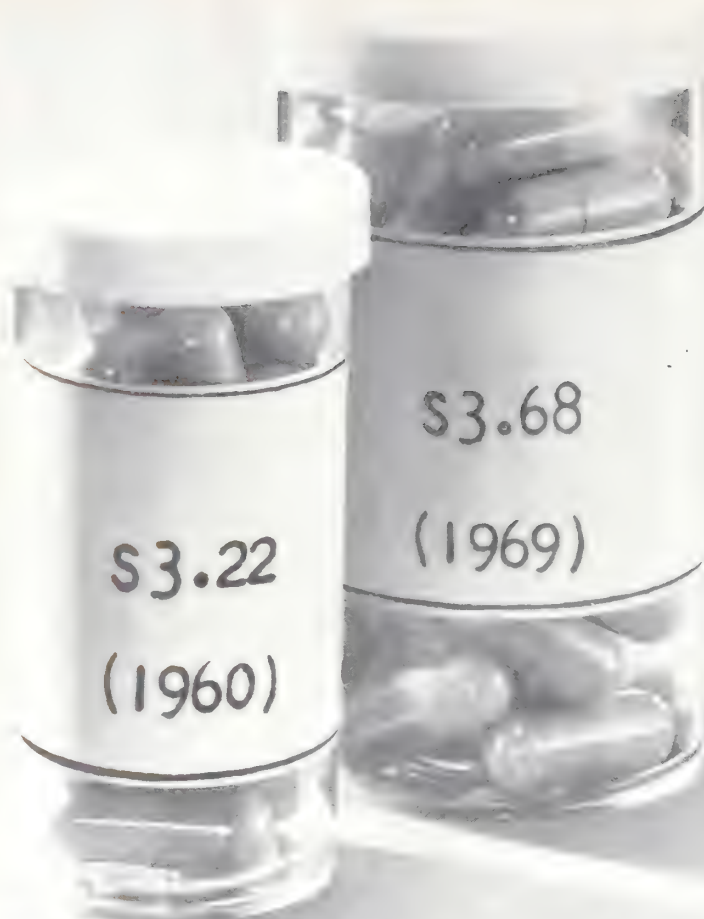
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*latest figures available

LETTERS

her?) are not unknown to you. The name of Mailer is not with its own piquant identity somewhere within your personal memory bank immediately coupled with all the life meaningful, but at least as a portraitist of some, if abused. The subject, the writer, the public—these are worthy of your time, E. of yourself."

And so he gave, ER, plunged into the waiting words, immediately into the very essence of his fecundation into the prolix flow. Oh heady, on eagerness to learn, to know, to stand, to find illumination!

And yet . . . and yet . . . E. from the syntactical whirlpool found himself strangely huge empty—not purged nor cleared much, nor enlightened in the knowings promised there, but—this to be well said?—drained in est. dulled, of obfuscation filling aching rump to burning eyeballs, longer ER, but CR then.

Confused Reader? No. No more than that. Conned Reader come to it. Conned. By the slackness of author's vision flogged me by myopic by his rampant ego, abdication of an Editor from office with its clear right and duty to cut, cut, cut—to hack, prune, to trim, to demonstrate for language. Oh expository language! Oh lovely, precious expository language! Oh poesy, for that me Millett misquotes, must Mailer And get away with it, as well.

And so ER, now CR, sits and has it all, then, come down to the entrails tell us to worship God to hell with contraception?

EDWARD M. T. Glen

Shaggy

Richard Rhodes' article about the Wonder Dog ["Of Dogs, A calls to mind a similarly gifted About fifteen or sixteen years ago I was producing the *Today* program on NBC, an elderly bearded gentleman in rough clothes walked into our office with a shaggy, Airedale-sized colored mongrel and made some interesting claims for his pet. The name was Getchell, and he wandered about the country up Hudson, accompanied by and two untalented mongrels appeared, I was told, at county

"Read the books
or you may not have a chance
to read them at all."



photograph by André Kertész

Rand McNally

publishers
book manufacturers
mapmakers



There are certain people who live extremely well at home and prefer to do so when they travel.

The Ritz is for them.

The
Ritz-Carlton
Boston



"I think it's possible to date precisely the onset of our madness. November 22, 1963. The murder of John Kennedy was a traumatic shock to this nation, from which we haven't fully recovered even yet."

Who said that on the CBS Radio Network? See Page 59.

LETTERS

cuses, etc., a sort of busker, passing the hat when the dog performed. The dog was named Kid.

What happened after Kid, wagging her droopy tail, sniffing the floor, a gentle, mop-faced bitch, came into my office, still amazes me. Like Jim in Mr. Rhodes' article, Kid appeared to understand language. I do not know that Getchell ever claimed she could understand his thoughts, as Jim perhaps did, but he did say that the dog knew 4,000 words. This was probably an exaggeration, but the dog was surely a genius of some kind. Mr. Getchell would say (there were perhaps ten people in the room), "Kid, who is the girl with red hair?" And Kid would walk across the room and put a paw on Muriel, our redheaded weather girl. "Kid, where's the telephone?" That was almost too easy. Kid was at it in seconds. "Kid, show me the two men wearing dark gray suits." And Kid would oblige, moving from an associate producer to [Dave] Garroway, placing a soft paw on each. The dog did other things—eating only three of six bread crumbs, on command, eating the one nearest the door, leaving one, coming back to it.

We had Kid and her master on the program, and they performed beautifully, the dog picking out such odd things as the teletype machines, a camera, cables, etc. Sometimes the dog hesitated, and Getchell, feigning anger, would raise his voice and the dog would change direction. All of us puzzled over the animal's obvious intelligence. We decided that the man used a signaling system of some kind to direct Kid. But how? Getchell had a set of large, noisy false teeth, and we thought perhaps the clacking was the signal. But Getchell obligingly removed them, and although his voice was not as clear, the dog still found "the man with the green tie" or "the machine that sends out news" or "the desk with the vase of flowers on it." Getchell—he was a model of old-fashioned courtesy—even let us examine his bushy white beard for a hidden noisemaker of some kind.

Finally I hit on the idea of sending Kid and her owner to Columbia, for an appearance in front of Prof. Fred Keller's undergraduate class in psychology. Professor Keller was a leader in the field of animal learning. So Kid performed at Columbia—finding the boy in the brown sweater in the third row, the window pole, the broken seat in the last row. I spoke to Professor Keller later. He was impressed with

Kid, but had reached no conclusion as to how the dog did what she did. This was a signaling system of some kind, he suspected, but he was as mysterious as we were.

"About all I can say with certainty," he admitted, "is that it is a very intelligent dog."

Getchell showed up every year in the spring, to appear on the program. Then, about ten years ago I learned that he had been found dead in Hudson, surrounded by three vicious dogs, including the brilliant one. What happened to the animal, no one knows. In any event, Kid was a dog at the time. I often wonder if he had ever been bred, and whether the issue exhibited the same caliber of intelligence.

GERALD
Stamford

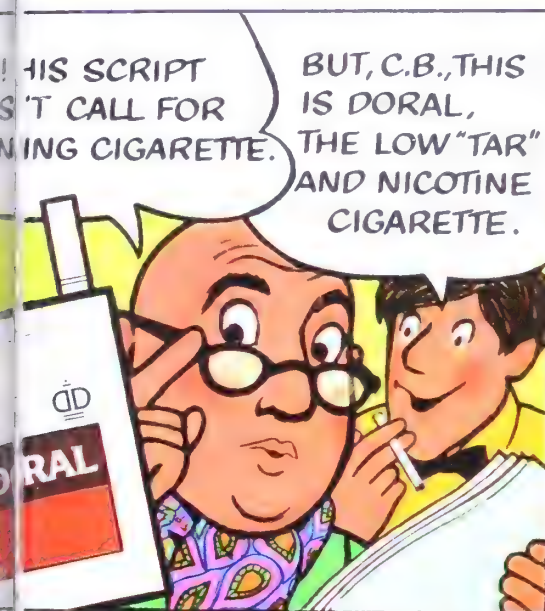
The indigent

In his paternalistic warning for the "Age of Affluence" ["The Chair," March], John Fischer, by a sweet glimpse of the American, or row exhibited conflicts inherent in the chrome ethic which shackles the country's search for direction. Besides, in the comparative nuances of "affluence," his axiomatic assumption that such an "Age" exists misleadingly excluded questions of *for whom* and *at what expense?*...

The fact is that the "world" Fischer describes as "the moral basis of our prosperity" is no ethic at all, rather a learned paradigm of false response. While the religious ethic of our forefathers did indeed elicit work, it hardly directed such as the oral-phase gluttoning characteristics of the men Fischer claims "America rich." General Motors, Andrew Carnegie, derives its climax from pure materialism, a bastardized mutant of true Judaeo-Christian ethic. If one moves beneath Fischer's (synthetic) crystal ball, one finds that through its own caprice, the self-consuming industrial state is more accurately a casualty of "New Youth" mentality....

Many segments of the "New Youth" continue to react affirmatively to the compelling vision of what this could be, should the elusive capacity of her immense capacity at last align itself with a true ethic, i.e., one amenable to imperatives of Man, rather

DORAL AUDITIONS ON BROADWAY



The filter system you'd need
a scientist to explain...but
Doral says it in two words,
"Taste me"



(suburban) men. Should such information occur through the "de-ic revolution" Mr. Fischer dier the organs of productivity hebo may find themselves infused wi pr erful new sources of energy—an le ership.

In the meantime, it is painfu cult to prove that the stratu approach of involvement is m phisticated than the "street" life. Fischer's basic portent is accule. trition may achieve what activn not.

STEPHEN L.
Ann Arbo, M

In John Fischer's discussion, f nomic growth, he states, "The class, which historically has do of the nation's saving, also pa of the taxes. And since taxes co to keep rising—particularly sta local taxes—many middle-class-m will find it harder to put a ti away." It is obvious that the m class as a group pays most of the since most definitions place the ul Americans in that category. ey that, however, the two sentencir that members of the middle cl n large tax payments (including ste local taxes) as compared to p ments of other classes. This is "sl ing.

A recent study by Herman M. chief of the population divisio Bureau of the Census, shows a income groups between \$2,0 \$50,000 spend about 30 per ce o come for federal, state, and loc t. (Those who make less than \$2,0 somewhat more—about 40 pece income—in taxes.) The tax bld felt so evenly across these incom because the somewhat progress character of the federal income ta is anced by the regressive aspect of state and local levies such as bo and sales taxes. Therefore, the pi creases in state and local taxes—ll the working and lower classes ne the middle class.

In planning for the future, it is portant for us to understand th v not have a progressive system tion, and that we are apparen to move further away from t during the next few years. W take this into account in ove our antiquated tax structures e less of how the dispute over a sharing is resolved.

JACK D.
Williams

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THE EASY CHAIR

Hunting for America

*I will go up and down the country,
and back and forth across the country
on the great trains that thunder over
America. I will go out West where
States are square; Oh, I will go to
Boise, and Helena and Albuquerque.
I will go to Montana and the two
Dakotas and the unknown places.*

Thomas Wolfe

Of Time and the River

THERE IS A SMALL GROCERY on the rue de Seine, around the corner from where Balzac had his printing press, that draws a mixed but oddly symmetrical crowd.

Into it come elderly men with the Legion of Honor in their lapels, young blondes in thigh boots, concierges in scuffed flannel slippers, workmen in workmen's blue, and many children and dogs. There are old ladies on canes who, winter and summer, wear the same bulky black overcoats and high-button shoes, in the apparent faith that what keeps out the Paris winter will keep out the Paris summer as well. There are the wine drinkers of the neighborhood, who trade their empty bottles for fresh liters and on weekends wear an air of catastrophe.

Watching them from the window, I wonder at their variety—but also at the extraordinary feeling of community they suggest. For all their differences (of health, wealth, learning, ripeness, sobriety, or whatever) and for all their individual crochets, they seem to be one people.

Not long ago, sitting at the window, I read an account by a New York jour-

nalist of some time he had spent traveling around looking for America. He had been gone for weeks, and when he got back he seemed not entirely sure whether he had found the country or not. The piece he wrote carried just the whisper of a suspicion that somehow the country had eluded him.

He is not the only man who has been out looking for America recently, nor will he be the last. A great many journals—daily, weekly, and monthly—have had their men crisscrossing the continent and returning to their typewriters to tell what it is they have found.

As I read their reports, glancing down occasionally at the traffic on the street, it occurs to me that nobody is out looking for France. The wine drinkers, the blondes, the old ladies muffled against the weather know, as their garrulous neighbor Balzac did, just where France lies (between the grocery and the café on the corner), and they are in no danger at all of misplacing it.

There is a story that Briton Hadden, cofounder of *Time*, once saw Henry Luce, burdened with responsibilities, stride heavily across the Yale campus and called to him, "Watch out, Harry, don't drop the college!" That is the feeling, often, that seems to haunt the reveries of the journalists ranging America, the feeling that somebody has inadvertently dropped the country—or simply mislaid it. It is a curious feeling and one, I suspect, that other people do not know.

James Baldwin once remarked on how Americans speak of "finding" themselves—which, on the evidence of documents as diverse as *Easy Rider* and *Huckleberry Finn*, may be the same thing as finding a country—and he

pointed out that the expression is really current in the languages of the people. If he loses himself, a Frenchman of discretion (which is true of every Frenchman) generally does not mention it. Nor (if he were conscientious enough to do so) would he mention losing his country. It is hard to imagine a Frenchman making a film like *Easy Rider* or calling a book *Gone with the Wind* or *In the Heart of the Heart of the Country*; Henry James copied the novel *The American*, but there is no French novel of similar girth called *Le Français*.

Loss of country, loss of self, may be peculiarly American problems. I am afraid I have lost my country, wrote Nathaniel Hawthorne, and apologized, to his publisher in 1850 and a year later (having vacillated in Rome palazzo and seen *The Faun* newly into print) he took passage from Liverpool to look for his misplaced homeland. He had, of course, been in possession of it—or an important part of it—when he wrote *Scarlet Letter*, and that he had not understood. But when he died in sleep in a Plymouth, New Hampshire hotel, four years after his return, he was convinced (sadly enough) that America—or whatever it was he was seeking—had, at the end, escaped him.

IT IS A COMMON ENOUGH American lament. "We are so lost, so forsaken in America!" cried the inveterate of America-hunters, Thomas Wolfe. He did not understand what "we Americans are always finding on this earth," but he understood it full well (and impressed on the

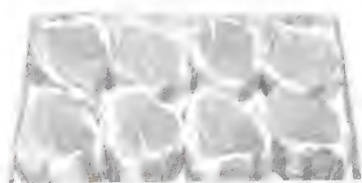
Richard Murphy is a free-lance writer living in Paris, where, as he has been "hunting for America" for as long as he can remember.

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Who said that on the
CBS Radio Network?
See Page 59

THE EASY CHAIR

Mehitable Tippet of Yonkers), his "good house," "substantial barn," and, most particularly, his spread of "good timothy meadow." But all of that is just dressing. His real America is a place swarming with hornets domesticated by "kindness and hospitality"; with copperheads that lie serenely, like cats, on their backs before the fire; with black-snakes that can slither as fast as a horse can run.

In his Letter No. 6 he tells us about Martha's Vineyard and the signal cry of the Indian harpooners—"*Awaite pawana!*" ("Here is a whale!"). It is a cry that a skeptical reader may want to utter after spending some hours with Crèvecoeur. Still, he wrote a good book (despite its domesticated hornets and its copperheads-on-the-hearth, and maybe because of them), and he introduced alfalfa into America and the American potato into Normandy—distinctions enough, perhaps for any man.

America—any America—is, of course, an individual construct, and it can sometimes be better apprehended from the rigging of a whaler than it can from the open road. Gertrude Stein found—when she returned to America in 1931 after thirty-one years in France—that she preferred the view from a plane, which made the American heartland look like a Cubist painting. She nevertheless descended, in time, to the ground and embarked on a stately promenade about the country, in clockwise rotation, accompanied by Alice B. Toklas.

She found it quite as fabulous as she had expected. There was, she noticed at once, "more space where nobody is than where anybody is." She saw that "there is no sky there is air but no sky"—which explained why there is no heaven in American religions and "really no painting in America." She saw that "European buildings sit on the ground but American ones come out of the ground"; that in America "everything is quick but really everybody does move slowly" (a movement she thought reminiscent of "prehistoric beasts"). She saw, with astonishment, that there were no "walls to hide anything" or "curtains to cover anything," and she concluded that Americans "want to make everything something anybody can see by looking."

The wooden houses of America—especially the old, flaky clapboard houses near the railway stations—excited her terribly, and so did the windows in those houses, which she found, all in all, "the most interesting thing in America." But she also discovered,

like Crèvecoeur before her, the hunt for America has sometimes begun when it seems to have ended. Back at 27 rue de Fleurus, walling in Picasso and Juan Gris, and looking about those naked, egalitarian American windows, she found that something had happened: "It is so hard to remember them," she wrote, "but they are so interesting."

From this observation (and, like it) she extracted one of the truths of her experience—that is, and touring America, even in the absence of thirty-one years, she really, made her "more there," and indeed, made her less there. It was not, after all, the country "you can see by looking." For the rest of her life, her America-hunting was done from the farther shore of the Atlantic where day after day the GIs of World War II "brought all America to their parlor at rue de Fleurus.

MANY HUNTERS-FOR-AMERICA preferred the long view. Edith Wharton, whose literary excursions at Saint-Brice-sous-Forêt were those at rue de Fleurus, even wrote that the real America—which she said "the old America out of time" came"—had somehow slipped away and drifted like a dismasted ship across the Atlantic to Europe, where a few "last traces" of it (perhaps one or two) remained.

The America of Saint-Brice-sous-Forêt was obviously not the one of the rue de Fleurus; the America of Gertrude Stein's friend Sherwood Anderson (the only man in America, she said, who could write a "clear and simple sentence") was like neither. Anderson's America at one time seemed to be the true America, but he was the most surprised man in the country (he recalls in his Notebooks) who began telling him that *Winesburg, Ohio* "was an exact picture of Ohio life" as they had known it. It was that Anderson wrote *Winesburg, Ohio* while living in a crowded and cluttered rooming house in Chicago, where he made models for his village Gothic houses of various odd lengths of human life. Most of his models, he recalled, never lived in a small town. Nevertheless, pilgrims continued to come to Clyde, Ohio, where Anderson passed his boyhood years, presumably in the hope of seeing the Reverend Curtis Peeping goatlike into one of the



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American Motors 

Stein's uncurtained windows or an Alice Hindman running naked through the streets in the rain.

Of course, it is possible—even likely—that Anderson put far more of small-town America than he knew into his book; but there is no more reason to think that Clyde, Ohio is the “real” Winesburg than there is to think that Oxford, Mississippi (another favorite of literary pilgrims) is the “real” prototype of Faulkner’s Jefferson. And there is especially no reason to think that Winesburg and Jefferson and Clyde and Oxford—or any random cross-coupling of them—is the “real” America. What if a wandering journalist were to drive into Clyde and see a middle-aged virgin crouched naked beneath a mulberry tree? Would he be in the presence of America? It is extremely difficult, and perhaps impossible, to say.

It is equally difficult to say why a man searching for America should think he had a better chance of finding it in Clyde, Ohio than on the island of Manhattan. Nevertheless, the America-hunter, like the prairie hen, has always shunned cities and seacoasts. When Henry James remarked that it was “a complex fate being an American,” he was thinking particularly (he said) of the danger of putting “a superstitious valuation on Europe.” The more persistent danger has perhaps been of putting a superstitious valuation on the American interior, which (to hear the present Administration talk about it) is as mysteriously silent as it was on that foggy fall morning in 1620 when Bradford first turned his eyes west.

Thomas Jefferson held the opinion that the seaboard cities were little more than “great sores” on the body politic: they were most emphatically not America. America, if it could be located at all, was somewhere out in the dark fields of the Republic—a notion that has survived Jefferson, has survived Huckleberry Finn, has survived Henry Luce (who once told his colleagues that the gravest disappointment of his life was not being born in Oskaloosa, Iowa) and that may even survive the nation.

A French friend to whom I once repeated Luce’s remark replied that life being the mixed hand it is, the matter of not being born in Oskaloosa, Iowa seemed a small enough disappointment to endure. Perhaps. But then the French do not entirely understand the mystique of the American interior (one avoids, if possible, the French interior) or the American aptitude for misplacing the country. Luce’s own search for

America began when he was growing up in Tengchow, China, lasted the whole of his life (in a sense, it is what his magazines were all about), and perhaps knew a kind of uneasy fulfillment only once—during the brief period *Time* was published in Cleveland, a city from which Winesburg was clearly visible just up the road.

The view from Cleveland—or Winesburg, or Rockefeller Center—is, of course, not the view from Tengchow. Luce would have discovered a different America (and *Time* magazine would not have been *Time* magazine) if he had been born in Oskaloosa. It is a question of angle of vision. Alexander Portnoy tells us that he had the extraordinary ambition to “discover America, conquer America” while lying in bed, by judiciously probing not only the bodies but the “backgrounds” of “a girl from each of the forty-eight states,” thus putting himself (somehow) in the tradition of “Columbus, Captain Smith, Governor Winthrop, George Washington.” Portnoy, of course, was under psychiatric care, but he is not the first man who has aspired to carnal knowledge of a continent (Jay Gatsby and Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey were others), nor is there any reason to think that Portnoy’s America would be a less valid construct—though admittedly a different one—than the America of Henry Robinson Luce or Gertrude Stein or Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur.

One of the most compelling Americas ever constructed was the handiwork of that self-styled bit of “bric-a-brac from the time of Louis Philippe,” Henry Adams, who fancied himself a stranger to his country in his time but who nevertheless talks about America (from the moment he opens his mouth in the *Education*) like a man conducting a weekend guest about a country house that has been in the family for generations. America had, of course, been in the Adams family for generations, and nobody knew it better than Henry. He was not only proprietary about America, he was fussy about it, and he could not abide people who did not understand the usages of the household.

But America was also receding from him—or so he thought—and when he landed like a “belated reveler” at a Manhattan pier one hot July night in 1863, after seven years in England, he felt as alien (he said) as if he had been a “Tyrian trader of the year B.C. 1000, landing from a galley fresh from Gibraltar.” Of all America-hunters, Adams is perhaps the most adroit, for he gives the

simultaneous feeling that he has lost his country and that he possesses it—on the pages of the *Education*, at least—most nobody has possessed it before.

LOOKING DOWN ON THE rue de la Harpe I wonder whether anybody—Henry Adams, even Alexander Portnoy—can truly possess America and what the inability to do so is a bad thing. It has always been of the essence of the America-hunters—from William Bradford to Nathaniel Hawthorne to Scarlett O’Hara—that they come away without finding what they are seeking. “The heart is a lonely hunter,” Carson McCullers has told us, and we know, almost without reading her book, that the hunt never ends—that the quest, in fact, is the goal. The saddest thing of all, of course, is that the green light recedes before him “is there present in order to recede.”

André Malraux has explained plausibly as anybody, why my neighbor on the rue de Seine are so sure of the location of France. “The mind gives the idea of a nation,” Malraux once told me, “but it is its community of dream that creates its sentimental force. We have all felt the freshness and the morning fog of Austerlitz.” Perhaps the difference is there. America, unlike the nations, is said to have a Dream which ever heard of The French Dream, but it may lack precisely a “community of dreams” that all of its citizens, of whatever origin, can take to bed with them each night. Perhaps, too, the original American Dream was so large, and so unobtainable, that it could never be fitted into the American present and must always be hunted in some ideal American past. And perhaps it is simply that there was until so recently a possible frontier in America that a passion for exploration is bred in the American bone.

Whatever the reason, it would seem that Santayana was wrong: being an American is less “a moral condition, an education, and a career” than it is a kind of lifelong rummage through the boards and closets in search of fragments of a usable past. If I am an American, I cannot help envy the assurance of the old ladies beneath the window and the confidence of the sturdy black shoes.

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PERFORMING ARTS

Jesus Christ Superstar

Jesus Christ Superstar (Decca Records), which calls itself a rock opera, contains two ingredients necessary to most lasting religious works: frenzy and clarity. The frenzy lies in the "colors" chosen to represent that most famous of agonies, the betrayal, trial, and crucifixion of Christ. The clarity lies in the straightforwardness of structure and idea which controls these colors. The combination results in eighty-eight minutes of a theatricality which, though uneven, is never boring.

The piece is neither rock nor opera although the reason for these labels seems clear: to pop promoters rock spells money, while opera spells the most intimidating word from the "classical" world—the world to be conquered. The piece is a pastiche from Palestrina through Percy Faith to Penderecki presented as straight oratorio in *St. Matthew Passion* tradition. If it misses greatness, it does not lack for skill and honesty that surpass the tendentious sincerity of most other such works.

The two young creators of *Jesus Christ Superstar* differ from standard rock Cinderellas by being formally educated professionals. Their personal competence glows from each particular of versification and orchestration: one does not sense a producer's mastermind. Composer Andrew Webber comes from a certain culture, his father being director of a London music school, himself a graduate of the Royal College of Music. Lyricist Tim Rice had just completed a serious history of pop when he and Webber met and undertook their collaboration. *Superstar* was years in

the making, and the craftsmanship no less than the raw talent surely supplies one hidden level of its wide appeal. Previous "large-scale" pop works, from Ellington's purely instrumental rhapsodies to the Who's opera *Tommy*, have not been intrinsically large-scale at all, but medleys of small ideas. *Superstar* has organic length: from start to finish it flows inexorably.

In current vernacular Tim Rice's libretto retells the final days of Christ. His most wry angle is to justify Judas Iscariot's motivations, which he expounds more sensibly than does the New Testament. Like playwright Jack Richardson, who, in *The Prodigal*, represents the traditionally monstrous Clytemnestra as a logical being in a sea of ineptitude, Tim Rice shows us a rational Judas anguished that God should have created him only to act as Jesus' betrayer. "Judas had no reason to suppose," explains the writer, "that the man he was working for was anything other than a remarkable person, and he was concerned that Christ was getting them all in trouble by going too far." Christ, meanwhile, is portrayed as the fanatic he was, given to tantrums, to infantile poeticizing, to both surface and depth, and to the complete self-involvement of one who believes his own publicity. In short, a superstar. His death issues from stardom as a sacrifice, a suicide, an assassination, a dissolution. He is at once Marilyn Monroe, Yukio Mishima, the Kennedy brothers, the Beatles.

To say that the libretto holds up pretty well when read alone is to say a lot. Librettos being skeletons awaiting the flesh of music, few are without a touch of silliness when standing by themselves. Fewer still are works of art, although those laying claim to literature are usually built on original subjects rather than adaptations. (The

works of Colette, of Gertrude Stein, of Auden in the operatic realm are certainly finer, by this definition than those of Wedekind, Slater, or even Forster.) Of course, if *Jesus Christ Superstar* isn't really an opera, the text can't be properly called a libretto but a suite of poems. As poems they are not adaptations, yet, linked playfully, they are hardly far enough from their source to be considered original. Tim Rice, religious poet, is more comprehensible than the King James Bible is not up to the style of the New Testament version: nor as fantasist is he closer to the versifiers from Kenneth Koch to the famous New York public-school boys. What his words do have that is missing from other so-called rock spectacles is believability. His religiosity is neither maudlin nor "with it," but stubbornly genuine. It may not bring young people to the fold any more than Bach brought their ancestors, but it will bring them to *Superstar* for all it is worth.

The expository pattern maintained by Rice is the formal Passion treatment: set numbers. Each character (including the mob) has his say, and each is granted his more or less different stanzas. These stanzas range unobtrusively from the sublime to the ridiculous, passing through the terrible ("Christ you know I love you/ I see I waved"), the tacky ("I'm a rabble to be quiet/ We anticrist"), the coy ("Hosanna Hosanna Sanna Ho"), the Brechtian ("To conquer death you have only to die the upsetting"), the pathetic ("Tell me Christ how I feel tonight/ Do you plan to pick me up/ I'll fight"), the pop bathetic ("He's just a man/ And I've seen a lot of men before"), the folksy ("I met a Galilean/ A most amazing man/ He had that look you rarely find on a haunting hunted kind"), the g

Ned Rorem's most recent book is *Critical Affairs: A Composer's Journal*. His new *Piano Concerto* was premiered last December by the Pittsburgh Symphony, and he has just completed the musical score to the motion picture *The Panic in Needle Park*.

we retire we can write the
 so they'll still talk about us
 re died"), and the cynically
 c ("Did you mean to die like
 that a mistake or/ Did you
 messy death would be a rec-
 er?").

es the verses lack distinction;
 hey work like charms.

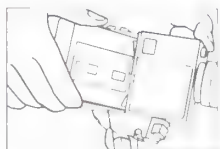
Webber's score derives
 m the music of others, but
 is no sin. The true artist has
 ided stealing outrageously,
 he theft with his own brand,
 ng it. If he gets no buyers he

ole overture belies the fact
 to hear a rock opera. Within
 tes, and before any solo voice
 omposer Webber has treated
 to a nearly indigestible stew
 agas, of Rodgers' *Slaughter*
Avenue, Prokofieff's *Age Of*
 use's *Bye Bye Birdie*, Honeg-
fic 231, Bernstein's *Fancy*
 and's *Rodeo*, Grieg's *Piano*
 and the "heavenly choirs" of
 on which blur into Ligeti's
 en by Kramer for 2001. Yet
 e same three minutes a per-
 y has been established which
 for the next hour and a half.
 the recipe is accented with
 and 7/8 meters favored by
 af the Forties. Here, too, is
 of the Thirties (in the
 number, for example, or
 about "The End"), and
 of the Sixties (*I Don't Know*
ove Him), and Gershwin of
 es (especially in those well-
 cross-rhythms in the big
 ars), and even Tchaikovsky
 ties (hear those three *Nut-*
 es at the start of the section
 today, not to mention the en-
 ilue). There's Charles Ives.
 hard Strauss; indeed, these
 ers are superimposed in the
 on.

the emphasis on influences? Be-
 ne are so many. Young com-
 a labor in the shadow of
 e but Andrew Webber is al-
 loked out by the abundance
 es as Anna Russell when, in
 eral mishmash of arias, she
 es how operas are made.
 he displays little trace of his
 nge, and none at all of De-
 level, the two Frenchmen who
 ons were the chief long-hair
 one jazz world.) Where then
 b's originality? What is his



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His originality, like anyone's, lies in the ability to take a chance and win. His color is the color of speed. The risk he ran here was to use nearly all fast tempos. If one can assert that the most touching portions from the great classical cantatas are slow and introspective, then *Superstar's* grandeur owes nothing to the past. Webber's music loses effectiveness proportionately as it quiets down; the somber moments, few though they be, are the least compelling. Where the text would indicate to anyone but Webber a reflective pause, a hush, he goes hog-wild and chills us. His color, then, is the maintenance of fever pulse.

THE MALE SINGERS, mostly young Englishmen and all of them white, perform, as is customary, like the stereotype of preadolescent black Americans. The style comes to us twice filtered through the Beatles and the Stones, though the personalities in *Superstar* exude more carnality than Lennon and less snottiness than Jagger. The histrionics of Murray Head as Judas are hair-raising, while the Jesus of Ian Gillan comes off nicely as a revivalist imitating Judy Garland. Also

notable are the Rex Harrisonish interpretation of Pilate by Chicagoan Barry Dennen, and the dapper Herod of Mike d'Abo who ticks off the one showstopper, a very funny, very cruel, Tom Lehrer-type softshoe number: "So you are the Christ you're the great Jesus Christ/ Prove to me that you're no fool walk across my swimming pool." None of these soloists has a "real" voice, not even in the Sinatra sense, yet paradoxically all are virtuosos, being disciplined actors able to carry their simple tunes.

The main female singer is Yvonne Elliman who, as groupie Mary Magdalene, combines the weaker points of Baez, Streisand, and the late Gladys Swarthout. Her tainted purity becomes insipidity, her emotionality a whine, while her idea of a persuasive mannerism is the glottal stop. Yet somehow she brings it off, she *works*, in a pop stylist sort of way.

In fact, everything works, even the chorus which at best is very Southern Gospel, as in *Christ You Know I Love You*, and at worst performs with the musicality of an exhausted hockey team, as in *Look At All My Trials*—the trashiest of a fair bit of trashy stuff. The instrumentation works too, the whole event being garnished by a cham-

ber ensemble with solo guitars, children's choir as well as the chorus (plus a special group The Trinidad Singers), by an up-date Moog synthesizer, and finally full Symphony Orchestra. The ability of the whole concept, from proof title to last detail of lyrics stems primarily not from rare talent from an absolutely professional continuity. And the brashness is more than the art; the highest point of all this fervor do not equal the simple Beatles love song.

THE CRITICAL MATERIAL that published on this best-selling enterprise deals with the "breakthrough" message, the daring, the social value. There has been no assessment of the artistry of the text, much less of the music. This same situation existed years ago around the Rolling Stones and around the Beatles of the mid-60s, when their style began to be tolled as serious art by a new breed of critic. Not being trained musicians, much as self-appointed spokesmen in the youth market, pop critics deal with musical matters in an extravagant manner: if the lyrics hit the nail on the head they made music.

Now, however, America and Europe (the only countries where these matters matter on a high plane), having accepted that art is where you find it, and having paid critics by crying *masterpiece*. Not only swinging preachers but middlebrow clerics join the throng to find *Superstar* an antidote to everything bad: acid, obscenity, the antics of Virgil Fox.

The piece's political powers being assured, this essay has tried to investigate the more delicate elements. It is interesting to see how the piece fares on Broadway production fares. Since the available version seems so well suited to the recording medium, a visual approach could turn it into a gilded lily. Still, when *The St. Paul Passion* has been announced for next season, it is only natural for *Superstar's* producers to try their luck; big sell is part and parcel of the venture; if we apply *Superstar* to the fact of its current acclaim, by its own definition it will suffer from confusion and misunderstanding, while the oratorio, though not nourishment in our time of famine, is as welcome as champagne during drought.

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FOREIGN REPORT

Spies by the thousands: report from Germany

ESPIONAGE CAN HARDLY be described as the ideal form of contact between peoples, but it has become so much a part of life in Germany today that its citizens have come almost to take it for granted. Dr. Horst Worsatz, a lawyer specializing in spies, said recently, "a divided postwar Germany continues to be in the center of the tug-of-war between the victorious powers and furnishes the soil for an intelligence jungle that sometimes confuses even those in the know." Who works for whom, or for what reasons, may be as difficult to determine as a clear definition of what constitutes treason. When the fatherland is split, which fatherland is a German betraying? Theoretically, if not politically, he has a right to serve either. It is common knowledge that for years the East German regime has used the refugee channel to smuggle agents with long-term assignments to the other side. Under the circumstances, even the most legitimate political refugee has to appear suspect. The so-called "atom spy" Harald Gottfried, who came across in '55 at the age of twenty, told his interrogators in the refugee camp that he had wanted to escape the East German draft, "because I would never have worn the uniform of those who put my father into prison." His father, a former Nazi, had been convicted for minor shenanigans to eight years hard labor. His mother fled to the West before he did. But Gottfried was already such a convinced Communist that East Germany's *Staatssicherheitsdienst* (Secret State Service) selected him as a *Perspektiv-Spion*, a spy for the future. On orders from his superiors at Karlshorst, East Berlin, he studied en-

gineering in the West and subsequently joined the staff of West Germany's most advanced nuclear-reactor project in Karlsruhe. It took West German counterintelligence fourteen years to catch up with him. He was certainly not repentant in court: he told the judge that assignments like his were not only honorable, but "evidence of a special trust."

Dieter Joachim Haase, thirty-three, another long-term agent, was caught in Würzburg last year. He had just completed a doctoral thesis on the *Bundeswehr* with Professor Friedrich August von der Heydte who, as a former paratroop general in the old *Wehrmacht*, had many close associates in the upper echelons of the *Bundeswehr* staff. The court which tried Haase found that he, too, "had been selected by the Secret Service of the GDR [German Democratic Republic, or East Germany] in 1960 to prepare himself for a high government post in West Germany through the completion of legal studies."

Men like Haase and Gottfried run little risk. Through their activities in the espionage services in the West, they advance their eventual careers in the East. If they are caught, they are quickly exchanged for an undetermined number of West German agents or political prisoners, depending on the importance either of the regimes attaches to such people. Sometimes the exchange is one man for three, or more. Many agents who are caught do not even get to trial: they are exchanged before the public ever hears of their existence. West Germany's Interior Minister, Hans-Dieter Genscher, remarked, "spying is in danger of becoming a cavalier crime with little risk attached," but he is powerless against the practice. West German authorities purchase people from East Germany for hard cash. The standard price for a person with no partic-

ular political debt to either side wants to join his family in the West, about \$12,000. Sufficient numbers of people are purchased in this manner every year to make the take a respectable item in East Germany's balance payments with the West. I was told.

Meanwhile, West German counterintelligence officials admit that there is simply no way for them to stop the continuous infiltration of East German agents. According to their estimates, anywhere between 13,000 and 20,000 East German spies are active at all levels of West Germany's administration, private industry, at universities, and in the armed forces. Every year between 2,000 and 3,000 of them are unmasked, but as confidential report noted recently, "the total remains constant through the arrival of new elements." The main reason for the facility with which East Germany can replenish its intelligence services in the West is to be found, of course, in the language and cultural background that they share. West German authorities have not put great obstacles in their way, either. An East German can still travel to the West simply by getting on the elevated S-Bahn in Berlin and leaving it at an unguarded station in one of the Allied sectors. Armed with a false West German passport, he can then emplane at Tempelhof airport for any city in West Germany.

IN VIEW OF THE POLITICALLY heterogeneous backgrounds that are the rule rather than the exception for East German spies, it is practically impossible to establish firm criteria by which to judge security risks. Few Western officials, without some sort of family link to East Germany, if they are not themselves German immigrants. The highest-ranking officer of the *Bundeswehr*, a

Friedel Ungeheuer has been a foreign correspondent in France, and is a contributing editor at Harper's.

General Ulrich de Maizière, ther who practices law in East and yet he is obviously above since he has the highest kind y clearance. "He is trusted on of his past performance," I

egree of brazenness that East agents at times display sur-one. Early last year, at the time Brandt's quickly suspended rs with the East German Prime Willi Stoph, it was discovered e Schultz, a fifty-one-year-old of the Minister of Science, had plying her masters in East Ber-ne minutes of Brandt's sessions cabinet in advance of his first with Stoph. Obviously Stoph l prepared. Fräulein Schultz, spinster, had allegedly been ly screened for security clear-t no one seemed alarmed by hat before she joined the Sci-istry she had opened a credit hich offered government offi-financial straits very favor-ies. A kindly octogenarian, Dr. Wiedeman, was her chief tor. Over the years they had an extensive list, dating all the to 1948, of susceptible govern-cials. It has never been pub-

as anyone yet cleared up the behind a wave of suicides onn's top officials two years uick succession Admiral Her-dke of the Defense Staff, Gen-t Wendland, deputy chief of (man Intelligence, Colonel Jo-rimm of the Defense Ministry, other official shot themselves. A ppeared. John Le Carré, the ritish diplomat who wrote one ore chilling spy thrillers after West Germany (*The Spy Who From the Cold*), was not ex-g when he suspected top t the top of the intelligence . Britain had its Kim Philby. many, not far behind, turned Felfe, fifty-two. After serving years of a fourteen-year sen-e year less than the maximum in peacetime. Felfe was hand-o the Soviets in exchange for 00 men from the other side. , West German authorities they had exchanged for him e German students caught spy-e CIA in Russia. At the time rest, Felfe headed West Ger-ounterintelligence against So-nage. For ten years the man

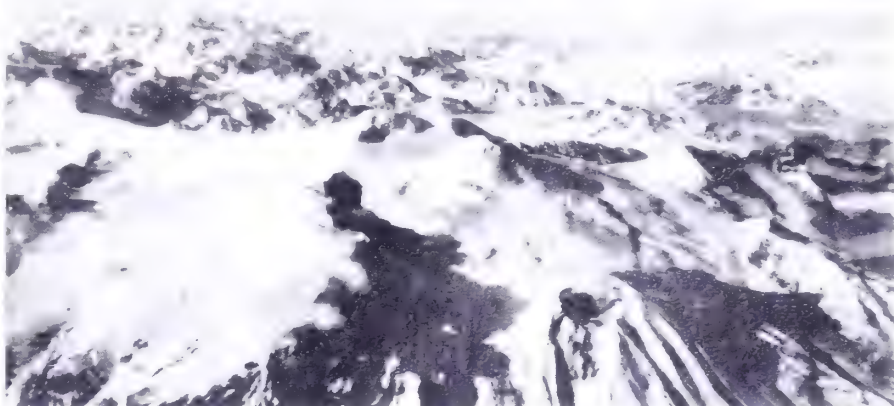
assigned to keep track of and combat Soviet agents had been one of them. A former *Abwehr* man with SS rank and a home in East Germany, who found himself without a job at war's end, Felfe doubtless wanted to make sure that this time he would have an employer, no matter which way the wind blew.

The question of what part of a divided fatherland a German was faithful to was raised during the trial of Heinz Porst, a forty-one-year-old millionaire owner of a West German photographic equipment chain. Porst, it turned out, had been used as an "agent of influence." It started with an uncle in East Berlin, a radically left-wing intellectual who opted for the Communist East when the curtain came down in 1945. Porst apparently liked this uncle very much. A small, gullible, but nonetheless self-important man, he was easily persuaded to put some of his money on Bonn's Free Democratic party. Since his campaign contributions were considerable, he rose in the esteem of the party's leaders with corresponding speed. He never told them about his uncle in East Berlin nor of encounters the latter had engineered with General Markus Wolf, chief of East German

Intelligence. He was in such re-chats in such re-lert Hotel in B-fare of all Ger-pleaded in com-ince his judges the change of informato-parts of Germany" was General Wolf's plan, accord- German sources, was to u-some future date, when the time be opportune to break up the Bonn-alition. The publication of some sen-sitive inner-party document, supplied by Porst, could suffice to unleash the needed controversy. Since Porst was caught before the East Germans had any chance to make use of his services, he was let off with a two-year prison term and \$2,500 fine. He has since gone back to selling cameras.

While such incidents are not exactly a daily occurrence, they do give an idea of the latitude a German has when his political alternatives and allegiances are concerned. There are people in Bonn who, for this very reason, would agree with East Germany's Walter Ulbricht that the less contact between East German and West German, the better for both. These people also believe that there is little chance in the foreseeable

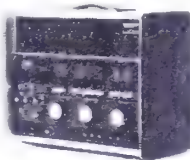
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Who said that on the CBS Radio Network? See Page 59.

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FOREIGN REPORT

future for inter-German intercourse except through trade, through traffic in people and agents, or at most through an increasingly subtle propaganda campaign of the East.

THE COUNTERSTRATEGISTS OF West Germany's intelligence even suspect such prominent personalities as the East German scientist Robert Havemann of either active or unconscious participation in the complex game of "softening up" the West German intelligentsia. Havemann's autobiographical account, *Questions, Answers, Questions*, a tantalizing book by any standard, was one of the publishing events in West Germany last year. The *Frankfurter Rundschau's* critic hailed it as "the report of a man who no longer has anything to lose, who has reached a surprising inner freedom," and the respectable *Die Zeit* wondered—prompted by his example—whether a Swedish kind of Socialism in West Germany could not eventually coexist with a Czech-style Communism in East Germany.

How the book got to the West, past an interdict against its publication in the East, is easy to guess. Several Western reporters have continued to visit Havemann in East Berlin despite his expulsion from the Communist party in 1964. In the eyes of the West German public he has become one of the martyrs of the Communist regime, a focal point of dissent within the allegedly ironclad repressive regime of Ulbricht, the aging Stalinist. One could hardly imagine a better platform for an "agent of influence." I was told by a high-ranking Intelligence officer that, "if certain Western press and publisher representatives are still permitted to get through to Havemann, it is only because the *Staatssicherheitsdienst* wants it that way."

Havemann still lives in relative comfort in an East Berlin flat, his fall from grace notwithstanding. Though he has been officially barred from continuing any scientific research in his specialty of physical chemistry, stripped of every honor and title, expelled from the Academy of Sciences, and forbidden to lecture at East Berlin's state university, he has nevertheless been granted a pension as a victim of Nazi persecution. In his book he claims to be getting additional financial support from former colleagues, men on whom the regime still smiles but who secretly agree with him. The picture he paints of political

persecution under the Communist regime in East Germany could hardly be more cozier.

Much of Havemann's tale is taken up with an account of repeated efforts by officials of the *Staatssicherheitsdienst* to interrogate him. He calls them *Stasi*, for short, a nickname which helps to transform them in the reader's mind into a bunch of harmless, rather conversational partners. As far as Havemann is concerned, one could have been able to pin anything on them away with the impression that they would have done better to stay in bed. Havemann reduces them to plain language with him to be a little more cooperative while in mental flashbacks he compares their methods favorably with the more cruel techniques (beatings, starvation, etc.) employed by his *Stasi* Gestapo interrogators—whom he managed to outwit too. (Though he was sentenced to death in 1943, the *Stasi* were persuaded to keep Havemann alive and have him carry out scientific research in a Brandenburg prison.) Superior to his *Stasi* interrogators in wit and philosophical penetration of Communist ideology, he managed to up-lecture them, for instance, on the real reasons the Berlin Wall was erected. (His questioners still cling to the heresy that it was put up to keep people from being lured to the West with higher salaries and better living conditions.) He contends that he could be seduced just as easily into Socialism. "We can hardly achieve it with a wall," he writes. "It is just like a marriage. Someone who locks his wife can be sure that she will stay with him." Throughout the book he poses as the defender of a higher, far more enlightened form of Communism, though this does not stop him from foisting a cynical explanation of Socialism on the reader:

Up to the end of the Second World War the Soviet Union was encircled by capitalist states. The first Socialist country of the world was a besieged fortress. This situation and the war was evaluated corresponded with the political system of Stalinism! Lenin is supposed to have said: false is good, control is better! Distrust everyone is the basic attitude in a besieged fortress. The hidden enemy in the fifth column is suspected everywhere! Freedom of movement has to be suspended. Every trip has to be specifically permitted. The borders are closed off hermetically. All enemies in the interior are placed under

news embargo. Listening to roadcasts is forbidden. Only privileged people have the right radio. Taking photographs of homes is almost completely forbidden. An ever more dense secret network spreads over the countryside. Millions are sent to forced labor camps. Millions die there.

As these trappings of a Com-
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nd in 1919," he pleads, "we
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1933, we sank into the hor-
rism of fascism instead."
at Nazis even managed to
the East German regime.
his Germans well, "whose
his song I sing," he recalls
man proverb. Above every-
their traditional weather-
ity which has made Ger-
a difficult fatherland. □

EL CID CONQUERS AMERICA

IT'S DUFF GORDON'S BEST-SELLING SHERRY

The great Spanish hero rides again!
As the great Spanish Sherry that's
conquering America.

For years, El Cid has been enjoyed
all over the world. So much so that it's
become Duff Gordon's best-seller.
And now it's in great enough supply
to bring it to America.

Already Americans from New York
to Los Angeles are savoring its
lightly dry taste.

Try El Cid. Neat. On the rocks.
Instead of a cocktail.

Then count yourself among the
conquered.



TELEVISION

The unselling of *The Selling of the Pentagon*

THE QUAKE THAT ROCKED CBS after the televising of the documentary *The Selling of the Pentagon* should have surprised no one. In fact, in the old *See It Now* days when raw-nerve documentaries came almost every Tuesday night, Edward R. Murrow and I anticipated shock waves every Wednesday morning. We simply assumed that it was part of the ecology of aggressive journalism and volatile issues. When documentaries find their mark, pressure groups such as the cigarette or pesticide industry, the American Medical Association, the Farm Bureau, the National Rifle Association—and the military-industrial complex—take action. Their demolition manual goes something like this:

STEP 1: Enlist Senators or Congressmen generally sympathetic to our cause to attack the reliability and motivation of the Eastern intellectual elite responsible for the program. (See the file on the Farm Bureau's success with the 1956 CBS *Crisis in Abundance* program.) Don't attack the central thrust of the commentary. Pick away at errors of fact—no matter how slight.

STEP 2: Plant or suggest editorials for trade papers and house organs of the industry. (See the *National Rifleman* on the NBC documentary on gun control, 1967; also see chemical publications on Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* broadcast, 1963.) Some columnists may also be willing to reprint a prepared bill of

particulars against the documentary. (See George Sokolsky, Jack O'Brian, and Westbrook Pegler during the Murrow-McCarthy period.)

STEP 3: Organize a telegram and letter campaign to Congressmen and the Federal Communications Commission. Get a threat of license revocation inserted in the *Congressional Record*. Some friendly Senators may even threaten hearings and investigations. (See Bricker on the Bricker Amendment broadcast, Smathers on Trujillo, Holland on *Harvest of Shame*, Utt on *The Great American Funeral*.)

STEP 4: Create seeds of doubt over production techniques. Claim that big-name correspondents are really just on-camera performers. (See Huntley in the instance of the NBC migrant-worker show, 1970.) Suggest that interviewees were paid to perform (*Battle of Newburgh*). Also attack Hollywood production techniques, "scissors and paste" editing of interviews which takes them out of context (viz: South African apartheid broadcasts, Howard K. Smith, 1954, Walter Cronkite, 1962; Newburgh welfare show, Irving Gitlin, 1965).

STEP 5: Organize letters and telegrams to the sponsor. Some concerned corporations in allied industries may even agree to threaten loss of business. This technique was used effectively during the Joseph McCarthy period but is less effective now that the high cost of air time has virtually eliminated single sponsors. "Minute buyers" are less vulnerable to identification and pressure.

Warning: don't permit spokesmen to enter the arena of central debate of the documentary. Stay on peripheral issues and ambiguities in narration where the credibility of reporting can be questioned.

CAUTION: To be used only in the case of prime-time documentaries. Ejection of the kit in response to *Selling of the Pentagon* on Sunday afternoon, Sunday morning, radio, or other low-audience programs may have effects more harmful than the original broadcast.

In my own list of the twenty most effective documentaries of the television age, from *The Case of Milo Radzinsky* to *Hunger in America*, *Newburgh: Who Killed Lake Erie?* and *Harvest of Shame*, only two—on the Louvre and the Kremlin—were, for obvious reasons, subject to such assaults. Often the major artillery against the documentary has been manned by zealots who never saw the broadcasts. Columnist George Sokolsky went after Edward R. Murrow and ALCOA for permitting J. Robert Oppenheimer to argue his case on the Atomic Energy Commission proceedings, demanding equal treatment for Admiral Lewis Strauss. The Oppenheimer interview never mentioned the case. Of *The Selling of the Pentagon*, it was clear, as was later admitted, that its most savage detractor, President Agnew, had not seen the broadcast before criticizing it.

What elevates *The Selling of the Pentagon* above virtually all others is that the assault on it has involved such levels of the executive branch of

Fred W. Friendly, former president of CBS News and colleague of the late Edward R. Murrow, is Murrow Professor of Broadcast Journalism at Columbia and television adviser to the president of the Ford Foundation.

the first time since President Eisenhower criticized CBS-TV's interview of 1957. Spiro after denouncing CBS in a termed "perhaps the most ill-will deliver in my term as Vice" charged in later televised that the program was "a paganda attempt to discredit the establishment" of the U.S. of Defense Melvin Laird suggested his Department had been Congress "because of the very tonal type of work that was and Herb Klein, the White head of communications, said the President had nothing to the Vice President's attack on entary, there was no reason to the President didn't share his President's] views."

est tradition of documentary practices, Congressman F. ébert, Chairman of the House ervices Committee, called it: he most un-American things seen on a screen. . . ." *Air ace Digest*, a major spokes- ie aerospace industry: a conduct of "scissors, paste, and on of callous consciences." nancial weekly *Barron's*, in a ine over a full front-page eds HAS FORFEITED ACCESS TO ON'S AIRWAVES. Even the Peard jurors, before voting the a special award, were circu- th material such as the *Air ace Digest* critique.

ally because of the overreac- *The Selling of the Pentagon* be- of the few really controversial uries to gain a second show- News President Richard Sal- education as a lawyer and his baptism as an editor com- ive him the visceral strength ulate the documentary twenty- after the original broadcast, im the affection of his staff ssion, and the wrath of the whose snipers brought about Appointment in Samarra—a owing that attracted a far lsen audience than the first. wings of almost every other ial documentary, creators of asts were so preoccupied with n of white papers, interroga- ns with lawyers, and explana- p management and affiliated at second showings were re- s preventing the public from at the controversy was all

IRONICALLY, FEW COULD HAVE predicted the storm that would swirl around *The Selling of the Pentagon*. It was not intended to examine the massive \$73 billion defense budget, its effect on our economy, or ramifications such as the price our beleaguered cities pay for this security. The field of focus had narrow parameters: "to investigate . . . the range and variety of the Pentagon's public-affairs activities." In truth the most damaging indictment in the program came from President Nixon, who, narrator Roger Mudd pointed out near the conclusion, last November had issued a "memorandum to executive agencies criticizing what he called self-serving and wasteful public relations efforts" and directing an end to such "inappropriate promotional activities."

If it is not true, as *The Selling of the Pentagon* concluded, that the military is "a runaway bureaucracy that frustrates attempts to control it," or that taxpayers' funds are being used to promote propaganda which insists on America's role as "the cop on every beat in the world," as Roger Mudd's narration put it, then those charges should be rebutted with the dignity and lucidity they deserve. They are serious claims, and they do need to be an-

swered. But the program failed to do this. It was a self-indulgent exercise in self-criticism. It was a self-indulgent exercise in self-criticism. It was a self-indulgent exercise in self-criticism.

There is no doubt that in the making of *The Selling of the Pentagon*, CBS was guilty of some marginal errors of fact and oversimplifications. CBS is rightfully embarrassed that its narration reported there are 30,000 offices in the Pentagon when the figure is closer to 5,000. It was misleading to report that a visit of the "traveling colonels" to Peoria was "arranged" by the Caterpillar Tractor Company when the host was, technically, the Peoria Chamber of Commerce. Everyone in town knows, however, that Caterpillar is the dominant industry of Peoria, and as a filmed interview with a Caterpillar vice president clearly states, the company was certainly in on the invitation.

The Pentagon charged that too many of Defense Department spokesman Jerry Friedheim's responses at a news conference appeared to be evasive "no comment" answers. Of thirty-four questions originally filmed, three answered by "no comment" were included in the six answers used. The Pentagon's com-

For the Graduate...

A LIFETIME OF
WRITING PLEASURE

CROSS
SINCE 1846

Fine Writing
Instruments in
LUSTROUS CHROME
12 KT. & 14 KT. GOLD FILLED
STERLING and
SOLID 14 KT. GOLD

From five to
fifty dollars each
at better stores
worldwide.

plaint is bona fide, if limited. Having viewed the film three times, I do not, however, conclude that Mr. Friedheim was discredited in the sequence. I, for one, respect him for not telling aggressive reporters the size of a nuclear warhead.

The Pentagon was upset that excerpts of its indoctrination film were used without its and the stars' permission. That is right from the program-demolition kit again—cigarettes, pesticide, and toy advertisers objected to the use of their commercials in documentaries. The doctrine of fair usage can certainly be applied, although to my certain knowledge CBS once tried to keep National Educational Television from using brief excerpts of CBS material. The Pentagon's stated excuse for civilian distribution of old John Wayne-James Cagney propaganda films is that the "Freedom of Information Act" precludes any embargo of nonrestricted material. That may be true—but there is a vast difference between making films available on request and distributing them wholesale and retail by all available means.

As for Assistant Secretary of Defense Daniel Z. Henkin's objection to the removal of the phrase, "as one might say," from his interview, it might be useful to examine just how that sequence was constructed in the first place:

MR. HENKIN: We're trying our best to provide information. There undoubtedly have been times when certain actions have been staged. I think this is true of all TV news coverage. After all, this interview is being staged [as one might say].

MUDD: How so?

MR. HENKIN: Well, props were set up, arrangements were made. You and I just did not walk into this room cold. Arrangements were made for it.

MUDD: Well, we wanted to film in your office. But your people said let's go in the studio. So we didn't stage it.

I do not know why that two-second line was cut from what Mr. Henkin said—writer-producer Peter Davis and his executive producer, Perry Wolff, may not have known it existed—or why their film editor removed it. But I do not agree with Mr. Henkin that "the deletion changed a statement into an accusation." Who among public figures has not had far more crucial phrases dropped from a newspaper interview without crying foul?

IN HIS CRITIQUE OF THIS and other editing, Mr. Henkin moves into an area where dialogue is healthy. Errors of fact are never excusable, but the verdict on a broadcast should turn on such imperfections only if they are massive and/or affect a series of decisive points. Broadcast editing, on the other hand, can be crucial. Editing is vital not because television techniques entail any more or less staging than any other kind of interview, as some newspapers have suggested, but because of the immediacy and intimacy of the medium. The driving force behind editing is to give the interview pace and to make it interesting—but always to preserve the original meaning and context. *The Selling of the Pentagon* controversy has elicited some wild charges from normally sober sources. But such windmilling ignores the existence of these standards of editing or insists that they were violated in the interest of some kind of hanky-panky to "get" the military. The Vice President, for example, suggested that the "many references to the 'colonels' as though they were part of a totalitarian junta [and] the assembly of their statements totally out of context . . . were propaganda devices worse than those that CBS accuses the Pentagon employees of."

Let's look at the film record—for indeed there is a stenotype record of every minute, which every documentary editor worth the name insists on having in hand before he begins. The technique is much like that used by newspapers and magazines, only there are no ellipses.

Example 1: Shortening an answer.

MUDD NARRATION: We asked the man in charge of all Pentagon public relations, Assistant Secretary of Defense Daniel Henkin, if he felt the press did a good job covering the Defense Department. [In the filmed interview the Mudd question was identical to the above and prompted the following answer from Mr. Henkin. The part actually used is italicized.]

MR. HENKIN: *I believe that it does. From time to time, of course, it gives me some headaches, and I give the press some headaches. We understand that. We act professionally. There is a professional relationship, not only with the Pentagon press and with other members of the Washington news corps, but with newsmen who cover military activities around the world. It is for them to*

assess, not for me to assess, but evaluation of this is that we have a working relationship, an understanding that we make mistakes and we do make mistakes, the press makes mistakes. I do not believe that there is a feeling of distrust. I think there is an understanding of the fact that we do make mistakes and the press makes mistakes. And I think it would be a tragic situation for our country, particularly for our national strength, if there developed a feeling of distrust, and not a recognition that as humans we do make mistakes.

Certainly no one can say that stating that answer in that manner changed Mr. Henkin's meaning substantially. I happen to know that Mr. Henkin did not feel that it did.

Example 2: Compression of dialogue filmed or taped on location. Here the criticism was that Colonel John McNeil, a member of a team of aviating colonels, was edited in such a way as to put Prince Souvanna Phouma's words in Colonel McNeil's mouth. Again the italicized portions indicate what was used.

COLONEL MCNEIL: Now Souvanna's position on North Vietnam was rather thoroughly stated in November 1960. He said that we can count on the sand North Vietnamese soldiers in our country. On his visit here last year, he raised the figure to sixty thousand. They fight beside the fifteen thousand Pathet Lao who are armed, paid, trained, and encadred by North Vietnam. By what right, what moral authority do we assume the right to liberate us? *Because North Vietnam becomes Communist, it is difficult for Laos to exist, the same goes for Cambodia and the other countries of Southeast Asia.*

If in those last lines the colonel meant to be quoting Souvanna Phouma, CBS erred in not making that clear. There are no quotation marks in the conversations and any fair-minded person reading this text would have put to find out where the Prince and the Colonel begins. CBS nonetheless contends that the controversial line cannot be found in that precise language in any of Souvanna Phouma's published statements in the period designated. It contends that such sweeping generalities about the importance of Southeast Asia are sprinkled throughout Colonel's comments—i.e., "N

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t Thailand is next on their
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disagreed.

other people's words is al-
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rnalistic or poetic license to
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Richard Nixon on the sub-
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n such a way as to get the
f it. Interviewees from Walter
to Leander Perez to Dean
said in effect, "You're a pro.
are in your hands." Often
admired the editing and
made them, as Lippmann
it, "... more lucid, less

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utive the issue, the more re-
he editing must be. It makes
to expect a participant in a
sial documentary to review his
if in doubt on a certain phrase
ce which needs to be rear-
r clarity's sake, a phone call
And every effort should be

made to let the viewer know that the
quotations are the result of editing. For
example: "Former President Johnson
presents his account of great events,
issues, and decisions . . . edited from
several lengthy conversations with
Walter Cronkite, filmed in the autumn
of 1969 at the LBJ ranch in Texas." Or:
"The participants in this controversy
were filmed at different places and dif-
ferent times, and their opinions have
been edited here in juxtaposition to re-
flect the debate."

All network news organizations have
editing guidelines, whether written or
not. But the only foolproof guideline
remains the conscience of the producer
or editor. And if a wayward producer
tried to tell a seasoned film editor like
John Schultz or Bill Thompson to en-
gage in tinkering, he would have a
resignation on his hands. Again, in a
frenzied exchange over peripheral is-
sues, the central point raised by *The
Selling of the Pentagon* has been lost.

IN FAIRNESS TO THE ARMED FORCES,
there has always been confusion
about their orientation mission. In
World War II, Information and Edu-
cation, as it was called, included propa-
ganda films on *Why We Fight*. Some of
those Frank Capra productions are still
classics, as is *True Glory* by Garson
Kanin and Carol Reed. But in today's
twilight zone, when one citizen's police
action is another man's call for a pro-
test march, when the nation is split down
the middle over an undeclared war
against an enemy that few Americans
have learned to hate, the terms "troop
indoctrination" and "anti-Communist
propaganda" are hardly identical. Cer-
tainly there is no ambivalence in the
law: taxpayers' money is not to be used
to propagate political views. That is
why the Congress forbids USIA films
and other literature from being distrib-
uted domestically (it required a specific
act of the Senate and House to release
the USIA commissioned film, *Years of
Lightning, Day of Drums*). Yet armed
forces propaganda "B-movies" starring
Wayne, Cagney, and Jack Webb are
bicycled from Kiwanis Clubs to junior
high schools.

The Selling of the Pentagon did not
so much break new ground as it spot-
lighted old problems. For example, the
morning after the broadcast, some old
Pentagon hands who admired the
broadcast were asking each other, "But
how could they have ignored the so-
called 'muzzling of the military' hear-

Borzo English Vodka

Imported
for the
vodka martini man



FROM ENGLAND BY ROYAL WARRANT 91.5 PROOF 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

We've been working quietly for 10 years to make you forget the "Tin Lizzie."

We listen. It's always been our way of staying in touch.

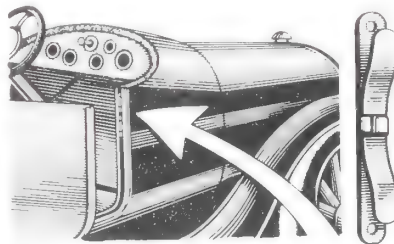
And some time ago, our people came to a frightening conclusion.

We decided a certain part of our past was hurting us.

Of all things, it was the Model T. For despite everything the "Tin Lizzie" was—dependable, tough as a tractor, unpre-

it wasn't. It wasn't exactly sophisticated. And it certainly wasn't quiet.

The nickname "Tin Lizzie" was no accident.



Arrow points to the muffler, which was located under the hood.

We also decided the Europeans were beating us at our own game.

Ironically, they were the ones who were acquiring a reputation for solid, untinny cars. And Americans were buying them. The need for a quiet, well-built American car was obvious.

So we started to work on it. The big question was whether people would buy the "Quiet Car" from the "Tin Lizzie" company.

Fortunately, they did. The

1965 Ford LTD, "the car that rode quieter than a Rolls Royce" (note the ad), sold record numbers. Naturally, that pleased us.

But the "quiet car" was more than an advertising idiom.

It really was quiet.

It was purposely built to be a more solid-feeling, quiet riding car than its competitors.

You see, Ford Motor Company has always been in business to make money.

We've been able to do that by giving people what they want.

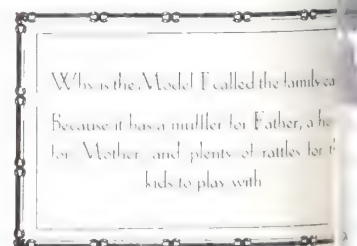
And so far, there's been good profit in giving people solid, honest products.

Let us tell you how we've gone about building quiet cars.



Model T advertisement from the Model T Company's first year.

tentious and loveable as an old shoe—there were certain things



People could joke about a noisy car in the old days. But it's a different story.

FORD



Before I design for a truly clever new product, I prototype and put it on the rack. There we apply thousands of uses. If someone at breaky house, it won't be right enough to pass. As it is built to the drawing and the design is right.

It is finally ready to power your 50-ton hydraulic welding crane. The Motorcrafter is a fully-automated, take-the-load-components, clamps them together and in 30 seconds



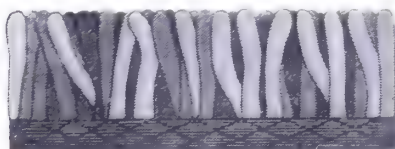
together with more than 100,000 other people. It produces a heat that's 100 times as intense and aligned to within 100th of a degree of a few thousandths of an

Those 100-plus welds are only the first of thousands of welds that hold a Ford Motor Company car together. It's done electronically too, to insure good solid welds. And good welds are absolutely essential to a quiet car.

In addition to its many welds, the typical Ford product also contains more than 3,500 fasteners. That includes nuts, bolts, lock washers, rivets and so on. And in one way or another, virtually every one of them is designed to keep from working loose.

There's even a device called, appropriately enough, the "shake, rattle and roll machine," which can simulate a ride on the roughest road imaginable – right inside the factory. With it, we can test a car for rattles and squeaks before it ever leaves the assembly line. We can check for noise in the doors, inside the trunk, under the hood, inside the seats, behind the dashboard—places like that. It's one more way to help give you a quieter car.

Speaking of noise, we cover the floors of our cars with thick nylon carpeting, because we've found that nylon is a better sound deadener.



The baffling compartments in our mufflers, for example, are designed by computer. The same for the special vibration dampeners we've installed at the rear of our transmissions.

The fact of the matter is that every single part of a Ford Motor Company car is constantly under scrutiny by our sound engineers.

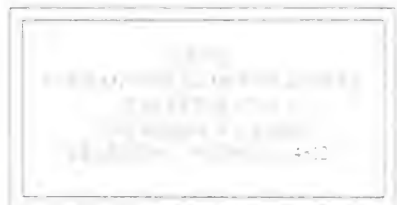
HUNTERS PAY OFF

If there's a squeak, knock, ping, clank, drum, humm, peep or pocketa-pocketa to be found anywhere in a given design, they'll find it. And when they do, something gets done about it—or else. Their work has resulted in everything from thicker weatherstripping around the doors and windows, to redesigned engine mounts, to improved gear teeth in the rear axles and transmissions.

That kind of thing adds up. It's what quiet cars are made of.

We invite you to test the difference yourself. We've made a lot of friends in the last five years selling quiet cars to skeptical people.

Send us your wants, needs, likes, dislikes, gripes, etc. Your letter will be read, considered and answered.



Do write us. We listen. And we listen better.



...has a better idea
(we listen better)

ings in the early Sixties?" Indeed, the key to military attitudes on such basic issues as propaganda and civilian control of what Congressman Hébert once called the "gigantic and colossal propaganda machine on the banks of the Potomac" was revealed in the almost forgotten Senate Armed Services hearings of the 87th Congress. It was then that the new Secretary of Defense, Robert McNamara, first learned the power of that machine. He made a noble attempt to mute the shrillness of "military liberty" generals like Edwin Walker, whose views on the Cold War often violently contradicted U.S. foreign policy, which was attempting to create some kind of détente with the Soviet Union. The more subtle general officers concerned with troop indoctrination conceded that anti-Communism lectures and films could easily cross the line into propaganda and the influencing of foreign policy. But control was another matter.

In its study, *The Military Establishment*, the Twentieth Century Fund includes a segment of the testimony between the Navy's chief of information, Rear Admiral D. F. Smith, Jr., and Senator Strom Thurmond, himself a major general in the Reserve. If it existed on film, it might have added perspective to the CBS documentary:

SENATOR THURMOND: Communism is the common enemy of the United States and the free world, and every true patriot would be against Communism?

ADMIRAL SMITH: Yes, sir.

SENATOR THURMOND: Is that not right?

ADMIRAL SMITH: Yes, sir.

SENATOR THURMOND: So that there should be no objection to military personnel making expressions or making speeches on the subject of Communism, the insidious nature of it, their aims and designs, the techniques of subversion and so forth.

ADMIRAL SMITH: Yes, sir.

SENATOR THURMOND: Are you in accord with that?

ADMIRAL SMITH: I am completely in accord with it, sir, and I never give a speech but what I throw in a few nasty cracks about Communism.

The proliferation of those "few nasty cracks about Communism," about the Vietnam war, about mushrooming defense budgets, about anti-ballistic missile systems—all amplified and duplicated by Madison Avenue-type films and tapes, slick brochures, and expensive magazine advertisements paid for

by defense contractors, together with what happens "when a major arms project is cut back"—is part of what President Eisenhower's farewell was intended to warn against:

This conjunction of an immense military establishment and a large arms industry is new in the American experience. The total influence—economic, political, even spiritual—is felt in every city, every State house, every office of the Federal government. . . . We must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex. The potential for the disastrous use of misplaced power exists and will persist. . . .

When Robert McNamara became Secretary of Defense, Eisenhower's warning was part of his challenge. McNamara and his deputies ordered the end of the nonmilitary distribution of so-called indoctrination films. Recently, when one of his chief assistants, Joseph Califano, saw *The Selling of the Pentagon* and realized that these films were still being circulated for civilian use, his response was, "I thought Bob had gotten rid of those films years ago." Then he added, "We never understood why we needed such propaganda films in the first place."

ALTHOUGH I GIVE the CBS documentary high marks, I would have gone still further and examined the role of aerospace lobbies and their influence on so-called defense journals such as *Air Force/Space Digest*. A glance at any of these publications reveals their dependence on advertising from such major aerospace industries as Boeing, Teledyne, and North American Rockwell, together with a host of minor subcontractors. I also would have included some justification for the Defense Department's legitimate information functions: that is, communications on training programs, deployment activities, even weapons development on a more restrained basis. The dissemination of certain so-called morale information concerning servicemen's activities at Fort Devens, NATO, or in Vietnam, is, in my judgment, permissible and conceivably necessary. A healthy defense establishment has every right to conduct a reasonable and imaginative public-information program, and it ought to be able to defend it.

Six weeks after the broadcast the shock waves and the contradictions con-

tinued. On April 9 the Pentagon announced that some excesses revealed in the documentary were being eliminated, including the glamorizing of judo and other hand-to-hand combat before young audiences. Assistant Secretary of Defense Henkin ordered a review of the films and the weeding out of those reflecting outdated Cold War foreign policy concepts. A Pentagon announcement conceded, "Times do change from time to time we do learn something from suggestions you [the media] make."

But not all branches of government learn. On the very day of that announcement Frank Stanton and CBS News received a subpoena from Chairman Wiley Staggars of the Special Subcommittee of the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee. In chilling language CBS was ordered to provide work prints, outtakes, sound-tape recordings, written scripts [and] a statement of all disbursements of money made by CBS" in connection with the program. Stanton replied that he could supply what was broadcast and nothing else. He is on solid ground because film outtakes and unused scripts are like a reporter's notebook: privileged. The courts have held, unless they can find evidence pertaining to national security or some high crime, and then only in very extenuating circumstances, that such specified and limited by the court.

CBS's affiliated stations have responded in their predictable manner with some notable exceptions (WOL-TV Washington, reran the documentary before CBS did). Stations' stomachs for investigative journalism has always been queasy, and in this climate of softening market, their dependence on the network and their loyalty to it now vary inversely. Acceptance of documentaries has always been a problem. Even today, some major networks don't run the nightly news on such as Cronkite, Brinkley, and Walter Cronkite Reasoner.

The public response to the documentary has been generally favorable and mail to CBS, by a 2-to-1 ratio, praised the broadcast, although the response has been far less ground-swell than stood by Ed Murrow during the McCarthy ordeal or that rallied the BBC in its battles with Prime Minister Harold Wilson. Perhaps because television's image is so fragile. You can't do your worst most time—turning those privileged channels into an amusement midway—and expect support on those rare moments

u fulfill your promise. It may that the television audience, cultivated and conditioned, care less about the concept of lent journalism. And whose hat?

applications of all this for public a are staggering. Some 180 nercial TV stations are partly nt on federal financing. One imagine what the response of those affiliated stations might n if *The Selling of the Pentagon* i on their air and if Congress it to act on their annual appro- i. For this and many other rea- seems clearer than ever that a roadcasting system worthy of ne and mandate must have a d tax-funding system insulated ongress and from foundations basis other than long-term com- s.

elling of the Pentagon may have t most penetrating documentary ivid Lowe's *Harvest of Shame*. most explosive and condemned y Murrow-McCarthy broadcast It is at once a cause for hope men of despair. There is reason that the spark and vitality are gone from the tube: there is that America has become so about its strengths that it has distrust its institutions. When is pilloried daily, there is cause for alarm. But when the sec- est officeholder in the land at- alter Cronkite, who had noth- o with *The Selling of the Pen-* id was himself criticized in the : when *Barron's* demands revo- f CBS's licenses and CBS presi- nk Stanton's resignation from advisory board; when Peabody urors receive phone calls urg- n not to make their special o *The Selling of the Pentagon*— l this happens over a single n broadcast, then it is not just s and wires in that little black are in danger of going dark. inal verdict on *The Selling of tagon* will not come from the reen created by all those brush nit-picking doubters. Nor will e from the procession of self- awards which doubtless will way. At the end of the day what ter most is when another docu- of such impact will be broad- in. By the answer to that ques- l CBS News, its competitors, detractors be measured. □

HARPER'S MAGAZINE/JUNE 1971

In an era when so many
things are not as good as
they used to be,
here is one thing as good
as it used to be.



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Education of Mo Udall—and what it cost

Majority Leader influences when specific
on will be debated, and in what form or
that rules. He has countless favors to be-
aking the calling of debts most pleasant.
id \$5,000 more in salaries than the \$42,500
common garden-variety Congressmen, and
ded enough staff hire, operating expenses,
ge benefits to delight middling emperors.
esser Congressmen are limited to look-
tes in one of the three House Office Build-
is assigned commodious Capitol Building

Little wonder, then, that any internal election may unsheathe the sharpest blades, or that the Majority Leader's prerogatives are so desperately coveted—or, even, that men who themselves have

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no hope of receiving the honor may prove reluctant to pass it on.

Coming of age

MORRIS (MO) UDALL ARRIVED in Congress from Arizona's horse latitudes in 1961, replacing his brother, Stewart, who had become Secretary of the Interior for John F. Kennedy. The Udalls are an old political family, furnishing Arizona with legislators and judges, and before Mo was out of grammar school in St. Johns village (where he lost an eye in a childhood accident) he was thinking of the law and Congress. He was not, however, the kind of boy who might be delighted with a black briefcase for Christmas, as has been said of Richard Nixon. He enjoyed the small-town diversions of the place and period: the rodeos, Halloween pranks, and old jalopy cruises. Though he was an outstanding athlete and honor student, his Mormon parents worried over "a wild streak" because he drank an occasional beer and harbored a casual appreciation of doctrines. Discharged an Air Force captain after World War II service in the Pacific (he somehow smuggled the blind eye past military physicians), he entered the University of Arizona in pursuit of a law degree. After graduation, he joined brother Stew in practice, and in 1952 was elected prosecuting attorney of Pima County. In 1954, Stew claimed his right as elder son to grab the only available Congressional seat. Mo wrote a textbook on Arizona law, and campaigned for John F. Kennedy. When Stew joined Kennedy's cabinet, Mo easily won election to succeed him.

He was then a month short of thirty-nine and looked something like a rodeo hand in short burr haircuts, bowties, and a wide leather belt studded with ersatz stones and a silver buckle: there was about him a disconcerting combination of painful country-boy shyness and a bawdy cowlot humor. He had played a vital role with brother Stew in pirating Arizona's Democratic delegates away from an astonished Lyndon Johnson in 1960, delivering them to JFK, so he could not have been pure green gourd and hayseed—though on arrival he wrote a letter of impossible length and complexity to Speaker Sam Rayburn, a man congenitally offended by a single word when grunts or smoke signals might do, ending with an open offer to discuss the world's failings and solutions. Udall's assumption—that he mattered more to Washington than the realities—is a common freshman malady.

He campaigned successfully for a seat on the House Interior Committee, not because it excited his soul but because an upcoming water project vital to Arizona would be processed there. He was named to the Post Office Committee, not because he might invent the zip code but because a Democratic vacancy existed and he was an available freshman. In Congress, New York City freshmen sometimes land on Agriculture, while newcomers from corn-

field Nebraska somehow achieve Merchant Marine and Fisheries.

Udall became an activist in the liberal Democratic Study Group, an internal organization resented by the old House bulls. He slowly earned laurels as a serious legislator and witty speaker, knew the parliamentary backwaters. If perhaps a shade brighter or a touch more ambitious than the average junior, he was not yet atypical: he showed deference to his elders and kept his institutional nose clean.

Yet, a storm was forming. He was being exposed to the more restless personalities of the House, the young liberals of their day, and was beginning to agree that reforms were required against the group inertia, foot-dragging procedures, and slumbers.

By late 1968, Mo Udall was a different breed than he had been eight years earlier. A new wife, Ella, had vastly improved his wardrobe and tonsorial habits, though you had to get inside his head to discover that coyotes now howled in his soul. He had seen Gene McCarthy and Lee Metcalf, despairing of House reforms, go off to the Senate, while others quit to run for governor or mayor. He had seen the coming of the Age of Protest and had observed Congress fiddling while the nation burned. He knew that when Congressman Richard Bolling of Missouri had become too critical of House procedures, he had plummeted from being a favored Sam Rayburn protégé to becoming an outcast whose misadventure caused the old bulls to snort and choke.

Udall learned something of the mixed possibilities, blessings and dangers. When the House approved determined to expel Harlem's Adam Clayton Powell for his flamboyant excesses, Udall devised a law to strip Powell's seniority while allowing him to retain his seat. This solution removed many votes behind the eight ball, not the least of whom was Congressman Powell, who—after throwing his misadventure around his benefactor in gratitude—walked off the Capitol steps where, in front of TV camera and busloads of his angry Harlem subjects, he berated Mo Udall "a Mormon racist." In 1967, before it became fashionable, Udall declared the Vietnam war a major miscalculation, admitted his own role in having originally supported it, and urged Congress to recant. This inspired LBJ to charge his Secretary of the Interior with an inability to prevent unreason in the immediate family, and aroused Congressional hawks.

Udall wrote critically in national publications of the seniority system, of loose and deceptive campaign laws, of unsupervised lobbyists, of general Congressional anemia and harmful fuddly dynamics. He knew he might forfeit the smiles of his elders, but for all the institutional chill there was a counterwarming: young House liberals looked more and more to Udall as their natural spokesman, and perhaps here he saw his first private visions of power.

ERATS IN LATE 1968, following the fratricide of Chicago, appeared hopelessly divided. The House had been lost to yesteryear's re-Democratic National Committee had been no bones by Lyndon Johnson. The Congress did not show to advantage on TV when led by the mild, pipe-sucking homilies of Majority Leader Mike Mansfield or the fad-cast of Speaker John McCormack, at seven gaunt and white-haired and acting on "When I came here," Udall told intimates, Republicans were the old guys and Democrats the bright young faces. Now it's the other end." Speaker McCormack had long been for ineffectual leadership, but the House has been noted for killing its kings. Few dreamed one might challenge the Old Speaker. Christmas Eve day, 1968, Mo Udall telephoned Old John McCormack in South Boston to say that after only eight years in the backbench he could run against him when the Democrats met in January. It was difficult, because the Speaker kept hoo-hawing season's greetings. "I took a deep breath," Udall says, "and told him I did not keep me on the line long." He sent out an eight-page, single-spaced letter to the Democrats. For all its diplomatic language, it could not have brightened the old Speaker's eyes. Should he win—Udall wrote—he would allow a *second* election permitting Congress to vote more freely to vote their hearts once the old man had been slain. There was much of personal in it, the demands of the times, and other considerations. Old John McCormack may have been bothered to read it all, and if he did, it registered as superfluous information or as a sign of an organizational madman: how could an old man of seventy-seven, who has campaigned on funeral trains, understand a young one who would surrender the spoils unused? John McCormack had risen through the ranks where you were loyal to the block captain or the death. As with all instinctive partisans or partisans, he abhorred deviation or fratricide. He was a young and disadvantaged South Boston Irishman that lesson of tribal truth common to all: to must fight group oppression or exclusion, solidarity above all. He was a natural product of the politics, a poor boy who had left school in the eighth grade to sustain a widowed mother by working for \$4 weekly in a law office; at night, he studied "to prepare for the bar exam. As with so many ambitious South Boston products who had no opportunity to become priests or prizefighters, he was the earliest possible connection with the Democratic party. You did not need to be Harvard to thrive in The Organization—merely loyal, hardworking, and a little lucky. The old man could not comprehend Mo Udall's "symbolic" candidacy. An orangutan would be capable of grasping the concept of infinity. Udall went to the Democratic caucus in Jan-

uary of 1969 counting on a respectable eighty-one votes, the number he interpreted as honorably pledged. The secret ballot, however, went against him a thumping 178 to 58. This did not prevent maybe a hundred statesmen from later seeking out Udall to whisper that they had stubbornly stayed hitched.

Visiting Arizona one night, Udall confided to a newsman that amnesty was not one of McCormack's virtues. A few days later, approaching the House chamber, he was confronted by the Speaker. "Maurice," the old man said—he always South-Bostonized Udall's name to "Maurice U-dahl"—"I want to shake your hand." Udall inquired as to the honor's purpose. The old man was sadly reproving: "Well, Maurice, I received a clipping quoting you that I won't shake your hand." No, Udall said, he had referred only to certain of his supporters. "Why, Maurice, *who* said that?" Udall mumbled, scuffed the marble floor, and wished a quick deliverance. "Maurice," Old John ultimately offered, "let bygones be bygones." Udall himself could not have suggested a better deal. They traded reassurances of mutual high regard, the Speaker disavowing any wish to extract reprisals. Mo Udall remembers a giddy euphoria. Outside of official receiving lines, that was the last time John McCormack offered to shake his hand.

RUMLINGS IN EARLY 1970 had Udall again contacting the Speaker. Udall had maintained contact with his small cadre of true believers, and their hopes kept him viable in cloakroom and newspaper speculations. Publicly he said nothing.

Soon, however, the old Speaker found himself in embarrassing waters. His friend and top staff assistant, Martin Sweig, was indicted for perjury. Another crony dating to South Boston days, an energetic little hustler named Nathan Voloshen—one of those political-fringe studies so darkly fascinating to Edwin O'Connor—had been convicted of influence peddling, often operating out of the Speaker's office, on the Speaker's private telephone, and, incredibly, even in the Speaker's good name. No one suggested that Speaker McCormack had known of the improprieties. Old John was the next thing to a monk. Book a bet that if Old John ever accepted a questionable dime, he promptly surrendered it to the Catholic Church: colleagues called him "the gentleman from Vatican City" behind his powerful back. But even the good and pious get old.

The old man had been in Congress forty-two years, since Morris Udall was six years old. For three decades he had been one of those fortunates who made the big wheel spin, fussed over by Presidents and by retainers who wouldn't permit him to open his own doors or light his own cigars. Shortly before Sweig and Voloshen shot him down, the old man had announced (a full year ahead of the necessities) 167 pledges of renomination for

"Udall was not the kind of boy who might be delighted with a black briefcase for Christmas, as has been said of Richard Nixon."

Larry L. King
THE ROAD
TO POWER IN
CONGRESS

Speaker, which was many more than enough. We may be certain that Old John McCormack only reluctantly abdicated.

He concealed his bruises behind an Old World courtliness and florid rhetoric, always speaking well of the nation's institutions. These tricks were sufficient to see him through the obligatory testimonials inflicted by civilized people in turning their old bulls out to pasture, as if such charades might somehow green the retirement grass. Privately, however, he loosed his bile. He did not rail excessively against old associates who had betrayed him, or even against the kibitzings and meddlings of *The Goddamned Press*—which, as everyone on Capitol Hill knows, loves ruin and trouble above all other gifts. No, it was that damned fella "Maurice U-dahl"—he had started all the trouble back in '68. And he would whack his desk with the flat of a bony hand, wildly scattering ashes and public documents, growling like some wounded old lion.

The competition

SPEAKER MCCORMACK'S ENDORSEMENT of Carl Albert as his successor was a popular choice. It also served tradition. Albert had shown a remarkable ability to climb the leadership ladder without stepping on fingers: no small skill. He had risen from a red dirt Oklahoma farm and a rural school called Bug Tussle to become a Rhodes scholar. His homefolks affectionately called him "The Little Giant," in tribute to his intellectual qualities and in recognition of his diminutive dimensions: at 5 feet 4 inches, he was the shortest of Congressmen. On Sam Rayburn's recommendation, in 1955, Albert had been named Majority Whip—the third-ranking party slot in the House. Six years later, on Speaker Rayburn's death, Albert became Majority Leader when John McCormack ascended. The only question about Carl Albert was how tough he might be.

Some Udall red-hots insisted that he oppose Albert. "No," he said, "Carl's in line, he's respected, and I think he'll do a good job." There were protests: Albert was not a strong personality; he might easily be commanded by the old committee czars; an earlier heart attack may have robbed his vitality. Udall could not be persuaded. No, he would seek the number two job—and he would begin with an open endorsement of Carl Albert. "We didn't expect Carl to shout Udall's praises from the Washington Monument," a Udall adviser recalls, "but we did hope he might wink at somebody." Instead, Carl Albert proclaimed a hands-off policy: he would express not the slightest hint of a choice among Majority Leader aspirants.

Some read this decision as a backhanded swipe at Hale Boggs, the Louisiana Congressman who had served nine years as House Whip: "If Carl Albert wanted Boggs, all he'd have to do is lift a finger." In a body where what one does not say is often more important than the utterances, people are

alert to small signals. Observing Albert and Boggs in their casual encounters became popular, people vainly read the careful poker faces of Albert's closer Oklahoma colleagues.

Hale Boggs, for many, was open to interpretation. Elected to Congress from New Orleans in 1946, thirty-two, he was now a ruddy-faced man going from bit to suet and puddings. He dressed like a dandy by the timid House standards, running to stripes, colorful pocket handkerchiefs, and gay silks. There was something of the old smoothie about him in a 1930-dance-bandleader sort of way—maybe his near-middle parting of the hair did it. At times he might appear wild or foolish: he had a high appreciation for good whiskey, and even the loudest brands sometimes loosen tongues or inhibit action. Yet, one sensed a hard core in the man, some tough, intelligent power, an essence hinting that times got hard and he had no other choice, even if Hale Boggs might go on the road and very successfully sell lightning rods.

Hale Boggs, too, had been tapped for the inner circle by Sam Rayburn. Rayburn felt a special affinity for the House, a proprietary and paternalistic interest so urgent he seemed compulsively to select sons worthy of carrying on past the father. The old man never selected a dummy in his life, and was better than most in judging men for their organizational potential. When Rayburn died in 1961, Hale Boggs had served a long apprenticeship on the inside and was named Majority Whip.

He was no Tory or Dixiecrat. Boggs supported most New Frontier and Great Society programs. He was generally friendly to labor, and, on the basis of cumulative voting records compiled by labor organizations, scored a respectable 79 per cent for Udall's 86 per cent. Boggs was influential on the Ways and Means Committee, had served on the Warren Commission and as platform chairman at the 1968 Democratic National Convention.

By early 1970, however, Boggs had suffered a serious slippage. His problems had begun a couple of years earlier. "Hale's personality seemed to change overnight," a Texan remembers. Often gregarious, once voted by Capitol Hill secretaries as "the most charming" solon, Boggs became by turns taciturn and wildly exuberant; or he might stalk his friends without recognition. "He would rush into a floor just trembling with energy," a colleague recalls, "and there was *no way* you could shut him up. He made long-winded speeches, maybe brilliant, one sentence—great imagery, sophisticated language, all the oratorical thunders—and then the next sentence might be absolutely meaningless." While the embarrassed old Speaker McCormack gently tried to gavel him down, Boggs so humiliated his own committee chairman, Wilbur Mills, that his friends had to half-lead him to the cloakroom. He held an improbable press conference of his own more than two hours, alternately reading from a book of clippings, the Democratic platform, his personal appointments book, and the Bible—interrupting

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our seat and shoulder belts.
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himself to seat latecomers. After monopolizing a White House conference with a forty-minute monologue, he startled Richard Nixon by disappearing on the grounds that he had "an important appointment."

Such history caused Morris Udall to doubt whether Hale Boggs would emerge as his strongest opponent. Perhaps others were more dangerous: Thomas (Tip) O'Neill or Eddie Boland of Massachusetts, California's John Moss, Chicago's Dan Rostenkowski, Michigan's Jim O'Hara, maybe Brooklyn's Hugh Carey, or other potentials. When Boggs passed around informal word of his candidacy, a number of Democrats snickered.

Early on, Boggs knew that he must show more dedication to duty. He renewed the garden parties for which he had become celebrated, elaborate functions sometimes attracting a thousand guests, with Dixieland bands imported from New Orleans. Boggs circulated among his guests (heavily weighted toward House Democrats and their

ladies) carefully sober and highly visible.

Old John McCormack officially disavowed ing sides, though he vacated the Speaker's chair the smallest opportunity to place Hale Boggs in display as presiding officer. He greeted Boggs with glad cries at social functions, plucking him from the masses to park him in receiving lines. Soon people began to take Hale Boggs seriously.

UDALL BEGAN—MONTHS BEFORE his announcement—by reviewing other leadership fights. He was impressed by two studies written by Dr. Roy Peabody, a Johns Hopkins University political scientist. Dr. Peabody's works treated Gerry Ford's 1965 upset of Charles Halleck for House Minority Leader, and Carl Albert's careful preparations for becoming Majority Leader in 1961, the latter campaign so successful that Albert's full challenger, Richard Bolling of Missouri, withdrew because, as he said, "I have no chance to win." Udall knew he was vulnerable to the charges that killed Bolling: he, too, had raised the hackles of senior members resentful of leapfrogging juniors.

Udall thought he had less a personality problem than Dick Bolling—less a reputation as an egomaniac loner. Bolling's evident brilliance (of which, perhaps, he sometimes seemed excessively aware) had not gone down well with many old Congressional heads. There are valid reasons why one might guard against flaunting brilliance: not all Congressmen are themselves blessed with superior mental equipment; they fancy their constituents to suspect intellectualism; and many are so conditioned to avoiding discussions exposing their philosophical disagreements or disapproval that a vacuous style is often preferred to the risking of profundity. Congressmen are instinctive social creatures, hucksters and hoo-hawers, so that a half-dozen meeting for lunch may shout merry greetings and pats on the backs all around even though they shared more than coffee. Tribal instincts are at work; conduct conforming is easily suspected.

Knowing these things, and mindful that Dr. Peabody's studies credited Gerry Ford and Carl Albert with helpful "good guy" images, Udall took care to be an old-shoe regular. He knew that many well-placed seniors would not vote for him with gusto, but he attempted to reduce their hostilities through the jokes, greetings, and small talk indigenous to the tribe; he showed he had no better by playing paddle ball in the House gym with ideological opposites and through regular appearances at Congressional Prayer Breakfasts.

Udall drew fifteen conclusions from Albert's success, and nine from Ford's, circulating them among his loyalists. He would emulate Carl Albert in keeping his race an internal matter—i.e., he would not encourage outside organizational pressures as Bolling had, nor would he take his case to *Meet The Press*, because he knew the House to be jealous of its internal prerogatives. Like Albert,



JAMES GRASHOW

ld maintain "extensive personal contact"; if are of the senior man in a given delegation, he ld begin with friendly juniors and work up. Gerry Ford in his winning Republican chal- e, Udall would appeal to the frustrated bit ers in the House by indicating that he would ad the power and glory around.

A vital element in Ford's victory," Udall wrote insiders, "was the fact that he had fifteen or ty activists meeting almost hourly and into the t, checking, cross-checking...The Ford sup- ers were able to contact everybody at least once. mber of Republicans never heard from Hal- including at least two freshmen." This be- the bedrock of Udall's effort: he would gather maximum advocates and persuade them to aggressively among the 255 House Demo-, keeping running totals of persons Solid for l, Leaning Udall, Unknown, Solid for Oppo- Leaning Opponent.

e Udall brothers, New Jersey's Frank Thomp- and Florida's Sam Gibbons began the roundup. ately, thirty-odd active proselytizers were en- l. Stew canvassed among former colleagues, ding some who were sullen over Mo's attempts apfrog them. Special attention was given to Wayne Aspinall of Colorado, chairman of the or Committee, in his seventies and occasion- ously as a rattlesnake. Aspinall was thought resent the best hope of bringing aboard one e established senior powers, but he gave no diate sign of commitment.

all also borrowed from Gerald Ford in cam- ing among potential freshmen. Such men are long shots and treated like stepchildren. own to Washington's powers. Udall sought out lonely grass-roots hopefuls, helpfully singing accomplishments. Should they come to the Congress as new Democrats, they would be in his debt.

UDALL AND BOGGS came with built-in weak- esses. If Udall threatened tradition, Boggs prove an erratic playboy. If Boggs had per- a fat-cat builder to perform \$10,000 worth improvements on his Bethesda home at a fraction s, then Udall was a "jack Mormon" who had and a Capitol Hill secretary the second time l. If Big Labor did not trust Morris Udall e he had voted against repeal of the right-to- provision of Taft-Hartley, Big Oil newly ted Hale Boggs because he had voted to re- y 5 per cent the sacrosanct oil depletion al- e. Dixiecrats shamed Boggs for his latter- il-rights votes: "He did it," a Mississippian so let him live with it." And of Udall a Mas- tts statesman shouted, "He ruined old John mack."

U's immediate worry was a third announced ate, James G. O'Hara, a serious-minded lib- om Michigan. Few thought O'Hara could put

it together, though everyone realized his basic peal struck at the Udall core: those who were eral, black, young, or otherwise disaffected. I preferred O'Hara over all others: if Chicago's Rostenkowski was tagged "Daley's man," then O'Hara was thought of as "Reuther's man" "Meany's man."

At forty-five, Jim O'Hara had a dozen quiet Con- gressional years behind him. "I know I'm no per- sonality guy," Jim O'Hara said. He was sitting behind his desk, eating brown cookies, drinking brown coffee, wearing brown shoes and brown hair. "If they decide it on charisma, I'm afraid I won't fare well. If they're looking for someone who's been active on the floor, in debate and so on, maybe I'll make it." O'Hara has had more time than most public men to read and reflect in the night, to won- der at the big purpose. Among his seven children are two small sons, hemophiliacs, who require con- stant attention and astronomical medical bills.

The fact that Mo Udall liked and respected Jim O'Hara did not solve his problem: "I've got to blow in strong on the first ballot, and Jim O'Hara will take away votes." Feelers went out: if O'Hara saw an early doom, would he withdraw in Udall's favor? Though there were multiple discussions among the two camps, this point would eventually provide mas- sive misunderstandings.

Southerners continued to suspect Hale Boggs, leading to a talent search headed by old Bill Colmer, Mississippi's fiery octogenarian, by Florida's Robert Sikes (an oil, military, and National Rifle Associa- tion enthusiast), and by Omar Burleson of Texas, an ex-FBI agent who is personable and witty and owns the ideological instincts of the early primates. These veterans, all safely past sixty, sought a man made from bedrock, one more respectful of careful institutions. They selected Congressman B. F. Sisk, fifty-nine, from California's San Joaquin Valley, a land of small towns and rich farms—Rotary Club and Jaycee territory. Originally a moderate liberal, Bernie Sisk had grown increasingly conservative. Liberals complained that in executive sessions of the Rules Committee, where individual votes are not officially made public, Sisk was an outright reac- tionary.

When Sisk came to Congress in 1955, he had the weathered skin of his native Texas region and he looked like a road drummer stuck with Appalachian territory. By 1970, Bernie Sisk was wearing tasteful suits and manicured fingernails and reminded ob- servers of a banker whose specialty was taking the sting out of loan refusals. "I'm low pressure," he said. "If I can't help a man, I won't hurt him. If I can't say something good about a colleague, I won't say anything. I've done a lot of favors here in fifteen years."

The fifth candidate was Wayne L. Hays, a Middle America conservative with the wispy gray hair and piercing blue eyes of a stern school superintendent. Hays represented a ruraly oriented Ohio district, one with no city larger than 60,000, and boasted of

or disapproval that a vacuous smile is often preferred to the risking of profundity."

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being "a lifelong resident of Flushing." In Congress since 1949, he was a screaming hawk of the Foreign Affairs Committee and famed for his volatile eruptions both here and abroad. The word most frequently applied to Hays was "abrasive"—a description the Ohioan reviled as "one of those words like 'restructuring' or 'syndrome' that everybody uses without meaning a goddamn thing. They're just words of the moment. I'm a plain-spoken fella, and a lot can't stand the truth."

With no ideological or geographic unit claiming him, Congressman Hays appeared to have no natural base. Why had he declared? "Well, last summer when Hale Boggs was drinking and making a horse's ass of himself, he asked me to talk him up. I drew a blank. People didn't want him. They didn't want Udall and his bunch of clowns. I figured what the hell, it was wide open."

Newspaper stories early labeled him the certain tail-ender, causing him to sometimes sound rather . . . well, abrasive. When the five candidates assembled to establish caucus procedures, Hays said, "Listen, you bastards, I'll bet any one of you a hundred bucks I don't finish last." Everybody laughed, but nobody called the bet.

ANY EARLY EDGE WAS UDALL'S. He was first in, better organized, more visible. Boggs seemed to have trouble untracking: there remained the nagging question of whether he suited Carl Albert. Had Udall been able to score a major breakthrough in November or early December, Boggs might have collapsed.*

A key factor was the Northeastern Democrats. Udall knew New Yorkers to be generally indifferent to him, and Massachusetts remained cool out of loyalty to Old John McCormack. He made special efforts to land Brooklyn's Hugh Carey and Eddie Boland of Massachusetts, a Jack Kennedy favorite. Both were assumed to have special influence within their delegations. Udall soon judged Carey "extremely evasive"; Boland appeared friendlier, but cautious.

Meanwhile, the Northeast Democrats were searching their own ranks. Hale Boggs, seeking a breakthrough there, ardently courted Tip O'Neill, a tough fifty-seven-year-old liberal from Cambridge. Once Speaker of the Massachusetts House, he had eighteen years in Congress and was well-placed on the Rules Committee. Though O'Neill had a fine antipathy to Udall dating back to the McCormack challenge, he did not commit to Boggs: he was thinking of making his own race.

Eddie Boland, as it turned out, was also bothered by ambition. He had cemented many friendships as a Jack Kennedy man in the glory days, he sang a pleasant baritone, served on Appropriations, and was known as a specialist in urban affairs. Boland

A young Congressman approached Udall during this period, asking whether he would accept the Majority Whip's role and run on a Boggs ticket. Udall declined.

went so far as to describe himself as "an un-nounced candidate" and "a fallback choice" on liberals. Somehow, though, he would never get more than a toe in the water.

Another possible challenger was Dan Rostenkowski. At forty-two, chairman of the Democratic caucus and on the powerful Ways and Means Committee, he was assumed a certain additional clout as "Daley's man." A big man with a thick athlete's body, Rostenkowski looked like a Major League D.I. and did not always warm quickly to strangers. Some contend that machine politics dull the personality or the political senses; if the theory holds, it probably numbers Rostenkowski among its victims. "Those Southerners have a way of eating their young," he once told a newsman, pissing off every Congressman south of Baltimore.

In early December Rostenkowski claimed "a number of people who have said, 'Hey, boy, it's time to get your hat in the ring.'" He was "working for the job," however, and "no colleagues are soliciting for me." "We've got to have a strong Majority Leader," he said, "or Carl Albert won't be strong. I could settle for Bernie Sisk. Hale Boggs, Eddie Boland, maybe even Wayne Hays." Obviously, Udall and O'Hara ranked well down. "When they heard I might run, they pushed me over to the conservatives. That's where *they* say I belong. Let 'em sweat it." (The same week he said this, Rostenkowski shared a friendly session with Udall in the House steam bath, telling him, "Nothing is between you and Boggs." Udall received the impression that Rostenkowski would endorse "the one of us that can show him a hundred solid ballot pledges.")

When Congress came back for a bobtailed session, the conventional wisdom ran that neither Boggs nor Udall could go over the top. O'Hara and Hays were seen as horses too dark to show. Bernie Sisk, only recently declared, had almost immediately created excitement. Many of the old bulls were reported friendly. "I think in the case of Bernie Sisk the office sought the market," Texan Jim Wright said. "I'm pledged to Boggs and I'll stick. But there's growing Sisk sentiment in my delegation." By mid-December, Sisk predicted 100 first-ballot votes—far more than anyone thought he had, though many accepted the potential.

The swing toward Sisk came just as Hale Boggs thought he had slowly brought himself back. For weeks he had tirelessly confronted his colleagues going first to the powerful old seniors: *Look, on the leadership ladder, I deserve a chance, it's the way it's always been done. I'll be embarrassed back home if I'm rejected. People will wonder what's the matter, and it could cost me my seat.*

It wouldn't do, however, for The Goddard Press to continue heralding Sisk gains in Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, Texas. Nor would it be for rumors to flower that Arkansas's influential Wilbur Mills, chairman of Boggs' own committee, was giving Bernie Sisk sympathetic looks. Boggs

decided the wavering Dixiecrats simply had to be
 ared witless. They must be convinced that should
 they split off to encourage Sisk, then Mo Udall's
 leath-wish liberals" would take over: *The South*
about to be screwed. You may not always agree
with Hale Boggs, but he's subject to the same con-
stituent pressures; he's a blood brother.

The Boggs "Southern strategy" then received an
 incredible break from unexpected sources. It be-
 gan with a letter from Rep. Glenn M. Anderson
 of California, announcing that a majority of his
 delegation would unite behind their home-state col-
 league, Bernie Sisk. Paul Shrake, Western Region
 director of the United Auto Workers, hotly chal-
 lenged Congressman Anderson: "Your position is
 most difficult to understand with [Sisk] . . . voting
 support of the Republican-Dixiecrat Coalition.
 You cannot sell me on the idea that . . . Mr. Sisk
 will do much about helping this troubled nation. . ."
 Anderson responded on Christmas Eve with a
 "Dear Paul" letter. The key paragraph said, "In
 the case of Bernie Sisk . . . I find with respect to
 PE labor ratings [that] he has four at 100 per
 cent, four in the high 90 percentile and one in the
 low 90 percentile and only one below 90. In review
 of the record of other Majority Leader candidates
 I find Bernie Sisk's ratings above most, rela-
 tively equal, or better than others. . ."

Congressman Anderson told a secretary some-
 thing about distributing copies of the exchange:
 Perhaps he had in mind friendly California Demo-
 crats, or all pro-labor Democrats. His secretary,
 however, thought he meant *all* Democrats—and so
 it copies to every labor-hating old mossback in
 the House. A Boggs staffer remembers, "They be-

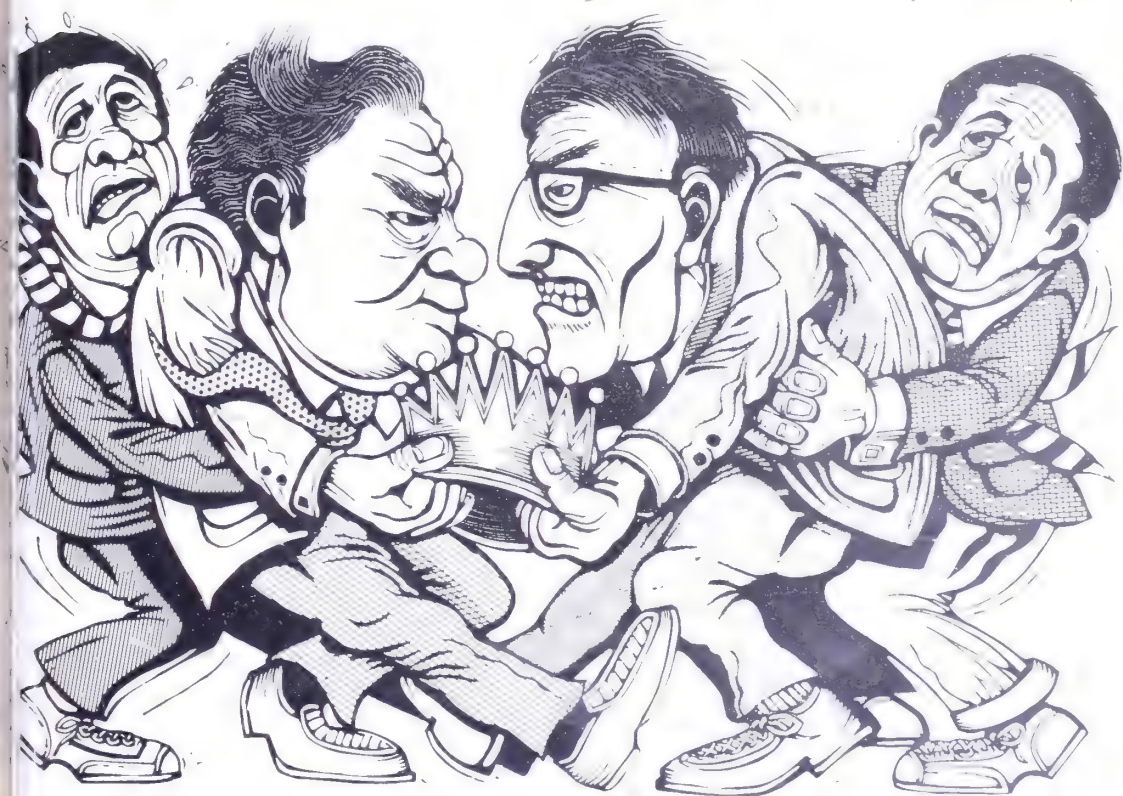
gan to call in here and come in saying, 'Hail, Hale, if
 ole Sisk is *that* liberal, I'm a-comin' home.'"

Soon after, dogged by a friendly newsman, Wil-
 bur Mills said for the record that yes, he would
 vote for Hale Boggs all the way. At a small celebra-
 tion in the Whip's office, Dick Rivers, press secre-
 tary to Boggs, offered a prophecy: "Gentlemen, I
 think it may be ultimately said that Sisk's march
 through Dixie was halted just outside Atlanta."

"Columnists are
 probably more
 influential than
 is good for eithe
 themselves or
 the country. . .
 politicians gos-
 sip like fishwives
 of what they
 say."

UDALL WAS NOT ALARMED by reports of the Boggs
 consolidations. He had expected from scratch
 that Hale Boggs would obtain a natural Southern
 majority. His own visible Southern strength was
 limited to a few strays. Though the official propa-
 ganda didn't admit it, Udall would have been de-
 lighted by fifteen first-ballot votes from among the
 sixty-seven Democrats in eleven Southern states.
 He approached some few "hopeless" Dixiecrats only
 through routine circulars, and sought secondary
 support among most. If he directly asked anything,
 it usually was to be remembered as their backup
 choice.

More worrisome to Udall was labor. Reports
 reached him of word circulating loosely in the
 Democratic Club, where labor lobbyists frequently
 water, that Mo Udall wouldn't do: "What the hell
 do they know about collective bargaining in Ar-
 izona?" George Meany detested Udall's dovishness.
 The CIO's top lobbyist, a former Wisconsin Con-
 gressman named Andy Biemiller, was known to
 prefer Hale Boggs should Jim O'Hara collapse.
 Labor proved a hard foe to close with: Udall emis-
 saries were treated courteously, smiled at, given



JAMES GRASHOW

Larry L. King THE ROAD TO POWER IN CONGRESS

vague conversation—and soon would come reports of new hatchetings. The paramount hope was that an endorsement from Jim O'Hara might ultimately rally pro-labor votes.

By January 1, eighteen days to balloting, it shaped up as a Udall-Boggs showdown. Bernie Sisk bravely whistled while passing the graveyard: "I keep reading that I'm out of it. Udall and Boggs have done a wonderful propagandizing job on the press. Personally, I'm optimistic. The people who started with me are still with me."

"I know I'm supposed to have *some* strength," Jim O'Hara said privately, "but when it comes to counting hard votes, I just don't find many." For the record he was "hopeful"—wryly adding that he would avoid supplying optimistic head counts "out of a sincere wish to create no wider credibility gap between Congress and the public." O'Hara, beginning with a few friends from his Michigan delegation, an inside track with most blacks, and a scattering of pro-labor Congressmen, had added little else. Jack Brooks, a liberal Texan who greatly resented Udall's "leapfrogging," had been counted on to achieve the miracle of bringing O'Hara a sizable number of the twenty Texans. The bait was that Brooks—at forty-nine a veteran of nine terms and a man of consuming personal ambitions—might become Whip, restoring one of Texas's own to the leadership circle. The Texas delegation, however, abounds with unsentimental Tories. "Jack," one of them said, "we'd like to help your career. But Jim O'Hara is just too damned liberal. We wouldn't take him if you wrapped him in tinsel and put him under the Christmas tree." One had difficulty locating the stray admirers of Wayne Hays, and few Congressmen admitted even having been contacted by him. Still, Hays vowed he wouldn't finish last.

Any hopes of Tip O'Neill, Eddie Boland, or Hugh Carey that luck might make them compromise choices had been shattered: the five announced candidates, meeting with Dan Rostenkowski in his role as caucus chairman, jammed through a rule that nominations would not be permitted from the floor once balloting began. Their reasoning was as human as it was simple: why should they have sweated for months, only to see some sit-tighter walk off with the prize if a deadlock occurred?

Manipulating a game

WASHINGTON'S POLS MAY ENTHUSIASTICALLY revile The Goddamned Press, but few ignore it. Columnists are probably more influential than is good for either themselves or the country. They are read, particularly if they appear in the *Washington Post* or *New York Times*, and politicians gossip like fishwives of what they say. Udall fretted that Boggs was "winning the battle of the columnists."

Joseph Alsop on January 6 disposed of Bernie Sisk as "the rather colorless Californian," freshly reminded readers of who bosses O'Hara, and

awarded poor Wayne Hays not even a dishonorable mention. Hale Boggs would win, perhaps "by considerably more than two to one." Morris Udall represented only those "hard core liberals . . . too sure of their own exquisite rectitude"—men who, were not permitted their desires, "lie down on the floor, drum their heels on the carpet, and howl . . ." Josep Kraft named Boggs the front-runner in crediting him with leadership ability, "charm to burn and plenty of brains." Feeling badly damaged, Udall went a-courting.

David Broder listened to Udall's explanation of how he would win, then wrote a column leaving out the best propaganda. Thomas Braden and Frank Mankiewicz appeared impressed; Udall searched their column for days, wondering why they hadn't printed anything.* Jack Anderson, knowing that he must live with the winner (the highly placed being crucial to his "inside Washington" slant) mulled it over and did nothing. On January 10, Evans and Novak responded. Having disposed of B. F. Sisk as a threat to the Boggs Southern base, they now credited Udall with "impressive gains in the South" and hinted that Eddie Boland was the most persuaded to nominate him.

Exactly a week before the voting—on January 10—the morning *Post* headlined, "Udall Leads Race for Majority Leader." The afternoon *Daily News* and *Star* confirmed it. The headlines resulted from a confidential poll conducted by *Congressional Quarterly*, a news periodical specializing in House matters. With 129 of 254 House Democrats responding, *CQ* reported Udall the first-ballot choice of forty-six, Boggs of thirty, Sisk of eighteen, O'Hara of eleven, and Hays of six. Udall was the first, second, or third choice of seventy-eight, Boggs of sixty, O'Hara of fifty-one, Sisk of forty-one, and Hays of . . . well, six. Hays got mad as hell and said for the record what other candidates were whispering behind their hands: "Udall stacked it. His organization was keyed for this. The rest of us didn't attempt to fix it for propaganda purposes."

Hays was right. Udall had circulated word among known friendlies to mail their ballots in, with the corollary instruction to say nothing that might arouse sleeping dogs. Reading the papers, he had to think it had worked: "Udall ran strongest of all the candidates in the Northeast, Midwest and West—a second to Boggs in the South" . . . "surprising support. Rep. Udall's support from the South and Midwest . . . the headcounts disclose Rep. Boggs' backing is not solid enough to survive repeated balloting."

That night Udall happily told a friend, "If we aggregate all my first, second, and third choices with O'Hara's, there are 129 for me. The aggregate for Boggs, Sisk, and Hays totals only 107." Blind by the headlines, he did not reflect on the possibility

Later, he would learn that Gary Hymel, Boggs' administrative assistant, had produced Hale Boggs for a breakfast with the columnists, and Boggs had performed with such charm and persuasion that Braden would say, "We were on the verge of writing a pro-Udall column until that session."

he might be guilty of improving his own propaganda.

In the Whip's office, however, they had noticed something. Gary Hymel had studied the poll carefully in search of salvage: he feared that Udall had pulled a timely propaganda coup, and felt a bit shy at having been outflanked. Finally he picked up the telephone: "Hale, I think everybody's misreading this poll. I think we can turn it against Udall." Why? "It shows he doesn't have the freshmen locked. You've got seven of sixteen. It's his goddamned poll."

OF THIRTY-THREE FRESHMAN DEMOCRATS, Udall was generally conceded the most. ("Mo will get twenty-five or more," Jim O'Hara confided.) The bulls looked their new colleagues over and over, deriding, saw flesh-and-blood verification of the situation.

New York's Bella Abzug attacked the Pentagon, the seniority system, and other revered targets: uninhibited swearing could be heard in all corners, and she threatened to violate House tradition by wearing her big floppy hats in chambers. California's Ron Dellums, up from the black ghetto, with Afro hair and bell-bottoms, and had hit back hard when Spiro Agnew misquoted him. Les Aspin of Wisconsin, former McNamara Whiz Kid, tried to correct insanities he had discovered in the Pentagon, and held degrees from such untrustworthy campuses as Yale, MIT, and Oxford. James Abourezk—half-Lebanese, half-Sioux—was a peace-lover who had grown up on a South Dakota Indian reservation, identified with have-nots and favored seniority. Father Robert Drinan of Massachusetts—first to wear a Jesuit collar in the House—called himself as the "Mad Monk," declared we should feed the world's hungry, counseled the anti-nuclear. The old bulls just naturally assumed strangers to be children of the reformist Udall, so, for that matter, did Udall's opponents.

Except for Hale Boggs.

For nothing had Boggs sat all those years at the Whip's right hand. He had watched tough-talking men come and go, had seen the revolutionaries of three decades turn uncertain and humble on first encountering the trappings of power. He knew freshmen were new kids on the block, a bit fearful of the Whip, and he knew that something universally human, they silently cried out for acceptance: new or no, they were politicians. Experience assured Boggs that these new revolutionaries, too, would accommodate the basic realities. In time they would cause all the trouble they now promised, but they would require a period of adjustment, they would rally themselves, and Boggs knew he would be working with them at their most vulnerable. The morning following their victories in November, Democratic freshmen received nice telegrams from Hale Boggs. Knowing there were houses, schools to consult, curiosities to satisfy,

Boggs warmly welcomed the new kids to town and offered to open doors. He wrung their hands and put them at ease with harmless questions about themselves. He buzzed staffers, ordering them to relieve this rookie or that of some nagging Washington worry. The freshmen sat in the deep soft chairs, and every time Hale Boggs pushed a button, another small miracle happened: this guy knew his way around.

Eventually Boggs might inquire the freshmen's committee desires. Naturally, everybody had a vital one. Perhaps Boggs here said a word on the difficulty of freshmen attaining their primary selections—regretfully, of course—quickly coupled with observations on the importance of committee assignments to the Congressional career. Then he would surely let it slip that as a member of Ways and Means—"the committee-on-committees, you know"—he was fortunately situated to help. And then the cake's icing: introductions to three or four Boggs friends on Ways and Means, including, of course, the all-important chairman, Wilbur Mills. Only later would the friendly pressures be applied: debts called in by way of firming up prior understandings.

Udall could provide some of the same services, and occasionally did. He did not, however, have the natural advantages—the prestige of internal office, the trappings, the crucial committee connections. He could not risk introducing people to Old John McCormack, nor presume ceremonial claims on Carl Albert's time as easily as the Whip might. And these things, too, Hale Boggs knew.

Now, the *Congressional Quarterly* poll had provided evidence that Boggs' freshman campaign was scoring. It provided new ammunition with which to assault undecided Democrats: "Look, Joe, using Udall's own stacked poll you can see that I'm making inroads into one of his hard-core groups. And if Mo Udall can't even get the freshmen, where in hell will his votes come from?"

GET THE FEELING just dozens of guys are uncommitted," one repeatedly heard on Capitol Hill in that final week. Serious examinations were accorded the wildest rumors: Hugh Carey had told somebody over dinner at Paul Young's, "Hell, no, I'm not for Udall. I've been working for Hale Boggs all along"; Jim Wright of Texas might switch from Boggs to Udall; Hays or O'Hara or Sisk would pull out.

Mo Udall continued to woo Eddie Boland in hopes of a nominating speech. While he couldn't make any deals, Udall told him, "Those people who serve the cause well will be the first I consult and counsel with as Leader." Boland read this as meaning that he had excellent prospects for becoming Whip, and he read it right. Each of the candidates used nominating or seconding opportunities as bait, for they wanted the best men out front as visible loyalists.

On January 13, six days before balloting and one

"Boggs had watched tough-talking freshmen come and go, had seen the revolutionaries of three decades turn uncertain and humble on first encountering the trappings of power."

day after the revelations of the CQ poll, Eddie Boland telephoned Udall to say he would be honored to nominate him. Udall was ecstatic. He could envision uncommitted Northeasterners rallying around, and believed that liberals leaning to O'Hara might now decide against wasting their first-ballot votes. "I think I turned the corner today," he telephoned Ella. Fired with new energies, he stayed late to telephone colleagues and to supervise preparation of Boland's nominating speech. A press release went out stressing the importance of Boland's endorsement and—for the first time—flatly predicting victory.

By noon on the following day, Udall was back on the down escalator. He had a report that Hale Boggs would "for certain" announce on Sunday, the 17th, his endorsement by Dan Rostenkowski. Boggs would claim a resulting profit of twenty-five votes—enough to put him over the top. "Danny denied a deal with Boggs to me again just the other day," Udall morosely said, "but in a slightly different form than usual. It should have made me suspicious." (Sunday would come and go without Rostenkowski's "certain" endorsement being announced.) There was another cause for alarm: Udall's fresh contacts with the Northeast, following Eddie Boland's encouraging capitulation, had reaped only the same old evasions or—more ominously—unanswered telephone calls. This Congressman was out, or that one in conference; he would call back (he seldom did).

On Friday, January 15, Jim O'Hara circulated to a dozen lieutenants a private memo headed, "Where We Stand"—which, within the hour, would leak and go public.

"The battle is not yet won by anybody," the O'Hara document claimed. "Our count shows no one having more than Boggs' 70 to 80 first-ballot votes. Udall still stands at about 50 to 60. O'Hara has 42 hard commitments on the first ballot without counting the probables. Sisk and Hays have about 35 votes between them. The 40 or more who haven't made a decision are mostly in the Northern, big-city delegations.

"Neither Sisk nor Hays have taken off. Their first-ballot votes will include some pretty potent people, but they are two ballot votes at the most [and] will [later] go elsewhere . . . Udall can't get most of the uncommitted or most of the Hays-Sisk strength. *We have identified 50 or more of these 75 votes who simply will not go for Udall under any circumstance.*

"As for Boggs, even his first-ballot strength includes some people who are 'soft.' Ninety to 100 votes is his peak. Our contacts among the new Members indicate they are pro-O'Hara, though some of them are obligated to honor first-ballot commitments they have made to others. By the time it's fish or cut bait, they will be fishing in O'Hara waters.

"The Udall bandwagon rumors may start most anti-Udall people moving toward Boggs. If enough

of the undecided votes turn to Boggs, and if they begin to frighten off even a small number of O'Hara's hard-core support, the game could be over on the fourth ballot. *If it boils down to Boggs vs Udall, it will be Boggs who will win.* Your job, then, is to let the hard-core O'Hara vote know what the real count shows . . ."

Late in the day, Udall took another blow. The new rumor (correct, for a change) said that Tip O'Neill would not follow Eddie Boland to Udall but would shortly declare his intent to nominate a second Hale Boggs. Another lick followed: Shirley Chisholm (whom Udall had counted for himself and whom Jim O'Hara also counted among his solids) would support Boggs in exchange for a seat on the Education and Labor Committee. As Mrs. Chisholm is one of the more militant-talking blacks and there was a general presumption that the dozen House blacks would vote together—they had formed an internal "black caucus" to promote their united effectiveness—this story was particularly unsettling. Bob Tiernan of Rhode Island, long counted safe, was wavering under pro-Boggs pressures from some of his more vital campaign contributors. A New Mexico freshman, Harold Runnels, who had received grass-roots campaign help from Udall, was a Vietnam hawk who'd had second thoughts about Mo's dovishness. Nick Galifianakis of North Carolina, early counted a Udall man, was receiving a going-over from pro-Boggs lobbyists for textiles, tobacco, and furniture manufacturers.

Then somebody came in waving a clipping from the Elizabeth (N.J.) *Daily Journal* quoting Congressman Edward J. Patten: "'Boggs will be elected pronto,' or on the first ballot . . . Patten said he had learned that Rostenkowski was promised the [Whip's] post in return for the Illinois delegation's support of Boggs. That delegation almost to a man will vote for Boggs . . ." Until then, Udall believed he had a chance for Patten's vote.

Udall's worried supporters decided to have another go at manipulating The Goddamned Press. Florida's Sam Gibbons called in reporters to reveal the latest head count: Mo Udall had almost a hundred firm first-ballot votes and would win no later than the third. Gibbons frequently consulted a document in claiming so many from this region or that. An enterprising reporter slipped behind Gibbons, and every time the Congressman stopped waving the paper the reporter memorized names. An hour later, Udall's office was chaotic: of four allegedly pro-Udall Congressmen telephoned by the reporter, three flatly denied having committed to him and one offered "no comment." One of them, a New Yorker who had privately told Udall that he must vote for him only in the darkest secrecy be-

*How Mrs. Chisholm voted is a matter of continuing intrigue. Hale Boggs thinks he got her—and she did receive the desired Education and Labor assignment. Jim O'Hara recalls that, only moments before balloting, Mrs. Chisholm turned to him to specifically discredit her rumored agreement with Boggs and to affirm her loyalty to O'Hara.

use of powerful counterpressure back home, in angry enough to chase them, and to subvert himself from the Udall projections. All Mo could do was apologize and agonize. But he knows head count was now suspect on a wide front.

By Saturday night, the Udall family had suffered what originally appeared to be their personal thappaquiddick. Mo received a distraught telephone call from brother Stew: "An *incredible* thing has happened . . . a *horrible* experience . . . stupid blunder . . . never forgive myself if it beats you . . ."

Stew had entered a drugstore in a Virginia suburb at noon, dressed in old clothes, to obtain wine, house paint, and cigars. Anxious to reach a basketball game—his young son played on the team Stew managed—he grabbed two ninety-cent packs of cigars and then had difficulty locating the other desired items. The store was crowded. Stew was late; he paid for one pack of cigars and rushed out the door. A store policeman grabbed him: "You're under arrest. You didn't pay for those cigars in your pocket." "My God!" Stew Udall said "You're right. I shoved one pack in my jacket because I intended to open the other. I forgot it was there." He produced a dollar. "It's too late," the store cop said. "You'll have to come along to the police station." The manager was off weekendening; his assistant claimed no authority to intervene. Stew was hustled to the Fairfax police station, dazed and numbing at the incredible stupidity of it all, where he was fingerprinted, charged with "concealment of merchandise," and released under \$250 personal bond. STEWART UDALL ACCUSED OF SHOPLIFTING CIGARS—the Sunday *Washington Star* played it as a front-page embarrassment.

Mo assured Stew that the mishap made no difference to his campaign: people would understand that it could happen to anyone—another of those inane mistakes and sorry jests of the human experience, a dash of Kafka. He tried jokes: "Well, Stew, they accused us of stealing Arizona from Lyndon long before they accused us of stealing cigars." And, "I'll tell 'em on the Hill I meant to pass out cigars, but my brother failed to adequately replenish my supply."*

Realities

MONDAY NIGHT. TOMORROW THEY VOTE. It is a night for gathering the loyal to an ancient political ritual of attempting to bolster tribal morale while taking a final hardheaded look at the realities. Not surprisingly, bursts of outrageous optimism frequently surface among the assembled mobs: it is their way of singing before battle.

In Jim O'Hara's office the official cheerleader is his campaign manager, Michigan's Bill Ford. A short, stocky bundle of nerves, Ford plunges about

compulsively and positively forty-four first-ballot certainties, with clumsy running on the fourth or fifth ballot. O'Hara seemed not so sure. The candidate is quiet and reflective. And about nine o'clock he abruptly goes home. Wayne Hays leaves his office about the same time, after a day of telephoning and conferences with his campaign manager, Dr. Thomas Morgan of Pennsylvania. Hays still has that obsession about not being last, and asks "Doc" Morgan to hit the Pennsylvania and West Virginia delegations again early tomorrow. In the Whip's office, Hale Boggs has an attack of prebattle jitters. Gary Hymel reassures him: "We've got at least 110 locked in, maybe 117, and *possibly* enough to win on the first ballot." Boggs shuffles through the head counts, occasionally questioning whether this or that Congressman is pure of heart. Hymel makes soothing sounds. Mo Udall's young staff members are especially confident. John Gabusi and Terry Bracy talk in terms of ninety to a hundred first-ballot votes. Udall himself has the look of a man working to improve his mood. Little of optimism cavorts through the Sisk office. Bernie Sisk has privately known for three weeks that his campaign has floundered, and is no longer extending himself.

Mo Udall reaches his home in suburban Virginia after midnight. Ella is asleep. Udall recalls thinking it strange that he should feel so anti-climactic: he would have assumed wild fevers and brittle tensions near the end. He mixes a drink, turns out the lights, and sits in the dark watching logs burn in the fireplace. For more than an hour he stares into the fire, risking the painful dangers of self-exploration.

Udall concludes that he has deluded himself, has ignored warning signs, has been guilty of soft counts and wishful thinking—especially in the final week. Too many colleagues have responded to his hardest pitches only in terms of general admiration; too many have failed to return his telephone calls; too many have waved brief greetings, glancing at their wristwatches before rushing on to some vital appointment rather than lingering to chat. These are ominous signs. He thinks: *Any truly viable candidate at this point should have to beat his colleagues off with a stick.* He knows enough of power to know that power attracts. Boggs has almost all the old House bulls, the deeply rooted powers—Udall admits to the dark—while he has absolutely none. His election, which he has so firmly believed in for so long, appears in these final hours to require a miracle. The miracle will be possible only if he can gather no fewer than eighty-odd votes on the first ballot while holding Hale Boggs to ninety-five or below, thus preventing bandwagon boardings. Mo Udall's last sleepy thought is that he probably cannot do it.

Each of the candidates used nominating or seconding opportunities as bait, for they wanted the best men out front as visible loyalists.

*The drug chain later agreed with Stewart Udall that his arrest had been a mistake, apologized publicly to him, and withdrew all charges.

THE NEXT MORNING, well in advance of the gavel hour of ten, a crowd jostles for position in the marble hall dividing the Speaker's rooms from the

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House chamber: reporters, photographers, Hill staffers, Congressional wives. Official policemen hard-ass the troops, flattening spectators against the walls. The overflow spills into the Speaker's rooms, peopled by outgoing McCormackites: potbellied old men and ladies a shade long in the tooth for the most part. Old John McCormack has not gone home to South Boston, but has joined 700 other former Congressmen in Washington whose Potomac fevers run too high ever to be soothed again in their original precincts.

An old pro-pol is present, a Marylander defeated in November, who just couldn't stay away. He works the crowd, shaking the hands of strangers from habit, whispering inside information or seeking the same. Each time the elevator stops, he darts over to greet his former colleagues, making them a bit nervous with the memory of his loss, before fading back into the crowd. He is past seventy now, and for the first time since World War II he is not entitled to enter a Democratic caucus: cannot know what is happening in that polished and padded chamber where he has used up thirty years and would have preferred to die.

In the chamber, the Majority Leader candidates greet colleagues, consult their loyalists, and try to avoid each other. There will be other business—including the cut-and-dried election of Carl Albert as Speaker—before their own fates are settled. Jim O'Hara sits apart, permitting his lieutenants the last-minute solicitations. He arrived on Capitol Hill thinking to quit, and said as much to Bill Ford and to Minnesota's Don Fraser; they vociferously objected. Over a final cup of coffee, O'Hara decides what the hell: he has gone this far, why not see it through?

Hale Boggs approaches Sidney Yates of Illinois, whom Danny Rostenkowski has been unable to deliver. Jovially he says, "Sid, what's this nonsense I hear about you being part of the Udall bloc?" "I don't know that I'm part of any bloc," Yates responds, "but what you hear isn't nonsense." "Sid," Boggs says passionately, "*what in the hell?*" Yates smiles no more than a nickel's worth, shrugs, and moves away with eyes on his back.

Boggs is uptight. By varied circumstances, four votes he had considered certain—and two probables—have been lost. South Carolina's Mendel Rivers is dead following heart surgery; Tom Abernethy of Mississippi and John Dowdy of Texas are hospitalized; Brooklyn's Manny Celler has been called away by a death in the family; Oklahoma's John Jarman, vacationing in Jamaica, has ignored his urgent telegrams begging contact. Then, North Carolina's Richard Preyer has paid an early call this morning to say, *Sorry, Hale, I like you but I'm going with Udall.*

Udall is also fretful. He has learned shortly after entering the chamber that two votes he hoped for—Ken Gray of Illinois and Bert Podell of New York—must be scratched because they are giving seconding speeches for Wayne Hays. Ron Dellums, the

black freshman from Berkeley, grabs Udall's arm volunteer admiration for his anti-war efforts. "I hope I can count on you today," Udall says. Dellums gives him a friendly pat and moves off, leaving Mo to wonder. Wayne Hays ranges among Virginians, Ohioans, and Pennsylvanians; Bernie Sisk is glad-handing Texans.

Shortly, the packed hall outside buzzes in alarm—the political creature's instinct when mystified by events. Shocking word has seeped from inside the chamber. Congressman Olin (Tiger) Teague, a Texas conservative offered as a surprise candidate for caucus chairman, has upset incumbent Danny Rostenkowski. 151 to 92! Boggs partisans plot. *Migod, is this a year for throwing the rascals out?* Pop explanations make the round: it's a rebellion against the long-rumored deal by which Rostenkowski would deliver Illinois to Boggs in exchange for coming Whip. No, there has been a secret deal between Bernie Sisk and the Texans: in exchange for Texas votes, the Sisk crowd has supported Teague. No, Udall will most directly profit because Rostenkowski's rejection clearly was a slap at Boggs. No, it couldn't have been a slap at Boggs because Teague is friendly with the old bulls themselves, the most loyal to Hale. Texan Jim Wright leaves the chamber to tell newsmen his delegation put Teague forward "simply because we had no representation in the leadership, and we wanted to rectify that." Few are willing to believe less than the most elaborate intrigues, however, and people sneer in Wright's face. The normal anxieties return when Carl Albert is elected Speaker, 220 to 20, over the tardy aid of didacy of Michigan's John Conyers, perhaps the most articulate and savvy member of the caucus.

A veteran House employee, doorkeeper William ("Fishbait") Miller, prepares for the vital Majority Leader balloting. "Fishbait" supervises stacks of multihued cards, a different color for each bloc. When his name is called, each Democrat will receive a first-ballot card, mark it, and drop it unsolicited into a dark green wastebasket held by "Fishbait." If there is no winner, the process will be repeated until someone has received 128 or more votes. Two hours are consumed in the tedious nominating and seconding speeches, all the conventional things being said about men of great vision and virtue. Everyone careful to get on record as loving each of the candidates deep in his heart. Congressmen slip out under the cover of this oratorical flimflam to refresh themselves in the House restaurant and rooming a smoke.

Suddenly a policeman, reading from a scroll on a pad, bursts into the hall: "Awright, here we go. First ballot: Mr. Boggs 95, Mr. Udall 69, Mr. Sisk 31, Mr. Hays 28, Mr. O'Hara 25. Second ballot commencing immediately." Reporters sprint for telephones; secretaries squeal or moan. In the Speaker's rooms one of the old men telephones another old man in his Washington hotel; he glances at a journalist who asks Old John McCormack's

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tion. Inside the chamber, a single thought has flashed through Mo Udall's head: *I've had it.*

Word comes that Wayne Hays, having achieved his ambition not to finish last, has withdrawn with—for him—a warm endorsement of Hale Boggs. Five minutes later comes word that Jim O'Hara has withdrawn—without endorsing Udall as expected.

Quickly, it is over. Too quickly, it seems, after all those months of work and worry, dreams and schemes. Even before the officious policeman can satisfy his need for drama, spectators near him take a look at his scratch pad and begin crying, "It's Boggs, it's Boggs!" The confirming figures are delivered in a shout above the general hubbub: "Mr. Boggs 140, Mr. Udall 88, Mr. Sisk 17."

Moving on

THERE WAS A MIRTHLESS WAKE in Udall's office, a joyless gulping of deadening liquors from paper cups. Like a private funeral, it attracted only the family and a few intimate friends. The action that mattered was occurring two blocks away, in the Capitol quarters of Hale Boggs, where photographers fought for footholds among merry shouts and huggings. Boggs entered to cheers, buoyant and beaming, grabbing hands and repeating, "I can't believe it, I can't believe it..." Joe Alsop and Carl Albert were among the many paying their respects, and telephone congratulations came from Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon. Old John McCormack had phoned in his delight earlier.

Udall entered his own office wearing his campaign button turned upside down, so that it read "Ow" instead of "Mo." He paused near a huddle of disconsolate aides to repeat an old political joke: "Do

you know the difference between a cactus and a caucus? Well, a cactus has all its prickles on *outside!*" The staffers smiled like men with broken backs. They had the numbed look of survivors viewing one of God's disasters. All they could do was mill around among the debris, wondering how and why it had happened.

The vanquished plopped behind his desk, accepted a drink, and put his feet up. "Well, trod," he said, "now let's slide back into obscurity." "Honey," Ella said, "I'm glad you didn't win. I won't have to play Mrs. Leader all the time. We can take vacations, Mo." Her husband, recognizing a soothing lie, patted her hand. "It was closer than it looks," he said. "Ten more votes on the first ballot—it could have happened. I got seven, eight the last night and this morning from guys who said, 'Look, I know I promised you—but Wayne Hays is my neighbor, or we've served on a committee together for twenty years, or I owe him a favor—he's crying that he'll be last unless I go with him.' I told those guys if they didn't stay hitched I'd be in trouble. They hurt me. They killed me."

"So did Jim O'Hara," said a young secretary, red-eyed from crying. "He's pure chickenshit and you can quote me!"

College interns and other Udall staffers chose to be bitter. Most were incredibly young, bright, idealistic, who had believed they could work for change within the system, and now, suddenly, were no longer. They sang of corruptionists, liars, and frauds abounding in Congress. "Those goddamned liberals," Mo Udall said of his staffers. "They've worked me to the bone. Their tails off. I just don't know what to say to them."

Well, Udall went on, he simply hadn't been able to crack the South or the Northeast: the first he feared his liberalism, while the second continued



Note to the sociologists: Early that morning Hale Boggs had rattled and banged into the city from Bethesda in Gary Hymel's old Volkswagen bus, the abandoned toys and debris of eight Hymel children underfoot. Late that night, he was chauffeured home in a long black limousine with his feet reposing on pink clouds.

unish him in memory of Old John McCormack. hadn't realized rancors ran so deep; had pre-
ed he had made peace, erased fears. "I thought
Revolution had come to the House," he said. "I
ght the House was ready for it. I was wrong.
biggest disappointment was the number of
s and 1960s liberals who went for Boggs, or
for Sisk. In the House, yesterday's revolution-
become today's elitists."

Someone remarked on the amount of duplicity
gressmen had accomplished: several had been
overed in privately pledging their honor to
iple candidates. "You've got to take into ac-
t the human misunderstandings," Udall said.
at one guy offers as a generality, another may
pt as a specific. Politicians, you know, are
ed to tell people what they want to hear. Take
er Drinan—a sweet man, a great guy. He says
m O'Hara that he has long admired his general
alism. He tells me how courageous he thinks
been on the Vietnam war and another matter
vo. I don't know what he told Hale Boggs, but
as probably warm and complimentary—it's just
rinan's nature. So, each of us had hopes of get-
his vote and may have listed him as a certainty.
understandable." He took another drink of
"And then," he said, laughing, "there are all
no-good goddamned liars."

Someone offered a hint of hope: maybe an unex-
ed opportunity would present itself. "The big
lows open around here about once every ten
s. Even if something opened up, I'm not sure
want to go for it. One more loss, and I'm Harold
sen."

THE DAY AFTER HIS DEFEAT for Majority Leader.
Udall attempted to run for Whip.

It began when five liberals—Udall and O'Hara
—sought out Speaker Albert before break-
Should the House establish a tradition of elec-
ing the Whip to Majority Leader and thence to
ker, they said, then the Whip should no longer
appointed but elected. Otherwise, the cronies of
leaders could rise to the ultimate heights with-
he caucus having more than a negative veto
r. Albert agreed: the Whip should be elected.
Happy delegation spread this word, cranking up
en frantic campaigns. Udall consulted with his
ers; go for it, they said. "I don't want to wait
years for another opportunity," he told them.
on't be the young reformist of forty-eight then.
e fifty-eight. Let's shove the stack to the center
e table." The Udall men sprang for the phones.
Meanwhile, Albert and Boggs were sharing a
ny private session. The particulars are closely
though Boggs is said to have insisted on
niting Danny Rostenkowski: Rosty had de-
ed Illinois as promised, and had his reward
ng. Speaker Albert replied that it could not be
ilateral decision: *he* had a say coming. The
is had ousted Rostenkowski from a lesser of-

fice, Albert reminded, and to ignore that action
would fly in the face of a substantial majority. Be-
sides, Danny had been pretty free in his opinion
that Carl Albert wouldn't be a strong Speaker; well,
maybe now he would change his mind.

Forced to yield on Rostenkowski, Boggs quickly
mobilized to stop the election of a Whip: he might
get stuck with Udall or another unfriendly: danger-
ous precedents threatened. Soon the old bulls be-
lowed at Carl Albert. Northeast liberals protested:
should Udall win, the leadership apparatus would
reside solely with the South and Southwest. Within
two hours, rumors floated that Speaker Albert was
having second thoughts. Yes, he soon admitted, he
had reversed himself: the members did not want an
election, opposition was "widespread." the new
leadership should not presume to establish so drastic
a precedent.

Udall sought him out: "Carl, I don't understand."
Well, the Speaker said, the choice was not his alone:
he had to obey the majority. Udall questioned
whether the Speaker had obtained a majority read-
ing: at least permit a resolution on the question of
whether to ballot for Whip. If the majority voted
no, so be it. Albert demurred: he personally would
be well pleased to have Udall for Whip, but there
was the geographic imbalance to consider. If the
members wanted to offer a resolution to ballot, that
was up to them. He couldn't support it, however.

Ken Gray of Illinois threatened to offer such a
resolution. Wayne Hays made a tough speech say-
ing if they *did* decide to elect the Whip—and per-
sonally, he didn't give a damn whether they did or
not—but if they *did*, "Then I will run and I will
win."

Potentials who hoped to be appointed circulated
against Ken Gray's proposed resolution. It was
never offered. By late afternoon, Mo Udall brought
word to his disappointed staff that the anti-election
forces were in obvious control, and the rebellion
had petered out.

Hale Boggs and Speaker Albert met to decide
between Brooklyn's Hugh Carey or Cambridge's
Tip O'Neill. There was unexpected opposition to
Carey, headed by a New York colleague ("a case
of the pig-shit Irish being jealous of the lace-curtain
Irish," a bitter friend of Carey's would later say).
By processes largely remaining a mystery, the two
made their choice for Whip. Hale Boggs picked up
the telephone and told Tip O'Neill the glad news.

Postscriptum

JIM O'HARA: "You get tunnel vision. I began as a
casual candidate, then the juices flowed and I lost
my perspective. I forgot some things and had to
relearn them. One, the typical Congressman doesn't
really care *who* is Majority Leader as much as he
wants to be with the winner . . . Two, to the extent
that most Congressmen *do* have a preference it's
more likely to be based on old friendships or per-

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sional favors or dislikes than on ideology, geography, or leadership potential.

"I was shocked and embarrassed by being low man. Everyone thought Wayne Hays would be low. When I was, it stunned me. I voted for Mo on the second ballot. I wish he had won, but contrary to rumor I had never agreed to endorse him; I wouldn't presume to dictate how any other man should vote. It's regrettable, but good friends fall out in these things. Relationships get as bitter as those 'friendly' divorces you hear about. I'll go see Mo after a cooling period.

"I feel like a nonperson around here—like Khrushchev. Nobody comes by. The phones don't ring." (Laughs) "I'm starting over, just like a freshman. My slate's clean. I've nothing to lose. And you know what? I rather enjoy the freedom."

BERNIE SISK: "It became evident, in the week before Christmas, that my chances were very slim. Udall was the key: the members had very definite pro or con opinions about him. Had I put it together in early December—and it was initially encouraging—then I would have defeated Udall in the finals. Anyone would have, except maybe O'Hara. A number of the members like Udall personally, but they're afraid of his people.

"I feel terribly relieved to be from under the gun. I see a rocky road. I'm no reactionary, but some of these new birds—well, what I hear them say scares me. It wouldn't be any pleasure to try to hold this bunch together in the House."

WAYNE HAYS: "I guess I didn't work hard enough. I find it difficult to ask favors. I've made a number of people mad.

"Udall didn't have a chance. People didn't like his bedfellows. I said all along I was the most relaxed, the least ambitious of the candidates. That probably means I'd have made the best leader."

GARY HYMEL, assistant to Hale Boggs: "I think Udall's people did some pretty foolish things. If you accept Mo's premise that the House is controlled by the chairmen, then you wonder why he had fifteen or twenty of the most anti-establishmentarian and antagonistic members running full steam ahead. That was certain to turn the power against him. I think Udall personally realized this, and tried to divorce himself from some of the more radical reforms and reformers—but he had the taint.

"Many of Udall's people were amateurs when it came to in-house politics. They didn't count very well. Hale Boggs has spent many years counting votes. He's been on the inside, with the leadership and part of the leadership, and that helps you develop a sensitive feel for internal matters. You don't learn this place overnight.

"We always saw it as between Hale Boggs and Udall, and figured early to win. Hale came up from scratch. He had problems, but he knew how to overcome them.

"We didn't leave any unturned stones. We did concede anybody except the other candidates at their known lieutenants. We may have taken fifty or eighteen freshmen from Udall. We got five blacks for sure on the first ballot, maybe seven; and I think we got nine on the second.*

"Being on the leadership ladder was an advantage, sure, and Mr. McCormack was helpful. The things didn't mean automatic promotion. Hale Boggs had to project a certain image, and he did. He worked hard and touched all bases. Give him credit.

"The only thing I can't figure out" (laughing) "is how we got less than 110 votes on that first ballot! I've gone over the count two dozen times and can't find the... ah, *disappointments*! There were fifteen or twenty real smooth political operators running loose somewhere around here!"

MORRIS UDALL: "The Dixiecrats didn't beat me, but they never counted on their votes. I was defeated by a combination of defecting freshmen, labor, and liberals with ten to fifteen years in the House. Labor hurt me badly, though I've been with them more than not. I could just never bring myself to jump like labor commands.

"I had this image of myself as being acceptable to both basic ideological camps. I presumed I had been thoughtful, responsible, and personable enough to come off as less than a bombthrower to conservatives, and liberal enough to deserve the confidence and trust of liberals. In truth, it seems I was suspect in each camp.**

"The leadership ladder bit—tradition, promotion, seniority—was stronger medicine than I originally thought. This House apparently just insists on people getting in line, serving time. Boggs knew this and exploited the sentiment very effectively. He worked his ass off, and he used all his tools. In the South, the Boggs people put the heat on real estate, oil, tobacco, textiles, and so on. They snatched six or eight votes from me there. He played the freshmen like a virtuoso: he could pass out more good advice than I. The big-city boys came to him through a combination of his contacts with mayors and other politicians I didn't know externally, and through such guys as Rostenkowski and Carey and a few of the old deans. Boggs had people all over Washington—lawyers and lobbyists and bureaucrats—dangling back to the New Deal, and almost all of them knew somebody to pressure for him.

"The remaining bitterness over my McCormack race surprised me. I thought I'd conducted myself like a gentleman, and so I guess people just believed the idea. At a critical juncture somebody brought the word that Tip O'Neill had said he couldn't buy me.

*O'Hara still believes he had "nine or ten" of the votes of the blacks, and that most then went to Udall.

**Following Edward Kennedy's upset loss to conservative Senator Robert Byrd for a Senate leadership post, he telephoned Senator Kennedy: "As soon as I get this liberal buck-shot out of my rear, I'll come pull those liberal legs out of your back."

any circumstance. I said, 'Goddammit, I've a lot to learn.' I remember trading funny ones with Tip O'Neill, and once we had a marvelous time on a trip. It's easy to translate such personal experiences into potential support—easy to see that Tip O'Neill's shared friendly moments with others and for longer. I knew that Ken Gray of the House had been sore at me over a Post Office bill I'd handled—he thought it encroached on his committee's territory—but I assumed that old grudge settled long ago. Then, late in the campaign, I heard he was still talking about it.

I'm too naïve, or maybe too egotistical. Always trying to believe the best. Right after my defeat I wrote myself a memo: 'If I ever get in another one of these things, remember that the man who only gives you general expressions of high esteem should be marked on the *other fellow's* ledger.' Looking back, I know that when I talked to twenty guys, say, I found them generally complimentary but unwilling to commit themselves, I'd tell myself, 'Well, I can't get all of those guys, but surely I'll get six out of ten.' The fact is, you'll get none of them. Any short of 'Yes, I'll vote for you' means they're not going to vote for you. There's a story from my good sources that one of my original lieutenants may have been a Boggs plant, a spy from among my thirty-odd loyalists. Maybe I need to face the realities, but that's *one* story I can't bring myself to accept.

The liberal or progressive newspapers didn't play the role they might have. After years of coming out about the need for House reforms, they gave pretty shoddy coverage. The *New York Times* didn't have a line in the Sunday edition before the election, and then *after* the vote cried out editorially about the result. Big help that was. The *Washington Post* seemed terribly pro-Boggs to me. The influential newspapers in Congress, and they editorially remarked on the race or given their airings to the issues, then they may have made a difference. I don't remember reading any in-depth story saying what the candidates stood for, or how they expected to operate as majority Leader should they win.

Right now, of course, I feel that I know much about the House and about the personalities involved during the campaign. Even being much enlightened, however, I'm not sure I could do any better. I did the things I meant to do and the things I had to say. In the final analysis, it wasn't there for me."

SEVERAL DAYS AFTER THE ELECTION, goodies had been distributed to the deserving. John McFall of California, a Boggs man, was named to one of the two newly created "Deputy Whip" jobs. John Brademas of Indiana, an O'Hara man, was named to the other concession to Midwest liberals. Deserving fresh-achievers achieved their best committee hopes more formally. Some few of the original Boggs men

from among the middle ranks improved their positions. "Several Con-

ditions. Udall, despondent and tired, thought he knew the slot where "I might accomplish a little something." Swallowing pride, he campaigned for a seat on the Ethics Committee: there he could assist reforms in reporting of campaign expenditures, situations breeding conflicts of interest, lobbying procedures. Two senior members of Ethics—crusty old Wayne Aspinall and an aging Louisiana Tory, F. Edward Hébert—were reportedly quitting because of more important duties. Udall heard nothing for several days. One afternoon he received a call from Ways and Means sources: sorry, but Aspinall and Hébert had reconsidered. There would be no vacancy.

"I got the message," Udall told a friend. "There's nothing here for ole Mo. I'm catching on." He laughed: "When I was a viable candidate, the employees from the service offices here—the folding room, cafeteria, the cops, and so on—were extremely cordial. This morning one of my staff people called the electrical-equipment office to have a typewriter repaired, and got his tail chewed."

Udall prowled his office restlessly: "When I came here, I was forced to get on the Interior Committee to assist an Arizona water project. It was massive and complex and took eight years. By that time, I was a prisoner of the seniority system—I couldn't very well quit it and go to the bottom of some other committee. My secondary assignment was to Post Office. That's a duty post, not one I took by choice. This decision today shows me my future here: I can become chairman of the Post Office Committee, with luck, when I'm sixty.

"If you take the long view, maybe I've helped improve things. My challenge of McCormack two years ago, and the scare my younger libs put in the powers this time, may have achieved some small reforms. We have regular party caucuses now, and they help. We've limited the number of subcommittees or committees one man may serve on, and that helps spread the action around. We've scared a few of the old bulls, so that individual committee rules are being loosened, and that may provide more of a participating democracy.

"If you believe, as some of us do, that time is running out—that the country's problems are accumulating and our society is in crisis—well, then, you have to think about restructuring your career possibilities and your life. What do you do? Run for the Senate, and hope it's a little better over there? Teach? Write? Practice law? Where can you be more useful?"

He sighed, "Oh, hell, I've got to quit feeling sorry for myself. Decisions can't be made when you're down and out. The smart thing is to sit tight until I get my bearings. I need a rest. Ella and I are going off on a short vacation. We'll sit in the sun and play in the sand."

Where are you going? his friend asked. "Home," Udall said. That seemed a good choice, for home is not a bad place to heal.

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Carey Winfrey

TIP ON A LOST RACE

In praise of fast horses and slow afternoons

IT WAS ONLY BY COINCIDENCE that my father arrived the week before I did. He had come East for the yearling auctions to advise a wealthy Mexican in the art of buying horses. The previous year the Mexican paid some \$100,000 for a nineteen-year-old stallion and, horse longevity being roughly one-fourth of a man's, there had been suggestions that he seek the advice of a horseman before continuing his speculations in equine bloodstock. That's what my father was doing in Saratoga.

I had seen him last in California. I drove up to the stable one morning early. When I got out of the car, the first thing my father said to me was, "You're certainly wearing your hair long."

"I guess so. The effete East, you know."

"Well, if it gets any longer," my father said, "you can stay in the East." Then he apologized. "You're grown now," he said. "You can do what you like." But he looked at the ground a lot the rest of the weekend I was there.

My father had already returned to California by the time I got to Saratoga. But it was almost as if he were still there. Everywhere I went, people told me that they'd seen him and how well he looked.

Six years ago my father set an all-time money-winning record as a trainer of thoroughbred horses. Led by two two-year-old champions (Bold Lad and Queen Empress), his stable won nearly a million and a half dollars in purse money (of which my father, as trainer, got roughly 10 per cent). Astounding to many, the next year he walked away from that same stable—easily the best in the country—citing personal reasons for his resignation. The wire services carried a blurb about Bill Winfrey "retiring" from racing at the age of fifty. He didn't retire though, and even today there is lingering speculation around the racetrack as to why he left. The only reason my father ever gave was that the job took too much time away from his family. I certainly never had any trouble believing that that was the real reason. Still, there were a lot of rumors that my father had not gotten along all that well with one of the stable's owners, Ogden Phipps, a thoroughbred breeder, member of the Jockey Club, racing official, and one of the half-dozen or so most powerful men in American racing.

I AM NINE OR TEN YEARS OLD and deep asleep in the still hour before dawn. In a little while my father will come and sit on the edge of my bed, rubbing my back slow and warm to wake me. But I am dreaming: I am watching Les or John Gordon of the other grooms braid the tail of a gleaming chestnut colt, beautifying him for a race. I am sitting cross-legged at the door of the stall, listening to the soft, whispering pssssssss, pssssssss as the groom makes, exhaling, to keep the horse calm from getting in his mouth, when my father appears upset. "The jock can't ride," he announces to me in particular. "We'll have to scratch."

Now the dream gets a little hazy. But somehow miraculously, there I am, splendidly appointed in racing silks, the whip in my right hand, the stirrups pulled so high my knees touch my hands. No, the dream is clear again. We are led into the starting gate. I hear my heart tharumping in my chest. "No chance, Mr. Cassidy," I yell to the starter. The horse is still. The bell rings, the doors fly open and with an incredible lurch that all but throws me out of the saddle, we are off. I hit the colt three times with my whip, each time in stride—bam, pause, and pause, bam—just to get him going. We settle again for the stretch drive and I lean back holding him, saving his speed, rating him, riding easy. When we round the last turn and head for home, I begin to hear the roar in the grandstand. I am whipping again, now, as we pass horses on the outside of the colt and I moving as one. Now there is but one horse in front of me and, as I creep up on him, all I can do to keep asleep for my inevitable but still incredible . . . Victory . . . by a nose.

Maybe a jockey was the only thing I ever really wanted to be. The thought occurs to me now, recalling my father's and grandfather's paths here at Saratoga. Breathing this air that is a perfume of linament, pine, oats, straw, and, yes, manure, and once again "Bill's boy," my father's son, dependent on his praise for my solace, ready at his bidding to remount a frisky palomino that has just run and thrown me.

We would get up those mornings about 5:30 a.m. My father and I, splashing cold water on our faces to wake us, moving quietly through the house to the

Carey Winfrey, at present a New Yorker, is a correspondent for Time magazine. Columbia College, the Marines, and Columbia Graduate School of Journalism occupied him between his racetrack boyhood and now.

Bill Winfrey was voted into racing's Hall of Fame in April.

disturb my mother. The streetlights would be
in the morning dew as we drove through
deserted streets, the radio blaring Frankie
and "Mule Traaaaaaaiiiin . . . clippety clop-
ver hill and dale . . ." We would sing to the
in tune only with each other. I would lean
at my father's warmth and never suspect there
any other thing to be but happy.

and arrive at first light, and the first set of
half a dozen or so, would already be saddled.
exercise boys, seeing us arrive, would put down
coffees and get ready to get aboard their
I would walk down the long shed past two
horses in their stalls. It was a ritual my father
d on—saying good morning to the grooms
exercise boys who worked for him. "Good
ng, 'Apples,'" "Good morning, Harold."

the riders had mounted, the exercise boys
lead the horses to the training track, while
I would follow my father on foot to the clocking
stopping with him along the way as he ex-
changed cheery small talk ("You know my boy
'') with the other trainers. The fact that I
managed to decipher it never prevented my
ng the cryptic language of the clockers:
ty-two and two for the bay colt. What'ju get
t, Jack?" By the time we'd get back to the
the grooms would have unsaddled the horses
could have started washing them. The exercise
each holding the shank of their mounts, would
the workout, speaking the present-tense ver-

acular of race-trackese: "Well, we break real
at the quarter pole, but then this filly she see a bird
or something and she break stride . . ." The horses
sweating and frisky now, would kick out with their
hind feet as the grooms ("Hey now poppa, what's a
matter with you") lavished steaming buckets of
hot water on their sweating bodies, applying it in
great dripping sponges before whisking them dry
with long aluminum scrapers. Often, after the
horses' baths, my father would let me take the shank
of a quieter colt or filly and I'd join the seemingly
endless oval parade around the cooling-out ring.

But the best part of the morning was when it came
time to ride the pony. For as long as I could re-
member, my father's pony was named Bill. I don't
know how many Pony Bills there were in all in the
years I spent weekends and summers at the track,
but I do know that I fell off just about every one of
them. Even if I was hurt, as happened a couple of
times, my father would always make me get right
back on and ride some more.

I never suspected that such rides would mark
the end of my memory's view of childhood. I didn't
know that my parents would soon be divorced, or
that I would be sent, in the fifth grade, to a military
school in Maryland—out of range, the thinking ran,
of any of the attendant acrimony. Nor could I know
that I would come to look upon such mornings at
the racetrack as my strongest ties to earth and place,
my strongest link to the kind of heritage I would
read about in the library of that school.



aphs from the family album.

Carey Winfrey TIP ON A LOST RACE

A DREAM MUCH LIKE MINE had actually come true for my father. Twice, in fact. As a boy of nine, he won his first horse race, riding a circus pony named Sparkle, not too much bigger than he was, at the old Jamaica track on Long Island. I don't know how many other horses there were in the race, but I have been told they were under considerable restraint. In the picture taken in the winner's circle, my father's nine-year-old face is very serious, but the men standing around in black suits and hats behind him are all smiles.

When he was seventeen, he won his second race, this time in real competition. "Congratulations," says the telegram in my grandmother's scrapbook. "Bill won his first race today." It was signed by my grandfather, "Carey." Next to it, a yellowed clipping is more detailed: "Willie Winfrey rode his first winner here this afternoon. Son of G. Carey Winfrey, well-known owner and trainer. Willie has been trying to crash the winner's circle since early in the last Florida campaign. . . . Eight answered the call, but little Willie showed them the way home. He brought the B. B. Stable's two-year-old from behind in a rattling stretch drive to take command in the closing strides. The stable gang gave the little boy a great big hand."

The applause notwithstanding, my father has always said that the greatest mistake he made in life was quitting school in the ninth grade to become a jockey.

My father's riding career lasted less than a year.

Having put on too much weight to continue as a jockey, he became, at eighteen, the country's youngest licensed horse trainer, taking a string of winners to his grandfather's stable up to Canada. By the time he was born (1941, the year Whirlaway won the Triple Crown), my father had a small reputation and was developing better and better horses on a series of owners. When, in the late 1940s, Alvin Vanderbilt asked him to take charge of his stable, my father willingly accepted. The next year found himself with three stakes winners (Bed O' Roses, Next Move, and Weeper); he had become one of the most talked-about young trainers in the country. But his greatest success was yet to come. As I cried myself homesick sleep in a dormitory near Baltimore in 1951, at Vanderbilt's Sagamore farm a few miles away a spirited gray yearling was growing strong and more powerful. My father said he could train himself. Television's first equine celebrity, Native Dancer would win twenty-one of his first two races, make the cover of *Time* magazine, inspire fan mail from matrons who didn't know a filly from a furlough, and turn an already swell kid into a vicarious braggart who went around telling people he was "Bill Winfrey's boy."

I HAVEN'T SEEN 6:00 A.M. for years. And on my first morning returned to Saratoga, I was only long enough to set the alarm again for



I get to the track at eight, Lazero Barrera, n Cuba, and now one of the leading trainers United States as well as perhaps my father's friend, shakes his head at me, his expression a mixture of mock anger and incomprehension. "You no come on the racetrack?" he asks, continuing before I have a chance to answer: "A father does not prepare his son to follow his beesness, it ees a very bad thing." Perhaps there is more than sentiment in his remark. The traditionalists' school of horse trainer is a dwindling minority. Once it was the only school, a curriculum a composite of gentlemanly agree- camaraderie, and sportsmanship. Forbidden greed, outspokenness, and (with some excep- tion) the claiming of horses. The traditionalists bound together by their devotion to the horse, its rules, and to the blue-blood owners who were racing through the troubled Depression and its years. Its membership included such men as Hirsch, Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, Bert Mulhol- land, and Ben Jones (as well as my father and grandfather).

In recent years, through death and retirement, the numbers have decreased, their WASP ranks replaced by a new breed of trainer: young, bright, aggressive, anxious to make money. The game has changed, its feudal benevolence given way to cost-cutting and pension demands. The private stables, with their bills and generous bonuses smilingly paid to patriarchs (it was deductible, after all), have given way to the public stable, in which the owner charges, say, \$25 a day per horse, out of which he pays the expenses. Many of the best horses and exercise boys are gone now too, re- sulting or forced by the new economics and rising track wages to seek employment elsewhere. The erosion of tax loopholes and the invasion of new sports, new priorities, and new faces have turned the racetrack into a fairground of hostile factions. In the eye, at least, all is as it was. Cars still glide silently past sidestepping horses, their riders as amboyantly cocky. On the track, a rider sits upright in the stirrups, singing gaily in the saddle. The only visible difference is that the wood- burning water cauldrons that once filled the north with the scent of burning pine have given way to a variety, the pipes leading to them looking like strange gray snakes in the grass. And there are girls on the racetrack now, their presence a victory for enlightened attitudes than a testi- mony to the employment crisis. They do much to change the atmosphere. Gentleman horse trainer Ryan interrupts my reverie. "We live in a dream here," he says. "People are whistling, the horses are galloping. People are friendly and everybody says hello. When you're at Saratoga you almost forget the rest of it—the commercial side of it." The rest of it exists. I write in my short order my notebook is filled with griev- ous complaints: the working men rightfully complain of low wages and primitive living conditions; the trainers

bemoan the management's courtship of the better; the officials decry the greed of the horsemen. "The officials care about are those blinkin' lights," says a trainer. "When they meet they don't say, 'Good afternoon'; they say, 'What's the attendance?'" "The trainers complain that they can't afford to pay better wages," says an officer of the New York Racing Association, "but I don't know of any group of professional men who drive newer cars." I hear of racetrack judges who "don't know what a bridle is" and a commissioner who "bets with both hands." I hear of "Jew owners and wop trainers" and "Puerto Ricans with their radios turned up." The old guard rails against the new. "It's not a sport anymore—it's a business," I hear again and again and wonder if it ever was.

Before long I stop listening. My racetrack had no such sordid sides. The grass was sweet, the air clean. My daddy won races and the purses were getting bigger all the time.

I WAS ELEVEN DAYS OLD MY FIRST TRIP to Saratoga, and I spent almost every August there until I was seventeen . . . a year of Augusts. The people who live the other months there say that Saratoga in August is not Saratoga at all. The other months, they say, it is a quiet college town. But the Saratoga I know is a serene carnival where, sitting on the corner of Fifth and Lake Avenues, Mike Kiley, Joe Toussant, and I could record all forty-eight states from passing license plates within a week of morning monitoring. It is cool in the mornings and hot in the afternoons, and the people who live near the racetrack park cars on their front lawns for \$2.00. (Or they go away in August so they can rent their houses for some outrageous figure.) Each morning the *Morning Telegraph*, a racing paper costing seventy-five cents, outsells the *New York Times*, and each afternoon a four-page "racing extra" of *The Saratogian* is printed on pink paper, costs twenty-five cents, and always sells out. Henry James once called it the "northernmost Southern city" and Jimmy Cannon, the sportswriter, dubbed it "the Coney Island of the underworld," referring to the old days before Kefauver when gambling and prostitution were its main sources of income. But those Saratogas are as alien to me as the one which is covered by snow.

It looks the same. Most of its concessions to modernity line a single strip of highway leading out of town. Downtown the changes are subtle. "We Shorten Mini Skirts," reads an unintentionally funny sign in a laundry, while, more seriously, a block and a political spectrum away, another sign announces: "Notice, We Love America." The proprietor of a self-service laundry launches into a tirade against "them" and how "they'll steal anything," while a dentist bemoans Saratoga's unique "busing" problem: ghetto children from New York City and Albany are brought in for a day of racing. Like other Saratoga citizens, the dentist is upset by

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Carey Winfrey
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the half-dozen "hippie shops" on Caroline Street. He sentimentally recalls the "fun" of Lucky Luciano's Saratoga era, but confides in a whisper of disgust that "we even have a marijuana problem."

Up from town, on spruce- and elm-shaded streets, the gabled homes remain, monuments to *laissez-faire*, caveat emptor, and a simpler tax structure. Their temporary residents, the August visitors, have breakfast in the Reading Room served by reverential Negroes with close-cropped white hair, followed by a round of golf and a hot sulphur bath. No need to get to the races much before 2:00.

THOROUGHbred racing first came to Saratoga in 1863 on the site of what is now a small training track called Horse Haven.

After only one year, racing was moved across Union Avenue to its present location. There is no more pleasant racing in America than the twenty-four-day meeting held there each year before a wooden grandstand little changed from the day the Travers, the oldest stakes race in the United States, was first run in 1864. In the infield, stately elms form a lush parenthesis around a silver pond. Behind the grandstand, in the paddock, the horses walk in easy circles beneath the trees, scrutinized by their prospective backers. Now the trainers arrive to saddle them, just as the trainers arrived to saddle Upset the day he beat Man O' War some fifty years ago. The horses' owners, Jones as well as

Vanderbilt, bend to speak softly to the little bright silks, and then the cry is heard, "Ride Up." Mounted now, the thoroughbred parades to the post by outriders in pink coats, the corral prelude to the minute-or-more scramble that tuates the afternoon nine times a day.

It was not to the grandstand I used to go all, but to the backstretch, where stable hands, their wives and children spent sunny, lazy afternoons picnicking under the elms and watching races. My cousin Judy would come along. Sometimes, if the race started on the backstretch, Cassidy, the starter, would take us with him upon the little green stand beside the gate where he pressed the buzzer. And of course we got to know all the assistant starters, big strong men in shirts and pants who told wonderful stories about the war and the women they had loved, and before the races played poker inside the totalizator bar.

Many days the best was saved for last. That was when my father would come to the backstretch early, before the last race. He often did so, the truth, because he didn't much like to go to the races. I know that sounds funny, but it's true. A lot of trainers don't much like to go to the races, but they have to wear suits and neckties and make pleasant conversation with the owners. The horses, they like to see their horses run, they like to see their horses *win*, but if they're not running anything, it can be pretty dull just sitting there after day. So my father would come over



retch and check to see that his horses were all
Then Judy and I would pile into the back seat
car and roll the window down, and my father
drive right over to the starting gate, lining
th it and facing the same direction as the
s. When the horses broke, so would we, and
udy and me leaning out the window in delight
jockeys yelled at each other and maneuvered
sition, my father would drive along, matching
rses' pace exactly. Once you have seen a race
ay, watching it from a distance seems very
indeed.

haps it is because of such recollections that
andstand now begins to bore me so quickly.
ybe it is because I am not much of a bettor.
horsemen are not big bettors, and I'm sure
because they, more than anyone, understand
g luck" and thereby know the multitude of
that can upset their best laid plans. They well
how the best horse in the race can be left flat-
at the start, or break stride bolting from a
g bird, or bow a tendon, or, for a dozen other
s (some as undetectable as a headache), run

ccessful handicapping, which requires over-
g the seventeen cents taken out of every dollar
it is wagered, is a full-time enterprise that
as a trainer's knowledge of horses, a mathema-
s understanding of the totalizator board, and
nologist's insight into why one horse is being
by the majority of bettors over another. Real
men, if they are any good at conditioning
harges, simply have no time to handicap the
of others. Which is why a tip on a horse from
er is very nearly worthless.

n smart trainers bet, the amount is small
e motive is "for luck." My father does this,
grandfather did too, but where the most I
ver seen my father bet was \$20, my grand-
once bet \$500 on one of his own colts. The
nt off at 12 to 1; that afternoon my grand-
came home with a suitcase, opened it, and
l the bed with green paper bills.

ay have been the occasional wager that took
ndfather to the races every day, but I don't
o. It was just racing he loved, and maybe the
ast of characters that were such a part of his
hicken Sadie who cooked the best fried
he ever tasted, and Goldie who looked like
p and sold cigarettes and candy on the back-
and could change a hundred-dollar bill with-
inking an eye. My grandfather couldn't
and anyone not loving racing as much as
and his great hope for me was that I would
a trainer. Right up to the time he died he
fering to buy me a couple of yearlings just
me started.

GRANDFATHER. HOW NICE IT IS to remember
at man's sweet self. In my father's house in
nia there are two thin horseshoes mounted

on a silver plaque. The plaque is inscribed: "These
shoes were worn by Tokalon, winner of the 1906
Brooklyn Handicap. When she came from Texas to
win this race, she brought with her as groom, G.
Carey Winfrey, who stayed in the East to become
one of New York's greatest trainers." That was my
grandfather. Actually, he was my stepgrandfather.
But as far as I was ever concerned, he was my
Grandpa and the kindest man in the world.

They say that in his middle years my grandfather
was a strong, robust man who loved to drive auto-
mobiles fast, leaning into the steering wheel to
make the tires squeal around turns. He once beat a
Negro groom—knocked him out with his fist—for
taking my father, then only nine, into the "colored"
side of the racetrack kitchen at the old Empire City
racetrack. It wasn't so much what the groom did as
what he said after and the way he said it: "You ain't
back in Texas now, Mr. Winfrey." My grandfather
was from Texas, was a man of his time, and prob-
ably took a dim view of uppity black grooms. Still,
the man I knew as Grandpa never would have done
it. Grandpa was not robust. His hands shook from
Parkinson's disease. He drove very slowly.

Grandpa smelled like witch hazel. He was shy
and quiet but he laughed a lot—a big, wide laugh,
with a grin that hung on for a long time after. "How
do you and I stand?" he would ask me. And I,
properly trained, would never answer that I didn't
know. I'd say, "How *do* we stand, Grandpa?" He
would smile then. "On our feet," he'd say. "On
our feet." He never got tired of that one, and now
that I think back on it, I never did either.

My grandfather could remember a race at Bowie
in "nineteen and nine" as if it were run this morn-
ing, and he was full of stories about the old days.
But he had trouble with the more immediate past.
He always called me, "Bill . . . uh . . . Carey," see-
ing my father at my age so clearly in me. Or he'd
ask me to turn up the "radio" when he meant the
television.

His poor memory frustrated him a great deal.
What bothered him most, I think, was forgetting
the names of the horses he trained. He kept a small
notebook with the horses' names written down in
just the order they stood in their stalls in the shed.
The idea was that he could walk along, turning one
page for each horse, and he'd have the name right
there. The only problem with that system was that
he always lost the book.

In Saratoga now, Ernest "Lasses" Wells and I
sit one evening as the sun goes down and talk about
my grandfather. Lassies started out as a jockey in
Darlington, South Carolina in 1915, getting "five
for ridin', five for winnin'." When he got too heavy
to ride, he started rubbing horses. Lassies is sixty-
seven now and a night watchman. "One thing about
your Grandpop," he is saying. "He *knowed* his
horses. If he kept a horse any time, you could
believe he was gonna do some good with him *some*
time."

My grandfather was never as famous a trainer

"Most horsemen
are not big
bettors, and I'm
sure it is because
they, more than
anyone, under-
stand 'racing
luck.'"

Carey Winfrey

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as my father would be. Other horsemen knew how good he was, however, and the smart bettor did too. My grandfather usually wintered his horses in New York instead of taking them to California or Florida. When New York racing began again in the spring, my grandfather's horses were used to the weather, used to the racetrack, and in peak form. In the spring of 1955, he saddled ten winners from his first sixteen starters. The following year, the New York Turf Writers Association voted him "Trainer of the Year."

When my grandfather heard about the award, he couldn't believe it. "They must mean Bill," he said; meaning my father. Finally convinced that, no, they did indeed mean him, he developed elaborate fears about the presentation ceremonies. Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, then eighty-two, took him aside. "Now, son," he said to my grandfather, eleven years his junior, "don't get excited. Just take it easy as if you are saddling an old plater for an overnight race. Then everything will be all right."

"But what will I say when he hands me the plaque?" my grandfather asked.

"Just say thanks," said Mr. Fitz. Which is just what my grandfather did.

THE LAST TIME I SPENT THE WHOLE of August in Saratoga was in 1958, the summer before my senior year in military school. My father had long since remarried and by then was well on his way toward fathering a second family. I did not see him often. Only in August, at Saratoga, would we spend time together.

It was far from ideal. We had entered into the mutual discomfiture that so often befalls sons and fathers who see each other all too rarely. My father tried hard, in the little time we had together, to correct whatever signs of waywardness he detected from the year we had been apart. For my part, I added to the strain by resenting my father's new family.

But that summer he seemed at last willing to treat me more like the young man I thought I had become. Two months before, in fact, he had overwhelmed me with the present of an automobile.

It was decided that I would stay with my grandfather. My grandmother hadn't felt like making the trip this year, and my grandfather wanted companionship in the large room he had taken in a Saratoga home. We made wonderfully companionable roommates.

I was my grandfather's chauffeur, getting up with him each morning at 6:00, driving him to the stable, helping him with the horses' names, accompanying him to the rail of the training track while he clocked their workouts. We would come home around 10:00 to a big breakfast, feeling a manly, satisfied kind of tired. (To this day I know of little to rival the satisfaction of a day's work completed before noon.) Then, after a nap, my grandfather would go devotedly to the races. I

would drop him at the clubhouse, heading for the more informal atmosphere of the stretch. For me that summer, there was a attraction there: Connie, a jockey's daughter.

In the evenings, my grandfather went to early, while I read or, occasionally, went to a movie. On one such evening I called Connie, suggesting we go to a movie. In my grandfather's car I toward Saratoga Lake, where she lived. The around the lake is narrow and winding, and at point, dips into a hollow before banking sharply, was just reaching the turn when another car, coming, came at me, in my lane. I swerved, but the turn was too narrow. In the collision I was thrown against the windshield, not seriously hurt. A young beer-drinking couple in the other car was also only shaken up. When I called my grandfather, he was calm. He would call my father, said.

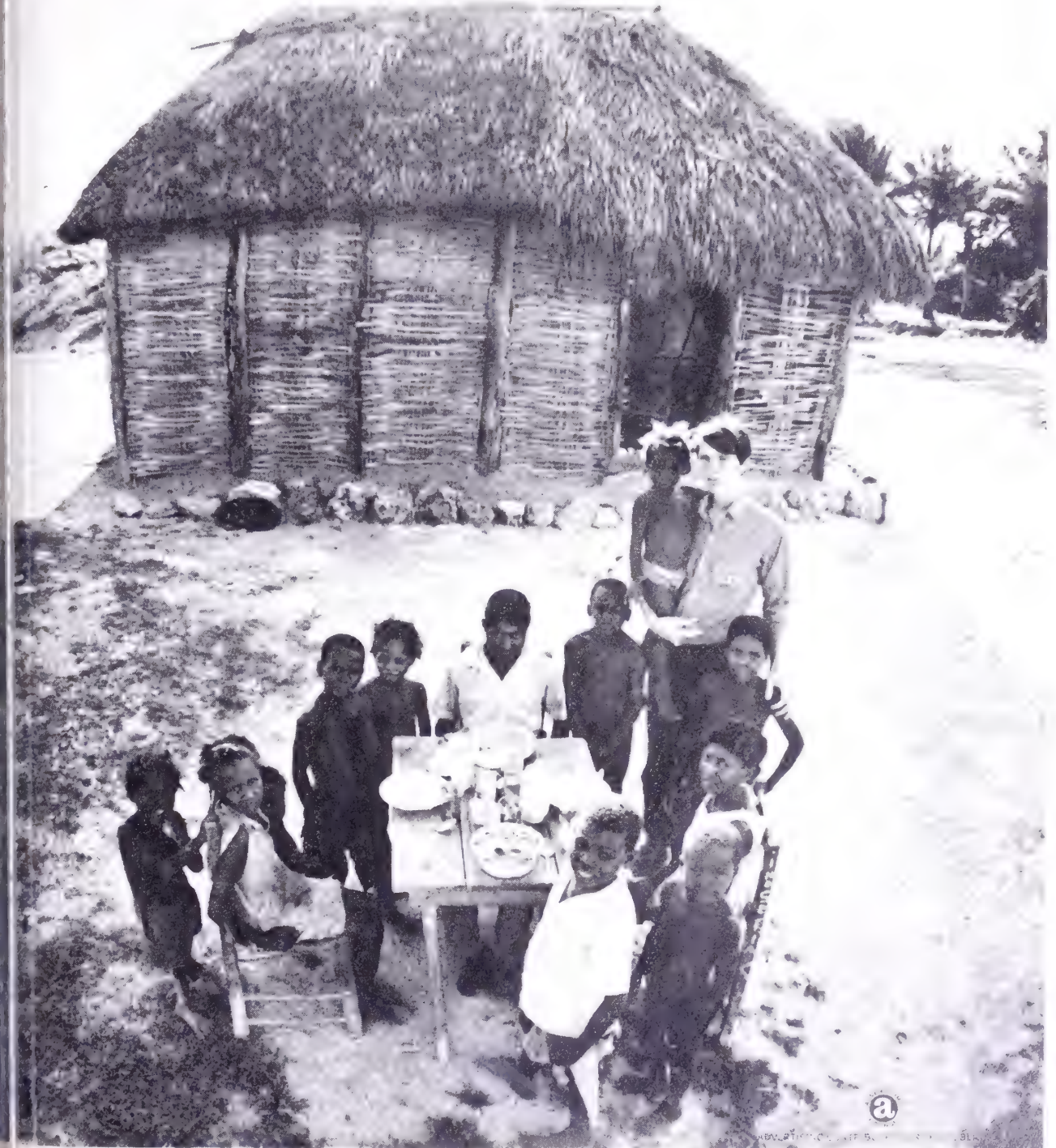
It took about three hours to complete the going of police paper work and the arranging for trucks and body shops. My father, as he always in crisis, was masterfully in control. Only when I had at last been released did I realize how easily he was. He felt I had betrayed my grandfather, I gambled with his health. My grandfather, of with a heart condition, might well have needed just at the moment I was off "seeing some Neither tire skids, the police report, nor my tests could convince him that the accident was my fault. I was just lucky, he said, that the of it had not killed my grandfather. He berated the long drive home, his voice shaking with and I—exhausted, afraid, not knowing what to said nothing, staring out into the night. He took my expression for cynicism. "How dare you just sit there," he shouted, "waiting for me to finish. Why, you punk..." I don't remember what he said after that.

The next day my father told me he was selling his car. A week later he said that he had visited the college I wanted to go to. He said it was a rich school. A snob school. He forbade me to go.

My father sold my car and I hitchhiked through another year in Maryland. He meant to come to my graduation but at the last minute he had to a horse in California and couldn't get away. The next year I went to a college that he approved.

In my last year in college, my grandfather had a stroke and lay in the hospital very near death. My father flew to New York from California. It was the first time we had seen each other in a long time. We went to the hospital together. My grandfather was in a coma. When my father saw my grandfather's vacant stare and his hollow cheeks, he broke down in tears. I had never seen my father cry. I don't think anybody had. I went toward my father, I think to put my arms around him. My father, embarrassed to be seen crying, turned toward the window. I put my hand on his shoulder. Then I took it away. I wanted to cry too, but I didn't.

If you told these people The Peace Corps is
the hypocritical extension of an imperialistic
establishment's military industrial complex, they
would think you were crazy.
And you would be.



MS, PEACE CORPS VOLUNTEER, WITH DOMINICAN FAMILY IN AZUA

LEARNING TO DIE

The final lesson that few doctors know how to teach

ON NOVEMBER 8, 1970, BARBARA B., a woman in her middle sixties, was admitted to New York Hospital with an unexplained intestinal blockage. Because it was a Sunday and her own doctor was unavailable, the doctor of a friend took over. He had never met Mrs. B. and knew nothing of her medical history. When he asked what was wrong she described her symptoms during the preceding few days but volunteered nothing else. Dr. C. began making arrangements for an exploratory operation in the next day or two if the situation did not correct itself.

A friend had accompanied Mrs. B. to the hospital. Later that day her daughter and son-in-law came up to see her. Mrs. B. was in considerable pain so there was not much conversation. When they did talk, it was about matters of little consequence. Not knowing exactly what Mrs. B.'s condition was they all hoped that an operation would not be necessary, but they did not speculate as to what might have caused the blockage. Each of the four had a pretty good idea of the cause: none of them mentioned it that first day.

On Monday Dr. C. contacted Mrs. B.'s regular doctor and was told she had had a cancerous breast removed in the summer of 1968, that malignant skin nodules had reappeared in the summer of 1970, and that laboratory tests showed spreading cancer. It was obvious to Dr. C. that Mrs. B.'s cancer had reached her abdomen and that she did not have long to live. When he spoke to Mrs. B.'s family, however, he was somewhat more tentative. He said he was not sure (which was true; he was not *absolutely certain*) what was causing the blockage, that the blockage might disappear, that he advised waiting for a few days to see how things developed. He admitted, in response to direct questions, that Mrs. B. was suffering from a serious case of cancer and that serious in her case probably meant fatal. He muted only the probable (but not yet *certain*) fact that Mrs. B. had already begun to die.

During the following few days Mrs. B. was in continual discomfort but nevertheless remained the same person her family had always known: witty, unsentimental, interested in gossip, a passionate

reader, a stern critic of everything about President Nixon except the good looks of his daughters, and a things a woman determined to be strong. When her friends or family came to visit she talked about politics, life on Tenth Street, what she was reading and so on. Everyone asked how she was feeling. She always answered, "Oh, all right," with a look of disgust. Once or twice she said she hoped she would not need an operation. A kind of unspoken agreement was in effect: cancer was not to be mentioned. The reasons for the agreement varied. Mrs. B. was weak to discuss bodily ills, and wanted to spare her daughter. Her daughter wanted to spare her mother. Mrs. B. and her family all knew her cancer had reappeared, but discussion of the possibility of operation was based on the unstated assumption that the cancer and the intestinal blockage were two entirely separate conditions. In other words, everyone knew the end was coming, but resisted the notion that it was coming *now*.

When the blockage persisted into the middle of the next week, however, it became increasingly difficult to ignore the seriousness of Mrs. B.'s condition. Mrs. B. had nothing but contempt for people who complained and was inclined to think that any mention of her own condition was a kind of complaining. In spite of this, she began to refer to it elliptically.

One evening, as her son-in-law was just leaving, she abruptly mentioned a Kingsley Amis novel she had once read in which a character visits a hospitalized friend who is dying with cancer (Mr. Amis winced at the word) of the stomach. In the conversation the dying friend makes little pretense of interest; the conversation; he is simply trying to hold out until his next pain shot.

"I'm beginning to feel that way myself," Mrs. B. said with a bitter smile, apologizing for her failure to keep up her end of the conversation and ashamed of herself for bringing it up. "When something really hurts, all you live for is that pain shot."

A couple of days later Mrs. B.'s son-in-law arrived just as Mrs. B.'s roommate was coming out of anesthesia following an operation to determine if she had breast cancer. The son-in-law asked what the verdict had been. "She had two tumors but no

Thomas Powers graduated from Yale in 1964 and subsequently worked as a journalist in Rome, London, and New York. His first book, Diana: The Making of a Terrorist, has just been published by Houghton Mifflin.

alignant," Mrs. B. said. "Some people have all
ck."

s. B. refrained from talking about her feelings
ly on all but one or two occasions. Once she
er daughter, "I've got so little to look forward
ut then regained her composure. "Sometimes
t help feeling blue," she explained. There
other slips, but generally she refused to talk
what she was going through, or to let anyone
lk about it. Neither she nor anyone else had
mitted fully what was now the one great fact
life: she was dying.

NG IS NOT A SUBJECT to which doctors have
ditionally paid much attention. Their first
se is to preserve life, and once life can no
be decently extended they tend to lose in-
Until fairly recently, the medical profession
d to death as if the subject were adequately
ed by the children's old skip-rope song:

*Doctor, doctor, will I die?
Yes, my child, and so will I.*

ce death was inevitable, discussion was re-
d to secondary matters, centering on three
questions. The first was how to determine
the patient was really dead. Before the twenti-
ntury, people were occasionally buried while
live, and wills sometimes included a stipula-
hat the deceased remain above ground until
dy actually began to smell. The second ques-
till much discussed, was whether or not to tell
atient he was dying. The third question, of
interest to doctors of divinity than of medi-
concerned the individual after the process of
was complete: specifically, did the soul sur-
and if so, in what form? All three questions
ll open to dispute, and the first has attracted
erable scientific attention since the advent of
transplants. Laws that require embalming be-
rial preclude the possibility of being buried
but there is still plenty of contention about
fying the precise moment at which a patient
es sufficiently dead to justify the removal of
rgans.

question of dying itself has been ignored. In
Boston doctor, Roswell Park, suggested that
g was known about the subject and coined
d for its study—thanatology. No one remem-
the word or undertook the study. With the
ion of books on death as a religious event,
nothing was published on the subject. The
oks that were often had a cultist flavor, like
: *Its Causes and Phenomena*, also published
2, which included a chapter on "Photograph-
d Weighing the Soul." Medical scientists
as if Woodrow Wilson had adequately de-
d death and dying in his last words before
g into unconsciousness: "I am a broken ma-
I am ready to go." Scientists were interested
machine during, not after, its breakdown.

They described dying exclusively in terms of the
specific diseases or conditions which accompanied
it, almost as if dying would not occur if there were
no disease.

Since the second world war the subject has be-
to receive some attention. In 1956, the American
Psychological Association held a major symposium
on death at its annual convention. In 1965, Dr.
Elisabeth Kübler-Ross began a prolonged study of
dying patients at the University of Chicago's Bill-
ings Hospital. Other organizations, institutes, and
centers, usually with a highly specialized focus, have
been established in Cleveland, Boston, Durham,
North Carolina, and elsewhere. In 1967, a number
of doctors in New York created the Foundation of
Thanatology (the coincidental use of Dr. Park's
word was not discovered until later) to encourage
the study of death and dying from a broad perspec-



tive. They chose the word thanatology to make it easier to raise funds, figuring that philanthropists, like others, would find the word death so disturbing they would prefer to have nothing to do with it. La Rochefoucauld, the seventeenth-century French writer, said, "One can no more look steadily at death than at the sun." The Foundation of Thanatology has found that the attention span of those they approach for funds is generally just long enough to say no. Independent researchers have experienced similar difficulties and disappointments, including outright hostility on the part of doctors, nurses, and hospital administrators. Nevertheless, some important work has been done, and dying as a biological and psychological event is beginning to be understood.

THE BIOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF DEATH have received the most attention. In most, but not all, cases an autopsy will reveal exactly how an individual died, by which doctors now usually mean what caused his brain to cease functioning. Since respirators and other machines can keep the heart beating and other organs functioning virtually indefinitely, doctors have begun to accept "brain death" as adequate confirmation that the patient is actually "dead." The brain is considered to be dead when an electroencephalogram (EEG) is flat, which means that it detects no electromagnetic activity within the brain. It is a useful definition, compromised to some degree by the fact that patients have, if only rarely, recovered completely following two or even three days with an absolutely flat EEG. Brain death is generally (but not always) caused by a lack of oxygen, which is generally (but not always) caused by failure of the heart or lungs. The number of exact ways in which a human can die are, however, vast. Medical scientists are successful in describing how the body breaks down, not quite so successful in explaining why it breaks down; they admit that in a significant number of cases death occurs for no apparent medical reason whatever.

Dying as a psychological event, as an experience, is even more elusive. The principal obstacle to its study has been the fear of death on the part of patients, relatives, doctors, nurses, and the dispensers of funds for research. Since no one can say convincingly what death is, it is not easy to say why people fear it. In general, the fear of death has been broken down into the specific fears of pain, loneliness, abandonment, mutilation, and, somewhat more difficult to define, fear of the loss of self. This is not just another way of saying fear of death, but a kind of disassociation of the self as a conscious entity (the sense of *me-ness* one feels) from the self as a particular individual, with his particular history in the everyday world. That individual is one's closest associate and one fears his loss.

The fear of death also has a primitive, non-rational dimension, like fear of the dark and fear of the unknown. Conscious effort can bring such fear

under control but cannot suppress it entirely. A doctor in New York uses complaints about the conditions in hospitals as a rule of thumb for gauging the fear of death: the more passionate and unreasonable the complaint, he has found, the greater the fear of dying. Everyone apparently experiences the fear of death in some degree, but reacts to it in his own way. People tend to die as they have lived, as suggested by the saying, "Death is terrible to Cicero, desirable to Cato, and indifferent to Socrates."

The experience of death is obviously related to its immediate cause. Heart disease and stroke are the conditions most likely to grant the widest choice: a wish for death to occur in sleep. Heart patients who have been saved by modern techniques report that they felt only a sudden pain and the beginning of a mingled alarm and surprise. In earlier times, when death sensations would have been death (as they presumably still are for those not saved), patients who have suffered severe heart attacks often report that they gain consciousness in some hospital's intensive care unit with the words, "I'm dying, I'm dying," suggesting that awareness of death can be almost instantaneous, but not quite. Nurses then find themselves in the awkward position of having to explain to the patient that he is not dying, without making clear the fact he still might at any moment. Diseases which do not attack vital centers directly and massed diseases, and especially the forms of breakdown associated with old age, allow considerable warning before death actually arrives.

When an individual begins to die, much of the fear he suffers is the result of the fear of death on his own part and on the part of those around him. It reminds people that they, too, are going to die, which they naturally are not eager to consider. As a result, the first problem faced by the dying individual is to discover the truth about his condition.

In some rare instances doctors make a practice of telling patients the truth immediately, but in most cases the patient has to find out by himself. In the book, *Awareness of Dying*, Barney G. Glaser and Anselm L. Strauss describe a struggle for the truth which is sometimes Byzantine in its complexity. With patients trying to pick up clues while doctors, nurses, and relatives join in a conspiracy to conceal the patient's actual condition. The reason for withholding the truth, doctors say, is that the patient would find it too upsetting, that he needs hope in order to keep on fighting for life, that one cannot be absolutely certain of a diagnosis, that patients really do not want to know.

A number of studies have shown, however, that 80 per cent (more or less, depending on the study) of doctors oppose telling dying patients the truth, while 80 per cent of their patients want to be told. Doctors apparently shy from the subject because death represents a defeat and because, like every body else, they find death upsetting to talk about. The psychological stratagems of medical students confronting death for the first time are notorious. The atmosphere of autopsy rooms is one of macabre



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What more could you want?

Thomas Powers LEARNING TO DIE

humor, a degree or two short of hysteria. Doctors generally end by suppressing awareness of death so thoroughly some researchers speculate that that is why they are drawn to medicine in the first place.

Even while doctors and nurses do everything in their power to withhold the truth, resorting with a smile to outright lies, they customarily believe that the majority of their patients know the truth anyway. Relatives of the dying have the same mixture of feelings, trying to suppress the truth and yet assuming that eventually the patient will realize what is happening. Husbands and wives, each knowing the truth, often tell a third party that *they* know, but not to let the *other* know because he (or she) "couldn't stand it." The pretense naturally grows harder to sustain as the dying patient approaches a final decline. Nevertheless, the pretense is often maintained by sheer will until the end, even when all parties know the truth, and know the others know it too.

In rare instances patients refuse to recognize the truth, ignoring the most obvious clues (such as the visit of a relative who lives thousands of miles away) and insisting up until the end that they will be better in no time. For such patients almost any explanation will suffice. One woman dying of cancer, for example, believed (or pretended to believe) that she was only the victim of a slightly new strain of flu. Dr. Kübler-Ross describes a woman Christian Scientist who insisted until the end that faith in God was sufficient physic for an open cancer which was clearly killing her. As the woman declined she put on ever more garish makeup, until finally she was painting her white and withered cheeks a deep red, suppressing the distinctive smell of cancer with

perfume and using false eyelashes and deep green eye shadow to insist she was still alive and still attractive. In most cases, however, patients eventually sense they are not getting better and either tell their doctors directly (by no means always getting an honest answer) or set verbal traps for nurses, relatives, and other patients, checking their responses for every discrepancy. One woman finally ill with a rare disease discovered her condition when she casually ran across an article in *Newsweek* which described every symptom in exact detail. Nurses believe that "way deep down" patients sense they are dying, and there is some evidence that this is true. Patients who know they are dying will often tell a nurse, "I'm going to die tonight," and then do so. Occasionally, however, patients feel they are going to die when, in fact, they are going to live. Persuading such a patient he's going to recover can be a frustrating experience, particularly when he has watched doctors and nurses deliberately deceive other patients who really were dying.

When patients finally do realize they are dying, a pattern of behavior often follows which was first described in detail by Dr. Kübler-Ross. Based on interviews with hundreds of dying patients over the past five years, she divides the reaction to knowledge of impending death into five distinctive stages.

The first stage is one of denial, even when a patient has suspected the worst and fought to determine the truth. All his life he has casually accepted the fact that "we all have to go." He is stunned to realize that now *he* has to go. After the discovery, patients often retreat into a self-imposed isolation, remaining silent with friends or relatives or refusing to see them, while they get used to the notion that no mistake has been made, that they are *not* in the process of dying. Dr. Kübler-Ross believes that the dying never completely lose hope that a cure for their disease will be discovered at the last minute or that an outright miracle will occur ("the Scripture says that nothing is impossible with God"). This hope remains a deep-seated thing, and for practical purposes, such as writing wills and settling their affairs, the dying generally accept the fact they are dying once they have been told directly or indirectly, that it is truly so.

The second stage is one of anger, especially when the dying individual is young. The anger can be released in any direction: at the doctors for doing nothing, at relatives because they are going to live, at other patients for not being quite so ill, at nurses for being young and healthy, at God for being unjust. In 1603, when Queen Elizabeth was told by her physician, Sir Robert Cecil, that she was seriously ill and must go to bed, she flared back, "*Must!* Is that a word to be addressed to princes? Little man, I am a man! Thy father, were he alive, durst not use that word." Her mood quickly shifted to gloomy self-pity. "Thou art so presumptuous," she said, "because thou knowest that I shall die."

Eventually the anger subsides and the dying patient enters a curious stage in which he tries to

Death, Not Sex, Called Newest Forbidden Topic

DES MOINES, Iowa, March 27 (AP)—Death has replaced sex as society's most forbidden topic of discussion, Dr. David Belgum of Iowa City told 100 ministers attending clergy day at Iowa Lutheran Hospital.

"Dying to be openly discussed in our society, but sex was obscene," Dr. Belgum, a University of Iowa religion professor and associate professor of medicine, said. "Now sex is openly discussed and dying is obscene." As a result, he said on Wednesday, a person who is dying and wants to talk about his death and its implications for his family is often unable to find anyone willing to listen.

—The New York Times
March 28, 1971

er his life. He begins to talk about all the things he has failed to do but will undertake if he survives. He laments the fact he spent so much time working for a living and so little with his family, promising to alter his priorities if he gets home again. These bargains, generally proposed to the dying, are usually kept a secret. They are often very precise, offering regular church attendance and belief in return for a few more years. The bargains tend to be selfless, for the dying person knows he is about to lose himself altogether. Nothing can be offered for almost anything, for the dying person has no time to attend a son's wedding or to see an old friend, but they all have one element in common: they are *never* kept. If the dying person survives until spring he immediately proposes another bargain.

Religious individuals often insist they submit themselves happily to God's pleasure ("Thy will be done") but are prepared to propose a reasonable compromise. St. Anselm, the Archbishop of Canterbury, dying in 1109, told fellow clerics gathered around his deathbed, "I shall gladly obey His call. I should also feel grateful if He would grant me a little longer time with you, and if I could be allowed to solve a question—the origin of the world. God did not accept the offer, and St. Anselm died, but if He had, Dr. Kübler-Ross suggested that St. Anselm would quickly have proposed another bargain.

The fourth stage is one of altogether reasonable resignation, part of the process doctors refer to as "terminal grief." In effect, the dying patient is preparing for himself before the fact of death, since he is about to lose everything he loves. It is this stage which is probably most feared by doctors and relatives. It is painful to witness a death, and it is painful when the dying person reacts in a hysterical manner. This is exceedingly understandable yet doctors and relatives, perhaps unsure of their own reactions would be, fear the possibility of a great deal that they put off discussion of death as long as possible and sometimes, as mentioned earlier, deny the truth until the end. In every other stage of life, no matter how bleak, some comfort can be genuinely offered; with those who are dying, there is nothing to say. Dr. Kübler-Ross has found, however, that the grieving person will often come out of his depression and face the prospect of death more calmly for having gone through the rough part.

The final stage, not always reached, is one of acceptance.

WHEN MRS. B. WOKE UP ONE AFTERNOON following a nap, she saw her daughter standing by her bed with tears streaming down her cheeks. "We're not going to have any tears," Mrs. B. said.

Nevertheless, she, too, had recognized the seriousness of her condition. During the first week she

was in the hospital she made a point of telling her daily visitors they really didn't have to come often. Now she admitted to looking forward to a daily visit. "It's nice to wake up and find somebody there," she confessed. Her last roommate had remained only a day before moving into a single room, so Mrs. B. was entirely alone between visits. The roommate, a woman in her forties who had also had a cancerous breast removed, had been shifted by her husband when he learned of Mrs. B.'s medical history. He said he wanted to protect the feelings of his wife, but she was acutely embarrassed by the move and came to see Mrs. B. every day. When the woman left the hospital she stopped by to say goodbye and suggested that she and Mrs. B. meet in New York for lunch someday. "Or," she said, "we have a place near you in the country. Maybe we can get together next spring." Mrs. B. said that would be fine and then added, "Good luck."

By the second week it was obvious Mrs. B.'s intestinal blockage was not going to clear by itself. Her doctors told her family the cancer had reached her liver and had probably affected her entire abdominal area. The sole remaining question was how long it would take Mrs. B. to die and whether or not she would be able to go home again in the time remaining. The only way she could leave the hospital, the doctors said, would be to undergo an operation in order to remove whatever was obstructing her intestine. They warned that she was in a weakened condition and might die during the operation, or that cancer might have affected so much of her intestine nothing could be done. The alternatives were also presented to Mrs. B., although in less detail and more tentatively. Both she and her family decided it would be better to go ahead.

Mrs. B.'s eldest daughter, living in California, already had made plans to come East for Thanksgiving, knowing it would probably be her last chance to see her mother. When she was told about the operation she asked over the phone, "Shall I wait until next week or should I come now?"

"I think you'd better come now," her brother-in-law said. She arranged for someone to take care of her three children and made a plane reservation for the day after the operation. Mrs. B.'s two brothers were also called, but they decided to wait until after the operation before coming to New York. "If I came now it would scare her to death," said the brother who lived in Washington.

The operation was scheduled for the morning of Thursday, November 19. Her family remained by the phone throughout the day. At 6 P.M. the surgeon finally called and said Mrs. B.'s intestine was blocked by cancer every two or three inches. There was nothing he could do. He was asked how long Mrs. B. might live. "Perhaps a week," he said.

Later that evening Mrs. B.'s family visited her briefly after she came up from the recovery room. She was pale and drawn and barely able to speak. The operation had obviously been an ordeal. "Never again," she whispered. "Never again."

of self."

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TO DIE

The next day Mrs. B.'s eldest daughter flew to New York and went to see her mother, already beginning to regain her strength after the operation. Before the family went to see her on Saturday they tried to decide what to say if she should ask about her condition. The hard thing was finding out what Mrs. B. already had been told by her doctors. Until they reached Dr. C., they decided, they would tell Mrs. B. everyone was worried but didn't yet know the full results of the operation. They feared she would press them, and they knew that if she asked directly whether or not the cancer had been cut out, the only possible answers would be the truth or an outright lie. They did not want to lie, knowing how much Mrs. B. would hate being lied to, but they dreaded equally talking about the true situation. They could not have explained why.

As things turned out they need not have worried. Mrs. B. had cross-examined her doctors on a number of occasions since Thursday night, when she had found the strength to say, "It was my cancer, wasn't it?" Dr. C. later explained that Mrs. B. kept after him until she had the truth. His practice was to answer all questions truthfully, leaving it up to the patient to decide which questions to ask. Some patients asked nothing. Others stopped as soon as Dr. C. indicated their condition was serious. Mrs. B. had been unusual, he said, in questioning him precisely about her condition.

On Sunday Mrs. B. began to weaken again. When her son-in-law arrived about 11 A.M., she shoos the nurse out of the room. "I want to be alone with my son-in-law," she said. As soon as the door was closed she said, "I'm dying. There's no use kidding ourselves."

She told her son-in-law where all her papers were and what was in her will, asking him to make sure his mother got the red leather box which Mrs. B. had bought for her in Czechoslovakia the previous summer, and then had liked so much she kept it. "I've been feeling guilty about that," she said.

She also asked her son-in-law to get her lawyer on the phone so she could give him "a pep talk." When she reached him she said, "Now listen, you take care of the kids and try and keep the government from getting it all." She gave her best to his wife and said goodbye.

Finally Mrs. B. asked her son-in-law to make sure her eyes went to the eye bank and that her body was given to "science." (Mrs. B.'s surgeon told her son-in-law he wanted to do an autopsy, but that cancer had destroyed her body's usefulness as far as "science" was concerned. Mrs. B.'s second choice had been cremation without any service, and that wish was carried out.)

After Mrs. B. had straightened out her affairs to her own satisfaction, she relaxed and began to chat and even joke about her situation. A few minutes later she suddenly weakened and seemed to doze off. After awhile she started awake, staring intently at the ceiling. "Is there anything up there, right over my bed?" she asked her son-in-law. He said

there was not. A look of resigned disgust came over Mrs. B.'s face. "I'm afraid I'm going to have hallucinations," she said.

During the following days her decline was obvious to herself and her family. She spent much time dozing, was coherent for shorter periods. It came farther apart. During one such moment she told her daughter, "I hadn't believed it would come so fast."

IN MOST AMERICAN HOSPITALS the experience of death is clouded by drugs. When drugs are necessary to relieve pain there is no alternative. Heavy sedatives, tranquilizers, and painkillers are also used for purposes of "patient management." In the final stages of dying the greatest fear of patients is abandonment, with good reason. When possible, hospitals will try to send patients home to die. Doctors often cut back their services, and overworked nurses save most of their attention for "those who can be helped," and even the friends of the dying frequently begin to detach themselves. The belief that life must go on can be carried to brutal limits, with relatives and even husbands and wives acting as if the dying individual were already dead. When dying patients pester the nursing staff for attention, they are often simply trying to alleviate their loneliness; if the pestering becomes too much, some there is a tendency to respond with distance.

The abandonment which dying patients feel is as much emotional as literal. Nurses say they do not become hardened to death and often regret the death of their patients. As a result they attempt to distance themselves from the dying by thinking of them as no longer quite there, referring to the care of unconscious patients, for example, as "watering the vegetables." The terrible numbness which demands that life-sustaining equipment be turned off is emotionally masked by the phrase "pulling the plug."

The impulse to abandon the dying can become overwhelming. It is policy in most hospitals to move dying patients into single rooms as death approaches. Doctors, nurses, and even relatives try to find good reasons to stay out of the dying patient's room. The pretense is that no one wants to "disturb" the dying person while he is "resting," but nurses say they have seen too many clusters of relatives outside hospital rooms at the moment of death to consider it a coincidence.

As death approaches, the world of the dying gradually shrinks. They talk less of their desires and more about their exact symptoms, how they feel, what they plan to do tomorrow, or this afternoon, or in the next hour. Hope generally remains until the final moments, but its focus tends to be on the immediate. The Rev. Robert Reeves, Jr., the chaplain of Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital in New York, tells of a middle-aged man who hoped to get back to his business up until five weeks before his death. In the first week after that he talked about getting

for Thanksgiving. During the second week he was able to get out of bed again. In the third week he hoped to regain the ability to swallow at the beginning of his final week of life he hoped for a good night's sleep. A day later he hoped a medicine would work. The day before he hoped he would die in his sleep. He was given every hope except the last, and yet each had his way toward death.

In the layman speaks of death he is referring to natural death, or the death of the entire organism. The traditional signs of somatic death are *rigor mortis* (the stiffening of certain muscles), *livor mortis* (the cooling of the body) and *ecchymosis* (the purplish-red discoloration of the skin by the settling of the blood). Somatic death is the death of all bodily tissues, but an individual is commonly said to be "dead" long before tissues have died. The death of the "person," however, is only one stage in what an increasing number of doctors tend to think of as a distinct physiological process.

A doctor likens the process of death to menopause, which has long been known to include physiological changes in women going far beyond the simple cessation of ovulation. The fact of menopause can also be cited as evidence that death is a coherent biological event, and not simply a medical condition which precipitates death (heart failure, say, or kidney shutdown). When the patient dies, organisms escape the gastrointestinal tract and begin the process of general decomposition, in which the body is returned to Biblical ashes. Built into the body, in other words, is the natural mechanism of its own dissolution, a fact hardly can be dismissed as a coincidence. In going for an expanded notion of death, doctors mention the characteristic return of the dying patient. Gradually they sleep longer each day, they wake for only minutes at a time. Emotionally, the dying become increasingly dependent. At night they may cry if they discover they are alone, or sink back to sleep if someone is

near. Given a choice, the vast majority of people would prefer to die in their sleep. The next best, they say, is a "peaceful" death, a consummation largely under the control of doctors. "Dear gentlemen," said the eighteenth-century English doctor, Sir John Garth, to physicians whispering together at the foot of his bed, "let me die a natural death." The ability of doctors to extend the process of dying, not life, is incomparably greater now. Medications can keep the heart beating, the lungs functioning, the kidneys functioning, the brain flickering after death would normally have arrived. Prolongation of the body from disease, and especially from cancer, proceeds further than it would without medical intervention. The result is that patients often lose consciousness long before they die because doctors, or relatives, refuse to give up when the body does. One nurse with years of ex-

perience in an intensive-care unit says she finds it increasingly difficult to tell when a patient has died, since machines sustain his vital signs.

Once the process of dying has begun, death can arrive at any time. Some patients die quickly; some linger for months with conditions that ought to have been quickly fatal. Doctors are still exceedingly cautious about predicting when someone will die, since they are so often surprised. Thomas Lupton, a sixteenth-century English writer, made the following attempt to list sure signs of imminent death:

If the forehead of the sick wax red, and his brows fall down, and his nose wax sharp and cold, and his left eye becomes little, and the corner of his eye runs, if he turn to the wall, if his ears be cold, or if he may suffer no brightness, and if his womb fall, if he pulls straws or the clothes of his bed, or if he pick often his nostrils with his fingers, and if he wake much, these are almost certain tokens of death.

Signs which modern nurses look for are dilated nostrils, sagging of the tongue to one side of the mouth, and a tendency for the thumbs to tuck in toward the palms of the dying patient's hands. Just as dying people frequently sense the imminence of their own death and predict it accurately, nurses develop a sense which tells them (but not always correctly) when a patient is going to die.

In the early stages of dying, the patient remains essentially himself, afflicted only by the knowledge of impending death and the effect of that knowledge on himself and those around him. In the final stages, consciousness in the dying sometimes undergoes qualitative changes. This experience is the least well understood of all, since the nearer a patient approaches to death, the less he can describe what he feels. The crisis for the dying patient characteristically arrives when he stops "fighting" to live. Doctors cannot say just how patients "fight," but they are unanimous in saying that patients do so, and that "fighting" can make all the difference in situations which can go either way. A man fighting to stay alive apparently duplicates the experience of a man fighting to stay awake, i.e., alternating flashes of lucidity and delirium. Patients often signal the approach of death by simply saying, "I can't fight any longer." The period that follows is unlike any other experienced in life.

Until the twentieth century, this final period was often called "the dying hour," although it can last considerably longer than an hour. Physicians described it as being a peaceful period in which the dying person, accepting the lost struggle and the inevitable end, is relaxed and ready to depart. The patient may gradually distance himself from life, actually turning away close friends and relatives, literally turning to the wall (as suggested by Lupton) as he prepares himself to die. Accepting the fact of their own death, the dying frequently turn their attention to those who will live, who are sometimes aggrieved by the readiness of the dying to

die. Heart disease and stroke are the conditions most likely to grant the widespread wish for death to occur in sleep."

leave them behind. At the end it is often the dying who comfort the living. Even so self-centered a figure as Louis XIV said to those around his deathbed. "Why weep ye? Did you think I should live forever?" After a pause he reflected with equanimity, "I thought dying had been harder."

Dying patients who remain fully conscious, or nearly so, say they are tired, feel a growing calm, are ready to go, are perhaps even happy. When Stephen Crane died of tuberculosis in England in 1900, only twenty-nine years old, he tried to describe the sensation to a friend: "Robert—when you come to the hedge—that we must all go over. It isn't so bad. You feel sleepy—and you don't care. Just a little dreamy anxiety—which world you're really in—that's all."

Dr. Austin Kutscher, one of the creators of the Foundation of Thanatology, has been studying death and related questions since the death of his wife in 1966. He emphasizes that in some ways the living tyrannize over the dying, studying the experience of the latter for the sake of those who remain. An example is the effort of medical scientists to narrow the definition of death in order to allow the organs of the dying to be used for transplants. The decision to accept brain death as death itself may be valid, Kutscher says, but it can hardly be argued that the definition was framed for the benefit of the dying. As a result of this natural bias on the part of the living, the study of death and dying has tended to ignore the nature of the event, and of its experience.

"Isn't there something rather magical about life that defies measurement by a piece of apparatus?" Dr. Kutscher says. "We are begging the issue by trying to define death when we can't even define life."

The scientific study of dying is relatively recent, but there exists a vast literature, amounting to case studies, of the approach of death. The final moments of great men have always been minutely recorded, these accounts ranging from those in the *Lives of the Saints*, which tend to a dull predictability, to the moment-by-moment narratives of death as experienced by generals, poets, and kings. Again and again the last words of the dying concede their readiness to depart: an unfeigned peace seems to ease the final flickering out. History and modern research agree that, for unknown reasons, the dying do not find it hard to die.

The very last moments are, of course, the least accessible. Some doctors have found evidence that the experience of patients still conscious has an element of the mystical. The doctors are quick to say that they are not talking about God and religion and parapsychological cultism; also they admit that such experiences might be the result of anoxia, or oxygen starvation in the brain. Nevertheless, they say, there is reason to believe the dying can experience a sense of surrender which borders on ecstasy. In a secular age, as practitioners of a science which tends toward mechanism, doctors reluctantly speak of "soul" or "spirit." But, in the safety of anonym-

ity, they return again and again to the puzzle of what it is that dies when the body ceases to function. One doctor, attempting to describe the mystery he had sensed in dying patients, quoted the dying words attributed to the ancient philosopher Plotinus: "I am making my last effort to return to that which is divine in me to that which is divine in the universe."

DURING HER FINAL FIVE DAYS OF LIFE, Mrs. B. was rarely conscious. The hospital left the second bed in her room empty. Her doctors and family decided not to attempt extreme efforts which would only prolong her dying, but Mrs. B. continued to receive intravenous feeding and was regarded by the nurses as a precaution against delirium.

On two occasions Mrs. B. started violently and insisted, "Something is terribly wrong." She did not know her daughters and believed her doctors were conspiring against her. She was on heavy sedation, and her daughters felt that, in effect, she had already died. Nevertheless, on her last occasions she regained consciousness and told her family, if only briefly. Two days before she died, as her surgeon was examining her, she suddenly asked, "Why don't I die?"

"Because you're tough," the surgeon said.

"I don't want to be tough that way," Mrs. B. said.

Because one test of a patient's grip on life is the ability to respond, the doctors and nurses would call her name loudly from time to time to ask if she wanted anything. "Mrs. B.?" one of the nurses nearly shouted one night. "Mrs. B.?"

"I'm gone," said Mrs. B. in a faint whisper.

"No, you're still with us," the nurse said.

Mrs. B. grew steadily weaker. Her kidneys began to fail. She began to breathe rapidly and heavily, then stopped altogether, and after a moment began again. A nurse called this "Cheyne-Stokes breathing" and said it was probably a sign that death was approaching. Some of the nurses thought Mrs. B. was completely unconscious; others felt she had only lost the ability to respond. Not knowing who was right, her family spoke as if she could hear and understand everything said in the room.

When Mrs. B.'s youngest daughter arrived on November 11 A.M. the morning of Thanksgiving Day, November 26, she found her mother breathing slowly but regularly. Her body was completely relaxed, lying on one side. It was a bright sunlit day. Mrs. B.'s daughter sat down by the large bank of windows overlooking Manhattan to the south and tried to read, but found herself thinking of her mother. After a while she looked up and saw that her mother had stopped breathing. So long expected, death had arrived unnoticed. For eighteen days Mrs. B.'s daughter had restrained her tears. Now, when her mother was no longer there to comfort or be comforted, she began to cry.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF WALKER PERCY

author of *The Moviegoer* perceived as a man wandering in search of a
ible shrine

soofoy as he was, he knew two things not many
le know. He knew how to listen and he knew
to get at that most secret and aggrieved
rprise upon which almost everyone is em-
ed.

—Walker Percy, *The Last Gentleman*

It think . . . look!

—Ludwig Wittgenstein

THE NATIONAL BOOK AWARD for fiction was
ded to a first novel, *The Moviegoer*, by an un-
writer in Louisiana, Walker Percy, who was
r of medicine but had never practiced. The
publisher, Alfred A. Knopf, was not elated
news—he had been rooting for another novel
list, William Maxwell's *The Château*—and
an one editor in his employ heard him ex-
“They’re running the prize into the ground!”
could have been that year’s fiction jury for
tional Book Awards—Jean Stafford, Lewis
t, Herbert Gold. But it was no secret that
tafford’s husband, the *New Yorker* writer
iebling, had discovered *The Moviegoer* while
isiana doing the series of pieces on Huey
brother that became *The Earl of Louisiana*.
book had not been launched with any great
tions. *The Moviegoer* was indeed published
ecause one editor at Knopf’s had stuck with
its first draft this editor had found only
ood pages and a rather evangelical Catholic
, and under his patient counseling the book
ice rewritten from start to finish. The final
as the fourth.

Knopf’s open lack of enthusiasm for the
nning novel suddenly gave *The Moviegoer*
more notice than the National Book Award
rily creates. Mr. Knopf is as famous for the
independence of his ways as he is for being
t great individual entrepreneur and taste-
in American publishing who can afford to
only himself. Mr. A. J. Liebling, in his turn,
an of equally formidable temperament, and
r who at the moment, already irritated with
publisher Alfred A. Knopf for not having
t all well by a book of his called *Chicago*:
econd City, became further irritated over

what he felt to be Mr. Knopf’s failure to cheer a
National Book Award-winning novel that he, A. J.
Liebling, had initially brought to influential atten-
tion. (*The Moviegoer* had had good reviews in *The*
National Observer and *The New Leader*, but had
been indifferently reviewed in the unencouraging
“Other Fiction” columns of the principal Sunday
book supplements.) Mr. Liebling’s irritation with
Mr. Knopf even led him to make some comments
about Mr. Knopf at a Columbia seminar held in
conjunction with the Book Awards. While Lieb-
ling’s remarks were reported in the city edition of
the *Times* that night, they disappeared from further
editions, supposedly because Mr. Knopf called Mr.
Arthur Hays Sulzberger on the subject.

Meanwhile, the astonished and grateful author
of *The Moviegoer* quietly accepted the award in
New York, expressed his thanks to Mr. Knopf for
appearing at the ceremony, and returned to his
house, wife, and two daughters in Covington, in the
parish of St. Tammany, a small town on the other
side of Lake Pontchartrain from New Orleans,
where he lived a most comfortable and studious
existence and wrote in the bedroom. The ladies in
their set—the best in Covington—often asked Mrs.
Percy how she could bear having her husband
around the house all day.

THE AGITATION OVER THE PRIZE in New York was
in sharp contrast with Walker Percy himself
and with *The Moviegoer*—a sardonic, essentially
philosophical novel about the spiritual solitude of
a young stockbroker in the New Orleans suburb
of Gentilly who eventually marries a tragically vul-
nerable young woman to whom he is distantly re-
lated. *The Moviegoer* was certainly not a book to
arouse the usually tired reviewers of “Other Fic-
tion,” or even those editors of Sunday book supple-
ments to whom any book on public affairs nowadays
seems more immediately newsworthy than any novel
not left by Hemingway in a bank vault. Novels these
days get written off with dismaying ease, and *The*
Moviegoer was in any event a book difficult to place.
It was a lean, tartly written, subtle, not very dra-
matic attack on the wholly bourgeois way of life

*This is the first of a
series of critical bio-
graphical histories of
American litera-
ture. Kazin is writing for Harper's.
Mr. Kazin is Distin-
guished Professor of
English at the State
University of New York
at Stony Brook.*

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and thinking in a "gracious" and "historic" part of the South. But instead of becoming another satire on the South's retreat from its traditions, it was, for all the narrator's bantering light tone, an altogether tragic and curiously noble study in the loneliness of necessary human perceptions.

The narrator and protagonist—John Bickerson Bolling, "Binx"—cleverly increases his income every year and carries on in a mechanical way with one of his secretaries after another. But he has become obsessed with the meaninglessness of everything he is just beginning to see, with the despair whose specific character, said Kierkegaard, is precisely that it is unaware of being despair. His father, a doctor, perished during the war; Binx has a distinct sense of fatherlessness, of traditions he is supposed to carry on that he cannot locate or justify in the cozy ways around him. In the secrecy of his own mind he is excited by the possibility of newly looking at life with the special, hallucinated feeling of discovery that he gives to the movies where he spends many evenings. He has become an enraptured observer of the human face, a man who is training himself to look steadily at the most commonplace things in his path. He has found some tiny chink in the wall of his despair—the act of looking, of seeing and discovering. He is a man who can look and listen, in a world where most people don't. His real life, you might say, is dominated by the excitement of conversion. There is a newness in his life. He is a spiritual voyeur, a seeker after the nearest but most unfathomable places of the human heart. He can listen to the tortured girl Kate, who has a powerful attraction to death and belabors him—his ability to give her all his attention constitutes the love between them. He has become the one man around him who seems to want nothing for himself but to look, to be a spectator in the dark. This clinician and diagnostician of the soul trains himself in the movies. The enlarged, brilliantly lighted and concentrated figures upon the screen have taught him how to focus on the secret human places.

The Moviegoer, essentially a sophisticated search of the search for faith in a world that seems almost bent on destroying it, was not calculated to win great popularity. It was not exactly about going to the movies. It was a brilliant novel about our abandonment, our *Geworfenheit*, as the existentialists used to say—our cast-off state. Yet Binx the narrator and presiding figure was so tart and intractable in tone that one had to be sympathetic to the mind behind it, not impatient with the lack of action, in order to respond. It was, in fact, a book about an outsider for outsiders. Southerners used to call themselves outsiders because they came from the rural, underdeveloped, old-fashioned, defeated South. But as Binx shows, in every passage of his involvement with the sophisticated upper-middle class in New Orleans, it is the South itself that today makes outsiders of its people, breeds a despair that will never know it is despair.



CAROL S.

The Moviegoer was, in fact, an odd, haunting, unseizable sort of book. It was not "eccentric" or not overplay tone and incident in the current manner. It was as decorous as an old-fashioned comedy. But it was evidently and deeply the expression of some inner struggle. The author himself seemed in some fundamentals to feel himself the wrong, to be an outsider in relation to his society. Southern novelists have made their face the twentieth century by proving just how different the South is from the rest of the country. The chief of *The Moviegoer* was precisely that Gentilly, New Orleans, the South, had become the representative examples of an America in which people no longer know how to look at anything, did not know how to look for. They lived with only the most distant intimations of their own pain. One would have to learn to see (as if for the first time) with only the minimum chance of saving himself. All. His bride-to-be, Kate, they both know he can save.

AUTHOR OF *The Moviegoer* was, in every respect, far off the beaten track of the contrary writing business in New York. He was young, and the Percys of the Deep South—Walker Percy in Birmingham, Alabama, and grew up in Mobile, Mississippi—if not ascertainably descended from Hotspur, were definitely descended from a British naval lieutenant, Charles Percy, whose accounts was an ancestor with some go to in 1776 he removed himself from the Dutch Indies to Wilkinson County in Mississippi as one history of the Percy family puts it, "acquired quite a fortune in lands and slaves." As Percy became Don Carlos Percy, some- of a Spanish grandee, during the period when he controlled the West Florida territory that he had the lower third of what is now Mississippi. As the Percy family history does not state, he was deviled by too many wives—he had had one wife, acquired one in Mississippi—and when his first wife appeared in Mississippi with his son, a grown captain in the English Navy, Don Carlos was thoroughly provoked, everybody immediately began suing everybody else, and during the commotion Don Carlos walked down to the creek with a sugar kettle, tied it around his neck, and jumped in. The creek is called Percy's Creek to this day. This ancestor's marital problems are without sympathy in *Lanterns on the Levee* poet-lawyer William Alexander Percy, a life-long bachelor, a painfully dutiful man and generally full of the most immense regard and concern for the Percy family. William Alexander Percy, "Uncle Will,"—*The Moviegoer* is dedicated "in memory to W.A.P."—a first cousin of Walker's father, LeRoy, became Walker's foster father. His father died when he was eleven, his mother ten years later, and Walker and his younger brothers LeRoy and Phinizz were brought up by "Uncle Will" in Greenville—in the old Percy house on Percy Street.

W.A.P. was a minor poet (his books were published by Alfred A. Knopf) in the still romantic age of so many minor poets in the Twenties; a student of Sewanee and Harvard Law School; a lawyer without much interest in the family's great plantation, Trail Lake, a noticeable adornment of Greenville; a strong foe of the K.K.K.; a poet and chivalrous and hot-tempered. By his position in *Lanterns on the Levee*, the only fun in his life, the only time he broke clear of the Percy family and Greenville, was in the A.E.F. during World War I. Greenville produced some notable talents—Shelby Foote, David Cohn, Hodder Carter, Charles Bell—and writers from Mississippi liked to remind the world that Mississippi produced Faulkner, Eudora Welty, and Tennessee Williams. "Uncle Will" seems to have been one of the Mississippi writers even when his literary tastes were counter to theirs—Faulkner used to play polo on the Percy court (retiring into the house at regular intervals for the libations that spaced the

slow collapse of his game). In some ways William Alexander Percy must have been like Faulkner's lawyer-savant, Gavin Stevens. He was a man almost too sensitive to his family. His father (still another LeRoy Percy) was the last great "aristocratic" figure in Mississippi politics—he was a United States Senator but was replaced by the poor whites' favorite, James Vardaman. Will was so much under the influence of his strict, pure, and burdeningly impressive father that he had the sculptress Malvina Hoffman create over Senator Percy's grave the heroic figure of a medieval knight pensively leaning on his sword. The inscription reads PATRIOT and does not seem to stop the citizenry from leaving empty beer cans around it.

ONE WAY TO WALKER PERCY is by way of William Alexander Percy. *Lanterns on the Levee* came out in 1941 (the year W. J. Cash brought out *The Mind of the South*) and is as testily defensive about the South and its traditions as Cash was sardonic. From *Lanterns on the Levee* one gets the impression of a much-harried man, brave, all too responsible to his family and regional heritage, rarely happy, chafing under restrictions that he did not always understand. Since he owned a cotton plantation in the Delta but was bored by business, was a lawyer whose greatest interest was literature, and a man of obviously deep emotions that he could not always find employment for in Greenville, one way out of his many conflicts and dilemmas was to romanticize the South in a way that his cousin Walker has never been tempted to do. In *Lanterns on the Levee* W.A.P. says of the old slaveholders, the landed gentry, the governing class: "Though they have gone, they were not sterile: they have their descendants, whose evaluation of life approximates theirs." In 1965, writing in *Harper's* on "Mississippi: The Fallen Paradise," Walker Percy wrote:

The bravest Mississippians in recent years have not been Confederates or the sons of Confederates but rather two Negroes, James Meredith and Medgar Evers. . . . No ex-Mississippian is entitled to write of the tragedy which has overtaken his former state with any sense of moral superiority. . . . He strongly suspects that he would not have been counted among the handful . . . who not only did not keep silent but fought hard . . . The Gavin Stevenses have disappeared and the Snopeses have won. . . . Not even Faulkner foresaw the ironic denouement of the tragedy: that the Compsons and Sartorises should not only be defeated by the Snopeses but that in the end they should join them.

William Alexander Percy was perhaps like Gavin Stevens in his love of both the law and literature, but his book shows how completely he lacked the philosophic temper even as he praised it. Everything he says about the struggle between the classes and the races in the South reveals a taste for senti-

It was the religious existentialists Kierkegaard and Dostoevsky, not Faulkner the Southern genius, who influenced Percy.

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mental abstractions rather than for the facts in social evidence. He of course detested the poor whites who eliminated his father from the United States Senate, and he says proudly of the Delta: "It was not settled by these people; its pioneers were slave-owners and slaves." But as he admits about the descendants of the slaves, "the sober fact is that we understand one another not at all." Despite the usual condescending praise of their "good manners," it is obvious from his book that his black retainers were a constant trial to him, exceeded in their power to annoy him only by the liberals during the New Deal period who were prodding him to expressions of concern for blacks and sharecroppers that he obstinately refused to make. He says of the blacks: "This failure on their part to hold and to pass on their own history is due, I think, not so much to their failure to master any written form of communication as to their obliterating genius for living in the present . . . [The Negro] neither remembers nor plans. The white man does little else: to him the present is the one great unreality."

William Alexander Percy was a romantic agnostic who turned away from his mother's Catholicism; Walker Percy is a Catholic convert—who is by no means romantic about that or about the Church. W.A.P. liked to compare Southerners to Russian aristocrats. Defending the sharecropping system on the Percy cotton plantation, he wrote: "Sharecropping is one of the best systems ever devised to give security and a chance for profit to the simple and the unskilled. It has but one drawback—it must be administered by human beings to whom it offers an unusual opportunity to rob without detection or punishment. The failure is not in the system itself . . . the failure is in human nature. The Negro is no more on an equality with the white man in plantation matters than in any other dealings between the two." Both *The Moviegoer* and *The Last Gentleman* say some concrete things about money-getting in the South, about the coarsening and thickening of upper-class Southerners, that W.A.P. would surely have found too shocking to swallow.

Yet there is one striking link between these two Percys, quite apart from the fact that one brought the other up, made him financially independent, and that both are Southern gentlemen for whom literature has been an avocation. Will Percy could never feel that he was living up to his father, "The Patriot," whose monument is so out of keeping with the modest gravestones in the Greenville cemetery. Will obviously felt himself to be an inadequate son of the Southern Tradition which finally enclosed him, the small-town litterateur, in wistful gestures of regret, lyric flight, and a nostalgia for a South that perhaps never was. But it has been the genius of Southern writing in our time to keep tradition alive. It has been the South's writers, not its politicians, who have maintained our interest in the South as another country. The Southern writers have in fact perpetuated the idea of the South by

personalizing its history, by their obstinate nationalism, their scorn for corruption, their belief in the country of the spirit—and their compassion for the Negro.

So Walker Percy seems to me very much a Southern son who believes in the existence of a spiritual tradition, another Southerner orphaned by modern history who still believes in the real cause of Christian truth, not the "lost" cause of the Confederacy. He is a subtle mind and in this respects a hidden one, distinctly different from most American novelists today: Walker Percy comes clear only when you realize how much he is a pilgrim of faith who believes that there is a true way, a lost tradition, that he will yet discover.

In our time it has been the Southern writer who has been the conscience of the South, who has stored its legends, who has taken on the task as well as the romance of its history. When Percy was asked at the National Book Awards why the South produced so many good writers, he replied in his usual offhand style, "Because we got beat." But like Byrds as well as the Wallaces rose from "defeat" a long time ago. The Southern writer feels that he is still in a state of defeat, of exile, of class-consciousness and apartness. It is the Southern writer who remains "unreconciled" at a time when the dominant elements in the South have become the enemies of our spurious Americanism.

WALKER PERCY BELONGS WITH the "defeated" and the "exiled"—one might say the "exiled" knows exile and defeat in their purest American state. The story of how he became a writer adds an important part of it. Percy graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1937 and Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1941. He did not particularly like medical school, thought many of his classmates childish—one of his recreations was to fill balloons with water and let them onto 168th Street—and he still remembers with distaste a box of bones he had to learn to identify. "P and S" emphasized the mechanical disease, and it was in some revolt against this because of his interest in psychiatry, that he had himself psychoanalyzed while a medical student. The study of pathology, with its marvelously colorful slides, fascinated him. Then, as an intern at Bellevue, he caught pulmonary tuberculosis from one of the many bodies on which he performed autopsies. He caught it from "the same scarlet tubercle bacillus I used to see lying crisscrossed like Chinese characters in the sputum and lymphoid tissue of patients at Bellevue. Now I was one of them."

Two years of physical inactivity followed. America was in the full tide of World War II. His brother LeRoy was a captain in the Air Force and would get the Bronze Star; his brother Phineas, an Annapolis graduate, would be on a PT boat in the Pacific with Jack Kennedy. Dr. Walker Percy stayed in Saranac Lake. But there wasn't any room

the famous Trudeau sanitarium, and while to be admitted, Percy lived in a boarding-house all alone, reading and beginning to write. Now, "TB liberated me." His illness, the absence from his family, the solitariness—then to have brought out in him one of those personalities whom William James, in *Varieties of Religious Experience*, called the "born." His real life, his spiritual and intellectual life, his vocation as a writer, his growing identification with symbolism, the philosophy of language, and those whom James had called "sick"—all this began when he found himself cut off from the career he had planned, from the war he was to be decisive for his generation, from the life that on Percy Street in Greenville he had planned for granted. Typically, it was the religious idealists Kierkegaard and Dostoevsky, not the Southern genius who influenced him: his wife Mary, a Mississippi girl who had been a mechanical technician, he became a Catholic. This was one of his many "pivotal conversions." To become a writer, as in his professing Catholicism, he had to be born again, born to a new understanding.

Chopin, William James, Maugham were also writers who became writers. But although Percy never practiced, one feels about him that in becoming a writer he underwent an unusually radical personal change, a change of faith with a change of profession. Although he is a writer, downright, subtle, mischievous, his life seems to me essentially the self-determination of a religious personality, of a seeker who after being rejected from the expected and conventional life of things has come to himself as a stranger in the world.

His disposition to look at things, at oneself, in a wholly new way is very much what happens in *The Moviegoer* and *The Last Gentleman*. The life of Southern history—the violence you can see in the streets of Greenville today, where stores are "Guns and Ammo," where every truck seems to have a rifle with him—is not in the books. In each case the protagonist is someone who feels himself in the grip of a profound crisis, and who as a result cultivates the art of observation, examining, taking things in, with an intellectual intensity that clearly has personal significance. Binx, in *The Moviegoer*, is only subtly, almost estranged from the life around him. "When I approach a Jew, the Geiger counter in my pants rattling away like a machine gun . . . I feel more Jewish than the Jews I know. They are more at home than I am. I accept my exile." Making money is a game at which he is very good, but it has also become a kind of game with which he does not appear outwardly unconcerned. This pose of indifference seems him seem frivolous and immoral to his friends (whose opinions, romantic and traditional, bear a marked resemblance to those of Alexander Percy). But Binx is not really

in the world he seems to be thriving in. In his usual mock-correct way he says:

My uncle and aunt live in a gracious house in the Garden District and are very kind to me . . . It is a pleasure to carry on the duties of a citizen and to receive in return a receipt or a neat styrene card with one's name on it certifying, so to speak, one's right to exist. . . . But things have suddenly changed. My peaceful existence in Gentilly has become complicated. This morning, for the first time in years, there occurred to me the possibility of a search. What are generally considered to be the best of times are for me the worst of times, and that worst of times was one of the best. . . .

The mental refusal, the silent spiritual opposition, the effort to make some counterworldly gesture are those of a man who seems to be *here*, with us, but is really out *there*, all by himself. One day he puts the contents of his wallet out on the dresser and suddenly looks at the stuff.

I stood in the center of the room and gazed at the little pile, sighting through a hole made by thumb and forefinger. What was unfamiliar about them was that I could see them. . . .

Binx complains of Harry Stern, a dedicated biologist he had worked with in the lab, that "he is no more aware of the mystery which surrounds him than a fish is aware of the water it swims in." In the office Binx reads a copy of Doughty's *Arabia Deserta* enclosed in a *Standard & Poor's* binder: in hotel rooms he reads science.

There I lay in my hotel room with my search over yet still obliged to draw one breath and then the next. But now I have undertaken a different kind of search, a horizontal search. . . .

Today is my thirtieth birthday . . . and knowing less than I ever knew before, having learned only to recognize merde when I see it, having inherited no more from my father than a good nose for merde, for every species of shit that flies. . . .

This contrast of the here and the there, of the "regular" American world that can never understand the panic it breeds and the self training itself to face despair, to become a microscopist of salvation, gives *The Moviegoer* its special wry charm. Binx does see things in a special light—not God's light, perhaps, but, like the light on a movie screen, the light of hallucination, excessive concentration, obsession, that is given to those who at least turn their faces in the right direction. There emerges, to use a favorite word of Percy's, a hypertrophy of detail. Things become oddly distinct, enlarged on the movie screen we carry in our heads when we make the supreme effort to see the world in a new relation—by this alone may we lift ourselves out of our sickness.

In *The Last Gentleman* the hero—always called "the engineer"—is more obviously sick than Binx in *The Moviegoer*, more publicly in exile, for he is a Southerner who works at night as a mainte-

The numis-

the "dandys"

there are so many real and would-be roughnecks."

Alfred Kazin
THE
PILGRIMAGE
OF WALKER
PERCY

nance engineer at Macy's in New York so he can spend his days looking through the high-powered telescope on which he has spent his savings. He needs above all to make himself new organs of sight, and from his room at the YMCA he discovers two women sitting on a bench in Central Park who come to have the greatest possible influence on his life.

The point of *The Last Gentleman* is hardly that the hero is a "gentleman": the point of *The Moviegoer* is hardly the movies. Percy has trouble with his titles: a new novel I have seen in manuscript about the "end of the world" is tentatively entitled *How To Make Love in the Ruins*.^{*} These are all stories of the effort at cognition, in a mad world, by men who on the surface seem mad but really aren't. Both the "moviegoer" and the "engineer" are the only knights of faith left among people who have given up all knowledge of a "search." Both have taken on the burden of being declared "sick." As in the classical Russian novels that Percy loves, it is the sick man, the outsider, the "idiot" in Dostoevsky's beautiful sense of the word, who by the sacrifice of his good name may yet teach the others charity. "I'm not well," reflects the engineer, "and therefore it is fitting that I should sit still, like an Englishman in his burrow, and see what can be seen." Even as a college student he saw that the young men around him were "very much with themselves, set, that is, for the next fifty years in the actuality of themselves and their own good names. They knew what they were, how things were and how things should be. As for the engineer, he didn't know. I'm from the Delta too, thought he . . . and I'm Episcopal: why ain't I like them, easy and actual?" With his girl (he discovered her through his telescope) he reflects: "...goofy as he was, he knew two things not many people know. He knew how to listen and he knew how to get at that most secret and aggrieved enterprise upon which almost everyone is embarked. He'd give her the use of his radar."

WILFRID SHEED, AN ADMIRER OF HIS, interestingly lists Percy among the "dandys" of contemporary fiction. Certainly the lean, subtle Percy style, the unmistakable breeding behind the style, do put Percy among the "dandys" now writing fiction when there are so many real and would-be roughnecks. A. J. Liebling, a great connoisseur of style in boxing, journalism, and food, must have been delighted by this aspect of *The Moviegoer*. And with his spare, economical, utterly quiet personal style, Walker Percy is himself so impressive an example of the cultivated upper-class Southerner that after going around the French Quarter with him in New Orleans, spending a weekend with him and his family at their house in Covington, accompanying him to Mass, one could easily leave it at that: the upper-class sense of style, fitness, leanness. Percy lives what seems on the surface a wholly

typical suburban life in the beautiful house in Covington with his wife Mary and younger daughter Ann—the other daughter, Mary Pratt, is married, has a son, and lives near enough for Walker and Mary Percy to baby-sit frequently with their first grandchild. He is easy to talk to, a gentle but no very enthusiastic talker himself, was from his brother LeRoy that I learned he had objected to the Confederate flag's hanging in the school, and when the issue was brought into court in New Orleans, he testified there. It is somehow a part of a certain shyness, reserve, a charming gift of nature for not bearing down too hard in personal conversation, that he likes to keep the television set on without the sound. He has cultivated a life of restful sitting and lounging, of looking away in a way that keeps conversation with him as if he were drifting through a summer afternoon. He is a most domesticated creature, intensely devoted to his family, but also at home with himself.

But to one admirer of his novels, it seems that Walker Percy, a philosopher among novelists, is just as atypical a Southerner and Catholic. There is a singularity to his life, to his manifest longing for a new religious humanism, there is a clarity to pain and extreme situations, that makes him extraordinarily "sensitive"—to the existential theme of life as shipwreck—without suggestion of weakness. Percy in his novels touches the heart of so many human mysteries and despairs that my criticism I have is that he remains equidistant from many different problems—psychological, philosophical, Godly—without his getting near enough to us here. After I left him in Covington and was shown the Greenville and the Percy cotton plantation in the Delta by Walker's brother LeRoy, I wonder how so little of the town and the Delta itself has appeared in his fiction. Walker Percy sees the world away from what is near to many Southerners; he sees the "near" in the light of a symbolic distance that is almost too speculative. Faith for him seems to express a search rather than something found, a way of seeing, not an end. Though Walker Percy in Covington (Dr. Percy in the society pages) is so solidly there, one knows from his novels, his life, from the extraordinary philosophical insight and grace of the man, that he remains betwixt and between many things. The madness (very real) of the women in his books signifies their never having been tempted the "search." The "madness" of his hero is a figure of speech for the immense loneliness of looking for a God who, in Nietzsche's phrase, is the great unknown and so cannot be found.

That a novelist should make one think of these things says much about Walker Percy. Unlike the United States of America, unlike the bustling bourgeois South of today, Walker Percy does not know that he is a success. He is still looking. "Life as a way of life reminds me of a sentence by Martin Heidegger: 'Attention without a goal' is a form of prayer."

a story by Milovan Djilas

THE GIRL WITH THE GOLD TOOTH



BENNO FRIEDMAN

THE ARMIES CAME AND WENT and the authorities in the little town were constantly changing, and she found joy and solace with her, regardless of their color or the flags which they waved and which led her through the massacres.

But the war could not go on forever, and one day it finally won. It had occupied the little town, but then it could not call itself victorious. That army, even though war was still raging furiously somewhere far away, entered as undisputed victor; the defeated armies had finally withdrawn, leaving behind their piles of ashes, mounds of bodies shot hurriedly, and all the savagery of hate and bitterness. The victorious army was bound to be the avenging army, and as it had fought in the name of the idea and the promise of a new life, it confirmed this by purges, in its own ranks and in the life around it, of what it considered old and evil, eliminating everything that hampered its purity or sullied the purity of its faith.

And so was she too, the girl with the gold tooth, was brought before a military court—since there were no real courts, the army commanders passed sentence—even though she was not guilty of anything except that she liked to amuse herself with dancing and took pleasure in dancing and singing, at dinners and love.

She was the prettiest girl in the town; everyone dared to say so admitted it. Good husbands dared not dare to admit it to their wives lest they reveal their hidden desires, and the young men dared not to say so before their girlfriends lest they refuse to join them on the corso. When they did not talk about her, they preferred to keep silent. But the children—for they know everything and dare everything—sang tauntingly about her beauty, and the old women—they forget all that they ever knew—were envious of everything—bad-mouthed the girl who led their grandchildren astray and dissolved the happy marriages of their sons.

She was no whore; nor had she any need to be. She came from a middle-class family, the daughter of a respected father and the sister of a well-known doctor for the new life. She was born in the hill country, whence her family had come to settle on the outskirts of the little town in a house with a garden which stretched down to a little stream and a meadow. Her father had also bought a market garden nearer the town, an orchard and vegetable garden on the far side of the river, right on the steep slope, but the garden could not be seen from the town since it was screened by other orchards and meadows. That, together with her father's little income, was enough to enable them to live peacefully and comfortably.

But she did not want to live like other girls; she was different. Breaking away from the mountainous way of life before she was fully grown, she was already in her early girlhood decided to enjoy everything the little town offered: sweetmeats,

Milovan Djindjic
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She was, indeed, a town girl, but not like the others. She had kept something of the freshness and robustness of the mountaineer: the town girls were for the most part thin and pale. Her body was firm and strong in the hips and breasts, she had a soft throat, and full, unmuscular haunches. Her hands were

strong in the hips and breasts, she had a soft throat, and full, unmuscular haunches. Her hands were

Strong in the hips and breasts, she had a soft throat, and full, unmuscular haunches. Her hands were

weight of her thick, black tresses. She laughed

also liked the direct and impudent town manners and games. Her skin was dark but she looked after it carefully, and her greenish eyes flashed from un-

bracelets and huge ivory necklaces, but her dresses

to her heart's content. She could not stand any ex-

cess and least of all scandal, but she liked to hear

her own compensation for the bad repute and pros-

trough she gladly accepted presents and still more

not necessary and that she had had it put in to add

who had stayed for a while in the town, for the love

That gold tooth was like a symbol by which she

tastes. Those who knew her for the most part added

to her name the words "with the gold tooth" and

she was known to those who did not know her per-

sonally, and did not care what her name was, as

"the girl with the gold tooth." However that may

She had not wanted to get married when she was

younger and, later, when she had the reputation

of a light woman, there was no opportunity despite

She used to say, "It is never too late to get mar-

ried and she still intended to get married before she

was in her teens; even then she used to hanz about

often, in the orchards above the river. She
there by preference, even in winter, for on the
banks behind the willow and alder clumps
hidden dens and little level patches where she
watch out by raising her head a little or remain
visible by holding it down. Later her father
his hands off her to avoid scandal and bec
despite everything, he loved his only daught
she him. She fussed over both him and her you
purity or innocent.

Sold when the war and the insurrection bo
out and foreign armies overflowed the land
intruded into her godforsaken little town an
carefree life. Though like others she was horri
at the war and the insurrection, she was nea
were only interested in her beauty and her wh
apprentices—all in one way or another burnt
fingers at her flame. They secretly desired he
she bewitched them with her smile and her
if they had not already experienced her unforg
table embraces and incomparable limbs. She
the war and the insurrection, she was nea

Changes and difficulties
mainly due to the fact that she was now alone
where there was a place for him as a student
her father, after interrogation and pro
today had been interned in a foreign land.

Vital and independent, she rapidly found
the girls and the women left forsaken as
and though she became more selective she
amusing herself freely with men, seeking
dinations and pleasures to stifle her grief
brother and father.

The most handsome, witty, and
were the officers of the occupying army.
brother and her father, because of the
the town, and also because they were foreigner

anything took place between her and one man it was by chance and momentary, in a haphazard manner. Luckily, the occupation army did not stay long in the isolated one-horse town, only appearing during temporary offensives against the guerrillas.

The girl with the gold tooth went on living as if nothing had happened, enjoying herself as before, paying no heed to whether her acquaintances and lovers belonged to the old or the new. She looked on love as uncommitted and accepted either side and the other—revolutionaries and counterrevolutionaries.

The little town was taken and retaken several times and it happened that those who took the town were those who had been there before the liberation and called her a bandit's whore. But she was familiar with armies and accustomed to indifference and paid scarcely any attention; after a few days she would choose a new lover from among the soldiers, if, indeed, he were not one of her former lovers, sometimes even from times of peace, when she had changed less often than was said of her, preferring to stick to well-trying lovers, as all who had been led in enjoyment prefer.

Though the war flared up with more and more devastation, only the merest chance, so slight, could disturb or menace her life. Yet the town was overthrown and destroyed, even her home they took her hastily and without tenderness, a mere withdrawal and after the shootings had been carried out. And she gave herself more freedom from habit and impatient desire for the return to her former carefree existence than from any other considered passion or enjoyment. All that remained was the ghost of her former pleasure. She was satisfied even with that, as if assured that as soon as the war ended, her real life would begin again, either as it had been before or in some other way.

It turned out quite differently, though for the time being the horrors of war diminished as soon as the enemy and counterrevolutionary armies withdrew. She too could have withdrawn had she expected any danger, if she had not dreamed of love and did not have to preserve her own home.

THEY ARRESTED HER THE SECOND MORNING after the entry of the victorious liberation army, but she had had a love affair with the commissar before the war and had had frequent love trysts with the information officer even during the war. There were many arrested and therefore, even when they were setting up of some sort of courts, they had to hurry with the sentences; the first shootings were carried out on the evening of the day she had been arrested.

In earlier occupations and liberations of the town it was known that interrogations before the military command were of little importance, but as a part of established and almost ritual procedure since the sentences had for the most part

been decided upon even before the arrests were made. But this time it was the final liberation. The leading persons of the command were her good acquaintances and she did not feel guilty. Therefore she stood before the investigators calmly and even joyfully, though she understood that in war ideas of guilt and justice often changed and human lives depended on mood and inclination as much as upon laws and regulations.

She looked at the commissar with recognition and smiled at him, awakening memories and the knowledge of delights known only to him and to her. But he responded with a complete lack of understanding, perhaps even with simulation, and coldly said to her, "For such as you there is no place in our new society; you have entertained the enemies of our homeland with song and have amused yourself with bandit officers."

She replied with a ringing and involuntary laugh, though chill with apprehension. "I do not ask who has what politics; I took pleasure with and entertained only men who pleased me. You at least should know that."

The commissar retorted indifferently, with a harsh smile, "For you, it seems, there is no difference between giving pleasure and amusement to enemies of the people and to fighters for national liberation! And what do you mean by 'You at least should know that'?"

Before she could make up her mind what to reply he shouted, paler than she had ever seen him. "I know very well what you meant," looking at her with eyes which did not want to, perhaps were no longer able to, meet hers. "You wanted to remind me of our former intimacy and, certainly, to influence me, perhaps even to blackmail me. But that was at another time; the land was not yet occupied and betrayed, and I too am today another, a new, man. Look, here are my comrades!" He pointed around and only then she noticed the information officer, with his pencil poised over his notebook, and a motionless and attentive civilian, whom someone had previously pointed out to her as more important than the military commander, though she did not know, and till then had not cared, what his duties might be. The commissar went on, "You see, here are my comrades and I am glad to be able to tell them openly we were lovers, but at that time I was not politically aware, and today I am ready to pay for my fault by repentance before my comrades and objectivity toward you."

He went on speaking but she no longer understood him, though she still heard him; she realized that she was lost. She could no longer recognize him, with tight belt and made-to-measure uniform, though he was still the man of former times, slim and blond. Her tears streamed. Nonetheless she heard the reserved and mysterious civilian speak up: "Everyone is free in his personal life, but also responsible before the people and society," and noticed that the information officer, going down a list with the red point of his pencil, certainly a list

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THE GIRL
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of those arrested, had put a circle around one of the numbers, certainly the one opposite her name.

She remembered her brother and father. But her father was far away in a camp, if he had not already died or been killed, and her brother—her brother was on their side. Nonetheless, she pulled herself together and snapped at the commissar, "Have I not got an equal right to be one of these new men?"

"Everyone has that right," said the commissar, sitting down and as if he were talking to someone else. "But he must win it—by struggle and by loyalty. We would be betraying ourselves if we had mercy on such people." The important stranger added, "What would the people who have suffered so much and have paid with their blood think of us?" And the information officer concluded mockingly, "We would have to resurrect everyone, if we looked aside and let such persons go."

Quite collectedly, she remarked, "You forget that I have a brother in a very high position amongst you! What will you say to him? He will never forgive the murder of his sister."

But the unknown readily retorted, as if he had been waiting for just this reminder. "We have kept that in mind. In truth, it touches us nearly that you are the sister of such a comrade. We can tell you that he is so incensed at such a sister that he has behaved as such a comrade should behave: he has left it to us to decide, convinced of our revolutionary conscience."

She sobbed, hopelessly.

SOMEONE GRABBED HER FIRMLY by the arm and dragged her away. Certainly that was the information officer, for his voice near her ear shouted to someone, most likely the sentry, to wait at the head of the stairs.

The hard hand grasping her arm led her along a long, mildewed corridor and into soft, sweet light, drew her down on a soft, yielding couch, and began to stroke her hair and face with velvety palm, and a voice spoke to her in warm whispers. She pulled herself together and recognized the information officer, who was reassuring her, holding her hands in his: "We do not spare ourselves in the struggle for a new life. We want to save and to resurrect, not to suppress and to destroy. But we are all uncompromisingly against the evils and lies of the old order and of all who serve it, and we seek all those who belong to it so that we may root them out. Naturally, we too are men: we differ from one another and our duties too are different. All eyes are fixed on the commissar: even if he does not burn with the idea and his duty, he must remain pure and upright. And the secretary of the committee, that other one, who spoke little but wisely, he could be a saint among saints, if we believed that there are such things as saints. I, however, am different and my duties are different. I admit that I am weak about women and that I am forced, in my work, to take advantage of all sorts of people and all sorts of means, for the

enemies of freedom and of our people are not deterred by defeat and have no fear of anything. My work, I admit, is dirty and horrible, if it were undertaken in the name of the highest ideals and by such men as the commissar and the secretary. Without such men as me and work such as mine, I would not hold out forty-eight hours, and good and evil men would quickly tread underfoot the freedom and our dreams of the future. I would not become them to do. We two could be more together, be near one another. You are pretty and attractive and you have something of a sort of frankness and candor in giving which I have not found in any other woman, nor will I ever find. Even more, all sorts of men come to you and are in circles and milieus which are alien and inaccessible to us. I could convince those two that they should and that you would be able to go by new paths, but I could induce them to show mercy and understanding. Everything, now, depends on you."

"What have I done wrong, what can I do now? Everything depends on me?" she asked, dry as tears, listening to him, though she scarcely recognized him, in his tight-belted new uniform, a man she had known in former times—dark and dark-browed.

Instead of replying, he embraced her, turned her over on the couch. But she pushed him away and stood up. He darted a glance of momentary wonder at her and then shook himself, gazed softly and obscenely. "Surely you know what you ought to do? You are irresistible and experienced!"

"How wrong you are!" she shouted. "I have never given myself to anyone against my will. I will not, will not, do anything like that! It is not my nature! I am not a whore! Even were it not for my father and my brother and the citizens, I could for my own self-respect do anything of the sort. How can you, you especially, even propose such a thing, you who have been, who want to be, in love with me?"

He stood up, looked out of the window, and said, "No one is forcing you, nor can anyone force me. But think it over. Human nature is chaste. There is no whoring in that! If your brother and father were to hear anything, we would tell them everything to them and convince them that this of this kind serves higher ends, just as important as any other. What is important is that you would be doing it for personal profit, though not for me; there would be some personal profit, but for me and the idea. As for my relationship with you, I am not the commissar or anyone like him who would confess and repent. I think that, even if we were not old sweethearts, it would not be unpleasant to have a little fun together. As a man in a responsible position and a man who used to be dear to the state: In my eyes you would be neither dishonest nor unchaste, since the work I offer you would in fact be your sacrifice for the new, shining life."

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"I would like that, I ought to do that!" she exclaimed, gazing around her and trying to find something firm to grasp. "But I cannot understand! I cannot, I cannot!"

His hand, once again firm and unyielding, led her out again. Somewhere in the dark corridor his voice went on mumbling in her ear, "As a man in a responsible position and a man once dear to you, I must tell you: I have already ringed your number and it is up to you tonight, for tomorrow may be too late, to do or not to do what you should do, for yourself, for your brother and father, for society."

Before she could recover herself and think what she should reply, a hand, even harder and stronger, seized her at the top of the stairs and she stumbled down them, sobbing. When they took her to the cell, she brushed away her tears and told the two prisoners already there, a peasant woman suspected of betraying hidden insurgents, and the wife of an officer who had fled, "They will kill all of us. Me too—and I don't understand. I am not guilty of anything."

They interrogated the two other women the same evening—a little longer, a little shorter. Then everything was silent: certainly they had gone to supper. But throughout the night, until dawn, they took away men from the other cells, men who did not return—and in the morning the three women hoped that they would be spared one day longer, if they had not already been forgotten. For they knew that shootings take place at night. Till then all the armies had acted thus. Night has no witnesses and there is less trouble and inconvenience for those who have to do it. Thus daybreak brought not only encouragement but hope, and lulled them with the details of everyday life—washing, breakfasting, cleaning, and putting in order the cell and themselves.

They forgot, or did not recall, that this was a victorious army which did not always find it necessary to conceal what it did. The guards came for them about noon, when they were least expecting it and still less could conceive, on that bright, warm autumn day, that this was really a shooting, despite the fact that the commissar informed them curtly and icily in the prison courtyard.

THEY WERE ESCORTED BY A COUPLE of soldiers in semi-peasant costume and by the information officer; he was there, so he explained, in case the soldiers might have pity on weak women or might try to take advantage of them. The three women, unbound, walked through the little town, weeping, consoling and encouraging one another. The peasant woman wailed that she had not been allowed to go to confession, though the soldiers tried to convince her of her foolishness and grumbled at her; the officer's wife was weeping softly and sadly for her little son, to whom they had not permitted her to say goodbye; and the girl with the gold tooth walked silently, pale, lethargic, and pensive, won-

dering if this was really happening to her. Certainly it occurred to her to turn to the information officer and accept his offer and to recall his recent flirt with her. But she did nothing, lost and disillusioned, perhaps already ashamed of such weakness in the face of her fellow sufferers and the little town wide and deaf and empty, peered at them from behind closed blinds.

The three women knew where they had to go: there in front of the fortress where other armies had carried out their shootings. They went neither hurriedly nor slowly, in step with the soldiers, in the terror and silence of the indifferent, unknown alien town, by the street which led past the house of the girl with the gold tooth, across the little town and into the orchards in the area of her love.

They knew that they would be shot and hanged: the revolutionaries shot women too, whereas the counterrevolutionaries hanged them because they considered that only a man was worthy of a bullet. They went by a well-known road and to a death they knew.

But death itself they did not know—that none knows—and they marched on, legs leaden and gaze vague.

The girl halted before her house, gazing at the windows through which she had been awakened in the mornings and behind which she had gone to sleep at nights, and from which she had seen the young men and affronted the conventions of the little town. But the windows were closed and a small, dark, limping soldier shouted at her, putting his rifle into her back. "Come on, come on, women, more important things to do!" and his companion, tall and dark, remarked unrelentingly, "If there is anything of yours there, then it is no longer yours."

The girl moved on without a word, stumbling over the cobbles, and once more took hold of the peasant woman, just as the officer's wife was holding her.

They crossed the little bridge. In walking the girl kept to the right, looking across the dark gardens to the black shingles of her home behind the garden fence, through which she had sometimes brought her lovers, was breached and falling. It had been like that yesterday, a month ago, or even a year ago. But the garden, which the girl constantly tended, was bright with the color of still unwithered autumn flowers. Once again it came into her eyes, but the guards were in a hurry and she again stumbled and caught hold of the peasant woman.

The women wanted to continue along the path. But the guards turned to the right, along the path by the edge of the orchard above the riverbank; that way was shorter to the thicket in which they carried out their shootings. Now they walked Indian file, along the path in which the girl used to go to meet her lovers, by the hidden hollows in which, between the river and the skies, she had passed many ecstatic moments, oblivious of life and death, evil and good. She

numbered loves linked with that path and childhood memories linked with the little to the left of the slope, already turning on which she had pastured the cow and he used to play with children of her own he went on, attentively and silently, to immerse every detail on her memory. The information officer must have remembered the past and the ending places: he stamped harshly with his heels and looked straight in front of him, head frowning.

He said anything. The women, hurried on by others, were now themselves hurrying; it was a mile to the willow thicket, there behind the which sloped down to the water's edge. The women hurried. They were already in the open women, seeing that they no longer had to follow the path in single file, once more took her by the hand, the officer's wife, the girl, the peasant woman. They had walked thus for hundreds of paces, when a dulled shot—it was two shots—struck down the girl's com-

pass the information officer had told the officer to kill her first and without warning, to her suffering on the long road to death and from the horror of gazing into the rifle and the guards had made a mistake or had no importance to the order in which who were very shortly to die in any case he shot? Or perhaps the information officer given a sign and the guards had fired at the outside, since they were the easiest. Be that as it may, the girl remained standing with empty hands, ready to cry out, to implore—there was no one she could. She turned, ready to cry out, to whimper, to ask, or to ask. But the guards were quick and he could utter a sound both fired at the moment into her breast. She again spun and fell face downward, between the women from until a short while ago she had been hands, and whose hands were warm from hers, as hers from theirs.

The information officer motioned to the soldiers, giving their rifles, telling them to roll the women the steep bank into the river. But they did not understand and he explained, "The river is now taking them in! We haven't time to bury them; the waters carry them away."

He obeyed him, first taking hold of the arms of the peasant woman. They swung the bathers do when fooling around with another, and heaved it into the water. Then the same with the officer's wife. But when the soldier took the girl by the legs, the limping taking a knife out of his boot, "Hold on a moment, one's got a gold tooth; pity to let it go to

He had heard what was said and realized the soldier intended to do, the information officer nothing, but hurried back to the town. □

FORMULAS FOR OBLIVION

by Mark Strand

1. Casting the first stone after which the hands cast themselves and the arms and so on until you feel you have cast yourself after the first stone into oblivion.
2. Eating your own words by which you will grow thin, depleted, finally, of even a mouth to care for the orphaned tongue or the tired foot.
3. Turning yourself inside out so the features you are known by become obvious secrets and the hidden parts of yourself become a mask of honesty. Thus you will never know who you are; oblivion has begun to tell you who you are.
4. Lending the helping hand and keeping the other one to yourself. The helping hand will feed your friend, the other one will feel abandoned. What happens is clear: you lose your friend and die alone, a victim of the helping hand's selfish refusal to aid the other one.
5. Cutting off your nose to spite your face. For the beauty of absence is catching and the face will want to spite the nose by having it back and then will beg to be cut off from it. This will go on.
6. Taking everything to heart and allowing yourself no rest but what is impossible to take, which is oblivion.
7. Killing the thing you love and spending each night with its ghost. Forcing your passion into an absence is a common approach to oblivion.
8. Sticking your head in the lion's mouth and seeing the remnants of your past: the tongue of your father, the teeth of your mother, your own head grinning back.
9. Saving the best for last while consuming the worst at the start. For the worst tastes better when you know the best is to come. Doubts will arise. After a while you may not believe the best will be last and oblivion will take you for better or worse.
10. Giving yourself the benefit of the doubt which is the surest and truest formula for oblivion.

BOOKS

A hundred years of Howells

William Dean Howells: An American Life, by Kenneth S. Lynn. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$13.95.

*But stay! no age was e'er degenerate,
Unless men held it at too cheap a rate,
For in our likeness still we shape our fate.*

—James Russell Lowell,
"Ode Recited at the Harvard
Commemoration"

On July 1, 1871, William Dean Howells officially became editor in chief of the *Atlantic Monthly*, an event not likely to be marked with much centenary fervor even in Boston. All discussions of Howells begin by noting that his stock, while not absolutely worthless, is not trading actively either, and nobody advises us to invest in it as once we were tipped to the fallen and bargain shares of his then obscured friends Henry James and Mark Twain, or to defaulted issues of Melville. "Howells—despite many occasional felicities—is not much of a novelist," says Joseph H. Gardner, in effect summing up a recent academic symposium devoted to the author,* "but no discussion of late nineteenth-century American fiction can fail to consider him a major figure." Howells' currency is, sadly, all as a figure of uncertain value, as a "figure" in these events of his life, in literary history and not in literature.

Only a generation ago this literary history seemed continuous. Howells' battles were still in some sense our battles, or at least critics enlisted in one or the other of the regiments that had inherited the colors and traditions of the old combatants. That time has gone by. The Civil War may have been fought out for a hundred years after Appomattox, and more; but in the old literary quarrel, the sides no longer exist. Once it seemed that Howells had led the way to a famous victory of Realism over Romance and opened the way to the Modern. But then it seemed that the Modern was Romance, after all, was Myth, Symbol, and Mystery; then the Modern was over; and now we may well wonder if we should believe the *Atlantic Monthly* was, really, a territory con-

tested in anything but sham battles. How could anyone ever have cared what they said, those old gentlemen with gray whiskers and three names?

To Howells as a man, then, and for what he is worth as a writer, too, under the aspect of so many years as to seem nearly an eternity, a new justice may be done, and he can be left at peace in a minor corner of literary history. Kenneth S. Lynn's *William Dean Howells: An American Life* is a new account that places Howells thus firmly in the past, gives him in addition to his literary mission his own timeless and therefore historically irrelevant humanity, his neuroses and his personal anxieties, his breakdowns, his feckless father and his distraught mother, his nervous wife, his ailing children, his insecurity in poverty and in affluence. These ills, to which all flesh is heir in any age, are seen to be at least as important as his theories about the proper subjects and methods of novel-writing in the shaping of his acts and his works. The previous standard life of Howells is that by Edwin H. Cady, and as recently as 1956 it was fitting to call its two volumes *The Road to Realism* and *The Realist at War*, in honor of what then still seemed to have been fought for.

A hundred years ago, succeeding to the desk at the *Atlantic* once occupied by James Russell Lowell, Howells could be sure that this was much more than a local triumph in Boston. It would reverberate everywhere. The new editor, visiting the then Congressman James A. Garfield back in Ohio, was chatting on the veranda of an evening. Suddenly Garfield ran shouting to the neighbors. "Come over here! He's telling about Holmes, and Longfellow, and Lowell, and Whittier!" The neighbors thronged. "Now go on!" So it was not only an historic occasion, a Midwesterner now at the very center of the Boston cultural world, the Hub of the Universe, but a great personal triumph. It was what Howells had dreamed of as a young newspaperman in Columbus, sending

off his poems to the *Atlantic*. Few were accepted, he set off at his pilgrimage to the holy city.

He was twenty-three. He was on the sages of Harvard, a loner nowhere who had been forced to school at ten for his father's prestige; he had scraped up his Latin a bit of Greek, his German, Spanish, and French. He had soon learned, too, to ingratiate himself with Olympians. Through James Russell Lowell he met Hawthorne and Emerson. Then, at Lowell's dinner for him at the Parker House, he received from Emerson's arbiter, Oliver Wendell Holmes, a pompous and ironic blessing. To James, this is something like the apostolic succession: this is the laying on of hands."

It took a little time. There was a Civil War to sit out in Venice, years of nonexistent duties as American Consul to allow him his literary pastimes in useless verses and travel sketches; marriage, to the daughter of Squire Mead of Brattleboro, Vermont; a few years of journalism in New York under Godkin of the *Times*, then five years as James T. Fields' assistant in Boston on the *Atlantic*. Even then the succession did not pass to him. He slaved for it, and it made plain to him that he was worthless for his literary gifts thanks to his printshop experience. He read manuscripts submitted and corrected with contributors; he wrote reviews every month; checked every copy—but his main job was to read and reread proofs of the old New England hierarchy: Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Holmes, and Everett Hale. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Still, as Kenneth Lynn says, "the mere presence of a Midwesterner at 124 Tremont Street was an cultural exchange. Mightier apertures than ever in 1866, the New England literary wave had actually collapsed a decade before and was now bound to break." New writers were

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**Modern Fiction Studies*, Autumn, 1970.

this led to another of those of cultural change that Howells, mistress, precipitated all his life. He never consciously wished to join the great Bostonians in their *Atlantic*; he wanted only that the provincials should gain at least a measure of acceptance he himself had lacked. In 1877, he persuaded Mark Twain to address a dinner held in celebration of John Greenleaf Whittier's fiftieth birthday and the *Atlantic*'s fiftieth. Howells may have expected Twain would be another acknowledgment of the apostolic succession; Twain, instead, proceeded to deliver his farcical and burlesque of the guests of honor, Lowell, Emerson, and Holmes, in the guise of drunken miners. They were not amused. The debacle cost both Howells and Twain all respect, and Howells never ceased to apologize for his friend's "hideous performance." There was to be no opening to the ancestral figures, for the world was theirs.

...lls functioned as a go-between:
...ldleman between the opposites
...o dear friends Mark Twain and
...James; the carrier of the Mid-
...New England; the man who
...graft the new Realists onto the

With his interest in Howells' inner life, Kenneth Lynn is able to point out many of the strains that contributed to the breakdown, if that is what it was. Early in 1881, Howells left the *Atlantic* and began to work on the novel at a pace that was stiff even for a writing machine like Howells. His beloved daughter Winnie was undergoing a rather dreadful "rest cure" for a mysterious debilitation. His old friend James A. Garfield was assassinated. But most corroding of all, the chief strain of his life was being intolerably exacerbated by the writing of the novel itself. Lynn sees this strain as that of Howells' marriage. In the novel he chose a heroine very like his wife Elinor, and a hero very like himself. Husband and wife bitterly quarrel: she is a passionate, childish woman, much attached to her father, jealous, a new Medea—*The New Medea* had been Howells' first title for the story, and it had been inspired by his seeing a version of the Euripides drama. As in the play, the new Jason, Bartley Hubbard, deserts the new Medea, Marcia; and it was at the point of writing about the desertion that Howells broke down. The break is visible in the novel, and its conclusion, following that point, has always been recognized to be weak and feverish, an assertion of the will rather than of the fictional imagination.



Yet there is something very strange about the rest of the novel too. Its events parallel, if at some remove, those of Howells' own life. Bartley Hubbard, a poor orphan, has yet managed to get through a college infinitely less grand than Harvard, in what amounts to a self-education. He has worked in a printshop, and it is this experience that leads to his post as editor of a local paper in Equity, Maine. To the disgust of the Squire, he elopes with that tough old doting father's beautiful daughter, and they go to Boston. Bartley and Marcia set up modest housekeeping and have a child. Bartley's energy and easy skill soon make him successful in journalism and he becomes the assistant editor of a leading paper. He is at once accepted into the journalists' club. He favors the printing of scandal, since it is true and interesting. Through some previous accidental acquaintances he strikes up connections with the Boston rich. They find Bartley and Marcia Hubbard vulgar and provincial, and yet are strangely attracted to them. Invited to tea by an heiress, who goes through agonies trying to select a guest list that will seem the real thing without actually being it, the Hubbards are snubbed. Marcia is jealous of Bartley and quarrels with him. He goes out and has three drinks of whiskey, which render him helplessly drunk, and he has to be taken home by his rich friend Ben Halleck. Bartley casually prints a story told him in confidence, and loses his job. He plays the stock market and loses money entrusted to him for another purpose. Resolved to reform, he is maddened when Marcia falsely accuses him of infidelity, and he runs away. Reaching Cleveland, he tries to go back to his family, but his own money and the remnants of the borrowed money are stolen from him. "Now he could not return; nothing remained for him but the ruin he had chosen."

Some years later a coincidence reveals that Bartley is suing for divorce out in Indiana, one of the Renos of the day. Meanwhile, Ben Halleck, horrifying himself and his friends, has confessed his passion for Marcia and sent himself into exile for it. He returns, still in love with this other man's wife. The old Squire goes to Indiana, bent on revenge; Marcia goes too, but relents in the courtroom scene; Bartley escapes to the West to die at the hands of a man he has slandered in a newspaper; Marcia and her father retreat to frozen isolation in Equity, Maine;

Ben becomes a preacher but still longs for Marcia. During the elapsed years, a Brahmin lawyer named Atherton has filled the pages by delivering himself of lengthy and impassioned diatribes against divorce.

It is not so much the doom to which Howells drives the character who so closely resembles him that seems strange as it is the means he takes to justify that doom. Hubbard's actual sins are venial and few, and his attempts to retrieve himself are frustrated by sheer accident. It is plain that not he, but the author, chose his ruin. Hubbard is damned from the first, and not by what he does but by what the author with deadly insistence tells us about him.

Everyone but the author thinks Hubbard's person is, if anything, too handsome: but in a remarkable self-portrait, Howells insists on that characteristic of physiognomy so often vulgarly supposed to indicate a weakness of character. "The young man who looked up at her from the doorstep had a yellow mustache, shadowing either side of his lip with a broad sweep, like a bird's wing; his chin, deep-cut below his mouth, filled to an oval contour, and his face had otherwise the regularity common to Americans. . . ."

He is damned for being agreeable: "The young fellow had a rich, caressing voice, and a securely winning manner which comes from the habit of easily pleasing. . . ." His superiority is always invidious: "He . . . took one book after another from the table at his elbow, saying some words of ridicule about each." If he is pleased that Marcia is fond of him, we are told that it is with a scoundrel's reservation: "She had let him see that she liked him: and with not a word on his part that anyone could hold him to."

His friendliness is a sign of weakness, since he pities himself and seeks the pity of others: if he asks for a cup of tea, it is a strategy of emotional blackmail, we are informed, for he endears himself by giving trouble "in little unusual ways." In a sudden declaration of love which could just as easily have been a pleasant reflection of the odd and apparently inconsequential events that sometimes bring lovers together, Bartley is portrayed as really believing he had come to tell her this rather than for mere sympathy. And when he feels pleasure in her embrace, his deepest feeling is made sinister and his warmer feelings ridiculous. "Perhaps such a man, in those fastnesses of his

nature which psychology has explored, never loses, even in the dearest transports, the sense of power to the girl whose love he has won; if this is certain, it is also certain he has transports which are tender." Bartley now felt his soul melted with perfection that was very novel and strange. Unjustly accused in a squabble, he "did not spare himself; he had found that strenuous self-condemnation moved others to compassion. . . . does not avail. "He always believed Squire Gaylord had liked him here he was treating him like his best enemy, and seeming to enjoy his misery. He could not understand that thought it extremely unjust, and all the measure of his offense. True, true, perhaps; but it is doubtful Bartley would have accepted suffering, no matter how nicely portioned, in punishment of his wrongdoing." As the author hounds this devil on, we begin to get further from the real nature of the mortal man. Of his reaction to a friend's imputation of offense, we are told, "It was not an offense for Kinney: that fool's sin was only the climax of a long series of injuries of which he was the victim in the hands of a hypercritical intolerance. . . ."

Fair enough, perhaps, for the character to regard himself as the victim of hypercritical omnipotence, so long as we can see only the author in that potent role: but when that author brings his character to Boston, then we feel the full horror of Bartley Hubbard's offense. For, once in that city, the steps aside and becomes a man-reporter. In fact, for many pages through many events, we find him behaving with admirable zest and confidence, and with altogether unphilosophical tenderness for his wife. Of course, he is an utter fool for being taken from the country in a big city, and believing he can get away with his dinner in a fashionable hotel. Any author is obliged to report scandals as that. Almost, we begin to believe, as Bartley manfully manly way, swallows his humiliations at the hands of editors, soothes his fears and outbursts, almost we begin to believe the critical omnipotence is relented. True, his best efforts at journalism are "strokes of crude ineptness" and the whole of his life has an "essential cheapness." Bartley gets a steady job at last, which he has to accept certain promises with the "counting-

he newspaper as regards offend-
 ertisers, something cagier than
 tence tells us that Marcia, so
 and delighted, is "too ignorant
 he disgrace, if there were any,
 compact which Bartley had
 and he had no principles, no
 ns, by which to perceive it."
 here are those who have such
 ns, and they now step forward,
 replacing the author who has
 en speaking for them as the mere
 piece of omnipotence. The Boston
 ow Bartley is "a poor cheap sort
 ure. Deplorably smart, and re-
 y handsome." Three drinks, and
 "blackguard." Even one of the
 pright journalists is let in on
 et, occult as it still is. "Nothing
 one could lay his finger on had
 ed. . . ." But seeing his old friend
 walk off down the street, Ricker
 his back and divines that it is
 ck of a degenerate man." True,
 has become desperately self-in-
 taking two bottles of Tivoli
 th his dinner, and consequently
 g fat; but critical omnipotence
 ken of more than this. In a few
 ne marriage is seen to have been
 with fraud": the banns were
 perly posted. Bartley now has
 decay." One night he petulantly
 es, while his wife is vacationing
 quity, what it might have been
 he never married; this demon-
 his "moral degeneration" and
 ay of whatever was right-princi-
 him." Giving a civil greeting to
 who has just fired him, Bartley
 is "that curious and unwhole-
 niency which corrupt natures
 t." A voice is speaking now to
 certain pickpocket in Cleveland.
 inal message to us, the parish-
 is delivered, after his violent
 on divorce, by the elegant law-
 erton, happily married to his
 "It doesn't matter much, so-
 what undisciplined people like
 and Marcia Hubbard do; but
 n like Ben Halleck goes astray,
 mitous: it 'confounds the hu-
 nsience,' as Victor Hugo says.
 t careful nurture in the right
 e could speak, all that lifelong
 of thought and act, that noble
 unselfishness and responsibility
 s, trampled underfoot and spit
 s horrible!" Of course the
 of righteousness treasured from
 on to generation" save Ben
 s temptation by Marcia's merely
 beauty. "Somehow the effects
 their causes. In some sort they



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I understand that I can correspond with my child and
 continue the adoption longer than one year if I wish. Also,
 I may discontinue the adoption at any time.

☐ I cannot adopt a child but want to help \$ _____

☐ Or I will pledge \$ _____ per month

☐ Please send me further information

☐ If for a group please specify _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

CHILDREN, INCORPORATED



chose misery for themselves—we make our own hell in this life and the next—or it was chosen for them by undisciplined wills that they inherited. In the long run their fate must be a just one.” Orphan, ask not the way to Beacon Street, but rather inquire in which direction lies Samarra.

No wonder Howells had his “breakdown,” trying to speak against himself for the omnipotence of the Brahmins.

The rather splendid thing is that he went back and told this story again, took his second “breakdown” in the course of it when “the bottom dropped out” for him, and came up on the other side. I suppose the story of *The Rise of Silas Lapham* is quite familiar. For it, Howells revived Bartley Hubbard, just as if to give him another chance; in its opening scene he is interviewing Lapham, brassy as ever, only faintly, if at all, “degenerate.” Lapham, another country man, has come to Boston, gets mixed up with the Brahmins and makes a fool of himself, like Hubbard, like

Twain—like Howells?—and chooses the honest course at a most crucially tempting time; and goes broke for it. The point, of course, is not that simple honesty is best, but that in this universe—Boston—there is no reward for simple honesty, or indeed for the natural man. Everywhere the motives of people as well as the homilies of the author are in this book on the other shore from those of *A Modern Instance*. “She had never heard of the fate that was once supposed to appoint the sorrows of men irrespective of their blamelessness or blame, before the time when it came to be believed that sorrows are penalties; but in her simple way she recognized something like that mythic power. . . .” “It is certain that our manners and customs go for more in life than our qualities. The price we pay for civilisation is the fine yet impassable differentiation of these.” How simple, how mild, how familiar. But what it must have cost! To give up “Mr. Lowell” (who to the end addressed Howells as “Dear

Boy”)! James saw his old friend well when he saw him as La Strether, who in his middle age make his ambassadorial voyage to a land where the moral compass of whole life no longer pointed true—who yet did not get really lost but himself.

Howells finished *Silas Lapham* in 1885, moved out of Boston to New York, across the “Great Divide.” Alfred Kazin called it, of American literature in that day, signed with a new publisher for the astounding guarantee of ten thousand dollars a year, and his hard-hitting “social” piece in *Harper’s*. In 1887 he spoke out alone of all literary men, and a genuine peril, for the Chicago market “conspirators,” who were anyway. He died in 1920, “Dear American Letters,” and a prosy Socialist.

HARPER’S MAGAZINE/JUNE

Catharine Meyer, Richard Schickel, Julia Whedon

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Nonfiction

Toys That Don’t Care, by Edward Swartz. Gambit, \$6.95.

I once knew a grown man who, when faced with an obstinate, indeed inoperative, Tricky Tommy Turtle (for that was his name), went temporarily insane. He blew frantically on the green plastic whistle which was supposed to excite the turtle to a point where, at least, he would stagger around the floor (another toot would allegedly bring him dutifully to a halt). The turtle just huddled there defiantly. “Walk, you bastard, walk!” the man cried, and smote the turtle with the whistle—which seemed to have some sort of evangelical effect. Suddenly the turtle began lumbering about the room in crazed circles, crashing into baseboards and so forth, until his little “C” cell batteries would work no more. He faltered, stopped, and never walked again. The four-year-old for whom it was intended as a Christmas gift was shattered. The father

quickly discovered that the “tricky” part of the turtle was in explaining to the child why it wouldn’t work.

Toys That Don’t Care, by Edward Swartz, is a book that addresses itself in great detail to incidents just like this—many of which turn out to have fatal consequences. Though we are notoriously indulgent with our children, did you ever really imagine that we spend three billion dollars a year on toys? Eighty per cent of the toys we buy are for children under ten, half of these are presented to children under five, and one third of the consumers are the children themselves. These are sobering statistics when you consider that 700,000 children are injured every year by these toys (500,000 more by swings, 200,000 by slides). There are no federal regulations regarding the quality of toys or to whom they may be sold (and they are sold hard—in 1968 the toy industry spent \$42.6 million on TV advertising). The cynicism of toy makers seems to have no bounds. Sleazy and often dangerous materials are used to make toys

which are, by and large, no fun to play with, priced, defective, and totally void of aesthetic merit of any kind. They are engineered for obsolescence, and it would be a mercy if they were not so prevalent, ergo, replaceable. It could be argued that \$.98 is a bargain. It’s not, if it leads to injury, and a toy is not a toy if it just plain won’t work.

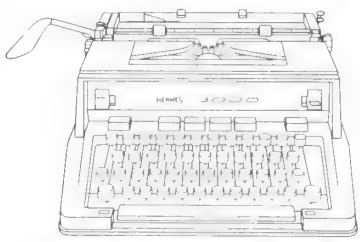
The author has testified and demonstrated and researched and written outraged letters (some may remember his public demonstration of a flammable cloth-covered serpentine toy—if you missed it, don’t feel bad about it. At Christmas, you could still pick it up at F.A.O. Schwarz), but it is with this book that he hopes to arouse enough outrage leading to federal regulation. To this end he indicts one company after another for their darts and knives and poisons and cunning little toys that heat up to 500 degrees, not to mention that long inventory of juggling balls that falls apart and then gets eaten by the child. He recounts tragic stories of injuries and mutilations, any one of which

happened to your children. It's a
 arming book, but very helpful as
 es names. Those of us who believe
 umer action (I much prefer it to
 s) like to call a Twistee-Softee a
 e-Softee if, by a disgusting twist
 , such a thing exists. And it does.
 ardly wait to hear the protests.
 ccurs to me as my blood comes to
 ing boil that there is a defect
 Swartz's book (I forgive him the
 dullness as his subject is colorful
 n). There is a humorlessness
 all consumerism and always a
 ving of perspective. He weakens
 gument by going after games and
 hich are merely stupid or taste-
 if they were dangerous (e.g., Ner-
 breakdown is not really intended
 ialize mental illness, nor will it
 anyone crazy). And too, he might
 aid something about the mindless
 e buy toys and hand them to our
 en. Living in tight quarters as
 of us do, we spend a lot of time
 ur children without playing with
 r showing them how to play. By
 g them something new and tem-
 y diverting we buy ourselves a
 olitude. Now we are about to at-
 e toy makers for being irrespon-
 when we ourselves are often to
 for not teaching our children
 o handle equipment sensibly.
 and scissors and hammers and
 s and heat are indispensable in-
 nts for creative and imaginative
 7. Parents should make every ef-
 teach their children early how to
 these things competently. The
 ve surrender our competence the
 e must restrict what can be made
 le to us. I am absolutely sure I
 et off a sensational fireworks dis-
 ithout injuring myself or any-
 e—but I am now legally unable
 —J.W.

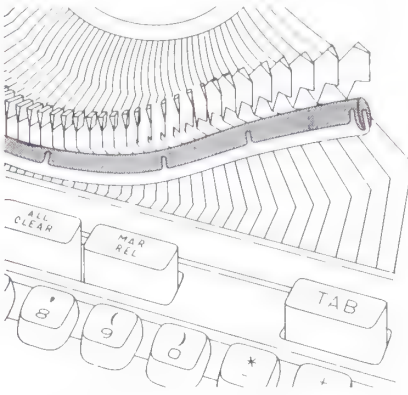
Sunshine Soldiers, by Peter
 . Simon and Schuster, \$6.95.
 ard the end of Peter Tauber's
 ully observed and hilarious diary
 c training as it is practiced in
 ew action army," he pauses to
 er the fate of his platoon's classic
 all—a fat, charmless, and en-
 nteachable whiner whom he calls
 n Peyser. He has been a drag on
 ale and the performance of his
 les and has, indeed, through his
 ude, occasionally caused them
 limb if not life. Now at the end
 course he has failed every pro-
 test and, by all rights, he should
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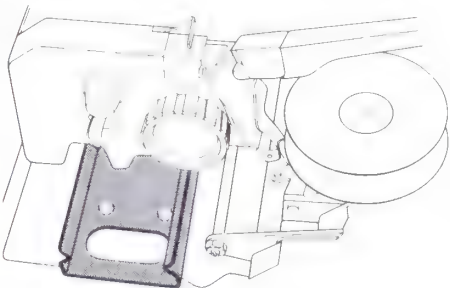
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See Page 59

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of him, a job beyond the powers of even a brilliant institution, let alone the U.S. Army, but as proof to his fellow sufferers that there is some justice in the world. They have, after all, tried at least to match the military's model of manhood, however much it offends common sense. For the Army to pass Peyser is not only to mock them, but to unconsciously mock its own professed standards.

But, "The word had been sent down . . . no one from our battalion was to be recycled . . . Not even the Great Green Blob would be allowed to spoil Colonel Treandley's record. . . . The secret is out: the Army doesn't care. No matter what you do, it'll pass you—lie, prostitute itself, expose itself, betray itself—if you promise not to go AWOL. That's all. No effort is required, just a little inertia or cowardice."

It is the final, cruelly comic twist of fate in the most likable work of lightly serious nonfiction I've read since *The Strawberry Statement*, a cool devastation of an institution that one would have thought too thoroughly battered by this time to be worth expending any more ammunition on. What we've forgotten, of course, is that, like many massive fortresses, the Army is relatively impervious to fire from the big guns, but is vulnerable to the sniper and the sapper. Tauber's technique is to be relentlessly fair-minded, carefully reporting incidents that reveal the intelligence and humanity of the minority among our military functionaries, showing how easily they can be made into unconscious co-conspirators with intelligent and humane draftees who refuse to abandon their essential civilian-ness. The Army could probably withstand, without unduly changing, even the defeat it has suffered in Vietnam, but it will not be able to withstand wave after wave of insolent college boys questioning everything, figuring out ways of goldbricking all assignments and, up against it, perfectly capable of telling the first sergeant or the first lieutenant to screw off. It doesn't know it yet, but its only hope of survival in something like its present form is an all-volunteer army, the act of volunteering in itself being the best possible proof that a man is dumb enough to be handled by the system as presently constituted.

Until that happens, of course, every draftee should equip himself with *The Sunshine Soldiers* and, just to even up the contest, the Army should issue it to every officer and noncom who must deal

with the troops. As for me, I sit some small awe of Tauber's achievement. I did not think it possible to write a *See Here, Private Hargrove* in a time of unjust, unpopular war by asserting the modest, indisputable virtues of reason, good humor, good taste, he has brought it home. It need hardly be added that his book is welcome because these virtues are everywhere, but especially in personalism, in such short supply.

Adam Resurrected, by Adam Kaniuk. Translated from the Hebrew by Seymour Simckes. Atheneum, \$8.95.

Surely this is one of the best books of a crazy time. And it brought tears to my eyes. Adam Kaniuk's third novel published in the U.S.—the first I have read—is taking some trouble to know.

Dismiss it if you will as a mental hospital story, or another of guilt at the heart of psychosis, or the aftermath of Auschwitz (here, Auschwitz), or another celebration of modern Israel's triumph, or a story of the American-Jewish love affair with Israel and on the rich American life. But no label gets to the center of the work. It is also a story with a genuine, greater-than-life hero—Adam Stein, the ex-clerk, German Jew who survived the concentration camp by his wits: he entered the victims on the way to the gas to ease their passage, and, to save his own skin, groveled on all fours like a dog, to amuse the camp commandant. (After the war Commandant Kaniuk reflects on Adam's promise of refusing the name of Dr. Weiss and accepting payments from Adam, delirious, don't know why, in coins stashed in a condom.)

Most of the story takes place at Seizling's Institute for Rehabilitation and Therapy, at Arad, Israel, owned by a multimillionaire from Cleveland and presided over by Jerusalem Dr. Nathan Gross, the model of an international, urbane psychiatrist who allows his patients to recover, if possible, by means of a reticent but intelligent minimum of psychiatry and gourmet cuisine. Adam came to the institute in 1958, after reestablishing himself as a rich man in Berlin on the job from the circus which he had run before the war and which had

Judenrein" by the Nazis. He is to suffer from guilt for having the dog in the camp, and hears that his daughter Ruthie, he had thought dead like her and sister, is married and living in Haifa. At first at peace, but he unaccountably seeks his daughter until it is late; her husband Joseph finds out and tells him (showing him her death certificate that she has died in childbirth). The result is Adam's breakdown, eventually, his treatment at the Seizling Institute. (Several of the female companions, real or in the imagination, throughout the story are named after the letters of the alphabet and the chapter called "Ruth" is the best.)

There is a matter of years, and it is not only learning that he is not dead will never be one again, but living up his other hallucinations. His scholarly twin "Herbert," who sits on his windowsill and converses with him. There are also the patients with their multiple sufferings: and Jenny, the beautiful daughter of a supervisor who falls in love with him; and Adam's greatest "child" whom he brings out of the asylum: an adolescent who also calls himself a dog. (Or is he Adam's projection of his own dog?) He failed to see the boy's reality; he was first introduced sprawled on a stinking sheet in the corner of a room, and I tumbled to it only a few pages later. What did the author intend?)

Dr. Ross explains to his cynical colleague: "Two serious cases, and they are facing each other. One dog is healing the other dog. . . . And you, instead of lying down and thanking God, you stick your noses in the air. . . . You are offended. Don't be afraid, let the accident happen, it's permissible." The doctor, cured (who can believe it after many previous remissions?) and who interprets his case in a letter to his on-in-law: "I saw the child's face and realized that I had compassion for him. And, what was worse, that compassion for myself. . . . I have died and become an ordinary man. I am pleasant, calm, amusing, but without greatness, it lacks true joy as the awful sorrow which slashes at it."

Finally, I realize that the book exists in the telling—one has only to read it. But the swings are wild, and I have not begun to comprehend. I hope it will not make it seem easy. —C.M.



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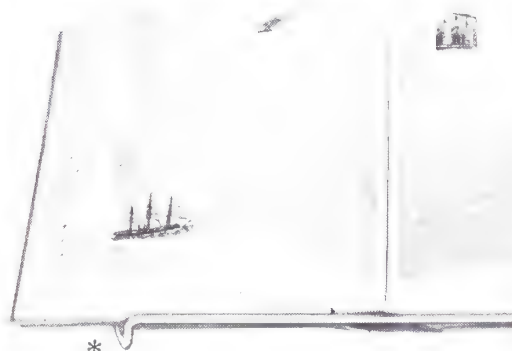
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Who said that on the CBS Radio Network? See Page 59.

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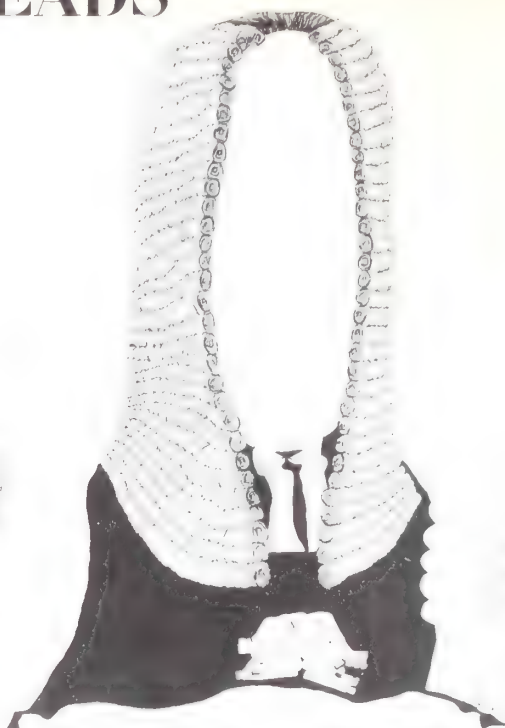
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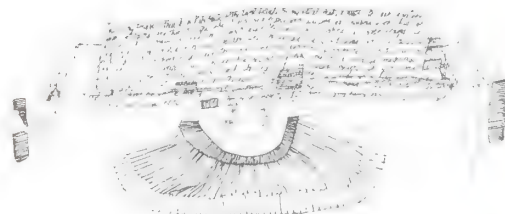
HEADS



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hmen and others

Fair is a series of variations on a single melody. It is a haunting work, dark in color—dark-colored, intense, but not really anything but nationalistic. The nationalistic composers of Delius' day—Vaughan Williams, Sibelius, and others—tried to evoke some-

A different side of Delius can be heard in the **C minor Piano Concerto**, played by Jean-Rodolphe Kars and the London Symphony conducted by Alexander Gibson (London 6657). Very few of Delius' works are in orthodox sonata form, and those that are do not come out very successfully. The C minor Piano Concerto is a desperate effort to write in a classic idiom, but formally it does not work. What one remembers are the idiomatic snatches of Delian melody, the lush scoring, and the rich harmonies. The piano part is very effective—and is not Delius' own. He was a poor pianist with little feeling for the instrument. A Busoni pupil named Theodor Szántó whipped Delius' piano writing into virtuoso form.

Delius' successor, Ralph Vaughan Williams, deliberately set out to express the British heritage in music. Unlike Delius, he was not interested in sound as sound. Vaughan Williams studied folk music and tried to incorporate the Tudor feeling in his own music. Or, at least, in much of his music, for he also was capable of dissonant.

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MUSIC

abstract, knotty music, as in the *F minor Symphony*. But his *Ninth Symphony*, which he composed at the age of eighty-six, shortly before his death, looks back to Tudor music and the whole panorama of the British folk. It is a serene, beautiful score, infinitely touching (the slow theme of the first movement can tear you apart), and has received a superb performance on records from Sir Adrian Boult and the London Philharmonic (Angel 36742). Sir Adrian also conducts, on this disc, Vaughan Williams' *Fantasia on Old 104*, "old 104" being a famous psalm tune. The *Fantasia* has virtually been dropped from the repertory, in this country at least, and that is a pity, for it is a strong, massive, original work.

Vaughan Williams is, on the whole, in disrepute these days. The British critics seem to look on him as an old-fashioned purveyor of Anglican kitsch. The veteran Boult keeps on conducting Vaughan Williams, and André Previn is one young conductor who has taken up his cause, but there is little sign of any real interest in his music. Yet Vaughan Williams was a composer who had something to say, and who said it in an uncompromising, original manner. He had authentic stature and one of these days will be rediscovered, much as the once-derided Edward Elgar has been rediscovered.

I HAVE BEEN LISTENING to a chamber-music disc with absolute stupefaction. Mstislav Rostropovich is a great cellist, and Benjamin Britten a more than competent pianist. But they have recorded Schubert's *Arpeggione Sonata*, and it is hard to think of any performance, since the great days of last century's crazy romanticism, that is as self-indulgent, as lopsided, and as eccentric. Their idea probably was to give a free performance, but it ends up utterly affected, full of languishing ritards, telegraphed expression points, and seesaw changes of tempo. The end of the first movement gets slower, and slower, and slower, and is prolonged until one waits for the music to snap. Strange. Also on this record (London 6649) is the *Cello Sonata* by Frank Bridge. He was Britten's teacher and a well-regarded composer in his day. This *Cello Sonata*, however, is a late-romantic doodle that mixes Debussy with German textures. It's a very thin work. But it's the Schubert *Arpeggione* that may make this disc a collector's item—of sorts.

"It's sad for those of us who detest and oppose this war, but it is legal. It's just immoral."

Who said that on the CBS Radio Network?
See Page 59.

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